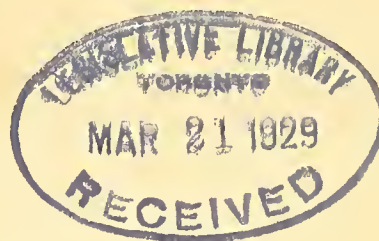


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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, THEOLOGY, AND ART.

VOLUME THE EIGHTY-FIFTH.
1900.

FROM JULY 7th TO DECEMBER 29th, 1900, INCLUSIVE.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE news of the week from China has been horrible. Reports from native sources received at Shanghai, and believed to be trustworthy, declare that all the Europeans in Pekin to the number of one thousand, including, unhappily, a large number of women and children, have been massacred. They held out till food and ammunition were exhausted, and then the British Legation, where they were besieged, was stormed and burned. It is also stated that the Emperor and the Dowager-Empress were forced to commit suicide by taking opium, but that in the case of the Empress the drug did not prove fatal. No doubt these reports are not officially confirmed, and it is therefore just conceivable that the Europeans may still be alive, but for ourselves we have no hope. The most that we can say is that up till Friday the matter was not one of absolute certainty. It is, however, certain that the leader of the anti-foreign party, a member of the Imperial house known to Europeans as Prince Tuan, is master in Pekin, whether as father of the heir to the throne or as Dictator, and has by Imperial decree ordered all Chinamen to "stamp out" the foreigners. It is also certain that he is obeyed by the large armies of soldiers which have been secretly gathered together, partially trained by German and Japanese drillmasters, and armed with Mauser rifles, Maxims—of which forty were seized by Admiral Seymour in one arsenal—and Krupp guns. And, finally, it is certain that this Prince and these soldiers, by the last advices, were shelling and firing on the Legations, in which a few soldiers with little ammunition were desperately resisting. China has, in fact, given the rein to its barbaric instincts, and has committed an atrocity of the true Asiatic kind, and has passed on all Europe an insult almost without a parallel in history. Even the Turk in the height of his power only confined Ambassadors in the Seven Towers.

Next in importance to the destruction of the Legations, and, as rumoured, of all Europeans in Pekin, is the evidence in Admiral Seymour's report of his march that the new Chinese soldiery will fight. He, or a correspondent with him, reports that when the train arrived at Langfang on June 14th "the enemy advanced within twenty yards of the locomotive in face of a tremendous rifle and Maxim fire." They were beaten back, but on June 18th five thousand soldiers attacked the station again, and were only repulsed after "two hours' fighting" and a loss of fifty-eight killed and wounded. After this engagement it was resolved to retreat along the river, and from June 18th to June 22nd "every inch of the ground was stubbornly disputed by the Chinese," who were soldiers belonging to General Tung's western army. The British Marines and the Germans carried the arsenal five miles from Tientsin, but the Chinese made a desperate attempt to recover it, fighting with determination for two hours and

losing five hundred men. It is clear from the whole account that the kind of paralysis which seized the Chinese troops in the face of the Japanese has given way to hatred of the foreigner and some new source of confidence, probably better arms.

In view of all these facts, the assembled Admirals at Taku have decided that it would be foolish to march on Pekin without much larger forces than are at their disposal. They have thirteen thousand men, counting four thousand Japanese; but Taku itself must be garrisoned, and they have to relieve Tientsin, which is besieged by a force reported to number ninety thousand soldiers, aided by the populace of a city which has become vast. Heartbreaking as their decision is, it is undoubtedly wise, as is also the resolve not to give the Japanese a separate mandate. Such a mandate would have involved two terrible risks. The Japanese might have been defeated, in which case no white man in China would have survived, or the Japanese might have mastered the Government of China, in which case the "Yellow Peril" would have been upon us in full force.

Of course those risks ought to have been run, and run without hesitation, if there was any chance of saving the Legations, and we do not believe that Russia or any other Power would have placed a prohibition on such action. Certainly we did not, as is shown by Mr. Brodrick's statements. But when it was evident that Pekin could not be reached, as it certainly could not have been, even by giving Japan a separate mandate, it would have been madness to have endangered the smooth working of the combination of Powers. We note with great regret the attempt made to saddle Russia with the special responsibility of preventing the Japanese taking action, and so with the massacre of the Legations. If such accusations are to be sown broadcast on the strength of Shanghai or Chefoo gossip, what possibility is there of a loyal co-operation among the Powers in their gigantic task,—one as heavy as that undertaken by the only other great European combination known to history, the Crusades?

The news from South Africa this week is very meagre, as it always is when Lord Roberts has a large scheme on foot. What appears to be happening is a combined movement of several columns to surround De Wet's commandos in the North-East of the Orange Colony and compel their surrender and dispersal. It is possible that a big surrender may be achieved, but we think it more likely that the Boer force will gradually melt away, men giving themselves up in twos and threes or slinking away secretly, and that in the end only the leaders and a few hundred men will lay down their arms in a body. It is impossible to describe the actual operations of the columns engaged against De Wet, but it was announced on Friday that Generals Clery and Hart had joined hands at Vlakkfontein, a place on the railway between Natal and Johannesburg, and that trains will soon be running between Durban and Johannesburg. Retreat to the North is thus barred. Meantime the cordon of troops is being drawn round the Boers in the Lindley district. It may, of course, be some days before the final blow can be struck, but we shall not be surprised if by next week armed resistance is over in the Orange Colony, and (with luck) if ex-President Steyn and De Wet are captives in our hands.

The position of affairs North of Pretoria is somewhat obscure, but apparently Botha and the Boer forces are not able to take the initiative, and Lord Roberts is not anxious to deal with them till the Orange Colony Boers have been reduced to submission. Mr. Kruger remains at Waterval Onder. Friday's *Daily Telegraph* contains an interesting telegram describing

how their correspondent at Lourenco Marques penetrated to his ambulatory capital and tried to interview Mr. Kruger. Though the President refused this, the correspondent saw Mr. Reitz, and obtained from him a message to this effect:—"Tell your journal, the *Daily Telegraph*, and through it the world, that the South African Republic will fight for independence until five hundred burghers remain alive, and even then we will continue to fight. Such is our determined decision." That is plucky, but we are not in the least afraid of a body of Boers dying like the Spartans at Thermopylæ. As soon as they find that guerilla warfare is hopeless they will give in. As long, however, as they can still score incidental successes they will hold out.

The latest news from Ashanti is a little better. On Friday a Colonial Office telegram was published in which Colonel Willcocks stated that he had received a letter sent by Governor Hodgson announcing that he, with six hundred native soldiers under the command of Major Morris, departed from Coomassie on June 23rd by way of Patiasa and Terrabum. Two British officers and a hundred native soldiers had been left behind at Coomassie with rations up to July 15th. Colonel Willcocks continues:—"I will personally relieve Coomassie by that date under any circumstances. Hodgson states that he intended to go over River Ofin by way of Mampong to Cape Coast, but I have applied to him by urgent special messengers to leave behind as many men as possible in order to give assistance to me enter into Coomassie." Reuter's agent, telegraphing from Fumusu on July 5th, states that Colonel Willcocks was to leave on Friday and is expected to relieve Coomassie by July 12th or 13th. Colonel Willcocks is a most capable officer, and we do not doubt that, if it is humanly possible, he will keep his word.

General Jamont, the head of the French Army, has resigned owing to friction between the General Staff and the War Office. In the Chamber the action of the Government was approved on a direct vote of confidence by 307 to 258 votes, but the position of the Government has undoubtedly since been strengthened by the manly and dignified statement of M. Waldeck-Rousseau in the Senate on Thursday. Replying to a Nationalist speaker, the Premier recounted the incidents which had led up to General Jamont's resignation. Shortly after his appointment General André decided to send back to their regiments three heads of bureaux at the General Staff. General Delanne, the head of the Staff, protested; a conflict arose, and General André resolved to have the last word. In that, said M. Waldeck-Rousseau, he was simply acting in accordance with the Decree of 1890, which established the paramountcy of the Minister of War in confirming appointments to the Staff. After mentioning that General Jamont, who was to retire in July, had been replaced by "a man of strict discipline," the Premier declared that an attempt was being made to create in France a Militarist party, which would destroy the real military spirit, adding that it would be better to speak less of the Army and to have its interests more at heart. "We shall go on with our work," he concluded, "and we are not of the sort that are intimidated or discouraged." The Government's declaration was approved by 164 to 84 votes, and by 153 votes to 90 it was resolved to placard the Premier's speech throughout France.

In the House of Commons on Friday week Mr. Wyndham made a long statement in reply to Mr. Burdett-Coutts's charges of hospital mismanagement in South Africa. He freely admitted that our sick and wounded had undergone terrible sufferings, but contended that unprecedented efforts had been made to mitigate the inevitable hardships of war and provide against all contingencies. It was impracticable to take with troops more than a certain number of waggons when a rapid advance was made, yet in spite of this and other drawbacks, the rate of mortality from enteric had not been abnormally high, but compared favourably with the percentage in other campaigns. Mr. Burdett-Coutts, who followed, while adhering to all the statements made in his letter to the *Times*, declared that nobody could consent to Lord Roberts's acceptance of the responsibility for the defective hospital arrangements, and ascribed the breakdown to the inelastic nature of the present system. In replying on

the whole debate Mr. Balfour stigmatised Mr. Lloyd-George's statement that the lives of the troops had been sacrificed to political exigencies as most discreditable, and charged the Opposition with the desire to extract material for a party fight from the episode. The success of the war turned on the rapidity of Lord Roberts's movements, and if there was one truth more surely learnt than another in military history it was the necessity of bringing war to a rapid conclusion and limiting human suffering by striking rapidly and hard, even though the immediate result might be momentary loss of human life.

On Thursday Mr. Balfour announced the intentions of the Government in regard to the proposed Hospital Commission. It was proposed to appoint a Committee of three persons—Dr. Church, President of the Royal College of Physicians; Professor Cunningham, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Trinity College, Dublin; and Lord Justice Romer—the terms of reference being "to report on the arrangements for the care and treatment of the sick and wounded during the South African Campaign." In the course of a subsequent debate raised on Mr. Labouchere's Motion to adjourn the House, it was urged that the composition of the Committee disregarded Lord Roberts's demand for business men, and gave an undue preponderance to medical opinion. The appeal to the Government to enlarge the Committee proving general, Mr. Balfour yielded to the sense of the House "against his own judgment," and promised to consult his colleagues with a view to adding two more members. Personally we are entirely of Mr. Balfour's opinion as to the superior efficiency of a small Committee. But it would never have done to allow lay opinion to be submerged. One doctor, one lawyer, one man of business would have been the ideal combination.

On Monday Lord Wemyss tried to induce the House of Lords to agree to a Bill enforcing the Militia Ballot. The proposal was, however, and as we think, rightly, opposed by the Government, though in fact Lord Wemyss was only reintroducing the Government's own Bill of a year ago. The most important and interesting part of Lord Lansdowne's reply was that which contained an outline of some of the Government's proposals as to the Militia. After mentioning that there were now nearly twenty-four thousand men enrolled in the Royal Reserve regiments, and that there were nearly six thousand men in the newly raised batteries of Royal Artillery, he went on to say that the Militia battalions were to have regimental transport, and to have proper and clean clothes, that the officers were to be trained, not at their own, but at the country's expense, that the recruits are to have a longer period of training, and that changes were to be made in the Militia Reserve. All these things, though we hope they do not exhaust the intentions of the Government as to the Militia, are, of course, to the good, but we cannot help being a little astonished and amused at the tone in which they are spoken of. One would think that the Government was a kind of beneficent old gentleman, and the Militia the deserving poor, when its proposals are announced in such phrases as "we have given to Militia battalions, for the first time, I think, regimental transport to the extent of five vehicles per battalion and a certain number of horses." It is not sense to talk as if this were a generous concession instead of a mere act of business. When a big farmer finds he urgently needs six more waggon-horses and buys them, he does not talk as if he had played the part of Lord Bountiful to his carters.

The German Emperor is, as might have been expected, greatly excited by the murder of his Ambassador in Peking, which he is probably aware was either ordered or sanctioned by the men at the head of the Chinese Government. He has ordered two battalions of marines at once to Taku, and in a speech to them on Monday he declared that the crime was one of "unheard-of insolence and horrid cruelty" that "calls for exemplary punishment and for vengeance, vengeance, vengeance." The "work has now become a serious task which can only be carried out by large bodies of troops from all the civilised States," and "the Commander of the cruiser squadron [in China] has already begged me to consider the advisability of sending out a whole army division." "Your foe is not less valiant than yourselves, and trained by European officers has learned to use European weapons." "I will not

rest until the German flag together with the flags of the other Powers floats victoriously above Peking." In another speech the Emperor hinted that there had been a disposition to thrust Germany aside, but that he would not endure that, even if he had "to use the sharpest means," as he intended Germany to be a world-Power, and "the ocean is indispensable for the greatness of Germany." All this means that the Emperor sees his opportunity, is determined to be in the forefront of the struggle with China, and will probably demand signal compensation. His speeches will add energy to Europe, which does not desire to see him acting alone in China.

A fresh and promising experiment has been made in aerial travelling. Count Zeppelin, a Bavarian, with the assistance, it is believed, of his own Government and the German Emperor, has built, at an expense of more than £50,000, an aluminium car 450 ft. long, with benzine motors and guiding apparatus, the whole weighing nine tons. The structure, which is lifted by thirty balloons, was tried on July 2nd at Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance, and with five passengers on board travelled to Immenstadt, thirty-five miles, at a speed which occasionally reached twenty miles an hour. The machine ascended easily, descended easily, and proved easy to direct. There is no new principle, as we show elsewhere, involved in the experiment, but it really appears as if the structural difficulties might be overcome by care and outlay. Further details about the action of the air steamer in a high wind are much required, and it is to be noted that while the structure weighs nine tons, its carrying power is only two tons; but if the balloons cannot master the hull any more than sails master a ship, a long forward step has been made in aerial navigation. Perhaps the realisation of Tennyson's vision will be one of the earliest incidents of the coming century.

A terrible fire broke out in the afternoon of Saturday, June 30th, in the dock of the North German Lloyd at Hoboken, opposite New York. It began in some cotton bales, and everything being dry with the excessive heat, speedily destroyed three piers belonging to the Company, together with three great liners, the 'Main,' 'Saale,' and 'Bremen.' The 'Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse' was saved with difficulty, her bow having caught before she was removed. More than a thousand persons, including many women and children, are said to have been on board the ill-fated vessels, and more than a hundred of them were burned or drowned. The ports were jammed by the struggling fugitives, and as usual in a fire on board ship, discipline proved too weak to control human selfishness, and it may be insanity. Ghastly stories also are told of the inhuman greed of the boatmen, who refused to assist drowning men till they had been paid, but though a crowd of longshoremen is sure to include a proportion of ruffians, it must not be forgotten that New York reporters love to pile up the agony. The blow to the Company, which, it may be presumed, insures itself, is so severe that the German Emperor has addressed to its chairman a telegram of condolence.

On Wednesday in the Upper House of Convocation the Bishops discussed the diminution of the candidates for Holy Orders. The Bishop of Winchester believed that the main cause was the financial one. Parents and relations would not encourage, or often even sanction, young men taking up a life so much exposed to the risks of poverty. The Bishop of Hereford thought that conscientious difficulties deterred men, and the Archbishop of Canterbury believed that the present troubles and disputes in the Church acted as a deterrent. For our part, we believe that the explanation is much more simple, and one by no means discreditable. In old days men went very largely into the Church on purely social and pecuniary grounds. Now it is the exception for a man to take Orders unless he has, or thinks he has, a vocation. The Church has ceased to be looked on as a profession like Medicine or the Law, and naturally that has reduced the available recruits. There is a West of England story of a Bishop asking a candidate for Holy Orders, who was a younger son of a distinguished but not very rich county family, what were the reasons which should induce a young man of position to be ordained. The candidate naively answered, "Pecuniary reasons, my lord." Those are seldom the reasons now,

although in spite of the complaints, often just, of the poverty of the clergy, the Church, with its splendid prizes and large number of comfortable posts, remains the easiest profession in which to secure a livelihood. That secularly minded men are not nearly so often tempted to take orders by motives of ambition and personal advancement as they used to be, strikes us as by no means unsatisfactory. The prizes in the Church are as numerous as, and more valuable than, those at the Bar.

It was announced on Thursday that Lord Wemyss and Colonel Eustace Balfour, brother of Mr. Arthur Balfour, had resigned their positions of Honorary Colonel and Colonel in the London Scottish—one of the finest Volunteer regiments in the Kingdom—owing to a difference of opinion with the War Office. We are not going to attempt to enter into the merits of the dispute, which arose over the question of a month's training under canvas, nor do we wish to attach too much importance to the incident. We do wish, however, to express and put on record our fervent hope that the War Office will not injure the Volunteers by depriving them of that purely voluntary character which constitutes their true strength. We look with no little alarm upon the tendency in certain quarters to try to turn the Volunteers into imitation Regulars. To do that is to ruin a body of men which, if left as they are, are capable of doing most useful work. Encourage marksmanship by all possible means, and make the Volunteers as mobile as possible, but otherwise let all the regulations connected with them be easy and elastic.

Mr. Chamberlain, addressing the National Union of Conservative Associations at the fourteenth annual banquet held in London on Friday, June 29th, made a stirring Unionist speech, and incidentally introduced a strong and generous defence of Lord Lansdowne's administration of the War Office, praising his "magnificent reserve of patience and devotion to duty." He did not create the organisation of the Army, he inherited it. One cannot help being touched by the loyal and plucky way in which Mr. Chamberlain stood forth to defend the Secretary of State for War. It shows how utterly unjust are the attacks made upon Mr. Chamberlain as designing, unchivalrous, and self-seeking. Such men do not defend indefensible positions in order to stand by a comrade. At the same time, we cannot but note that Mr. Chamberlain's apology is quite beside the mark. It absolutely misses the whole point of complaint, which is that Lord Lansdowne, when four years ago he took over the War Office, did not insist on looking his responsibilities full in the face, and either resign or insist upon our military system being put on a sound basis. That is asking for administrative heroism, no doubt, but unless we ask for it, at least in the Army and Navy, we shall end in a Sedan.

Speaking at the distribution of prizes at King's College on Tuesday evening, Professor Dicey offered the students some advice as to the formation of style. He did not profess to instruct them how to be eloquent or witty, but rather how to attain the valuable art of expressing themselves in clear and accurate language. To this end he counselled them to dismiss all artificial notions of style from their minds, and take for their models such writers as Sir James FitzJames Stephen—a conspicuous instance of the effort to write just as one would speak—or Jeremy Bentham, who defined the whole of a good style to lie in the choice of "the same word for the same thing and a different word for a different thing." We note with surprise that Professor Dicey's remarks are vehemently attacked in the editorial columns of the *Daily News* as irreconcilable with the essential requirements of literary style. But Professor Dicey, as we have seen, was not addressing himself to aspirants to literary distinction, but merely to those who wished to express themselves clearly and well. Surely there is such a thing as a good, as apart from a literary, style. We cannot all write like Virgil, of whom it was happily said that he disdained to say a plain thing in a plain way. The disastrous results of the wholesale imitation of Browning, Meredith, and Stevenson are enough in themselves to justify Professor Dicey's plea for simplicity and directness.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.
New Consols (2½) were on Friday 99½.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE UPHEAVAL OF CHINA.

THE upheaval of China—for it is an upheaval, and not a mere riot against the foreigner—is becoming week by week a more formidable event. The cowardly murder of the German Ambassador while actually on his way from his own Legation to the Foreign Office of Pekin, probably in accordance with a summons, is now officially admitted, and there can hardly be a doubt that all the remaining Embassies have been destroyed and their inmates slaughtered out. They were being shelled on June 25th, and their brave resistance would raise Chinese cruelty to fever-heat. It is twelve days since the troops began firing on them from the walls of the Tartar city, and whence were they to get food? Moreover, having killed the Ambassador of a Great Power, those who hold power in Pekin have no longer a motive for caution, indeed are probably disposed to commit their followers with Europe beyond all hope of compromise or pardon. They cannot then sell their chiefs. The effect, of course, is to compel the European Powers to act, if only to preserve their own self-respect, and to act in such a way as to reveal even to Chinamen that they have insolently defied irresistible force. They have all, it is clear, consented to the occupation of Pekin, and have all at the same time recognised that to occupy Pekin by a march from the coast is a most serious enterprise. The newspapers are talking nonsense about “rushes,” and “instant vengeance,” and “mandates to Japan,” but the Powers are aware that they could not now save their agents even if their march were unopposed, and the opposition, if it be only a retreating battle behind earthworks, will be of a most formidable kind. They have to break through an army of at least seventy thousand men, half of them experienced soldiers armed with Mausers, in a country swarming with hostile ruffians, where a defeat of the invading force would place millions of men at the disposal of the defenders. All Manchuria is “up,” as well as Chi-li and Shantung. The Europeans have no general, insufficient munitions, and practically no transport at all, besides being deficient in cavalry. The Admirals have therefore decided, most wisely, not to move with inadequate forces, and are collecting at Taku the troops, the munitions, and the supplies necessary for the largest European force which has ever invaded China. When the preparations are complete thirty thousand Europeans—Russian, British, German, and French—supported by ten thousand Japanese, all under some picked general, will move upon Pekin, and, let us hope, will in a few days scatter the opposing army to the winds, and reduce the Chinese capital to subjection without a siege. If they do not there will be for Europeans no living in China. At the same time the Powers have become aware that this is only the beginning of their work. They know that the construction of a Government for China is an almost hopeless task, they are bewildered with the dread lest there should be no Government from which to exact reparation, and they are hoping rather wildly to find an excuse for recognising some one as not too guilty to be treated with. They deny that they are at war, they listen eagerly to tales about the legal Emperor and the Empress-Regent, both of whom are probably dead or imprisoned, and even about individuals like Li Hung Chang, and in fact display an acute fear of anarchy in China. They are, in truth, aware that they are face to face with an event so big that they can hardly grasp all the possibilities it may involve.

Meanwhile, those who direct, and who probably instigated, the upheaval are gaining in strength and in coherence. It is admitted on all hands that a member of the Imperial house, Prince Tuan, has placed himself at the head of the anti-foreign movement, is obeyed by all the troops, and is, on some pretext or another, exercising the powers of a Dictator. According to one account he is the agent of the Empress, according to another he has arrested or expelled her, and according to a third he has proclaimed his son Emperor. For ourselves we think it very probable that he is at this moment the legal, or as we should say, the constitutional, Regent of the Empire. If the Emperor Kwang-su, the wretched lad in whom the

Reformers trusted, is dead or has abdicated—and no one in Pekin mentions him—the son of Prince Tuan, the child who was regularly and formally, with the full consent of the Manchu nobles, declared the heir to the throne, is now legitimate Emperor of China. By a custom it is impossible for Chinamen to disregard he is still under his father's authority, and Prince Tuan alone has the right to issue orders in his name. If this supposition is correct, and it tallies with much evidence, the head of the reactionaries, the deadly foe of all foreigners, is legitimate master of China, armed with rights which, like those of the Czar, are anchored at once in legality and in superstition. At all events, Prince Tuan is master in Pekin and Northern China, has issued an Imperial decree ordering all “Boxers” and soldiers to “stamp out” foreigners, and intends, seeing no loophole of retreat after the attack on the Legations, to carry on the war, if he can, to the bitter end. It may be that he will be crushed at once by the Allied Powers, it may be that he may succeed in dividing them, it may be that he can sustain, as the Boers are doing, a running fight through half the Empire; in any case, his ascendancy makes of the “riotous movement,” as the Americans call it, a coherent and most formidable struggle with all Europe. The first necessity of Asiatics is to have a man at their head who will punish disobedience with death, and the Chinese have him in Prince Tuan.

Another element of danger, moreover, has since we last wrote been added to those which previously existed. Hitherto the anti-foreign agitation has been confined to Northern China, but it is now spreading fast to the centre and South. At Shanghai and in Canton the placards which in China herald insurrection are appearing on every wall. The ruffian classes are stirring, respectable Chinese households are flying, and, worst sign of all, the Viceroy is rapidly enlisting troops. Naturally, for their provinces touch the coast and their ports may be shelled, they promise the foreigner protection. Naturally, also, till matters are clearer in Pekin, they profess to be paying no obedience to the capital. And most naturally of all, they keep in their own hands any revenue which ought to be forwarded to the Imperial Treasury. But it is to be noted that they do not proscribe the “Boxers”; that they keep Chinese cruisers as near them as they can; and that in all negotiations with the foreigners they insist, “as a measure of precaution,” that no foreign troops shall be landed. As they all at heart detest foreigners, as they all dread Pekin, as they are all at the mercy of troops usually anti-foreign, above all as they are all Chinese, it is difficult to doubt that they are all playing for their own hands; that they are waiting to see who will be Emperor; and that, if it is virtually Prince Tuan, they will let the South rise on his behalf. That will make a terrible situation for the foreigner, who, indeed, will be badly placed even if they are sincere. For that would mean civil war in China, the dissolution of the Empire as an organisation, and the long period of anarchy which must follow before the new provincial Kings, even if strengthened by foreign help, can acquire such a hold that ordinary commerce, and travelling, and the teaching of missionaries are again safe pursuits. There has been no such explosion in the South as there has been in the North, but the danger of one is not ended because the Viceroy is saying smooth things. Very few of them can be trusted, and least of all Li Hung Chang, who, like Azimoolah Khan, the prompter of the massacre of Cawnpore, has visited Europe, and whose most important saying is that one foreigner is as bad as another, and all intend the partition of the Empire. Europe, we greatly fear, must depend on herself in this struggle with China without internal help, and, powerful as she is, the struggle with a fourth of the human race may tax all her energies.

MR. RHODES AND SOUTH AFRICA.

IN an article on the South African problem in the *Fortnightly* for July Mr. Edward Dicey tells us that “the time has come to put aside the prejudices caused by the Raid, and to avail ourselves freely of the services of the British party, of which in fact, if not in name, Mr. Cecil Rhodes still remains the leader. We have a hard task before us, and we need the help of all South African

statesmen who, whatever errors they may be deemed to have committed, have always been loyal in their allegiance to the Mother-country." And he therefore urges that "the British authorities should co-operate cordially with the Progressive party and its leaders." In other words, he virtually asks that the Home Government should do its best to back up Mr. Rhodes and support his influence in South African politics. In our opinion this is bad advice, and we desire to give our reasons for thinking that Mr. Rhodes will not be a safe guide in South African affairs, and that though we cannot, of course, do anything to prevent his fellow-citizens of the Empire in South Africa making him their leader, we ought to do nothing to influence them in his favour. Our reasons for holding this view are not based upon Mr. Rhodes's action during the Raid. Whatever we may think of that transaction—not, remember, the Raid as it appeared during the early days, but as it was seen after the real facts became known—we are perfectly willing to admit that there must be a statute of limitations in such things. If we thought that Mr. Rhodes, in spite of his folly and his muddling, if not worse, at the time of the Raid, were now capable of better things and wiser actions, we should not hesitate to say that the transactions of 1895 must be forgotten and forgiven, and that Mr. Rhodes must be allowed a fresh start. It is because we think that Mr. Rhodes has certain radical defects of character as a politician which render him and his influence a permanent danger to the Empire that we object to any special encouragement being given to him by the Home Government. If he were a much worse man than he is—and, remember, we in no sort or kind of way regard him as a monster of iniquity, or as a man who in any essentials *means* badly—we should not feel obliged to oppose his influence provided he were without the defects which we find in his political character. His prime and fatal defect in our view, the defect which makes him so dangerous and ill-omened a pilot in political matters, is his incorrigible recklessness and levity of action in matters of vital importance. He is not merely often unscrupulous about means—a defect which has belonged, we admit, to many great leaders of men—but he has no sense of proportion in regard to aims and methods. To gain a small and unessential end he will light-heartedly risk the most vital interests of the Empire. If he is keen at the moment on lighting his own cigarette he will strike a match in the powder magazine and "d—the consequences." But it is not fair to bring so general a charge without support. Let us state the facts which bear out this allegation. We will begin with his celebrated incursion into home politics by the gift of the £10,000 to the Parnellites. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking on the question of the Unionist alliance on Friday week, described how the two sections of the party had been brought together by a common danger. "How great that danger was," he went on "we are only perhaps just now beginning to appreciate, when we reflect what our situation would have been to-day if we had had a Parliament in Dublin, co-ordinate with our own, manned by the enemies of England." Can any one who understands what the Empire is doubt that these words are absolutely true, and that the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin would have constituted the most terrible menace to our Imperial position. Yet Mr. Rhodes did not scruple to subscribe £10,000 to the funds of the Irish Separatists in order that Home-rule might prevail in its worst possible form,—Ireland possessing an independent Parliament of her own, and yet still holding the balance in ours. And more, he sent this money to Mr. Parnell, than whom England and the Empire had no more bitter enemy, and to whom at that moment the possession of the sinews of war was all-important. The defence for Mr. Rhodes is that he thought Home-rule was going to be carried, and that he wanted to see it carried in a form which might admit later on of Imperial Federation. He thought that the inclusion of the Irish Members at Westminster would keep the door open for Imperial Federation, and he bought that open door for £10,000. Personally, we find it difficult to believe that explanation. It seems to us that it is much more probable that Mr. Rhodes, who doubtless was already beginning to consider the possibility of founding the Chartered Company, was

anxious "to square" the Irish Members. We do not suggest for a moment, remember, that Mr. Rhodes had any corrupt motive in view in regard to the Charter. He wanted the Charter for his great Imperialist dream. He realised that he could not get it if the Irish Members were hostile. He also thought that the inclusion of the Irish Members was better Imperialism than exclusion, and he therefore quite light-heartedly proposed to kill two birds with one stone—to "square" the Irish and to improve the Home-rule Bill—by laying out £10,000. But it will be said all this is conjecture. Very well, then, let us take Mr. Rhodes's own account of the matter, and assume that he really believed that Home-rule of the type under which Ireland was to rule us, and yet to have a Parliament of her own, was good Imperialism. Even then his recklessness in the use of means to obtain his ends marks him out as the most dangerous and unsafe of political guides. He must have known the kind of man Mr. Parnell was. He must have known how the Nationalists gloated over Majuba Hill, and how they tried as far as they could to help the Boers and the Mahdi. He must have known the kind of things that were going on in Ireland. Yet because he took a certain view of a constitutional question, he throws a cheque for £10,000 into Mr. Parnell's lap without making the slightest inquiry as to how it was to be spent. Mr. Gladstone and his followers were reckless enough in all conscience in their handling of Home-rule and in their dealings with the Nationalists, and as a punishment for that recklessness they have been excluded from the work of government, but none of them were reckless enough, as far as we know, to give huge sums of money to Mr. Parnell without asking whether they were to be spent on "lead" or "bread," or what was to be their ultimate destination. We condemn Mr. Gladstone because he used his persuasive eloquence and the magnetism of his great name and high character to force on the nation a plan which, as we now realise, would have deeply injured the Empire. But how can Unionists censure such action and yet feel confidence in the political wisdom of a man who, on the most favourable view of the facts, recklessly supplied funds for the furtherance of the same plan, and while he had the Empire on his lips endowed men whose boast it was to be engaged in the attempt to wreck the very citadel of our Imperial rule?

Yet another example of Mr. Rhodes's blind recklessness in pursuit of his aims is to be found in his encouragement of the Afrikaner Bond. We know now what that Bond was, what were the aims of its founders, and what its secret springs of action. Yet Mr. Rhodes, because it suited him for the moment, was perfectly willing to encourage it by working with it, and so to increase its influence. He rendered it far more powerful than it would otherwise have been by giving it, as it were, a certificate of character. Thinking only of his own special aims, he gave the dangerous and essentially anti-Imperialist Bond aid, just as he had given aid to the Parnellites. Thus we find that Mr. Rhodes, the great Imperialist, has been in friendly relations and given valuable help—pecuniary help probably only in one case—to the most dangerous organisations that have threatened the British Empire in our day,—the Irish Nationalists and the Afrikaner Bond. Of course Mr. Rhodes's *intentions* were perfectly loyal in both cases, but the Empire if it is to remain safe and sound has no use for intentions prosecuted with such utter recklessness as to means. No doubt in both cases the Empire has survived the peril, but that does not make it any less criminally reckless of Mr. Rhodes to have played so wantonly with political dynamite. Another example of Mr. Rhodes's light-hearted way of adopting any means, however dangerous, to gain his ends is his intervention in the affairs of Johannesburg. There you had a perfectly legitimate and perfectly reasonable reform movement which must have ended either in adequate concessions from Mr. Kruger, or in an insurrection which would very properly have called for help from the Empire. Mr. Rhodes, by allowing Dr. Jameson to start on his absurd Raid when he was specially urged to keep quiet by the Reformers, again showed his recklessness and want of any sense of proportion. We shall only add one more instance. We believe that the foundation of the Chartered Company and the management of its affairs have shown

the same foolish recklessness, the same want of judgment, the same lack of the sense of proportion. The aim has no doubt been good enough—the development of the Empire—but the methods by which it has been pursued have been reckless, hasty, and ill-considered.

For these reasons we greatly trust that Mr. Rhodes's influence will not become paramount in South Africa. If the men who will ultimately control the new State in the Transvaal—i.e., the men of the old Reform movement: a movement in its essentials honourable, honest, *bonâ-fide*, and unselfish—are wise, they will insist upon managing their own affairs, and not let themselves be “bossed” by Mr. Rhodes. If they allow themselves to be so “bossed,” depend upon it they will be brought to something very like ruin and confusion. Mr. Rhodes in pursuit of one of his vague and grandiose schemes will recklessly fling their interests aside, and they may wake up some fine morning to find that in the supposed interests of the Empire they have been sacrificed to Germany, or possibly to a renewed alliance with the Bond in Cape Colony. Men who do not realise that there are no watertight compartments between the end and the means are always dangerous, and Mr. Rhodes seems to be one of these. He appears to hold that if your end is only big enough and good enough and sincerely and honestly enough desired, you need not trouble about the means, but may plunge recklessly into any and every form of action. In truth, the end is usually, if not always, only a coral island made up of minute cells, which are the means, and if you are careless about them you cannot build up a fabric that will last. You cannot, that is, construct a sound Empire out of alliances with men who hate the Empire and want to destroy it;—you cannot “build on a foundation of paradox,” as Lord Halifax two hundred years ago told the Dissenters, who thought that by the establishment of a Roman Catholic Monarchy they might obtain a larger toleration for their own special forms of Protestant belief. Of course, as we have said above, the Mother-country must leave South African loyalists absolutely free in their choice of a leader, but if they are wise men and do not want to be led into endless bogs and quagmires by a political will-o'-the-wisp, they will beware of Mr. Rhodes.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

IN the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* an appeal is made for the formation of a National Vigilance Committee “for considering and promoting administrative reform.” The occasion for the formation of the League is the defects in the national administration disclosed by the war, and its object is, in effect, the fixing of public attention on the need for Imperial Defence and “the conducting the business of the country as administered by all the various Departments of State upon ordinary business principles and methods.” With the principle underlying this appeal we have the greatest possible sympathy. We believe that it is impossible in a country like ours to have a sound and efficient administration unless there is perpetual vigilance on the part of the country as a whole, and an enlightened public opinion on all matters of national concern. We would, therefore, encourage all well-planned attempts to keep the Government of the day and the Departments of State up to the mark. But though we hold this view, we also hold that good results will only follow when the organisations intended to effect such purposes have strictly definite and specific aims. It is quite right and most useful to have an Army League or a Navy League, because both such bodies have definite things to ask for, and can take up and press on the Department involved specific reforms. A Navy League, for example, can take up a question like that of submarine boats or antiquated ironclads, or an Army League the need for increasing the number of batteries or the obligation of providing sufficient stores of ammunition. But a General Vigilance Committee to supervise the whole work of Government is far too wide. Such a body will either drug itself and the public with the anodynes of platitude, or else it will in effect become the Government of the country. A junta of powerful men sitting in Westminster and trying to carry out the aims of the League proposed in the *Nineteenth Century* would, if it proved successful, be an informal Cabinet. But it

would not prove successful. Its vagueness of aim and splendid platitudes as to the need for efficiency would not mend matters, and the great men composing it would be afraid of committing themselves lest in a few months they might be called to office. In our opinion, indeed, Army and Navy Leagues are the better for not having great party leaders like Lord Rosebery, who heads the *Nineteenth Century* League, as active members. It is impossible for political persons to take up the detached and critical attitude which is specially valuable in organisations of that kind. Let them address such bodies by all means, but men engaged in regular party politics, and anxious to become public servants, are out of place on the Executive Committees of Army or Navy Leagues. We say this in no way because we object to the party system or because we think party leaders incapable of patriotic action, but merely because it produces a confusion of functions. Leagues intended to keep a particular Department up to the mark ought not to be composed of the men who may have themselves to be kept up to the mark next year. In our view the ideal organisation for, say, an Army League is a body of capable citizens, business men, and men of leisure, who have no intention of taking public service themselves, but who band together for a special purpose, who wish to educate and form outside opinion, and who, when it is formed, mean to use it to put pressure on the statesmen who carry on the work of Government.

We note with pleasure that at this moment an Army League is in existence—a report of its first public meeting is to be found in Wednesday's papers—which, we trust, may attract wide public support, and may then be used to press for certain clear and definite reforms. If we may venture to do so, we should like to address a few words of advice to the Army League as to its operations. It seems to us that the first thing necessary is to make the organisation strong and to secure a considerable number of members pledged to the promotion of Army reform. When that is done, a small—the smaller the better—Executive Committee should be charged with the duty of drawing up a scheme of Army reorganisation, which shall be as clear and specific as possible. This definite scheme should then be submitted to the League, and either adopted or rejected by them. No doubt a definite scheme is sure to be objected to by many members, who will find their favourite proposal rejected, or something they regard as bad accepted, but this cannot be helped. It may lead to many resignations of members, but such resignations are better than a flabby compromise designed to please everybody. In all probability, however, a great many objectors will sink their objections to details in order to get a definite scheme put forward in the name of the Army League. A scheme adopted, the League must at once begin to educate public opinion, to watch the operations of the War Office, and to press upon the Government the consideration of the various points in the Army League scheme. The Government will not, of course, adopt all of them, but even if only a portion are accepted much good may be achieved. This part of the work of the League will very likely seem to some minds as somewhat academic, but it is by no means all that it can do. In times of peace especially definite concrete questions will arise and be brought to a clear issue, and then the Army League will be able to help focus public opinion. We will give an instance of what we mean. It may be remembered that in the year 1897 the question of artillery was raised by a proposal to make an increase in that arm. The increase, as we and others pointed out at the time, was not nearly sufficient, for it did not make the proportion of artillery to infantry and cavalry, including, of course, Militia, Volunteers, and Yeomanry, anything like that considered necessary in Continental armies. If the Army League had been in existence it might have taken up the point and used its machinery to awaken public feeling on the subject. Our declaration that though we cannot without compulsory service have an unlimited number of men in the Regular Army, we can manufacture guns in any number we require, passed unheeded, but if it had been enforced by a powerful Army League it might have taken effect, and we should not then have seen the country denuded of guns in order to give an adequate supply to the army in the field in South Africa. We may be sure that plenty of such points will

arise in the future as in the past. Let us trust that the Army League will be in full vigour and able to seize on them and insist upon a common-sense solution.

We feel sure that the proposal we have made—that the Army League, when once it has completed its machinery, should prepare a definite scheme for Army reorganisation—will be called unpractical owing to the differences of opinion among members, but all the same we do not believe that it is unpractical. In reality, there is a pretty general agreement as to the things to be asked for. These are :—(1) War Office reform of a kind which, while maintaining the supreme responsibility of the Secretary of State for War, will place below him a permanent military official—Chief of the Staff, or Commander-in-Chief—who shall be departmentally responsible for the whole technical side of the Army, as the Secretary of the Post Office is responsible to the Postmaster-General. (2) The increase of the attractiveness of the Regular Army to recruits, and the better training of officers and men. (3) The organisation of the Militia and Yeomanry, and of a true Militia and Yeomanry Reserve into an efficient and thoroughly equipped Field Army for Home Defence. (4) The organisation of the Volunteers and of a Volunteer Reserve into efficient, self-contained divisions capable of taking the field, with artillery and transport complete. (5) The organisation of a Voluntary Home Defence Reserve, composed of all persons who are trained to arms, but are not at the moment in any of the other armed forces or Reserves of the nation; the consideration for the registering of names in such a Home Defence Reserve being an old-age pension after sixty-five. We do not, of course, want to seem to dictate a programme to the Army League, and doubtless the able brains at their disposal could vastly improve our skeleton scheme, but we believe if they adopted a clear and definite ideal of the kind we have sketched, and used all their efforts to educate public opinion to ask for such an organisation, they would do a work of vast importance.

We must end as we began. While sympathising with the public spirit of the men who are considering the foundation of the League announced in the *Nineteenth Century*, we feel convinced that they are making their proposals much too wide and vague, and that they will do no good unless they take up one definite branch of national inefficiency and hammer on at that. At present the thing most needing reform is our military system, and on this they should concentrate their attention. Let them either join the existing Army League, or if they prefer it form a new Army League, and let those two bodies then amalgamate, and tackle in earnest and in detail the problem of how to obtain without excessive burden a good Regular Army for the work of Imperial police, and a Home Defence Army of Militia and Volunteers and General Reservists so efficient and so well equipped that it could be trusted to preserve us from Continental raiders even if there were not a single Regular left in these islands.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

THE Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital had a story to tell on Monday very different from that we have of late been accustomed to hear from the finance ministers of great charities. Permanent as land is from the physical point of view, it has in many cases proved eminently fleeting as regards profits. In respect of them it has done in its old age what in its youth was thought to be impossible,—it has run away. The recent history of many charitable foundations has been a melancholy example of this change. It has been a history of constantly declining income. But St. Bartholomew's, instead of growing yearly poorer, is growing yearly richer. It has, it is true, sustained heavy losses on many thousand acres of agricultural property. It has enjoyed no immunity from the common fate of landlords, who find it equally impossible to get a fair rent for their farms or to get a fair return out of them in their own hands. But only a portion of the lands belonging to St. Bartholomew's Hospital is agricultural; a great part of it consists of houses and land in London. And of this part the value has steadily risen. Sir Sydney Waterlow tells us that

in 1869 the net revenue of the hospital was £38,462, while in 1899 it was £72,454. That is a record of marvellous prosperity, and one which seems to render such a meeting as that at which the Prince of Wales presided on Monday altogether unnecessary. How can an institution which has nearly doubled its income in thirty years be in need of outside help? What can it want more than continuous wisdom to apply its vast resources to the best uses?

It would not be true, however, to say that the object of Monday's meeting was to ask for money. But while we say this we are bound to say also that had this been the object, the hospital would have been able to make out a very good case. If its income has grown, its expenses have grown in more than equal proportion. "There are a great many things," the treasurer told the meeting, "which require amendment. The hospital is by no means so perfect as we should like to see it." Specialisation in medicine makes immense demands on hospital accommodation. Every separate organ, and well-nigh every separate method of treatment, cries out to be separately housed. New buildings are wanted for the eye, the ear, the teeth, the skin, the throat. Electricity, which now enters so largely into the cure of disease, has to be provided for. There is a demand on the part of the medical staff for a new pathological laboratory, a new operating theatre, a new isolation block. The resident staff is not adequately housed; the nursing staff is not housed at all. The successful working of an institution which combines the free care, in one way or another, of sixty-two thousand patients a year with the scientific requirements of a great medical school, demands constant new outlay in every direction. Happily, however, St. Bartholomew's is not reduced to asking for money from the public. Sir Sydney Waterlow, indeed, asked the meeting not to forget that "the public of the present day are never unwilling to subscribe to the relief of the sick poor of this great Metropolis." That is true, no doubt, as a general statement. But in order to make it true it must be taken with a fair amount of alloy. Any new and striking appeal evokes an immediate response, and for some time it is possible to congratulate ourselves on the unfailing flow of English benevolence. It is when the accounts of the year are made up that the alloy becomes visible. The response to the new appeal commonly turns out to have been made at the expense of other charities equally in want of money, but less fortunate in the novelty of their claims. If a deficit in the funds of a great endowed hospital has to be made up by public subscription, we may be pretty sure that there will be a corresponding deficit in the balance-sheets of the hospitals wholly supported by voluntary contributions.

In the case of St. Bartholomew's, we say, there is no question of drawing upon this source. With the consent of the Charity Commission, the hospital can borrow whatever money is necessary for improvements, and, with a growing income and excellent security to offer, it would borrow upon easy terms. For the moment, however, the question relates rather to the spending than to the raising of capital. The land on which St. Bartholomew's Hospital is built adjoins the land on which Christ's Hospital is built; indeed, the ground at present belonging to the latter foundation was in part bought from St. Bartholomew's in the year 1819. Now St. Bartholomew's finds that the only direction in which it can possibly extend its buildings is by buying back what it then sold; and as Christ's Hospital is about to move to a new site in the country, the two bodies ought, one would think, to have little difficulty in coming to an agreement. As a matter of fact, however, they find considerable difficulty. In 1893 the Governors of Christ's Hospital offered to treat with St. Bartholomew's for the sale to it of so much of the site as it might wish to buy on the usual terms of arbitration. In November last they described themselves as having "still but one desire," and defined the object of that desire as to "arrive at a friendly solution of the difficulty what sum should be paid for such portion of the land as St. Bartholomew's Hospital may require." It is not very obvious why there should at this point have been any difficulty needing solution. Arbitration is a well-understood process, and all that needed doing was that St. Bartholomew's should decide how much of the land it wanted to buy, and that the arbitrators should set

to work to determine its value. St. Bartholomew's so far departed from this course as to offer a specific price for the part of the site they wanted instead of waiting to have the value ascertained. As, however, it was still open to Christ's Hospital to refer this offer to arbitration, the precise order of the steps in the negotiations seems of no importance. But while negotiations were going on in this somewhat dilatory manner the Governors of Christ's Hospital had had another and a very much more advantageous proposal submitted to them—a proposal to buy the whole site—and in view of this they simply declined to accept the offer for the purchase of a part.

The position, therefore, appears to be that Christ's Hospital wishes to sell the whole site, that it has the opportunity of doing so at this moment, that it is willing to let this opportunity go if St. Bartholomew's will negotiate for the whole, but that it can no longer entertain the offer for only a part. We assume that Christ's Hospital is under no legal obligation to abide by the original engagement of 1893, since, if it were, St. Bartholomew's could at once enforce it in a Court of Law. But an engagement may have a good deal of moral force, though it is not binding in law, and certainly the letter of December 1st, 1893, does seem to be of this character. At that date, subject to certain conditions, all of which St. Bartholomew's is ready to fulfil, the Governors of Christ's Hospital did put it on record that St. Bartholomew's might have as much of their land as it wanted, and on November 16th, 1899, they declared themselves anxious to carry out this bargain. We have not heard their side of the question, but it is conceivable that they hold that as Governors of a great charity they are bound to get as much money as they can for the charity so long as they are legally free to do so. If they sell a part only of their land the value of the remaining part will be lowered, and the chances of disposing of it to advantage will be proportionately lessened. Consequently, to take this course will, in effect, be to subsidise St. Bartholomew's Hospital from the funds of Christ's Hospital. Have they, they may be supposed to ask themselves, any right thus to sacrifice the interests with the defence of which they are charged? The obvious way out of this dilemma would be for St. Bartholomew's to buy the whole site. But the eminent surveyor consulted thinks that this is too speculative a transaction to be recommended. But why should not Christ's Hospital abide by its original offer, with a further proviso that the diminution in the value of the unsold land caused by the sale of a part should be considered by the arbitrators in fixing the price St. Bartholomew's is to pay for what it wants? After all, one charity is as important as the other. No one can seriously wish to nurse more sick if the result will be to educate fewer children. No doubt St. Bartholomew's will have to pay more than it expected to pay. But the only alternative suggested is a private Act of Parliament giving St. Bartholomew's compulsory powers of buying what it wants and no more. The getting of such an Act always costs money, and in the present case, with two wealthy foundations at loggerheads, it is likely to cost a great deal of money. We may be thought to be mere meddlers in offering a suggestion in a matter about which we are so imperfectly informed. But when the object is to prevent two great charities, each of them doing invaluable work, from a heated contest before a Parliamentary Committee, we are willing to run the risk.

“LEST WE FORGET.”

RATHER to our surprise, Mr. Morley in his speech of Friday week on the completion of the “Dictionary of National Biography” missed the point which, more than any other, makes of that great undertaking a work of national importance. It will by degrees and in course of years correct a great national fault,—the tendency to forget men who are worthy of remembrance. The English live mainly in the present, and a little in the future, and forget the past too readily. They like to move forward unencumbered, care nothing about legends, keep up no traditions, forgive their enemies in a way that to the rest of the world seems weak—who stops to curse Philip II. or Napoleon?—and forget their benefactors with a rapidity which, but that every man thinks that he himself will be an exception, would chill alike patriotism and

philanthropy. With the exceptions of Alfred and Elizabeth they scarcely remember their great Sovereigns, even William III. being no longer to them the Deliverer. Among their great Admirals they recollect only Nelson, their only Generals of the past are Marlborough and Wellington, and in their long list of illustrious statesmen only Sir Robert Peel is still a household word. Who in the street really knows anything of Simon de Montfort, or the first Cromwell, or Cecil, or Danby, or Sir Robert Walpole, or the second Pitt, or even—this is, we believe, true, though it is so nearly incredible—of the group of men who in the teeth of Peel and Wellington carried through that greatest and least bloody of revolutions, the first Reform Bill? A vaguely pleasant memory is all that is left of men who in most countries would be household words perpetually used to dispense with the necessity of describing new aspirants. If at the next Election some elector who admires Sir E. Grey's policy says, “There are in him the materials of a Cecil,” how many citizens of Berwick will even comprehend the praise? As for the smaller benefactors of the country, the men who have founded or enlarged cities, or established great industries, or utilised new and beneficent inventions, their very names have passed into an oblivion only less deep than that which has fallen on the great men of America before Columbus. Mr. Sidney Lee at the Mansion House breakfast gave as an instance of such men the founder of Sandhurst, Mr. Jarry, but there are a hundred stronger. Ask any man in the street the name of the man who made the canals; or the history of Hargreaves, who invented the spinning jenny and so saved England from bankruptcy; or of Stephenson, who began the great system of railways; or of Brunel, who created steam traffic across the ocean; or of Waghorn, who showed the true route to India and the Far East, and so practically reduced the size of the world by one-third,—and he will give you replies that do but conceal a nearly perfect ignorance. Who, not being an architect, knows the names of that long succession of great builders who have covered England with palaces? The very patients whom his discovery has saved from extremities of agony remember of Sir James Simpson just his surname, and will not remember even that about Lord Lister. As we have said before, the Englishman's regardlessness of the past sometimes disburdens him, but we cannot believe that this forgetfulness of persons has any compensating advantage. It must, to begin with, destroy one of the strongest incentives to energetic effort. The hunger for fame is not the noblest of impulses, but it is one of the most instinctive, no man, however disinterested, being quite content to be “thrust foully in the earth to be forgot,” and even Leigh Hunt, who said “Write me as one who loved his fellow-men,” wishing to be remembered for that Christian aspiration. In the second place, the knowledge that a man in one's own chosen line has succeeded before, has triumphed over difficulties, has filled up Chat Moss, makes the usual fate of the competent, which is waiting, ever waiting, for the crop that so often is blighted before reaping, more endurable, and acts as a deterrent against despair. If it is well to recollect the deeds of men—and if not, why study history?—it must be well to recall what manner of men they were who did them, and not from ignorance to fancy that they possessed powers which render emulation impossible or absurd. At least, we all say so when we put up statues, and no statue will recall an eminent individual as this Dictionary of Biography will recall them all. It is more than a great monument to the eminent, for it is also what a monument can seldom be,—a record of their deeds. To have designed and completed such a work is creditable to all connected with it, to the editors of the Dictionary, Mr. Leslie Stephen at first, and then Mr. Sidney Lee, and to the capitalist who found the great sum required—£150,000—with little hope of repayment, except perhaps in this,—that he has established a perfect claim to be remembered in the next edition.

To give a general opinion as to the merit of the record thus prepared is, we think, impossible. It is for such a work singularly full, probably when the supplement is issued will be found to be almost without a flaw in the way of completeness. The biographies, too, so far as we have been able to test them, are accurate, with much

white light in them, and with a remarkable sense of the proportion between one life and another. The editors have, perhaps, been over merciful in their distribution of censure, and have sometimes avoided that "general estimate" for which the common reader hungers with needless scrupulosity. But as a whole the work, which involved an infinity of labour, much judgment, and some shrewd insight into character, has been marvellously well done, so that the great book will probably never be superseded, and will possibly for centuries give the first impress to the judgment of the inquirer into the history and doings of all English notables. It is a great thing to have completed it within the lifetime of its designer, and we can but hope that he will never feel as if he had wasted his substance upon a noble whim. We think he will not. The appreciation of his great book will grow as it is more consulted, and both in England and America it will be felt that he has done much to rescue the marked men of our common race from the oblivion in which, owing to the national fault above described, they would otherwise have been submerged. Millionaires are apt to be mindless, but Mr. George Smith's generous expenditure has lifted the tombstones from thirty thousand graves, many of them those of forgotten people, and we see once more, to our great instruction, if not to our pleasure, the actual features of the dead. The general effect is variety, such as exists in the leaves of a tree, but now and again the sculptor has used his chisel so as to produce the effect that the form to which he gives new life concealed no common man.

THE ZEPPELIN AERIAL MACHINE.

THE interest taken by human beings in their own efforts to fly, or rather to travel through the air, is untiring and incurable by experience. Ever since the first kite was flown, probably on the plains of Chaldaea, the attempt has been constantly renewed, and has always failed; but the steadiness of failure has hardly discouraged, much less extinguished, hope. What the inventors propose to gain by success they rarely or never state, but they go on inventing all the same, and the world reads about their inventions with insatiable appetite and a certain sense of disappointment when, as usually happens, the last Icarus comes to grief. Nobody particularly pities him, but most men are sorry for his ill success. The truth is the imagination is touched by an effort which seems intended to lift man out of the apparently fixed conditions of his being, and men are set dreaming as they would be if they discovered in themselves previously unrevealed powers. If they could fly they would seem to themselves men and something more, the idea at the bottom of the fancy that angels must have wings. That is a rather feeble fancy, Homer and the Hindoo poets having ages ago suggested the nobler one that the speed of gods results from their own volition; but as no one can paint a thought, the wings have enshrined themselves in art, and so live on. We do not wonder, therefore, that every newspaper in Europe has recorded Count Zeppelin's experiments on the Lake of Constance, and shall not wonder if he is declared to have "begun an epoch," to have "realised a dream," and to have "affected the future destiny of humanity." The facts, however, as yet hardly justify such big words. Supposing the record of the recent experiments to be fairly accurate, they seem to show that Count Zeppelin, a Bavarian noble of a mechanical turn, has made no new discovery, but has by dint of large expenditure so utilised the known lifting power of balloons that by using thirty of them at once he is able to raise a vessel of aluminium big enough and strong enough to allow him to drive it by steel machinery with the exploding force of benzine as driving power. The machine being very big and strong, and independent of the balloons, which, though thirty in number, only lift, he can guide the whole structure, which is more than 400 ft. long, just as the steersman of a sailing vessel guides the ship with all its sails and top hamper. They are the drivers, but they drive as the rudder directs. No new force whatever has been developed, and no new application of forces, only such a multiplication of old and known appliances that the car is no longer at the mercy of the balloon, but can make the balloon go its way. That being stated, let us see how far, if the accounts of the experiments are true, the mechanicians have now got.

Clearly there is no reason as yet for the alarm which has often been excited by the accounts of similar partially successful experiments. There is, to begin with, no grand secret in the matter, nothing which an evil-minded capitalist or ambitious Government could use while right-minded capitalists or Governments remained ignorant how to manufacture the new weapon. Any one with the means and the control of skilled mechanics could build a similar aerial ship just as he could build a gunboat, and the richer the State the more of such machines it could keep at its disposal. They will be very costly to build, they will take time in building, and they can hardly, when Governments are once awake to their existence, be built in perfect secrecy. Certainly none could build them without official observation, a final check upon Anarchists, who, moreover, never possess much capital. The machines cannot carry large bodies of men or large quantities of munitions, and we may, we think, lay aside the idea of their use for a sudden and great invasion as impracticable. They would not be more useful for a raid than heavily armed cruisers are. If the recently passed rules against dropping dynamite from balloons were disregarded they might effect a certain amount of destruction, but not of the kind which Governments seek for because it will help on conquest. For similar reasons the chance of the Zeppelin machine greatly furthering the relief or storm of beleaguered places may be put out of the mind. It could help in one way, as we shall directly point out, but not in the way of carrying reinforcements or food for a population, or of carrying away a beleaguered garrison. Sir Redvers Buller, for example, could not have cleared Ladysmith by the use of such machines, or even have removed the sick. As for contests in the air, the "grappling of aerial navies in the blue," that would, even if the dream were realised, make little difference, all Governments equally possessing the machines, and the chances with cruisers in the air being the same as the chances with cruisers in the water. Armed aerial machines seem no doubt to demand braver crews than armed sea-going machines, but there are a great many people in the world whom balloons do not frighten, and the difference between death by drowning and death by a fall from a great height is not very perceptible. Escalading a castle seems to the imaginative or the timid an awful operation, but soldiers picked at random have done marvels in that way, and, curiously enough, have not impressed the imaginations of mankind as much as charging cavalry or the steady plod, plod of infantry under a heavy fire has often done. One would think it would be otherwise, but somehow people do not fully realise what fighting on the upper rungs of a fifty-foot ladder unfastened really means. Soldiers have not shrunk from it in history, and neither would they shrink from fighting in the air.

What, then, do we seriously think will be the use of the new machine if it succeeds? It will, we think, have one main result, a great increase of the power of observation both in peace and war. The balloons can be so made as to remain many days in air, and very wild lands, even the regions round the Poles, or the sources of the Niger and the Yangtse, may therefore be accurately surveyed. The ice difficulty, the forest difficulty, and the difficulty presented by broken or mountainous country will all alike be gradually overcome. We do not know that the happiness of mankind is greatly increased by such knowledge any more than it has been by the telegraph, but still it is a sort of duty to explore this little planet of ours, and the Zeppelin machine or an improvement on it will help us to perform the duty. And it will certainly alter one condition of warfare, as it will enable a besieger to see the interior of a besieged city, and all the shifting chances of a great pitched battle over, say, twenty square miles. The present balloon is a help to generals even now, but its use is limited, because it is either a captive or drifts about at the mercy of the wind. The Zeppelin machine will be an observatory, heliographing accounts of every movement every five minutes. The effect of that will doubtless be to increase greatly the brain-power of any good tactician in command, for he will be able to see the early movements of his enemy and the exact position of his own widely scattered troops. No doubt the advantage will be given to both sides, but it will be more useful to the one which has the abler and more decided commandant. The

influence of mind on war, that is, will be decidedly increased. which, if war is for the future to be mainly a struggle with the half-civilised and the barbarian, must be beneficial. One would like, if we are to besiege Peking, to be able to see into every street. Even in Europe it is the keener brain which will be the more assisted, and—though the remark is almost too broad—it is for the better in the long run that successful soldiers should be men of mind. Science is quite as often malignant as benevolent, but we see no particular reason for regretting Count Zeppelin's new application of old discoveries.

BYZANTINISM.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON'S very interesting Rede Lecture on "Byzantine History in the Early Middle Ages" affords another instance of the reaction against Gibbon's view of the tedious nature and comparative unimportance of the history of the New Rome. To the more modern historian, such as Dr. Hodgkin and Mr. Finlay, writing without Gibbon's prejudices and with a mass of knowledge which has been brought to light since Gibbon's day, the history of the great capital of the Eastern Empire is one of the most important chapters of universal history. It is important because of the long continuous record of the splendid city, because of its value as a bulwark of social order, because it was the depository of all the learning of the antique world during centuries when the Old Rome on the Tiber was little better than a heap of ruins given over to shepherds and goatherds, and, above all, because it preserved the continuity of civilisation and the arts. Let us quote Mr. Harrison, who puts the case for the New Rome with his happy and vigorous eloquence:—"In the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries we may trace a civilisation around the Bosphorus which, with all its evils and the seeds of disease within it, was in one sense far older than any other in Europe, in another sense was far more modern; which preserved things of priceless value to the human race; which finally disproved the fallacy that there had ever been any prolonged break in human evolution; which was the mother and the model of secular Churches and mighty kingdoms in Eastern Europe, Churches and kingdoms which are still not willing to allow any superiority to the West, either in the region of State organisation or of spiritual faith." This is well said, and we doubt not that it represents the real view to which historical research has arrived. We do not doubt the immense services rendered by Byzantium to the world, nor are we about to take the other side. What we want to show is that Byzantinism is not so much a description of the condition of a particular city or Empire, as a word expressive of the state into which many civilisations have ultimately evolved, and to note one or two of its leading characteristics.

A proud, rich, highly centralised Empire in which the ruling classes are content to live on the labour of others without making any practical return inevitably tends to Byzantinism. Gregorovius has pointed out that by the time of Hadrian the Old Rome itself had developed marked Byzantine traits in its political life. Free spontaneity, never very pronounced in the Roman character, was dead, save where Christianity had effected a breach in the outworn paganism. All power was centred in one man, to him all bowed in a spirit of Oriental servility. The soldiers and the people united in supporting him; the former had raised him to the Imperial power, the latter received from him free grain and public banquets. He was the head of the system of public worship, and at his death was numbered with the gods. Founded on military power, the Empire of Julius Cæsar was dragged down fatally into the most complete tyranny, until, in the later stages of the Empire, the spirit of Asiatic despotism had overflowed into Europe. Now this spirit of the East, when not informed by religion, tends to a rich and corrupt soil in which the most luxuriant growth of certain tendencies and institutions known to mankind is possible. Hardy plants mature best in a temperate climate and in a comparatively light soil; but Nature's most gorgeous products flourish amid tropical decay. A decadent civilisation, bringing to the birth monstrous growths, also provides rich and splendid objects, is fertile in overripe products, is a great storehouse of antiquities, an heir of all the wealth of the past,

a custodian of the many treasures which men desire. Such a civilisation was that of Byzantium. It had in it little that was original, nothing that was bright, fresh, youthful; all was hoar with antiquity; all was musty, and corrupt, and magnificent; the blood of thousands of years of old Greek life met there, the combined streams of Roman and Eastern tendencies, the whole forming a certain luscious, thick, rich mixture which demanded for itself that gorgeous material embodiment, that splendour as of a grand sunset, which expressed itself in what was, and always must be, one of the central cities of the world.

Byzantinism, then, appears to need as its basis a series of deep layers of civilisation, crust upon crust, each of that over-ripeness which so easily becomes rottenness; each recalling old moralities, old traditions of life, buried crimes, ancient wealth, antique treasures of art and literature. It feeds on the past, it preserves the past, it fascinates by its rich, corrupt splendour, but it rarely or never initiates a new principle of life. What, then, are its products, what are the most obvious growths of this all too-luxuriant soil?

A fatal stillness seems to seize the Empire which is under the sway of Byzantinism, not the stillness of confidence and strength, but of decay. The Government cannot brook, we will not say opposition, but criticism. The Eastern Emperor, like his Turkish successor, could "bear no brother near his throne." The rival must be mutilated, and cast into a dungeon so deep that his faintest moan shall never be heard. The terrible state of suspicion into which the mind of the ruler is thrown is illustrated by Justinian's treatment of his great general, Belisarius,—a treatment so extraordinary that we cannot understand it till we can nestle, as it were, in the inmost mind of the Emperor. The persecution of Chrysostom by the Empress is, in some respects, a parallel case. No one can speak above his breath; a great fear falls on the people. There was no lack of ability in the New Rome, and yet there was no possible political life there, because all intellectual spontaneity had died out. The power of the Eastern Patriarchate and its defiance of Roman pretensions to supremacy might have made of the See of Constantinople a great centre of spiritual force had the life of the community been free. But as it was, religion degenerated into the most contemptible travesty of spiritual ideas that the world has ever known. At a most critical period, both in religion and politics, the chief subject of a great discussion in which the Emperor took part was whether certain heretical Bishops were, or were not, being tortured in hell. The degenerate Greek mind found in some of the leading Christian doctrines such material for endless refinement that, with crime and sin all round, the ecclesiastics could do nothing but spin words to a degree that would have amazed those Sophists whom Socrates held a thousand years before to have aided in the intellectual corruption of Athens. In no community was the discussion of doctrine ever keener than in the New Rome, and in no community was ever spiritual life more completely dead.

Moreover, Byzantinism leads inevitably to fierce and unbalanced reactions. As the undoubted Byzantinism of the Russian Church has led to the fanatical character of the many Russian sects, so did the Byzantinism of the New Rome lead notably to two singular phases of religious fanaticism: the Iconoclastic movement and the ultra-ascetic tendencies of the Eastern monks. Mr. Harrison attributes immense importance to Iconoclasm, which he regards as "a bold and enthusiastic effort of Asiatic Christians to free the European Christians of the common Empire from the fetishism, idol-worship, and monkery in which their life was being stifled." Yes, it was that, but the energy and fanatical zeal put forth is evidence of the dangerous result of the prevailing Byzantine spirit. So with monasticism also. The Western orders of monks were in their origin beneficent forces making for social order and fellowship, making for industry and the arts among mankind. The Eastern monks, reared in the fatal atmosphere of Byzantinism, made for isolation, idleness, and an inhuman asceticism. Every reaction partakes of the vices of the system against which it is a protest, and is the inevitable outcome of that system. We need not forget the very real debt which the world owes to that great and magnificent city on the Bosphorus, the meeting-place of Europe and Asia, when we say that its organised life,

centred in a splendid despot surrounded by an Orientalised Court, so stifled the human spirit, that all generous aspiration died out, all public spirit decayed, and "sweet religion became a rhapsody of words." Such seem to be the most striking fruits which spring from the heavy, richly cultivated soil of Byzantinism.

THE CHARACTERISTIC FAUNA OF CHINA.

THERE is a general impression about Chinese animals, as about the Chinese people, that they are quaint, ineffectual, and of no particular use except to Chinamen. Whether the Chinese pug-dogs, their hollow-backed pigs, or dwarfed trees, or the absence of almost any good books on sport in the Forbidden Empire, have given rise to this idea, it is a very mistaken one. In Northern Asia the species increase not only in numbers but in size the further East the region; and in Northern China their numbers are greatest and their size most remarkable. Take, for instance, the deer. The big red stag of the Caucasus is surpassed by those of Eastern Siberia; and in the Altai and the Thian Shan Mountains it has become either a giant red-deer, or, as is now believed, its place is taken by an Asiatic wapiti, which if not quite so large as the monsters of the Rocky Mountains, has the largest antlers of any existing deer. Besides these, roebuck are common, as well as several species of smaller deer, among them one resembling the Japanese stag now introduced into our parks, Swinhoe's deer in Formosa, hornless water-deer, and in the hunting park of the Emperor at Pekin a deer whose native home is not certainly known, and which was discovered by Père David when taking a peep into the forbidden precinct over the park wall. The largest tigers in the world are found in Manchuria, and wild boars, leopards, tiger-cats, white lynxes, with brown bears in the North, and black bears in the South, make up a large fauna of sufficient distinction for a Chinese censor to be proud of. In the Tartar camel the Empire owns the best beast of burden in the world; it produces the best of all ponies; and though the yellow Chinese cow is small, it is good and prolific, a very even cross, as it would seem, between the humped cattle of India and the *bos taurus* of Europe. The distinguished Chinese naturalist who described the indigenous animals in the *Taiwanfoo Gazetteer* notes that Formosan bears have such thick bristles that arrows cannot pierce their bodies, that they climb trees and sit on the top cross-legged, that their bellies contain much suet, and that their paws, as delicacies, are "among the eight pearls." The venison, on the other hand, he considers "not fit to pick up with chopsticks." But that is probably because the Chinese everywhere kill the stags when they are out of season, in order to secure the half-grown horns to make a youth-restoring patent medicine. Badgers, civets, and most small fur-bearing animals abound in the mountains, and otters on the rivers; the latter are sometimes trained to fish, or rather to hunt fish into nets.

If it were asked what is the most distinctive class in the Chinese fauna, we should name the pheasants. Pheasants are native to the whole of Northern Asia, from the Caucasus to the Pacific; but nowhere are there so many varieties, and nowhere does their decoration show such brilliant hues, or such rich fertility of natural design. There must be elements in the soil or environment of China, in both North and South, which promote brilliance of colour, and something very like the ultimate expression of beauty of which hues and contrasts allow. It is not warmth of climate only, for some of these brilliant birds live in the temperate and cold parts of the country. Reeve's pheasant, for instance, with its five-foot tail, and plumage of scales of gold, lives in the cold mountains of the North. But in the birds of China colour is at its purest and brightest, and in the manufactures and fabrics of the country these pure and brilliant colours are equally present. There is no such blue, or scarlet, or crimson, or yellow, or peach-colour in art as in the silks and porcelains of China, and to no large birds has Nature been equally lavish of masses of brilliant colour, and its arrangement, as to the Chinese pheasant. The "Flower Pheasant" which we have named after Lord Amherst has in its plumage light blue, green tipped with crimson, white edged with dark green, metallic emerald tipped with velvet black, saffron yellow, scarlet and white. The only thing in the world at all like these pheasants is a box of salmon-flies. But both this bird,

and the golden pheasant scarcely less, seem, like the salmon-fly, to have been "dressed" in a selection of the most exquisite and resplendent plumes taken from the backs of all the other birds in the world. This is the description of the place in which the flower pheasants are found, sent by Père Carreau, a French missionary:—"It always inhabits very rocky places. When the streams are frozen and the mountains covered with snow the Flower Pheasants are obliged to descend to the streams for water. The mountains are covered with brambles, briars, and thorns, and also with grassy lawns. There the pheasant is seen in abundance. It is an error to think that, like other pheasants, it is found in forests. I have never found it there, and as in the neighbourhood of Ta-lin-pin it only exists where there are no forests, I doubt much whether wooded country is to its taste. The more rocky and desolate the mountains, the more likely you are to find the Flower Pheasants, in companies of from twenty to thirty." In the northern mountains a quaint variety of the pheasant is found, which is so ready to become domesticated that it is matter for surprise that it has not been made part of our permanent poultry supply. If so, it would be an addition to our farmyard, because it is a true game bird, and has the game flavour. It is the Eared Pheasant, and is found in the hills north of Pekin. Its colour is sober, mainly dark brown, but on either side of the tail it has a beautiful plume of white, like an ostrich feather. Mr. Tegetmeier, who is no advocate for promiscuous acclimatisation, says of this bird:—"It possesses the rare instinct for domestication. I have seen specimens in the Welsh hills as tame as barn-door fowls. In the closely confined pens in our Zoological Gardens their increase has not been very rapid, but they have proved themselves as hardy and prolific as common turkeys would have been if placed in a like position."

Very early in the world's history the nations of the West recognised that China produced certain things which were unmatched and unknown elsewhere, but naturally the living treasures of the country did not find their way elsewhere as soon as the silks and the tea. How eager those merchants who found the sea-passage to China were to bring over these fine birds is shown by the very early date at which they were taken on board ship. Vasco da Gama only found the way to India round the Cape in 1497. Sixteen years later the Portuguese had acclimatised the ring-necked pheasant, the Far Eastern form of our common pheasant, in the island of St. Helena, where probably Mr. Cronje will have the pleasure of dining off descendants of the birds then "planted," for they thrive greatly. It was to feed another set of rebels and malcontents that the pheasants were sent there. Fernandez Lopes, who deserted from the army of Albuquerque at Goa, was exiled and banished with a number of negroes to St. Helena, and supplied with "roots, seeds, poultry, and pheasants." When the Elizabethan explorer Cavendish visited the island in 1588 he found these ring-necked pheasants in great abundance there. In 1875 they were still very numerous, and not in any way altered in plumage from the indigenous stock of North China. Recently the same bird has almost replaced our common pheasant. America has also imported it, a form of Chinese immigration which is highly popular. A list of nine States was recently given in which the Chinese pheasants are thriving and increasing, often with State aid and protection. In Oregon it is said that the golden pheasant is also established in a wild condition.

For numbers, and perhaps for variety, no waterfowl equal those of China. The air is simply black with them over the rivers and marshes near the coast at flight time. Ornament, even in these ornamental birds, is carried to the extreme in some of the Chinese varieties. The Mandarin teal is the gayest as well as the most fancifully plumed of all ducks. Nor are the fish of the Flowery Land in any way behind the birds in gorgeous and striking colour. The Chinese are perfectly aware of the artistic rarity and value of all these creatures. They use them and the ideas they suggest to the best advantage, and that is why Chinese gardens are far the most beautiful in the world. They are landscape gardeners by birth and tradition. Consequently their pleasure-grounds are broken by lakes, pools, clumps of trees, and wildernesses of just the right size and setting. But to these they give colour, first by borrowing

hints from the plumage of the birds, and covering their garden houses with crimson, blue, scarlet, and gold; and, secondly, by filling their fountains with brilliant-coloured fish and covering their pools with beautiful water birds. Goldfish were originally brought from China, and until quite recent times were called "China fish." But a far more beautiful creature is the paradise fish, which is kept as a garden and domestic decoration. Its body is striped with scarlet and gold, and its fins are like long waving flags of the same brilliant hues. They have recently been imported into this country, but need water of a higher temperature than can be found outside an aquarium.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE FARMER RESERVIST IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Being a constant reader of your most interesting paper here in my distant home, and being, naturally, intensely anxious that the Reservist settler, if he becomes a reality, should be a success and not a fiasco, I venture to trouble you with my views on the subject in case you should think them of any value. What South Africa has always needed is a settled rural population, of English extraction, to combine and work in harmony with the Dutch. So far the two peoples have never lived together in their daily occupations, and each has kept to his own particular part of the country. In Natal, save on the edge of the Republics, the population is all English. In the Transvaal, Johannesburg is English and the remainder of the country all Dutch. In Cape Colony, the Western Province and the Karoo is practically all Dutch, and the Eastern Province largely English. Thus, away from each other, each living in the prejudiced circle of his own race, and knowing of the other only by biassed hearsay, the English and Dutch learn nothing from each other. The Englishman is by far a better business man than the Dutchman,—has more industry (the Dutchman is apt to slack off when things begin to run smoothly), a keener eye for the latest labour-saving inventions, and is a man who *could develop, and would like to develop, an export trade*. If only he would believe that the Dutchman could give him many and many a wrinkle in the elements of Dutch farming! At the first glance it is natural that the Dutchman's farming should be underrated. His land is, to our eyes, dirty; he relies too much on irrigation and too little on cultivation; he has no rotation of crops and does little manuring. It can be said with certainty that a man who has English theory and is broad-minded enough to acquire some of the working rules of the Dutchman, is a far superior farmer to the man who sticks hard and fast to one or the other system, and of the very few forming this class are those who alone have made farming pay in this country. No unprejudiced practical man can watch without admiration a Dutchman making a water furrow, for instance, by eye alone, unaided by levels, for hundreds of yards with perfect accuracy, for he can tell you, without theodolites, where water will flow by gravity and where it will not. As a loader of waggons and a driver of them he is probably without a rival, and his knowledge of veldt lore, even in a newly opened up country, makes him a first-class stock-breeder. Now these are just the instances in which the English farmer has hitherto failed, especially in the details of irrigation without the help of machinery. In superior cultivation (though here, too, he has much to learn) and in marketing the Englishman is decidedly better than the Dutchman, and yet neither takes a hint from the other. At the present time much is being talked about Reservists settling in South Africa after the war. Let us hope, for the good of the country, that many of them will become farmers and thus help to amalgamate the race, as they can never do in towns, where they are useful to their party in *outvoting* the Dutch; in the country they might wean the Dutch to vote *with* them. Now appears to be the time for organising, as far as possible, some scheme for inculcating on the as yet unprejudiced mind of the Reservist farmer the many "dodges" of the Boer, especially his manner of irrigating and cheap dam-making. Later on, mix with his English knowledge so much of the Dutchman's skill as he thinks good. The question of making the country safe after the war is also being

mooted. A way of doing this, and at the same time helping the Reservist to learn the principles of South African farming, is here earnestly suggested. Why not, on the cessation of hostilities, pass would-be settlers (whose families are still in England) into the mounted police which will have to be formed to patrol the country? During this time they, as police troopers, will be constantly riding over the farms, learning to understand the Dutchman and his language, and beginning to grasp (which will be strange to them) the duty of the white man in his dealings with the natives. Also, during such time the Reservist will convince himself (before being committed) whether the life of a South African farmer will suit him. On completion of his time in the police, say after a year in that force, let a grateful country *lend* the Reservist farmer a military waggon and team, which he would hold at the disposal of the country in case of urgent need, during which time he—the farmer—would likewise remain attached to a Colonial Reserve, liable to mobilisation in times of danger. Such a man would start with a fairer likelihood of success than seven-eighths of the Englishmen who come out here to farm. For the sake of the Empire and for his own sake, may he be so started. God grant that he may also be an instrument of great good to the country. Let him be assured that he will have the goodwill of all the English, and so long as he carelessly wounds no susceptibilities he will meet with fellowship from the Dutch also, when once he settles down and shows that he loves the country which they love, and battles with the difficulties with which they have to battle. So far the average Englishman has lived in the towns and abused the country and the dwellers in the country; what wonder, then, that the Dutchman has been prompted to adopt as his party cry "Ons Land" and "Africa for the Afrikaner"? Let the Reservist change all this.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Laingsburg, Cape Colony.

MARTIN JULIAN HALL.

[Our correspondent's letter is full of good sense, and we trust will be carefully noted by those to whom will be entrusted the work of planting the soldier-settlers on the soil.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

MISS MARY KINGSLEY: ANOTHER PERSONAL TRAIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I had the inestimable privilege of becoming an acquaintance—and friend—of Miss Kingsley shortly before she sailed for the Cape. Some time in February, I think, she gave a lecture at the Imperial Institute, which I attended. I called upon her next day by permission, when she remarked: "I dare say you noticed that I was jumping about like a cat on hot bricks last night?" I had not noticed it. It turned out that something had gone wrong with the heating apparatus under the platform, with the result that she had been standing for an hour and a quarter on a surface so hot that the soles of both her boots were burnt through,—a disaster which she humorously deplored. She had walked home to St. Mary Abbott's Terrace with her feet in that condition. No one in the audience had observed anything unusual in her manner! Why she had not shifted her position or called attention to the state of the apparatus is of course beside the point—her reading-desk may have been a fixture at that place—or she may not have wished to cause any fuss. I cannot refrain from relating here a little incident which came under my notice on the same occasion, although I am strongly averse to seeing in print anecdotes which bring in living persons. Amongst the audience was a great statesman and administrator, still happily with us, though long since *rude donatus*. Not knowing that he was present, she had occasion to refer in terms of glowing eulogy to his noble work in a great province of the Far East. At the conclusion of the lecture this gentleman sent up his card, and advanced to speak to Miss Kingsley. "Hullo!" she said, "I thought you were dead." "No," he replied, "but I thought I was forgotten."—I am, Sir, &c.,

RALPH B. BENSON.

Risingholme, Bushey, Herts.

THE ABERRATION-PERIOD OF MIDDLE LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have read very carefully the evidence given at the Slough inquest, and I have noted your remarks thereupon (*Spectator*, June 30th), and I hope you will kindly allow me to state an entirely personal, but I believe correct physical, view in reference to the "aberration" of the poor engine-driver. In my humble opinion no man fifty-nine years of age ought to be allowed to drive an express train, and for the reason (in my view, I commit no one else to it, nor do I wish to state it as a well-known medical fact, because I think it is far too often ignored) that men, like women, pass through a period of climacteric—men later than women by about ten years—at and during which time the equal exercise of full and complete powers of observation is often in temporary abeyance. A great London physician (I do not like to give his name, but he was master to many of us in the "sixties") during the interval of age between fifty-five and sixty-two years found himself completely unable to depend (as he said) "not on his observation, but on his application of it." He remembered he had noted a particular physical sign, for instance, in a chest he was examining, but he failed to remember its due weight when he came to give his opinion on the case, and when reminded of it said, "O yes, of course," and then amended his judgment by its light. Now, the temporary ignoring of an observation may be entirely harmless in a physician with other observers near to correct him; in a Judge with the whole Court keen for immediate or eventual appeal; in the case even of a Commander-in-Chief, subject possibly to a whispered protest within the bounds of discipline,—but to an engine-driver that second of clouded intelligence may be supreme and irrecoverable; that interval of "blank" can never possibly be atoned for. And my opinion is that after the age of fifty-seven years (I name this precise age after considerable observation, but even fifty-five years might be safer) express-train driving should cease. I do not think that the influence of the male climacteric is quite sufficiently realised in the production of what we call "aberration." The condition is not so much "deviation from the right way" as a sort of blank, not as to recording an impression, but as to *applying* it. "I did not realise it," is surely a frequent expression of middle life.—I am, Sir, &c.,

GEORGE H. R. DABBS, M.D.

Shanklin, Isle of Wight.

THE LATE G. W. STEEVENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May we be allowed to draw attention in the columns of the *Spectator* to the Memorial to the late G. W. Steevens which it is proposed to institute in connection with the City of London School? Many friends of the School have felt and expressed the desire that the career of Mr. Steevens should be suitably commemorated in the place where he was educated. A committee has accordingly been formed, and arrangements have been made to present to the School a replica of the well-known portrait by the Hon. John Collier. It is also intended, if sufficient contributions are received, to found an annual prize. We have done our best to communicate with the old pupils of the School; but naturally there are great numbers whose addresses are unknown to us, and we believe that many of them would be glad of the opportunity to make contributions. We therefore venture to ask for the hospitality of your columns in order that by this means they may be made aware of what is proposed. We feel, of course, that our project is one for which support should be invited chiefly from old pupils of the School. But we have reason to think that some friends and admirers of Mr. Steevens, though not connected with the School, would be desirous of taking part in the Memorial. Help from such sources would be gladly welcomed. It would be convenient if all contributions were sent direct to the treasurer.—We are, Sir, &c.,

- B. L. ABRAHAM, 34 Lansdowne Crescent, W.
(Treasurer of the Steevens Memorial Fund).
G. H. STOKER, Fairfield, Lessar Avenue,
Clapham Common (Hon. Sec.)
E. WEAVER ADAMS, Slough, Bucks. (Hon. Sec.)

"GUNGA DIN."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The writer of the article on "Asiatic Courage" in the *Spectator* of June 30th speaks of the "Gunga Din" of Mr. Kipling as "a nearly impossible name." Will you permit me to point out that the word "*Din*" has, as the writer seems to imagine, no connection with the Arabic "*dīn*," "the true faith," familiar in the Mahommedan war-cry, "*Deen! Deen!*"? The affix in the name "Gunga Din" is pure Hindi, derived from the Sanskrit "*dīna*," in the sense of "poor," "indigent." Thus the full name of the famous Bhishti means "Slave of Mother Ganges," the child having, perhaps, been born in answer to a bow addressed to the river goddess, who is, like the water-spirit of the Greeks, *Korymbos*.—I am, Sir, &c.,

WILLIAM CROCKE.

Langton House, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham.

COUNT MOURAVIEFF AND ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The story of Count Mouravieff's overtures to the Powers in regard to the South African War was, I believe, first narrated by me in the *Fortnightly Review*. At any rate I was instrumental in giving it a very wide publicity. As Canon MacColl has now denounced it as a *canard*, may I be permitted to say that my affirmation of its substantial truth was based on information quite as good as his *démenti*? When I say the information could not have been better, I do not use the words in any light or conventional sense. Two European Governments regarded it as trustworthy, and, so far as my recent information goes, they have seen no reason to alter their opinion. Canon MacColl says (*Spectator*, June 30th) that well-informed Russians deny the story. Of that I am also aware. But all tentative diplomatic *démarches* leave a door open for denial, otherwise they would not be tentative. The test of their real character is the way in which they are understood, and no one to whom Count Mouravieff's observations were reported had any doubt as to their intention. When Canon MacColl further tells us that no Russian diplomatist makes tentative overtures on important questions without previously obtaining the sanction of the Czar, I am afraid he shows that he has not followed the recent course of international politics. If he will glance at the Blue-book on the Anglo-Russian Railway Agreement of last year he will find that that arrangement originated in a suggestion made by a distinguished Russian diplomatist entirely on his own responsibility (C9,329, p. 12). I can confirm that statement by first-hand knowledge of the negotiations. A more remarkable illustration of the initiative permitted to Russian Ministers was the military demonstration towards Herat organised by General Vannovsky a few months ago. I have been informed upon excellent Russian authority that General Vanuovsky acted on his own responsibility, and that when he was asked for an explanation by the Czar he pleaded his zeal for the interests of the Empire as he understood them, and this excuse sufficed. The explanation may be true or untrue, but in that case it only illustrates the dubious value of all unofficial attempts—however well-informed—to explain away disagreeable overt acts.—I am, Sir, &c.,

DIPLOMATICUS.

THE NEW BATTLE OF DORKING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Would you allow me to assure your reviewer (*Spectator*, June 30th) that I am perfectly well acquainted "with the story of the Crimea," and all the official Reports relating thereto? Further, that I know very well "how much shipping would be required to transport one hundred and twenty thousand men across the Channel,"—a point on which the Crimean papers shed no light whatever. The latter deal only with the transportation of a force for long distances—the passage of the Channel is only a very short one—and for, say, six hours troops can put up with the same accommodation as Bank-holiday trippers. If your reviewer will consult "*Lectures on Staff Duties*" (I have not the book at hand to give him the page), he will see that it is officially known in England that sufficient transport for the purpose is always present day for day in the French Channel ports for the numbers organised as I have indicated. The point

involved is a very simple one. War depends on what the French think they can do, not on our estimate of their abilities, and they, looking on the question merely as the passage of a river, not of an ocean, are firmly convinced that they could throw the force I have mentioned across the water in less time than we could get up steam in the boilers of our big ships. Whether they succeed or not is immaterial, for the attempt once initiated, a prolonged war, which cannot last less than eighteen months, must ensue, the chief sufferings of which will fall on our women and children. I have spent the better part of twenty-five years on the careful and detailed study of this problem, and would suggest that the little pamphlet deserves considerably closer attention than the *Spectator* has seen fit to accord to it.—I am, Sir, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEW BATTLE OF DORKING."

THE ARMY LEAGUE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR,"]

SIR,—You will have seen from the reports in the daily papers that the Army League, in which you have taken such a kindly interest, was formally (and, I think, very successfully) inaugurated on Tuesday at the United Service Institution. Many of your readers are, I know, interested in the movement, and I should like to be allowed to state in your paper the result of the meeting. There was some slight disagreement as to the order in which the resolutions should be put to the meeting, but on the following points there was, so far as I could judge, complete unanimity of opinion:—

- (1) That our existing military organisation is dangerously deficient.
- (2) That no Government will deal adequately with the subject unless forced to do so by the pressure of public opinion.
- (3) That the public generally is ignorant of the real state of affairs.
- (4) That when it understands the military position of the country the public will express its opinion in a way that cannot be ignored by Government. That it will, in fact, issue that "mandate" which we are told the Government desires to receive before taking action.
- (5) That it is therefore necessary to lose no time in enlightening the public as to the facts,—and
- (6) That this is to be the principal business of the "Army League."

—I am, Sir, &c.,

19 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.

ARTHUR CLAY.

POETRY.

THE DREAMER.

Ah! let me leave the dust and glare
Of urban streets for hidden rills;
Let me catch summer's robe, and share
The lonely comfort of the hills.

Or in some dim and distant vale
Where late spring flowers linger yet,
And some impassioned nightingale
Sings above banks of violet,

At the rapt hour when evening loves
To kiss the forehead of the world,
When hushed are all the drowsy doves,
And every roving wing is furled,

Grant me to lie and muse away
The memory of our modern life;
Let me forget the age of clay
In all its weariness and strife.

Or on the bank where sighing reeds
Are sung to slumber by the stream
Leave me, remote from jostling creeds,
Conflicting cultures, in a dream

Of bright Arcadia yet unbanned,
And that dead epoch of old Greece
When mighty heroes Argo manned,
All amorous of the Golden Fleece.

So shall I climb the stair of Jove
And drink of the Olympian wine,
Or hear Demeter sigh for love
Of her enraptured Proserpine.

Within the sunburnt walls of Troy
The maids are fair, the men are strong;
I see the glittering troops deploy,—
The bands of mighty warriors throng

Towards the city gate; I see
The lovely, languid Spartan Queen,
And, near her, pale Andromache,
One white hand lifted up to screen

Her anxious eyes from noon-tide glare,
Searching for Hector's haughty crest,
And Cressid, with her rippling hair,
Of all frail things the loveliest.

The Gates of Hell unclose to me,
And Cerberus hangs his triple head,
Before me pass in panoply
The splendid legions of the dead.

I am the Lord of all the past,
The tyrant of the land of dreams;
Yea—in this world the least and last—
I am the God of that which seems.

So let me flee this noisy age;
Blot out my name from memory's scroll;
Leave me my dreamer's heritage,
The secret kingdom of the soul.

ST. JOHN LUCAS.

BOOKS.

THE GALLIC WAR.*

It may be said at once that Mr. Holmes's *Conquest of Gaul* is a masterpiece of sound scholarship and historical appreciation. No man ought to write Cæsar's name without enthusiasm, and Mr. Holmes strikes the proper note when he says that his hero was "the greatest man of action who has ever lived." But enthusiasm without knowledge is mere empty sound, and Mr. Holmes has a vast knowledge wherewith to support his admiration and his history. His understanding of military affairs is such as few civilians possess; he has approached the ethnology of the Gauls in a spirit at once learned and sceptical; he freely admits the clap-trap for which ethnology has so long been an excuse, and then proves that it is possible to write of fair hair and long skulls, of Ligurians and brachycephalic Celts, without sentiment or exaggeration. The result is that he has produced a work to whose authority many generations of scholars will willingly bow.

In the year 59 B.C. Cæsar was appointed Consul. Though he had already distinguished himself in Spain, none but himself was conscious of his genius, and he had arrived at the age of forty-three without exhibiting to the world the splendid abilities of his hand and head. Hitherto his vast energies had expressed themselves in the vices and extravagance of his age, but no vice, no extravagance, had impaired his force or enfeebled his invention. And henceforth impulse was subservient to action. There was a policy to enforce, a government to administer, and Cæsar proved the grandeur of his character by listening to no other voice but the voice of ambition. Nor was the inactivity of his early years a disadvantage; he had not spent all the wealth of his nature in precocious experiments; he only began to act when he was the perfect master of limitless resources, and from the moment when he set foot in Gaul failure was but a passing and infrequent incident in his career.

How, then, did he appear when he first assumed the command in Gaul? "In person he was tall and slight," to quote Mr. Holmes, "but well-knit. . . . His broad dome-like skull; his calm and penetrating eyes; his aquiline nose; his massive yet finely moulded jaw, expressed like no human countenance, a rich and harmonious nature,—intellect, passion, will moving in accord." Now, this harmonious nature was bent earnestly upon the problems of warfare and statesmanship, nor was there much in the past that Cæsar could turn to his own profit. Other campaigns there had been of surpassing difficulty; other commanders had accomplished tasks which

* *Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul*. By T. Rice Holmes. London: Macmillan and Co. [21s.]

might well seem superhuman. Hannibal had already transported his troops from Africa, and had crossed the Alps. But in his campaigns against the Gauls Cæsar had not only to win his experience, but to reconstruct, in a sense, the art of war. However, experience was already stored in his untrained brain, and he was as fine a general when he first confronted the Helvetii as when he returned to Rome from a pacified Gaul. Nor has warfare ever been the same since it was transmuted by the brain of Cæsar, and the great campaigns of our modern world have for the most part been mere adaptations of the Roman Consul's rapid marches and sedulous care for his troops. For apart from the genius which threw an army from end to end of a difficult country, Cæsar realised that before all things his troops must be fed and disciplined. "He knew that a well-organised commissariat is the foundation of success in war," again we quote Mr. Holmes. "For a few days' raid the legionaries could carry their food upon their backs, but whenever his operations were likely to be protracted he stored his grain in magazines and provided for its transport and protection." He knew both how to govern and how to fascinate his soldiers, so that they would strain every nerve to win his praise, all the more because they saw that he was more careful of their lives than of his own. Moreover, he was never in doubt; he struck as rapidly as he moved, and he seems to have known the country as well as though he had traversed it for years. But genius is expressed in the divination of the unknown, and this supreme power of divination rarely, if ever, failed the great Julius.

To choose the finest of Cæsar's exploits where all were fine is invidious and profitless. We know not which to admire the most,—the rapid march against the Helvetii, the sea-fight against the Veneti, the relief of Cicero, the blockade of Alesia. Was a general hard-pressed, the advent of Cæsar meant salvation, for under all circumstances he moved and acted with a suddenness which put the enemy to the rudest test. More than that, the legionaries would undertake at Cæsar's command such tasks as no other general would have imposed upon them, for it was his talent to inspire instant confidence in his men,—a talent shared in a less degree by Marlborough and Napoleon. But the truth that strikes us most forcibly in re-reading these campaigns of Cæsar is the changelessness of war. The engines which Cæsar used, the towers and terraces which he constructed, are doubtless as antiquated as the stones which he hurled down upon his assailants. But the arms were virtually the same. The artillery, the infantry, the cavalry, played the same part then as they play to-day, and it is impossible to read the *Gallie War* without thinking of the problem which has during the last six months confronted Lord Roberts. The scale is different, and if the difficulties of our transport were unknown to Cæsar, Cæsar was facing the heavier odds. But the parallel is curiously close. Cæsar also engaged an enemy which had been accumulating stores for many a year; his enemy, too, moved more easily and rapidly than he, with the care of the commissariat before his eyes, dared to move. His cavalry, too, was often unable to pursue after the fatigue of a forced march, and from beginning to end he knew the danger of being surrounded by treacherous allies. Again, the battle of Aduataca was a veritable Colenso, so mercilessly did it shatter the prestige of Cæsar. And severe as he was in the conduct of the war, he initiated a policy afterwards which will presently be ours in South Africa. "He had no wish to oppress the Gauls," says Mr. Holmes, "or to hurt their national pride; on the contrary, he desired that they should learn to feel themselves really citizens of Rome." So by the encouragement of that proper ambition the Roman Empire was built up, and Cæsar proved himself as brilliant a statesman as he was an intrepid soldier.

We have said that Cæsar was severe, and according to the usages of modern warfare, he must even be pronounced cruel. After the sea-fight with the Veneti, he put to death all the Senators, and sold whomever he caught into slavery. It is not surprising that the massacre of the Usipetes and Teucteri threw Cato and his friends into a fury. Again, the final act of severity against the Gauls no doubt brought peace upon the land and achieved the supremacy of Roman civilisation; but it is many centuries since a conqueror has dared to ensure peace by maiming his prisoners,—especially after the prisoners had fought with the courage and skill which the Gauls displayed under Vercingetorix, as splendid a patriot and as brave a soldier

as ever fought for freedom. However, the standards of Cæsar's time are not ours, and Cæsar had a good cause for his severity, nor did the Gauls cherish the smallest bitterness. "He won the chiefs," says Mr. Holmes, "by the charm of his address; and when he quitted Gaul, and threw down the gauntlet on a wider arena to a mightier foe, they sent their bravest warriors to fight under his flag."

Not only did he fight his own battles; he became his own historian, and his *Commentaries* remain a perfect model of military narrative. He compelled words to his masterful purpose as only a few men of action have compelled them. His pen, like Napoleon's, was a sword which might strike out a truth or a situation at a blow. So concise is his style, so nicely balanced are his periods, that he makes plainness itself an adornment. *Simplex munditiis!* Yet the simplicity is never cold, nor could the most ingenious artifice improve the quiet and artful artlessness. Mr. Holmes has eloquently and successfully pleaded for Cæsar's credibility, and no less remarkable than his truth is his judgment of men. The character of the Gauls which he sketched more than two thousand years ago remains true of modern France, and no man could escape either his knowledge or his censure. "The most sincere historian that ever wrote his own history," says the Duc d'Aumale; and Montaigne more wisely puts no limit: "The most concise, the most eloquent, the most sincere historian that ever was." Such is his judgment, which we cordially endorse, recognising that he who can write sincerely of himself will never lack sincerity in writing of others.

THE LIFE OF SEWARD.*

THERE is but one adverse criticism we have to make on these volumes, and that is a criticism one is apt to make on American political biographies,—Mr. Bancroft has given us too much. Here are over eleven hundred pages, often amounting to a history of the time rather than the biography of an individual. In his effort to be complete and accurate Mr. Bancroft has been too prolix, thus slackening our interest in a striking career. The work might have been cut down by one-third with profit. Apart from this undue length, we have nothing but praise for Mr. Bancroft's endeavour to convey a true impression of Seward's personality and work. The writer is absolutely impartial, and while sympathetic, as a biographer should be, he never shrinks from just criticism or a truthful statement of the exact facts. Seward is painted with his warts, in his habit as he lived. His weaknesses and imperfections are all set forth, though with a loving hand. On the whole, the portrait is a pleasing one. It has long been admitted that Seward was a man of great power, but it was not felt that he was a very attractive man, and there was an impression that whatever were his good qualities they were sunk in the politician. This impression is likely to be removed, or at least to be greatly modified, by a perusal of these volumes. We are introduced here to a many-sided and very attractive character—an American, yet with cosmopolitan instincts; a man of the world, yet one also who stood by the higher morality in politics in days when it was considered politically unsafe to do so. Seward was a man of insight, having that power of prevision which is of infinitely greater value than mere intellectual ability. He had the alertness of the American of an earlier generation who in youth was thrown on his own resources. His industry was remarkable. He was the tenderest of husbands and fathers. Unlike so many of his class, he delighted in Nature, his happiest hours being passed in his gardens and meadows. While not a profound, he was a good scholar in the old-fashioned sense. He read Tacitus and Cicero in middle life in the midst of public cares; he read historical works and Dante's *Divina Commedia* in long railway journeys. He had a capacity for awakening friendship, and he was loyal to his friends. Throughout his life he was courteous to rich and poor alike, and political strife never caused him to lose sight of the humanities of life.

With these undoubted qualities how was it that Seward gave an impression of being a clever politician first and foremost, and a statesman and man of great character afterwards? How is it that the American people chose Lincoln at a great crisis rather than Seward, who seemed to have the first claim?

* *The Life of William H. Seward.* By Frederic Bancroft. 2 vols. London: Harper and Brothers. [\$5.]

Mr. Bancroft admits that there was a certain incompleteness about Seward,—that he sought to impress, to gain victory, rather than to be quite clear in intellectual statement or to be whole-hearted in moral aim. Thus, says Mr. Bancroft, Seward, though a good lawyer, failed to be a great one, because his forensic efforts “lack the close reasoning that make a perfect chain. They excite the reader’s admiration and persuade him that they support the better side, yet they often miss that highest effect of satisfying him that there is no other side.” It must be said here, however, that a fine pleading which Seward made for a poor black idiot who had committed murder was described by Gladstone to Sumner as the most powerful defence he had ever read in his life. As regards Seward’s lack of absolute moral aim, while it is true, as we have said, that he cultivated the higher morality in politics, yet, for the sake of party, he supported both Tyler and Taylor after he had taken his stand as an Anti-Slavery man, and tried hard to persuade the people that the Anti-Slavery cause was safe in their hands, though both were stout defenders of the “peculiar institution.” Seward stood on that dim borderland between the pure politician on one side and the moral reformer on the other, and he found it hard, as so many have found it before him, to maintain the great virtue of public consistency.

It must be said for Seward that he was the earliest of American statesmen of high rank who took up a distinctly Anti-Slavery position. This is high praise, but it is his by right. While Webster and Clay were engaged in futile compromises, while all the Southerners were hostile to any whisper of the question, while the mediocre politicians of the North like Fillmore, Cass, and Pierce were willing to act as jackals for the South, Seward took issue fairly and squarely, though he was supposed to be ruining all his chances thereby. One of the greatest debates which ever took place in the Senate was that on Clay’s Compromise resolutions which occurred in 1850, soon after Seward’s first election to that body. The Senate was then full of great men,—Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Jefferson Davis, Chase (afterwards Chief Justice), Hamlin (Vice-President under Lincoln), and others. Calhoun’s speech was read for him, as the aged South Carolina statesman was slowly dying at the time. Clay spoke with such eloquence that he was surrounded by admiring crowds, who insisted on embracing him. Webster with his craggy brows was lordly as ever. It fell to Seward’s lot to answer these leading men. He was never an orator in the proper sense of the word, since a permanent catarrh had spoiled his voice, and he was rather insignificant in appearance. When he had spoken it was universally declared that his political prospects were ruined. But in ten short years Clay’s compromises were flung to the winds, while the doctrines laid down by Seward were those which the nation was bracing itself to defend by the sword. From the earliest Seward not only attacked slavery, but in the main he attacked it on the true ground, that it was *contra naturam*. He had imbibed that old Roman idea of the natural law being grounded in absolute right. In two of his speeches Seward coined two famous phrases, quoted thousands of times afterwards in the slavery contest. He said that there was a “higher law” than any statute which men were bound to obey, and he declared that there was an “irrepressible conflict” between slavery and freedom which rendered all compromise impossible. The world came to see how true both these axioms were.

Seward had a varied career. He began public life, singularly, as an Anti-Mason, at a time when there was a craze about Masonry in New York State. He was, however, brought up as a Jeffersonian Democrat, and to that school of thought he adhered for many years. He was elected Governor of New York in 1838, and held that office until 1843. While Governor he was a zealous reformer, eager in educational and prison reforms. His activity was probably not very good for him as a politician. But the informal combination he made with Greeley and that very astute politician, Thurlow Weed, served him in good stead through his career. When his term of office expired, he had to go back to the lawyer’s desk and, as it were, begin his legal work all over again. It was an uphill task, but he was soon sought after, and in time made a large income at the Bar. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1848, and soon became the most energetic Member on the Northern side. He started with the belief that

he could demonstrate “the certain deliverance of the continent from slavery to be inevitable, and the dissolution of the Union to be impossible.” History has justified his powerful insight. In the same year when Seward entered the Senate was formed the new Free Soil party, which in its turn was absorbed five years later into the Republican party. One would have thought more highly of Seward had he joined the Free Soilers instead of supporting General Taylor for the Presidency, since he knew that Taylor was a Pro-Slavery man, and quite unfit to be President. However, when the Republican party was formed Seward wheeled into line, and was soon thought of for the Presidency. But there was a gaunt, quaint country lawyer living in Illinois, little thought of by the East, but whom the West had its eye on. The Republican Convention at Chicago was the first sign of the predominance of the West in politics, and instead of the brilliant and accomplished Seward getting the nomination, the West declared for Lincoln. It seems that Greeley, too, had turned against Seward, and he worked on the minds of the simpler country delegates. Weed actually wept at Seward’s defeat. As for Seward himself, he was deeply disappointed, but he summoned his friends and told them that all was for the best and they must work for Lincoln. He gave them a good example by stumping the whole of the Central and North-Western States. Many of Seward’s supporters, like James Russell Lowell, e.g., would have admitted after—some did admit—that the choice of the Chicago Convention seemed to be directed by a wiser hand than any one could discern amid the excitement of the moment. Lincoln was a better guide of the Republic in its hour of trial than Seward would have been. It was a case of homely, patient wisdom and mother-wit as compared with cultured refinement but a hasty mind with an ineradicable tendency to “show off.” Into the history of Seward’s tenure of the office of Secretary of State we need not enter. Suffice it to say that if he had had his way the United States might have had two or three wars on its hands, and that prior to Lincoln’s second term Seward was for a time a party to a kind of political conspiracy against his chief. When released from office Seward was able to make a long tour round the world. He needed rest, not only because of the cares of his trying post, but because of the physical results of the foul attack made on him at the same time that Lincoln was murdered. Everywhere he was royally received, Asiatic Princes and Kings vying with European Sovereigns and statesmen to give him welcome. He died at his home in 1873, aged seventy-two years. In person he was short and slight, with a large head, a very prominent nose, and reddish hair which in later years turned to brown. He was rather convivial in his habits, and entertained a good deal in Washington.

POOR RELIEF IN ENGLAND.*

“SINCE the reign of Charles I., Englishmen have made themselves responsible for the maintenance of those who are destitute. All who cannot obtain food or shelter for themselves or from their nearest relatives have a right to relief levied on the rest of the community.” The writer of *The Early History of English Poor Relief* undertakes to trace the growth of this system from its commencement in the early part of the sixteenth century. “Power in England at the beginning of the sixteenth century,” we are told, “passed from leaders of men to holders of wealth.” Discharged retainers swarmed on the highways, and, according to Sir Thomas More, “they that be thus destitute of service either starve with hunger or manfully play the thieves.” The dissolution of the monasteries increased the savagery of the sturdy beggar by making him hungry, and life was rendered unsafe for decent, home-staying working people. Fear made the Government cruel, and the first vagrancy laws are harsh in the extreme, but the worst, such as the law passed in 1547, committing the vagrant to slavery for a time or for life, were of short duration. Repressive measures led to preventive measures. Men realised that “there is no punishment so horrible that can keep them from stealing which have no

* (1.) *The Early History of English Poor Relief*. By E. M. Leonard. Cambridge: University Press. [7s. 6d.]—(2.) *Chalmers on Charity*. Arranged and Edited by N. Masterman. London: A. Constable and Co. [7s. 6d.]

other craft whereby to get their living." Collections were ordered to be made in all the churches for the relief of the poor. The sermons of the time show a growing sense of the responsibility of society towards what we now call the residuum. Brinklow, preaching in 1550 before the King, the Lord Mayor, and the municipal officers, boldly told the latter that it was "to their great shame before men and their utter damnation before God" that so much beggary and ruffianism infested the streets of London, "for there is not one of these but he lacketh either thy charitable alms to relieve his needs or thy due correction to punish his fault." The public conscience was aroused by the public alarm. Old hospitals and almshouses were revised and improved, and new "houses of correction were built." The first house of correction was a disused palace which was granted to the municipality of London. Ridley begs for this gift in a quaint letter written to Cecil, which gives us some insight into the "new philanthropy" of the sixteenth century. "Sir," he says, "there is a large wide empty house of the King's Majesty, called Bridewell, that would wonderfully well serve to lodge Christ in, if he might find such good friends in the Court to procure his cause. Sir, I do take you for one that feareth God, and would that Christ should lie no more abroad in the street." Bridewell became the common name for houses of correction, which were established, in imitation of the first "house to lodge Christ," all over the country. Apparently they were, at least in their origin, in no sense gaols. In the London Bridewell work was provided for sturdy vagabonds, under which head came also "the child inapt for learning," the "sick and sore when they be cured," and "such prisoners as are quit at the Sessions." A great deal of flogging seems to have gone along with this paternal system of relief. The ideal of the time was "to sett the pore on work." To work they were to be driven "with corrections, till their hands be brought into such use and their bodies to such paynes as labour and learning shall be easier to them than idleness." The complete suppression of beggars was found at first impossible, and such persons as were adjudged incapable of getting a livelihood were licensed to beg and given a badge to protect them from arrest. It was not till the end of the sixteenth century that voluntary gifts were found inadequate to carry out the philanthropic system of the time, and not till 1601 that a Poor-rate was levied as a tax over the whole kingdom and the system of assessment began which has prevailed ever since in England. A quarter of a century before this date a Poor-rate had been levied on the citizens of London by the Common Council as a temporary measure. It is noticeable, as this writer points out, that in the original Poor-laws the State followed the action of the various municipalities rather than suggested them. For a long time State and voluntary aid ran on side by side, and it is difficult to disentangle the one from the other. Overseer and Justices in every parish assessed the ratepayers, apprenticed the destitute children, pensioned, boarded out, or sheltered in a department of the local Bridewells which were ordered to be built all over the country the destitute sick and aged, but much of the money necessary for setting the idle poor to work seems to have been voluntarily subscribed. "Stocks" were raised in every parish, consisting either of raw materials, such as hemp, &c., to be wrought up, or of money to buy such material. Work thus provided was done sometimes by the unemployed in their own houses and sometimes in the houses of correction. Provision of corn, too, in times of scarcity was raised both by force and persuasion, the latter being employed first and backed by the former. How this system of relief works became too difficult and turned into a gigantic system of out-relief is easily guessed, but our author does not take us further than the end of the seventeenth century. We find few conclusions in the book, which is stiff, and deals with masses of evidence little enlightened or strung together by theory. The general conclusion of the writer seems, however, to be "that the law-abiding characteristics of the nation and the absence of violent changes in the Constitution have been at least partly due to the regular relief which has been granted under the English Poor-law."

It is always well to see both sides of a question, and we should advise such of our readers as care to know the arguments against public poor relief to look at a book which has just been published by Mr. N. Master-

man, called *Chalmers on Charity*. Dr. Chalmers, the great Scotch divine of the beginning of this century who founded the Free Kirk of Scotland, was a deadly opponent of the Poor-law. Probably he was wrong—we think he was—but he makes out a surprisingly good case in favour of voluntary charity. The book consists of selections from the works of Dr. Chalmers—which are now almost unprocurable—bearing on the relief of the poor. These selections are admirably strung together by the compiler. Until this century, for reasons too long to go into here, the English Poor-law was practically inoperative in Scotland. As late as 1830 a compulsory Poor-rate was levied in only a hundred and fifty out of nearly a thousand parishes, and not more than twenty of these were north of the Forth and the Clyde. The legal system was, however, on the increase, and finally prevailed in spite of all the efforts of a man of genius to keep it back. "Humanity and justice," Chalmers said, "are distinct principles. The latter only is the proper subject for legislation." In his judgment a legal system of poor relief weakened the habit of accumulation, loosened the kindly ties of relationship—"turning a matter of love to a matter of litigation"—and lessened not only the sympathy of the rich for the poor, but, what is more important, the sympathy of the poor for one another. No doubt at the time of the reform of the Poor-law, when he gave evidence before the House of Commons, Chalmers stood on very strong ground. The mental and moral condition of the poor in Scotland was far better than that in England, demoralised as the labouring classes were becoming by the abuse of out-relief. Chalmers distrusted all large schemes, organised inquiries, and books of statistics written by men "who sow figures and reap a sum." The formation of a cliff, he said, can be best judged of, not by measuring, but by the careful examination of a lump of chalk. "There is not a single section of any city in Scotland of suitable dimensions to be called a parish which contains not within itself all the capabilities of comfort and of maintenance for all its families." Organisation—including a certain amount of charitable relief from richer friends—he believed, would stamp out, not poverty, but suffering caused by poverty. The lower classes in England, he thought, had lost, not only in morale, but in the actual amount of physical comfort they were able to enjoy, by the weakening effects of the Poor-law, and he held that the solution of the problem of destitution could only be arrived at "by leaving the whole matter to the operation of the mechanism of Nature, and by keeping in their right tone and action the principles which reside or which may be imparted in the constitution of individual men." A compulsory system of relief, he believed, showed a want of faith in human nature. He instances a gaol at Bristol wherein criminals were given bread and debtors were obliged to beg for it. Sometimes they did not get enough from passers-by, when the criminals supplied the need. If criminals, he argues, will not see their brothers starve, why should we suppose that normally moral men should do so? Dr. Chalmers overrated, we think, not so much the power of compassion as the power of imagination. The criminals saw the debtors starving, and the sight of suffering is unpleasant to almost everyone, and unbearable to very many. The *thought* of it is not, however, or the novels of the present day would not be what they are. But the suffering poor, those who come within the constant jurisdiction of the Poor-law, are not seen by the class next but one above them. The artisan who sees them has little to spare for them. The small upper class knows something of them from tradition and the habit of feudal charity. The upper middle class guesses shrewdly at their condition by the help of a well-trained imagination. But the huge lower middle class, who surely should not be kept out of pains and privileges of giving, is too apt to disregard them altogether. In towns, and in the country too, these people often look on the poor as a dirty, improvident set, living below in an abyss into which it behoves them to exercise all the respectable virtues in order not to fall.

Again, we cannot agree with Dr. Chalmers that humanity and compassion are outside the province of law. The law should reflect the enlightened conscience of the nation, that it may serve as an example to those still in darkness,—for whom laws are made. In the matter of cruelty to animals the law may be said to have created a conscience; it has been an

explanation of suffering to those who have not imagination enough to divine it. Had we had no Poor-law in England we should certainly have had more thrift, but not, we believe, more charity, even in its most spiritual sense. Thrift is a virtue, but as a moralising agent it may be overrated. It means self-control, control not only of the lawless, extravagant, food-and-drink-loving self, but of the better, more generous self too. The example of the French peasant will illustrate what we mean.

We congratulate Mr. Masterman on his work. He has succeeded in making the unpopular side of a dry subject keenly interesting, but as we lay the book down we still believe that the Englishman of to-day is the gainer by a law which, though sometimes baneful through careless administration, has given him the courage to spend, and left him the kindness to share, his last shilling.

DEAN FARRAR'S NEW LIFE OF CHRIST.*

THE book before us, while it has the familiar qualities which distinguish all the writings of Dr. Farrar, has one great defect in plan that must go far to hinder its usefulness. The writer has evidently not made up his mind at all clearly as to the kind of audience he wishes to address. In the preface, after explaining that his treatise is to "deal with questions of high importance," he states his aim to be that of "deepening the faith in Christ of all who read it honestly"; the first part of which sentence seems to imply that the book is addressed to professing Christians, while the word "honestly" rather points to seepies. The writer goes on to appeal to "holy and humble men of heart," and to deprecate criticism upon himself by quoting St. Paul's repudiation of the Corinthians' right to judge him. A more appropriate quotation from St. Paul in the preface to a critical book would seem to us another verse from the same epistle: "I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say." We doubt if any good can accrue from the handling of critical questions in an uncritical spirit. Readers who are educated enough to understand the bearing of such questions will expect them to be argued "honestly," and to the best of the writer's power; any other form of religious argument is best left to the orators in Hyde Park.

The very first chapter of the book demonstrates conclusively the impossibility of arriving at any serious results from discussing questions of high critical importance by means of popular rhetoric. The problem there proposed for investigation is the virgin birth of our Lord. There are several conceivable ways in which this question might be approached; for example, it might be handled as a fact given on the authority of St. Luke, and his credibility as a historian might be discussed, as it has been discussed lately in regard to our Lord's alleged birth at Bethlehem by Professor W. M. Ramsay, who, it may be mentioned, ranks it very high indeed. Dr. Farrar's argument is summed up as follows:—

"It will be seen, then, that the reason why we believe in the records of that miraculous birth, of those angel melodies, of those bending Magi, is not only because they stand recorded by those who were far too feeble to have invented them, and of whom every one would have said 'I would rather die than lie'—but because being so recorded they have received the attestation of God Himself, seeing that the whole subsequent history of the world seems to us to have set its seal to the belief that they are true."

It seems poor praise of the Evangelists to rank them as the intellectual inferiors of the writers of the uncanonical Gospels; but leaving that aside, the Dean's argument amounts to this: because the religion of Christ has taken hold of the world, therefore every story related of him must be true; an argument that would cover all the miraculous tales in the Gospels called apoeryphal, and would no less forbid us to deny the least trustworthy traditions about Mahommed or Confucius, provided they are held by a majority of their followers. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. A reader whom doubt as to the historical evidence for Christ's miraculous birth has never troubled will not be troubled by Dr. Farrar's method of discussing it; but the "honest" doubter will only be confirmed in his doubt. The chapter which he might read, hoping to find some argument that might "deepen his faith," contains nothing more to the point than several lists of kings, poets, philosophers, artists, and men of science who have been

Christians or in some way attracted to Christianity; and the inference is that what could be reasonably held by them may reasonably be held by us. But it hardly needs pointing out that on the same showing we might be asked to believe in Transubstantiation. Does Dr. Farrar hold this latter dogma because it was assented to by "Giotto and Leonardo, Raphael and Luini, Vittore Pisano and Lorenzo di Credi, Giovanni Bellini and Carpaccio," or even by St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Francis Xavier, and "sweet St. Francis of Assisi"? The day for such apologetics has gone by. *Non tali auxilio tempus eget*.

A further radical defect of the volume is that even where critical questions are critically discussed, there are so many topics handled, and the author requires so much rhetorical space to turn in, that to no single point can he give enough attention to satisfy any student who consults him upon it. We have, for example, in the twenty-fourth chapter a point raised of the greatest interest and importance,—namely, the significance of our Lord's title of the "Son of Man." No one who did not already know could possibly discover from Dr. Farrar's discussion of this question that the strangely various uses of the title in the Synoptic Gospels, some certainly being Messianic, and some apparently not, have been a source of grave perplexity to scholars. All that Dr. Farrar has to tell his readers is that there may be "a dim and indirect, a very indirect," allusion to Daniel vii. 13 (which is a remarkable statement considering that the phrase, "coming in the clouds of Heaven," which is twice used by St. Mark in connection with this title, is borrowed from that verse in Daniel); and that "the phrase is used ninety times of the prophet Ezekiel, though he never applies it to himself, eighty times by Christ and always of Himself"; which piece of information the reader is left to draw any conclusion from that he pleases, while the writer hurries on to discourse about the brotherhood of man. Dr. Farrar's treatment of this Son of Man problem is typical of his treatment of most problems that present themselves in the course of the volume. A certain amount of disjointed information that has more or less bearing on the subject proposed is thrown together, and then the author rides off on one of his favourite hobbies, usually the danger of sacerdotalism.

The book, therefore, does not merit attention from the serious scholar. The chapters devoted to events in the life of our Lord will be read as a supplement to the corresponding places in the author's well-known *Life of Christ*; and they supply some interesting illustrative passages from the Talmud. And, on the whole, it is in the quotations that the main interest of the book will be found to lie. Dr. Farrar is a wide reader, and he brings together in these pages a large number of well-chosen excerpts from ancient and modern sources, especially from modern poetry. In a future edition it would be worth while to verify these, as they seem in many cases quoted from memory. It would be well also to omit the very full references to classical passages dealing with Greek and Roman immorality.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

ALIKE by his choice of theme, by the postponement of the entry of his heroine till, so to speak, the third act, and by his unsparing use of the narrative form—there are not more than thirty lines of dialogue in the first fifty pages—Mr. James Lane Allen adopts an unconciliatory and even uncompromising attitude in regard to the requirements of the average novel reader. *The Increasing Purpose* is primarily a theological romance. It describes first of all the life of a "poor, devout, high-minded Kentucky boy at work on a farm in the years 1866 and 1867, saving his earnings and reading his Bible as the twofold preparation for his entrance into the Christian ministry." We next see him at the Bible College, his old religious peace disturbed by the wars of dogmatic theology and the elash of sectarian animosity. Desirous of hearing all

* (1.) *The Increasing Purpose*. By James Lane Allen. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(2.) *Bliss: a Love Idyll*. By Frank Norris. London: Grant Richards. [3s. 6d.]—(3.) *As the Light Led*. By James Newton Baskett. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(4.) *Caged*. By Headon Hill. London: Ward, Lock, and Co. [6s.]—(5.) *Studies in Love*. By Maude Egerton King. London: J. M. Dent and Co. [3s. 6d.]—(6.) *The Temptation of Olive Latimer*. By L. T. Meade. London: Hutchinson and Co. [6s.]—(7.) *The Sack of London by the Highland Host: a Romance of the Period*. By Jingo Jones, M.P. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. [6s.]—(8.) *Enoch Willoughby*. By James A. Wickersham. London: Downey and Co. [6s.]—(9.) *Celeste*. By Walmer Downey. London: C. A. Pearson. [6s.]

* *The Life of Lives*. By F. W. Farrar. London: Cassell and Co. [15s.]

sides, he attends the places of worship of the different sects and creeds; next he falls beneath the spell of Darwin, and finally is expelled from the College. His parents, dully pious people, are heartbroken at what they consider his disgrace, but in the end a certain measure of consolation comes to him in the love of a young Southern girl of gentle birth and breeding, an orphan ex-heiress ruined by the war, and driven to school-teaching as a livelihood, who nurses him through a severe illness, and, though herself a convinced believer, encourages him to complete his education on scientific lines. The author's own standpoint is admirably detached; the book is free from any aggressive or proselytising spirit, and it is written with all that delicacy and distinction which have already won him so many admirers. We should not fail to notice the happy mixture of accurate knowledge and poetic feeling with which Mr. Allen writes of the now well-nigh extinct hemp industry of Kentucky, the successive processes of which are, in a very striking passage, made to symbolise the successive phases in our spiritual growth.

Inverting the Virgilian order, Mr. Norris passes from the clash of arms and the life of action to the idyllic vein,—from *McTeague* and *Shanghaied* to the uneventful love romance of two young Americans of what we should call middle-class rank. If, however, the story is devoid of violent sensation, it leaves nothing to be desired to the English reader on the score of unconventionality. To begin with, the scene is laid in San Francisco, where the “decadence of mode” differs as widely from that of Mayfair as the surroundings of the Golden Gate from those of the Marble Arch; to go on with, Condor Rivers—there is something strangely ludicrous in the collocation to English ears—is a San Franciscan journalist and short-story writer, “who had begun by an inoculation of the Kipling virus, had suffered an almost fatal attack of Harding Davis, and had even been affected by Maupassant.” As for the heroine, Travis Bessemer, *alias* “Blix,” she is best described as a “thorough good sort.” After eighteen months’ flirtation with the hero, she decides that it is no use pretending that they are in love with each other; henceforth they are to be chums, good friends but nothing more. Rivers readily agrees, and the plan answers so splendidly that in a very short time he has irrevocably lost his heart to his genial and sensible playmate. The record of their excursions and picnics is exceedingly bright and pleasant, and the lapses from good taste are so surprisingly few and far between, when one remembers his last book, that we confidently look forward to the time when Mr. Norris will be wholly reconciled to the value of reticence. Meantime he has given us a capital and enjoyable story, excellent in feeling and sincere in sentiment, containing one or two very fine pieces of description, a singularly weird episode in the life of a diver, and a most generous and gracious tribute to the genius of Mr. Kipling.

Mr. Baskett's novel, *As the Light Led*, presents that somewhat perplexing antagonism between matter and manner which is so often to be found in modern American novels. That is to say, while the chief characters are uncultured and even uncouth, and their surroundings homely, their emotional organisation is highly strung, their powers of introspection are considerable, and their mode of expressing themselves borders at times on the precious. The farmer's daughter tells her rustic sweetheart, “I want the what-you-are-to-be to tower as my idol,” and the lad, in intervals of being “dog-goned” and “blamed,” addresses her as a “proselyting little witch.” These concessions to realism in the dialogue are, however, half-hearted; while the reflective and descriptive passages are marked by a studied choice of phrase which never deviates into distinction. Thus, in analysing the motives of the heroine on a particular occasion, he says that she was tempted by “the ride in Bent's new buggy far out upon the prairie midst the early September gilt of the year in its second childhood, the long confidential conversation, the touch of shoulder to shoulder, and the tender interest in herself which a certain unregenerate always showed in frank face-light and hardy dash.” It really would be difficult to disimprove on the strenuous ineptitude of this and many other similar sentences. After a great many high-toned calf-love passages, with attendant quarrels and reconciliations, the heroine eventually marries the crude but aspiring farmer; but the relentless author is not content until he has

introduced us to their grandchildren. A peculiar feature of this earnest but exasperating volume is the author's practice of prefixing to each chapter a sentence quoted in advance out of his own text,—e.g., “Just say I'm in the plain shirt-sleevedness of my everyday self.” There is a curious family resemblance between this novel—in which theology plays a considerable part—and that of Mr. James Lane Allen noticed above. But it is only the resemblance of a “poor relation” to the deservedly distinguished head of a large family.

It is a little unfortunate that Mr. Headon Hill's story of the forcible detention of a sane person in a private lunatic asylum in the early “sixties” should inevitably challenge comparisons with Charles Reade's brilliant *Hard Cash*, a tale which, in spite of its sensationalism and extravagance, is quite in the first rank of melodramatic novels. It is not that the incidents in Mr. Headon Hill's *Caged* are more intrinsically improbable than those in *Hard Cash*; it is in the clumsiness of their contrivance, and above all in the initial bringing of the different characters into contact, that the inferiority of the later work is shown. For example, as a necessary preliminary to the abduction of the heroine, who is as good as she is beautiful, we have to accept the readiness of her brother, an ill-conditioned and dissipated loafer—but still not altogether devoid of natural affection—to hand her over into the keeping of bullies, drunkards, blackmailers, and venal doctors. The plot is complicated by a second motive,—the loss and recovery of a wonderful gem originally presented to the heroine's guardian by a native Prince at the time of the Mutiny, stolen from him by his orderly, an ex-burglar, and ultimately recovered by the thief's son, who, after going out to India to cheat the rightful owner a second time, is converted to the side of the angels, and on his return rescues the heroine from her imprisonment. Mr. Headon Hill is not sparing of horrors in his description of the treatment of the patients, and the episode of the murder of the nurse by a mad clergyman is gratuitously gruesome. It should be added that in 1863 Charles Reade had considerable justification for his attack on the management of private lunatic asylums. A novelist of to-day who revives these happily obsolete horrors merely for sensational purposes seems to us hardly to be playing the game fairly.

Miss Egerton King's *Studies in Love* are very pretty reading. In particular the story called “Love in the Woods” is a delightful woodland idyll of a country girl and her farmer lover, passages of which are touched with real poetry; indeed the whole story is delicately poetic in tone. There is no plot worth speaking of, and yet the heart of all possible plots is in the story which tells “How that for girl and boy the punctual earth shall still produce this golden flower of joy.” The other studies, if not so charming as the one we have mentioned, are decidedly above the average. We may add that the book is one which irresistibly suggests a hammock and a hot midsummer afternoon as the proper place and time for its perusal.

On reading every new novel by Mrs. Meade the critic, amazed by their frequency, is tempted to exclaim with Dr. Johnson that ‘the wonder is not that they are ill-done, but that they are done at all.’ But it would be unfair to say that any of Mrs. Meade's work is ill-done, though a good deal of it (including *The Temptation of Olive Latimer*) is slight, a fact which can surprise no one. In the present instance the story is passably well constructed, the narrative fluent, and the character-drawing adequate, but the book as a whole is not so readable as Mrs. Meade usually contrives to be.

It is charitable to suppose that *The Sack of London* by the *Highland Host* is intended for a joke or skit, and we all know that the Highlander “jokes with deefficulty.” It is in truth a very tedious joke, but doubtless “Mr. Jingo Jones, M.P.” did his best to be amusing, and his failure is his misfortune, not his fault.

Enoch Willoughby is a Quaker story of spiritualistic tendency. The plot is largely concerned with the “inward workings” of the souls of the personages introduced, and is decidedly well wrought from that point of view. The character of Lyddie is well conceived and executed, and her spiritual struggles will interest readers who enjoy this particular form of fiction.

Celeste is another American story, but of a very differ-

ent complexion. Though the action of most of the book passes in Scotland, the sub-title, "A Romance of the Southerners," is justified, as the characters all hail from the Southern States. Mr. Downe gives a pleasant picture of life on an old-fashioned Southern estate, and as a whole *Celeste*, though in no sense a remarkable book, is very pleasant reading.

THE MAGAZINES.

THERE is plenty of instruction in the *Contemporary Review* this month, if there is little entertainment. Mr. Demetrius Boulger on "The Scramble for China" is worth reading. We do not agree with his ideas, but they are at least definite and intelligible. He contends that the end of the present imbroglio must be that the Powers will agree as to trade, and will settle the Chinese debts in common, but that for the rest China will be divided off into "spheres of influence," Russia getting the North, Great Britain the Valley of the Yangtse, and Germany Shantung and its Hinterland. In order, however, to make sure that Great Britain should have her share, Mr. Boulger advises her, while joining the other Powers in an occupation of Peking, to seize Chusan, which dominates the mouth of the Yangtse, and which he describes as an admirable place of arms with abundant supplies. He would then raise ten regiments of Chinese, and organise throughout the Valley dependent native Governments, aiding and protecting them with a fleet of armed river steamers. We should then, he contends, be masters of the most valuable portion of China. As to carry out this plan we must maintain an army in order to prevent any "Boxer" movement against ourselves, and must, therefore, tax the people, this is a scheme of annexation which would add at least a hundred millions of subjects to our dominion. Apart from the morality of the transaction as nakedly a conquest for gain, we do not believe that we have the strength for it even with a conscription, and without it the effort would be an adventure only to be risked under the pressure of necessity. We have more to do already than we can manage without a great increase of our taxation.—Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock) sends a most solid paper pleading against the present tendency to promote municipal trading. He maintains that it will rapidly increase the total of municipal debt, which is already £250,000,000; will act as a check on private enterprise, no capitalist or association being able to contend with managers who have the rates behind them; will lead to jobbery, two hundred municipalities having already neglected to use their power of electric lighting, obviously, thinks Lord Avebury, because they are interested in gasworks; and will overweight the brain-power at disposal for municipal work. He is also of opinion that there will on many projects be ultimate loss, as there has been in many attempts at rehousing, while in many others there will be mismanagement, there being no one to control elective bodies. Suppose the water supplied by the London County Council were inferior, who is to scourge the Council? He does not discuss the possibilities of corruption, which are great, as supervision is so difficult, but it is evident that he regards the entire movement with grave alarm.—Mr. P. A. Bruce writes a most readable paper on "The Social and Economic Revolution in the Southern States," which he thinks will end in assimilating them to the Northern; but his views, though most interesting, do not completely persuade us. He says too little of the black problem, and of the decided tendency in the South, with its abundant supply of cheap labour, to embark in manufactures. So pronounced is this tendency that the influence of Southern millowners will probably be one great force predisposing the American Government to interfere in China, the great market there being indispensable to Southern prosperity.—In "An Unwritten Chapter in American Diplomacy" Mr. Maurice Low, if he is rightly informed, really does reveal important secrets. He affirms that the British Government in the Spanish difficulty three times extricated America from an embarrassing position. Just before the war Russia wished England to acquire Cuba, but England refused. Then the whole Continent was willing to warn the States that they must not conquer the island, but England stood aloof, and when Spain offered to give the Philippines to Germany England intimated that such an arrangement seemed to her unjust to the United States. The statement is

most important, and, we have little doubt, substantially correct, but it requires the support of documents which will not be published for many years.—We doubt whether many persons care one straw whether the Herald's College is reformed or not, but those who do will be interested in Mr. A. W. Hutton's account of its deficiencies, the first of which, in his judgment, is that the College is by prescription a *peculium* of the Duke of Norfolk. He possesses its entire patronage, and as a consequence nearly all the officials are Roman Catholics who might be ordered by the Pope not to attend a Royal funeral. Such an order, the writer says, was given to the Catholic nobility not to attend the Jubilee Service in Westminster Abbey.—Mr. G. F. Millin's scheme for the future of London railways is a large one; large to dreaminess, but not impossible. He wants to unite all railways entering London in one underground centre, and so to arrange underground communication that no train will ever have to "back out" of the great stations. It is an enticing prospect, but belongs, we fancy, to the great "by-and-by."

Mr. Knowles has not been as successful as usual with this number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The papers are all rather too much of the average kind. Perhaps an exception should be made in favour of Mr. Lyttelton Gell's "Administrative Reform in the Public Service," which is suggestive, though we fear impracticable. He wishes to increase largely the number of highly paid posts in the Civil Service, to import into them experienced men from outside, and to shift men from department to department so as to give them wider experience. The proposal sounds well, and Mr. Gell pleads for it with ability, but we doubt if it would permanently work. The introduction of outsiders would end in political jobbery, and the shifting of men in the creation of a class with wide views and imperfect experience who would not assist Ministers half as well as the existing Service does. The final suggestion that "a Board of Administrative Control" should be appointed with powers of promotion and removal, would be fatal to Ministerial responsibility. What seems to be wanted is that marked ability should be more fully recognised as a claim to promotion, and even that opens a wide door to favouritism.—Mr. Norman's paper on China gives us little fresh light. He thinks Russia wishes to master China and the whole world from the Equator to the Poles, but does not give us much advice upon the best method of resistance, while in his practical suggestion that the Emperor of China should be controlled by a Council of representatives of the Powers we are wholly unable to believe. It would end either in international quarrels, or more probably as it has ended just now, in an order from the Emperor to exterminate the intolerable Europeans. Constitutional government is hard enough to work, but constitutional government under a Cabinet of foreigners is unthinkable.—Mr. MacDonagh believes that life "in the byways of rural Ireland" has greatly improved in the last half-century. He mentions two curious facts: the excessive over-consumption of over-boiled tea, and the enormous circulation in Ireland of the cheaper English weekly journals. This has quadrupled in the last few years, and, among other results, tends greatly to increase the distaste of the rural communities for the loneliness and dreariness of country life.—The Rev. Andrew Drew thinks that "Hooliganism" has its origin in truancy, and wants truant schools made less comfortable, and all existing "Hooligans" persuaded to enter the Army and Navy. We suppose the first piece of advice is sound, though we doubt the reformatory effect of short periods of worry, but the latter would tend to strengthen the impression that any young ruffians will do for the Army,—the precise impression of which we wish to be rid.—Mr. Galton, in "Identification Offices in India and Egypt," publishes some curious testimony to the utility of his system of identification by finger-prints. It seems to be fully successful in both countries. It, in fact, enables the Government to keep a kind of dossier of all in their employ or in their prisons, and thus to prevent all undesirable, or rather all convicted, persons from obtaining public employ.

With the majority of the propositions laid down by Mr. Edward Dicey in his paper on "The Policy of Peace," which stands first in the July *Fortnightly*, we find ourselves in accord. The tone of the article is, in the main, most conciliatory; he would not go beyond the lines laid down by Mr.

Schreiner for the rearrangement of the franchise; he is strongly against any wholesale confiscation of the lands of the Boer farmers; and he is all for encouraging Reservists to settle. But he is on much more disputable ground when he declares that "the time has come to put aside the prejudices caused by the Raid, and to avail ourselves freely of the services of the British party, of which, in fact, if not in name, Mr. Cecil Rhodes still remains the leader. We have a hard task before us, and we need the help of all South African statesmen, who, whatever errors they may be deemed to have committed, have always been loyal in their allegiance to the Mother Country." To predicate unswerving "loyalty" of this sort of Mr. Rhodes involves a singularly trustful disposition.—Mr. Beckles Willson gives a clear and interesting sketch of the history and organisation of the Colonial Office, and pays a generous tribute to the skill and success with which Mr. Chamberlain has grappled with his huge task. He holds, however, that no man, however able, can cope single-handed with the wide-reaching and intricate responsibilities of the office, and suggests that the burden should be lightened by the creation of an additional Secretary of State to preside over the affairs of the Crown Colonies, as well as by the establishment of a Secretary of State for each of the great Federations of Colonies—Canada, Australia, and South Africa—each with a seat in the House of Lords and in the Cabinet.—Judge Parry writes on the Workmen's Compensation Act, which he pronounces "a masterpiece of unskilful legislation and the fruitful parent of much painful legislation," although he credits both Government and Opposition with a strong and sincere desire for reform. This untoward result he attributes to finicking drafting, by which the intention to disregard the old principle of contributory negligence has been frustrated. The true method of dealing with the problem he finds in the German Sickness Insurance Act and Accident Insurance Act. He would like to see the present Act abolished, the whole machinery taken away from the Law Courts, and freed from the paralysing effect of departmental rules:—

"What is wanted is a scheme rather than an Act of Parliament. A scheme in which, if the County Court machinery is used, it is only to be used for the purpose of fixing compensation, and then calling in the Post Office to aid in distributing the funds. A scheme in which the appeals, if any, are to be to some body like the Railway Commissioners, businesslike as well as technical. . . . The employer wants to know what he has to pay; the workman wants to know what he has to get; the insurance company wants to know on what to base its rates: Every one cries out for certainty. Other countries have this, but at present Parliament has failed to give it us. And the failure is due to a touching hereditary faith in Departments and Law Courts, when what is wanted is business."

—Mr. Holt Schooling's elaborate series of tables to illustrate the naval strength of the seven sea Powers are based on a scale of depreciation for age. Thus ships launched before 1880 are valued at 20 per cent. of their nominal fighting weight, between 1880-84 at 40 per cent., between 1885-89 at 60 per cent., between 1890-94 at 80 per cent., and between 1895-99 and later at their full value. The results of the inquiry are decidedly reassuring to our national self-esteem, but of course they need to be revised and checked by tables comparing the strength of the Powers in guns, armour, engines, and men. These no doubt will be supplied in the continuation of the present article.—"Diplomaticus," dealing with the crisis in the Far East, accuses our diplomacy of being unsympathetic to the reformers and apathetic in regard to our interests. Certainly the warnings and the appeals which appeared months ago in the *North China Herald* lend colour to this view. The following passage appeared in that journal last February:—

"We cannot too strongly insist that, unless this is done, it is morally certain that the opening spring will witness a rising such as foreigners in China have never seen before. The whole country from the Yellow River to the Great Wall and beyond will be a blaze of insurrection, which will not only annihilate every foreign interest of every sort in the interior, but will drive every foreigner out of Peking and Tientsin under conditions which it is not difficult to foresee. There has been more or less danger of such an uprising for a long time. Unless strong and united efforts are now put forth, it is as certain to take place as any future event can well be. Those who are interested in preventing it will act accordingly."

—The article on the military operations in South Africa contains some interesting observations on Lord Roberts's march from Bloemfontein to Elandsfontein, in comparison

with that of the second German Army from Metz to the Loire and Napoleon's famous advance from the Channel to the Rhine in 1805.—Mr. Vandam's paper on "Poets as Legislators" is a good specimen of an essay in the otiose. One might as well discuss the merits of Bishops as sculptors or Cabinet Ministers as composers.

The "Conservative M.P." who writes in the *National Review* on "A Khaki Dissolution"—we sincerely trust that this hard-worked word will ere long be relegated to its proper use—contends that outside the House of Commons no genuine demand for an immediate Dissolution has made itself heard; furthermore, that a General Election, if held at a time of war-fever, would not produce a strong Government. Huge majorities, he holds, demoralise Governments and dispirit Oppositions, and he concludes that it will be better for the permanent interests even of the Unionist party that it should find itself faced by an active and not an impotent Opposition, a general political view that has been more than once expressed in these columns.—The pith of Mr. Conybeare's paper on "The Conspiracy against the French Republic" is to be found in the statement that "for the last five years the Civil Government has been engaged in a death-duel with a militarism of which the inner heart and core is Jesuitry," a thesis which he supports by copious citations from the *Croix* and other official sources in illustration of the political and electoral activity of the Assumptionists. Incidentally he observes that during the darkest moments of the Transvaal War the only party in Germany and France disposed to be sober and reasonable in their attitude to England were the Socialists. Mr. Conybeare writes with his usual ability and incisiveness, but we deeply regret the acrimony and violence of some of his personal references, and cannot but think he underestimates the services and the strength of MM. Loubet and Waldeck-Rousseau.—Mr. Maurice Low's American article contains a handsome and well-deserved tribute to Governor Roosevelt. "In addition to his personal popularity," writes Mr. Low, "which will be worth many thousand votes, he will have the support of every man who fought in Cuba, for Roosevelt is the one picturesque figure of the war. He is a man to charm men,—straightforward, honest, direct, impulsive at times, but always sincere; as courageous in politics as on the field of battle, a success in whatever he has undertaken." Other points of interest in a very interesting paper are the account of the Ice Trust Scandal, and a thoughtful forecast of the policy of Mr. Bryan, if he should be elected, which Mr. Low regards as not probable, but yet not an utter improbability.—Mr. Oman's "Plea for Military History" is both timely and impressive. His main contention, that "the directing classes of any State should be as well instructed in the history of the art of war as they are in economic or constitutional history" is supported by much cogent reasoning, and we are inclined to agree with him when he says that "the most discomposing incident of the last autumn was not Nicholson's Nek or Magersfontein, but that astounding message sent from London to Australia, which told our willing Colonists that if they wished to supply men for the war 'infantry would be preferable.'"—Captain Gage contributes a very pleasant account of his trip from Uganda to Khartoum, giving a vivid description of two efforts to penetrate the "Sudd" region. In the second and successful effort Captain Gage was accompanied by Lieutenant de Tonquedec, a French officer of the Infanterie de Marine, who with a small band of Senegalese had marched all the way from the West Coast to Shambe. Of the gallantry, endurance, sportsmanship, and personal charm of this officer Captain Gage speaks in the warmest terms.—We may also notice Mr. Coulton's instructive article on the Swiss Army; Mr. Wilson's "Story of the Boer War," which forms a Supplement to the number; and Mr. Horace Hutchinson's sensible and genial essay on the present "Parlous Condition of Cricket."

Blackwood is unusually strong in descriptive articles this month, of which the best is the intensely interesting account by a "Linesman" of the informal armistice on Pieter's Hill in Natal on Sunday, February 25th. The Boers and English officers met and conversed freely, and the writer gives a most engaging picture of Commandant Pristorius, "a son of Anak

by descent, and a gallant, golden-bearded fighting-man by present occupation," though by profession a lawyer at Middelburg.—Mr. Edward Irving's paper on the Mai Darât or "Upland People," a gentle tribe of diminutive stature who inhabit the highlands of the Malay Peninsula—"primitive Socialists" he calls them—and of the benevolent Italian gentleman who has won their confidence, is also wonderfully well done.—The article on "Our Officers" is a courageous rather than convincing vindication of our present system of training and education. The author commits himself to a rather dangerous position by tracing our failures in the field to evil fortune as much as anything else. "Before giving a man an appointment, Napoleon asked 'Est-il heureux?' He at least recognised that fate has more to do with success than many people are willing to believe." Yet the late Sir George Colley was regarded as a singularly lucky man up to the time of his last campaign; while Wolfe only achieved success on the last day of his life.—Mr. Walter Harris writes in a tranquillising strain about "The Morocco Scare." He admits there has been a crisis, but anticipates good results from the emancipation of the young Sultan from his tutelage, and acquits France of all intention to bring about a crisis in Morocco. At the same time, he holds that "geographically and ethnologically, Morocco is an extension of the French colony of Algeria, and as such France has certainly predominating rights." He goes on to contend that "provided neutrality of the Straits of Gibraltar was strictly guaranteed, and a commercial treaty allowing a certain freedom of trade to all nations entered on, there is no possible reason why France should not possess the country."

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Conversations with Prince Bismarck. Edited by Sidney Whitman. (Harper and Brothers. 6s.)—Mr. Whitman tells us that he has drawn nearly all his materials from the publications of Heinrich von Poschinger, who has held office for many years in the Ministry of the Interior, and has, therefore, had access to official records. But official records do not make the whole, or even the chief, part of this book. It is what the great man said in private life, and his own recollections of the part he played in public affairs, that make it so interesting. Part I. deals with the Franco-Prussian War, especially with the negotiations for an armistice, and ultimately for peace after the great successes of the German Army. Bismarck was certainly a great negotiator, for he knew exactly when to stand firm and when to yield. Then there is an account of his attitude when the French Government introduced an Army Reorganisation Bill. He instructed Count Henry Arnim, "at that time Ambassador to the Third Republic, to go to Paris on the following Monday, and officially apprise M. Thiers that, unless he forthwith shelved his 'outrageous Army Bill,' the German Army would be mobilised within a fortnight. . . . You will do the French a good turn if you warn them that the Prussian Eagle"—this comes from a talk with Mr. Beatty Kingston—"has strong talons and a sharp beak, always ready to scratch and bite." The warning was conveyed, we are told, by the *Daily Telegraph*. Afterwards we have a vivid account of the Prince's relations with the Kaiser Wilhelm. The Kaiser wished him to resign, but the Prince would be dismissed. There is an interesting distinction between Bismarck's personal views and those put forward by his organ in the Press. "Not too effusive, not too abusive," was his "keynote." He seems to have been decidedly a "pro-Boer," and to have been less clear-sighted than usual in thinking that the South African Republics could hold their own. There is a notable conversation with Li Hung Chang. All that we read increases our respect for Bismarck's wonderful powers. But his opinions on morality in politics are worth *nil*.

Recollections of a Lifetime. By General R. Brinkerhoff. (Robert Clarke and Co., Cincinnati.)—General Brinkerhoff's narrative illustrates in a very interesting way the versatility of the American citizen. He began life as a schoolmaster, taking charge of a country school at the age of sixteen. He had by this time become a zealous politician on the Democratic side. Two years after he began to study law. Family difficulties intervened, and he went South, where he was set up in a private school,—being still well under twenty. He speaks in the most handsome terms of Southern kindness and hospitality, though he had

afterwards to take an active part on the Northern side in the great Civil War. A second teaching engagement was in the Jackson family, with the adopted son of Andrew Jackson. Our author never saw the President, but he has some pleasant things to say about him. After this came a return to the law, and to politics. This was interrupted for a spell of newspaper editing, then the law again, and then soldiering, for the Secession troubles had begun. Mr. Brinkerhoff was a quartermaster, and found the occupations of that post very troublesome, and he expresses his thankfulness that he was able to get through them without losing his life or becoming bankrupt. After the end of the war—he was present in the theatre when Lincoln was assassinated—he received promotion, and was ultimately put in charge of the army dépôt at Cincinnati. He found this tedious. "The only variety to the dull monotony of this period was the efforts of thieves and politicians to get some one in my place who would run the department in their interest." "Thieves and politicians" is good. We see on p. 183 as to the preparations made by the South, that "full arrangements had been made with France and England for the recognition of the Confederacy as soon as the seizure of Washington should indicate a *de facto* power of sufficient strength for such a recognition." We can believe it of France; but doubt as to England. This is a very readable volume.

Paul of Tarsus. By Thomas Bird. (Nelson and Sons. 4s. 6d.)—Mr. Bird has filled in the outlines which we have of the life and work of St. Paul, with details gathered from various sources, literary, archaeological, &c. And he has done it well. Possibly there is a little too much colour in the picture. But it is manifest that much trouble has been expended on the task, and the effect is distinctly good. We do not understand what Mr. Bird means when he says that though "he may not win the approval of Biblical students and theologians," he hopes to interest the young. There should be no kind of opposition between the approval of the one and the liking of the other. Mr. Bird has been a "Biblical student," and to very good purpose. Naturally there are a few corrections which he might profitably make. In the description of the Isthmian games, conflicts between men and wild beasts are mentioned. The Greeks abhorred such things, though it is possible that they may have occurred exceptionally, as in Nero's time. The attitude of St. Paul to the Greek philosophies can hardly have been such as is described. "He was not curious to inquire closely [in view of the places where these philosophies were taught] what had been said that so interested mankind. It was enough that they did not worship God." But surely he claimed that they *did* worship God. "Whom ye ignorantly worship," he said to his audience at Mars Hill, philosophers being certainly among them, "Him declare I unto you." It might have been as well in relating the Conversion to omit, with the best authorities, "it is hard for thee to kick against the prieks." St. Paul could hardly have seen the hills of Gilead as he journeyed from Jerusalem to Cæsarea. The high ground of Jerusalem would hide them, being nearly as much above sea-level as they are.

The History of the Baronetage. By Francis W. Pixley. (Duckworth and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Pixley has, we suppose, found a new subject, and has various things to tell his readers which will probably be new to most of them. How many, for instance, will know that there are *five* classes or creations of Baronets; how many will be learned enough to name the five on the spur of the moment? King James I. founded the Order—there had been certain anticipations of it before—as a kind of tontine. There were to be two hundred creations and no renewals, so that in course of time the survivors would have increase of dignity. But the promise was not kept. The price seems to have been £1 a diem ("8d. for 30 foote") for three years, the special object being to keep an army in Ireland. But the purchase was not for every one,—the Baronet must have had a grandfather on the father's side who had borne arms and possessed £1,000 a year in land. The subject never touches on matters of real importance. But it is one of the byways of history, and is worth exploring. The Baronets seem somewhat sensitive about their dignity.—*The History of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain*, edited by Ashworth P. Burke (Harrison and Sons, 42s.), appears in a tenth edition. It continues, we see, to grow, reaching this year to 1,777 pages. What with those who have ancestors, and those—certainly a more interesting class—who *are* ancestors, there will be always an increasing number of candidates for admission to this roll of honour. But "Burke" is not indiscriminate in its admission.—*Official Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland*. Seventeenth annual issue. (C. Griffin and Co. 7s. 6d.)

In the series of "Victoria and Albert Science Handbooks" we have *Ancient and Modern Ships (Part I.—Wooden Sailing Ships)*, by George C. V. Holmes (Chapman and Hall, 4s.) The volume covers a sufficiently wide period, for it begins with Egyptian ships which probably belonged to the sixth millennium B.C., and it carries us down as far as clippers of this century. The subject is too vast to be crowded together in this volume, but as far as it goes the manual is decidedly satisfactory.

Cricket, by T. C. Collings (T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.), is a volume in the "Sports Library," and seems of a useful character. One contributor (T. Hearne) tells us how to prepare a wicket and look after a ground, and another (Mr. C. A. Alcock) how to manage a club. Bowling, fast and slow, batting, fielding, have each their own expositor. Not the least interesting chapter is "What Cricket Costs." "There are amateurs who have taken as much as £15 for a three days' match by way of expenses, while the accredited professional has not received more than a third of that amount." £5 is indeed not much when the player has to defray his hotel bill and his railway fare. But then he has a chance of a benefit.

WAR BOOKS.—There is nothing absolutely new in *Mafeking: a Diary of the Siege*, by Major F. D. Bailie (A. Constable and Co., 6s.), but it emphasises various matters of importance. There is the difficulty of the defence, a large perimeter (between five and six miles) to be held by a most inadequate force, the futility of the Boer methods—one strange habit of theirs was to leave off firing as soon as they got the correct range—their disregard of the accepted conventions of warfare—firing on carriers of the wounded, on places protected by their character, as the Convent and the women's laager—and their great unwillingness to come to close quarters. We hear much of Boer courage—and it is easy to see why—but it is a simple fact that they could have rushed the place at any time. A British force of half the strength, for the Boers must have numbered at one time nearly ten thousand men, would certainly not have been kept out of Mafeking for a fortnight. The book is a very readable piece of writing, and gives as vivid an idea of the realities of war as any that we have seen for some time.—The South African Vigilance Committee publish under the title of "Vigilance Tracts" various brochures which have to do with the war at the Cape. We have before us *The Transvaal Question from a Swiss Point of View*, by Edouard Naville; and *The Voice of the Churches in Support of the Imperial Policy*. The Anglican, the Wesleyan, the Presbyterian, the Congregational, and the Baptist Churches join together in pronouncing a decided opinion in favour of British supremacy, and annexation of the two Republics as a necessary step towards that end. Of course it is possible that they may be wrong, but the probabilities are very much the other way.—*The Ladysmith Treasury*, edited by J. Eveleigh Nash (Sands and Co., 6s.), has nothing to do with Ladysmith or the war, except that the profits of the book are to go to the relief of distress in the town. It contains sixteen short stories and sketches. Among the authors we see the names of Ian Maclaren, W. E. Norris, Morley Roberts, and F. Frankfort Moore. We recommend the book to our readers, and can do so without scruple, not only because the object is patriotic, but because there is good literary work in it.—*The Siege of Mafeking: a Patriotic Poem*, by Gilbert Highton (Benrose and Sons, 1s.), is the outcome of an enthusiastic spirit of patriotism.

NEW EDITIONS.—*The Mutiny on Board H.M.S. 'Bounty.'* Narrative and Charts by Lieutenant William Bligh. (Bankside Press. 3s. 6d.)—The story of the 'Bounty' is familiar enough, but it is interesting to read it in Bligh's own words. He is not apparently conscious of any shortcomings in himself. His subsequent career, however, showed an element of the impracticable in the man.—*Dombey and Son* and *Barnaby Rudge*, by Charles Dickens (T. Nelson and Sons, 2s. per vol. net) are the sixth and seventh volumes of the "Works of Charles Dickens," in the "New Century Library." They are certainly marvels of printing. The one contains 932 pp. and the other 668 pp., and the type is remarkably clear and legible, but we are constrained to say that the India paper is too thin; the printing on the other page is visible. Whether this undoubted drawback is to be set against the wonderful compactness of the volumes we must leave to the judgment of the reader.—*The Alabaster Box*. By Sir Walter Besant. (T. Burleigh. 2s. 6d.)

MAGAZINES AND SERIAL PUBLICATIONS.—We have received the following for July:—*The Century*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Humanitarian*, the *Review of Reviews*, *Scribner's Magazine*, the *Home Counties Magazine*, the *Wide World Magazine*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the *Artist*, the *Strand*

Magazine, the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Temple Bar*, *Harper's Magazine*, the *Quiver*, the *Magazine of Art*, the *Expositor*, the *Munsey*, the *Geographical Journal*, the *Windsor Magazine*, the *Public School Magazine*, the *Architectural Review*, the *Bookman*, *Nature Notes*, the *Month*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Sunday Strand*, the *Navy and Army Illustrated*, the *Girl's Own Paper*, the *School World*, the *North American Review*, the *Boy's Own Paper*, the *Harmsworth Magazine*, the *Argosy*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, the *International Journal of Ethics*, *Mothers in Council*, the *Economic Journal*, the *United Service Magazine*, the *Lady's Realm*, *Cassier's Magazine*, the *Indian Magazine*, the *Badminton Magazine*, the *Practitioner*.

(For Publications of the Week see page 24.)

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"**MORNING AT THE PALACE.**—It is pleasing to be able to record that, thanks to a good night's rest, Her Majesty yesterday morning felt no ill effects from Thursday's exciting incidents. She partook, as usual, at 7 o'clock in the morning, of her cup of cocoa."—*Daily Chronicle*, March 10th, 1900.

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Anglo-Saxon Review (The), Vol. V., folio	(Lane)	21/0
Atonement in Modern Religious Thought (The), by Various Authors, cr 8vo	(J. Clarke)	6/0
Barr (Robert), The Strong Arm, cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Bayley (A. E.) and Briscoe (W.), Chronicles of a Country Cricket Club (Sands)		2/6
Bligh (Wm.), The Mutiny on Board H.M.S. 'Bounty,' 12mo.	(Simpkin)	3/6
Bury (J. B.), A History of Greece to the Death of Alexander the Great, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	8/6
Colquhoun (A. R.), The "Overland" to China, 8vo.	(Harper)	16/0
Cooke (M. P.), His Laurel Crown, cr 8vo	(Downey)	3/6
Ewart (A. J.), First Stage Botany, cr 8vo	(Clive)	2/0
Gould (S. Baring), A Book of Dartmoor, cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Gruener (A.), Power Loom Weaving and Yarn Numbering (Scott & Greenwood)		7/6
Hurst (G. H.), Colour : a Handbook of the Theory of Colour, 8vo	(Scott & Greenwood)	7/6
Kastner (L. E.) and Atkins (H. G.), A Short History of French Literature, cr 8vo	(Blackie)	4/6
Le Breton (John), Miss Joy, cr 8vo	(Macqueen)	6/0
Nancarrow (J. H.), Elementary Science, cr 8vo	(Ralph & Holland)	3/6
Onions (O.), The Complicated Bachelor, cr 8vo, net.	(J. Murray)	2/6
Schmell (Otto), Text-Book of Zoology, Part I., Mammals, roy 8vo	(Black)	3/6
Scidmore (E. R.), China : the Long-Lived Empire, cr 8vo.	(Macmillan)	8/6
Selwyn (J. H.), Biblical Chronology from the Sacred Scriptures by Revelation to Man, 12mo.	(Bagster)	3/6
Seven Gardens and a Palace, by E. V. B., cr 8vo	(Lane)	5/0
Shorter (Dora S.), The Father Confessor, cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	3/6
Standage (H. C.), The Leather Worker's Manual, 8vo	(Scott & Greenwood)	7/6
Von Oer (Dom S.), A Day in the Cloister, cr 8vo.	(Sands)	6/0
Warden (Florence), Town Lady and Country Lass, cr 8vo.	(F. V. White)	6/0
Wickersham (J. A.), Enoch Willoughby : a Novel, cr 8vo.	(Downey)	6/0
Winter (J. S.), The Married Miss Binks, cr 8vo	(F. V. White)	3/6
Yeld (G.), Scrambles in the Eastern Graians, cr 8vo	(Unwin)	7/6

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	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1830	3,495 0 0	728 0 0	4,223 0 0
1840	3,020 0 0	663 0 0	3,683 0 0
1850	2,625 0 0	598 0 0	3,223 0 0
1860	2,117 10 0	507 0 0	2,624 10 0
1870	1,560 0 0	377 0 0	1,937 0 0
1880	1,180 0 0	247 0 0	1,427 0 0
1890	1,000 0 0	117 0 0	1,117 0 0

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The Spectator

FOR THE

No. 3,759.]

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1900.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE note of the week has been bewilderment. Bulletin after bulletin has poured into London with "re-assuring" intelligence from China, has produced an effect even on the Foreign Office, and has then, when examined by the light of dates and facts, been relegated to the deep limbo of "news not yet confirmed." The drift of it all is that a counter-revolution has broken out in Pekin; that the Empress-Regent has regained power; that the Lord Chamberlain, Prince Ching, who is *ex-officio* Commandant of the Palace Guard, is fighting for her and the foreigners; and that the "Boxer" chiefs, finding the resistance formidable, are losing heart. The answer to all that is that if it were true messages would be received from the Legations, and the siege of Tientsin would be relaxed; whereas no word has arrived from the Legations, and the siege is being pressed with greater vigour than ever. We believe it will be found when the truth is known that all the rumours alike can be traced to the Prefects, or Taotais, of the ports, that they are wild with fear of the great army which they perceive will shortly land in China, and that they are deliberately making up smooth tales in the hope of preventing an invasion. Their method of doing it is to describe the situation as it stood when the revolution first broke out, as still existing. When exposed, they will fall back upon a "confusion of dates."

Every now and then an Admiral or other European authority is taken in, Americans, we notice, being especially liable to believe what is told them. Our naval second-in-command, Admiral Bruce, for example, telegraphed on July 7th that there was "ground for hoping" that Prince Ching is "with his army at Pekin," protecting the Legations. The German Consul at Shanghai on the following day informed his Government that the bombardment of the Legations was dying away in consequence of heavy losses. On the same day Sheng, the Director of Telegraphs at Shanghai, telegraphed to Berlin that *all* the Foreign Ministers were safe on July 3rd, though on July 7th Mr. Warren, Acting Consul-General at Shanghai, had reported "from a thoroughly trustworthy source" that only two of the Legations were uncaptured. The "Boxers," he added, and the troops were much disheartened. This last message was actually circulated, and we presume for the moment believed, by the Foreign Office. It is, however, self-evident that all these statements rest upon native authority, neither Admiral, nor German Consul, nor British Consul-General having any other means of learning what goes on in Pekin. As for Sheng, his regular method is to invent a story and then acknowledge that the date is wrong.

All this while the siege of Tientsin is being fiercely pressed.

The Chinese hold the native city, and on the 5th inst. they attacked the railway station, advancing with great courage under shelter from the fire of eleven pieces of artillery, which were admirably handled. But that two 12-pounders from the 'Terrible' were, as usual, on the spot, and that the British, French, Russian, and Japanese infantry fought with desperate resolution, the Allies might have been defeated. As it was, they "suffered heavily." Food is scarce, and water poisonously bad, but the commandants think they can hold out till reinforcements arrive, which may, however, be a long while, as the difficulties of transport are very great.

The incidents of this siege, which are fairly well known, are evidently alarming the allied Powers. All their contingents are being increased. The British are sending 15,000 Sikhs and native troops from Madras and Bombay; the German Emperor has raised his contingent to 15,000 men, 10,000 of them regular soldiers; the Republican Government of France has sent 7,500 men; and the Russians are pouring troops through the Suez Canal. It may be taken as certain that their contingent will be equal to that of any Power, and as the Americans contribute 5,000, the total will not be less than 57,000 men. This is exclusive of Japan, which will shortly have 22,000 men at Taku, and is discussing the propriety of raising this force to *sixty thousand*. If that is done the composite army of invasion will exceed 110,000 men, while if not it will be nearly 80,000, a force which will require very large supplies. It will not, however, be too big for its work, for it must garrison Taku, and hold Tientsin, and keep posts between Tientsin and Pekin—seventy miles—and when thus reduced storm the capital, which has internal as well as external defences.

It is impossible, in face of the cool *démentis* now being published, to be sure of details as to the negotiations with Japan, but we fancy the following will not be found far from the truth. The Admirals asked Japan to send a heavy force, and Japan, remembering former experience, asked in reply if this were the desire of all the Powers. The British answered in the affirmative, but Russia was reluctant, and Germany and France followed her. The reluctance was removed by British intervention, and Japan joins in the enterprise with a large force, but under the distinct understanding that she will claim no "privileged position." We have endeavoured to explain elsewhere the reasons which justify caution in employing Japan, reasons which, we perceive, appeal as strongly to Mr. Freeman Mitford, who, of all men, understands Japanese policy, as to ourselves. Once give Japan foothold on the continent of Asia, he says, and you will have given reality to the "Yellow Peril," and "have conjured into existence a disturbing force that may alter the map of Asia, if not of the world."

The foolish desire of the Russian Government to preserve an impenetrable secrecy has, as usual, produced a needless distrust of her policy in China. It was actually believed in this country for a moment that she might have instigated the "Boxer" movement, and even now there are men in England who suspect her of meditating treachery. The truth all the while is that of all the Powers she has suffered most from the upheaval of China. The work on the great railway has been thrown back for at least a year. Not only have stations been attacked and rails torn up for miles, but labourers have fled, and the terminal points are threatened by considerable Manchu forces. A massacre has been committed at Mukden, Newchwang has been burnt, and "Boxers" are active even as far east as Port Arthur, where the outskirts of the great arsenal are threatened by "Boxer" gangs. The outbreak will cost Russia millions, to the despair of M. de Witte, whose currency schemes are

thereby baffled, and her only hope of restoring order without a great war, for which she is not ready, is to act in complete harmony with the remaining Powers. She even tolerates the admission of Japan into the Concert of Europe.

The news from the seat of war is deeply disappointing. To call it serious would be to exaggerate, but it naturally produces a feeling of intense aggravation to hear at this stage of the war, as we did on Friday morning, that the Boers had carried out another successful surprise, and had captured a British post and several hundred men,—making with killed and wounded about six hundred casualties. Lord Roberts's telegram from Pretoria on Thursday night states that Nitral's Nek, a post about eighteen miles from Pretoria, near the Crocodile River, and garrisoned by one squadron of the Scots Greys, two guns of O Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, and five companies of the Lincolnshire Regiment, had been captured by the Boers. The enemy attacked in superior numbers at dawn, and, seizing the hills which commanded the Nek, brought a heavy converging fire to bear upon the small garrison. The fighting lasted more or less throughout the day, and reinforcements were hurried up. "Before, however, they reached the spot the garrison was overpowered. The two guns and the greater portion of the squadron of the Greys were captured owing to their horses being shot, as were also about ninety men of the Lincoln Regiment." At the same time an attack was made on the British outposts near Derdepoort, north of Pretoria, but here the attack was driven off.

Of course this disagreeable incident can make no possible difference to the final result of the campaign, but it shows how much more dangerous it is in the case of the Boers to sit still than to act boldly on the offensive. As long as we are advancing the Boers seem paralysed, and give up splendid positions almost without a struggle.—That this is not through guile or a desire to lead us on is shown by the fact that the advance of Mahon's relief column to Mafeking, though it was vital to the Boers to stop it, was never seriously interfered with.—The moment, however, we are quiescent the Boers pluck up courage, and begin, like the cunning hunters they are, to concoct plans for surprise. The only thing, it seems to us, is to keep the Boers on the run, and to send out flying columns with the object of following them up and attacking them. No doubt that sounds very risky, but experience shows it is safer than standing on the defensive and waiting to be attacked. "Boldness, boldness, and again boldness" will pay us better than waiting cautiously and being ambuscaded after all. Note the irony of the fact that our troops at Nitral's Nek were greatly outnumbered, though we have now two hundred thousand men in the field and the Boers not twenty thousand. So true it is that mobility is the best form of that numerical superiority in action which, barring accidents, means victory.

To balance Nitral's Nek Lord Roberts was able to state that on Wednesday Smith-Dorrien had a successful engagement with the enemy at Krugersdorp and inflicted heavy loss on them, and Buller also reports driving off the Boers who were attempting to destroy his railway line. General Hart also sends intelligence that the Boers are laying down their arms in the Heidelberg district. The news from the Orange Colony is also distinctly good. Though the cordon has not yet closed round De Wet and ex-President Steyn, there is plenty of evidence that the Boers under their command are in a very bad way. For example, they recently put some seven hundred British prisoners over the border whom they could not feed, and who were in a half-starving condition. Knowing the immense value attached by the Boers to the possession of prisoners, this fact is most significant. Equally striking as evidence of the straits to which the Orange Colony Boers are reduced is the fact that several members of Mr. Steyn's late Government have come in and surrendered. It is stated also that De Wet has sworn an oath never to surrender, or otherwise he would have given himself up, for he realises that the Boer cause is hopeless.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Wednesday states that the Government have decided to divide the dual office of High Commissioner of South Africa and Governor of the Cape. The

Governorship will be offered to Sir George Goldie, while Sir Alfred Milner will retain the office of High Commissioner, and specially devote his attention to the settlement of the newly acquired territories,—an operation which is expected to last for a couple of years at least. If this arrangement is carried out it will, we believe, prove satisfactory. Sir Alfred Milner has entirely won the confidence of the Transvaal Outlanders and loyalists, and he thoroughly understands the needs of the situation. Sir George Goldie, on the other hand, should prove a very good Governor of the Colony. He is both firm and conciliatory, understands the handling of natives, has an excellent commercial head, and owing to his experiences with the Niger Company knows how to deal with the Imperial Government.

The latest return of killed, wounded, and prisoners during the war makes the killed in action 2,666, and the "died of wounds" 695, while the "died of disease" are 4,535, the wounded 11,576, and the prisoners 1,986. Thus the deaths are in all 8,059. Over 20,000 men and officers have been invalided home. It will be noted that, as usual, disease has carried off nearly double the number of victims claimed by the rifle and the cannon. The number of men who have died from wounds, considering the large number of wounded, is most gratifyingly small. In the wars of former days to be wounded was for the common soldier almost the equivalent of being killed outright, so small was the percentage of recovery.

Friday's *Times* contains a telegram from Paris which gives what may turn out to be very serious news in regard to the friction between the French and Moorish troops on the disputed frontier with Morocco, near Figig and Igli, while telegrams from Tangier also show that the Emperor of Morocco and his people are beginning to exhibit great uneasiness as to the French advance. It is also stated that France and Spain have come to an understanding as to the Moorish question. For ourselves, we feel little anxiety as to the problem of Morocco if only our Government will handle it wisely and sympathetically as regards both Spain and France. By all means let France advance in the Hinterland of Algiers if she thinks it worth while. We shall, of course, do nothing to hinder her, and what is more, ought to make this fact perfectly clear in Paris. At the same time, we should let Spain understand that if the Shereefian Empire breaks up, we shall support her in her legitimate claims in regard to the territories bordering on the places she already owns on the Northern shore of the Mediterranean.

The French Chambers were prorogued on Tuesday, and the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet may, therefore, be considered safe till November. It has been engaged for eighteen months in a silent but continuous contest with the Army, and it has on the whole succeeded in that difficult struggle. The Minister of War, the General Inspector, and the Governor of Paris are all trustworthy men, and the General Staff has been thoroughly weeded of all devotees of Cæsarism. Discipline has been so restored that no regiment will revolt without an order, and the men who issue orders are all devoted to the Republic. That is a great task to have been performed by plain persons, especially at a moment when the nerves of the people they rule are all on edge. There can be no doubt that the preposterously false idea that the British intend to attack France has been very widely diffused, and is one reason for the angry jealousy manifested in favour of the Army. General Gallieni is an able man, and he would not, as is reported, have demanded large reinforcements to defend Madagascar against Lord Roberts if he had not been sure of the sympathies of his countrymen. In the midst of all this, however, the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet has gone quietly on with its work, intent only on preserving the Republic, which, in spite of attacks virulent beyond all precedent, still exists.

The *Times* of Monday contains a critical summary of the "planks" adopted by the Democratic Convention which nominated Mr. Bryan as its candidate for the Presidency. The chief point at which issue is joined with the Republicans is that of Imperialism and a demand for the evacuation of the Philip-

pires. In home politics there is a strong declaration against Trusts (which, however, would be more convincing but for the incident of the New York Ice Trust, in which certain prominent New York Democrats are said to have been interested), and clauses directed against the power of issuing injunctions in labour disputes claimed by the Courts of Law, and in favour of an Income-tax. There is also, of course, a free-silver plank,—i.e., the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. Americans seem to regard the proposals for home reforms as very Socialistic, but to most Englishmen they seem mild enough. We have not got Trusts—at least in the American sense—we have an Income-tax, and our Courts do not issue injunctions against strikers.

The foreign proposals are vague, though aggressive in tone. "No American people shall ever be held in unwilling subjection to European authority." If that is meant as a threat to us in regard to Canada, we need feel no concern, as we shall certainly never attempt to keep the people of Canada within the Empire against their will. Whether the French will feel the same in regard to Guiana and their West Indian islands we do not know. The clause relating to the Nicaragua Canal and the attack upon "the ill-concealed Republican alliance with England" are in reality purely conventional pieces of "tail-twisting," and need not excite opinion here. As we have said elsewhere, as far as our national interests are concerned, it matters not in the least whether the Democrats or Republicans win. Englishmen, therefore, had better trouble themselves as little as possible about the Election. They must avoid taking or letting it be thought that they are taking sides in the matter. It is immaterial to us which of his daughters does the housekeeping in Cousin Jonathan's house.

Sir Frederic Hodgson's attempt to break out of Coomassie has succeeded, and on July 11th he arrived at Cape Coast Castle. He brought away Lady Hodgson with him, and most of the Europeans, including the missionaries, leaving only two or three officers and a hundred men to defend the fort in Coomassie. Almost all the food was left with them, and as Colonel Willcocks is still in full march to their relief, and the Ashantis are falling back, it is probable that all will be saved. A considerable battle must, however, previously be fought, as the Ashantis have concentrated in front of Coomassie and are believed to number thirty thousand men.

In the House of Commons on Wednesday the Queen's Garden Party gave rise to an absurd little scene. The Agricultural Holdings Bill was under discussion, but when Mr. Fletcher Moulton's turn came to propose an amendment standing in his name, he, instead, moved the adjournment of the debate. This shocked Mr. Dillon greatly, partly because the adjournment was moved by a private Member, and partly because its object was the attendance of Members at a garden party. Mr. Balfour in reply very pertinently suggested that Mr. Dillon was not always so anxious that the time of the House should not be wasted. Much more straightforward and much more genuine than Mr. Dillon's cavilling were the blunt declarations of the two Labour Members, Mr. John Wilson and Mr. Maddison, the latter of whom declared that "the discussion of any one of the clauses of the Bill was worth all the Royal garden parties and all the Royalties as well." After he had withdrawn the last clause of his protest, Mr. Maddison went on to represent the adjournment as unfair to the working classes of the country. That is a well-sounding convention, but we do not imagine that working men will ever be greatly shocked at the idea of "knocking off" for what is, after all, only a glorified beanfeast. They are far too human for any such pedantry. No reasonable man will feel angry with Mr. Maddison's protest; it is a free country, and one may be as "bearish" as one likes, but the whole incident savours too much of the nursery. One longs to see a huge Britannia in a nurse's cap and apron come in, do a good deal of smacking all round, and then explain that it is the heat and the excitement that have made the children so naughty and rude. She would probably add: 'It was that Master Dillon, though he does seem so quiet, that set them all off.'

Mr. Prevost Battersby, writing to the *Morning Post* of Tuesday

from Germiston, describes a picturesque incident that occurred on the eve of the occupation of that town at the end of May. In the course of an isolated attempt by a body of Mounted Infantry to enter the town two troopers were shot, one fatally, as the men were cantering back to cover. The horse of the other stopped for a while by its master, then walked over and took a look at the dead man, and then went back to the other, rubbing him with its nose, and pretending to go away without him. Finally, as though realising the wounded man's helpless condition, it knelt down beside him, the trooper making several ineffectual attempts to scramble into the saddle. Meantime the enemy had begun to fire on the horse, which scampered off, while the trooper—a Colonial—managed to stagger, a few yards at a time, to the shelter of the railway. "There, raising himself on one arm, he waved the other to his horse, which cantered back at the signal to the rest of the troop." It is interesting to know that the horse can thus be disciplined to the display of a sagacity almost as great as that of a collic.

The Australian Federation Bill received the Queen's Assent on Monday, and Mr. Barton will take back with him to Australia not merely the statute signed in duplicate by the Queen, but the table, inkstand, and pen at and with which was accomplished the final act for the establishment of the great new Republic within the Empire,—a State worthy to stand beside Canada in the splendid roll of daughter-States. It would be difficult to imagine, and practically impossible to erect, a freer and more independent and more democratic form of government than that established in Australia. If the will of the people does not prevail in the Commonwealth it will be solely the fault of the people. It is because of this complete self-government and freedom from control from home that we regard the establishment of the Australian Commonwealth as an act of Imperial consolidation. Its passage has greatly reduced the possibility of a break-up of the Empire. We are glad to note from his words to a representative of the *Daily Telegraph* that Mr. Barton realises as fully as do thoughtful men here that the fuller the self-government of the parts the safer the Empire as a whole. If Irish-Australians ask us in regard to this: 'How about Home-rule?' we will ask them to think what they would do if thirty years hence two-thirds of the people of Queensland ask to take the whole of Queensland out of the Commonwealth and to establish a separate government of their own. Will not the answer be an unhesitating 'Maintain the Union at all costs?'

The *Daily Mail* of Tuesday publishes a striking account of the opening of the cave in Mount Dicte, in Crete, the traditional birthplace of Zeus. After blasting away the limestone blocks which obstructed the mouth of the cave, Mr. Hogarth found on entering a quantity of offerings, chiefly bronze weapons and terra-cotta statuettes, many of them ornamented with the double axe, or symbol of Zeus. A lower cave was also reached by a shaft 150 ft. deep, and found to contain, in the niches of the stalactites, quantities of offerings of higher value than those in the cave above. In view of the fact, attested by countless references in classical writers, that Crete was one of the greatest centres of ancient worship, the finds of Mr. Evans and Mr. Hogarth may be only the prelude to discoveries of far greater ethnological importance.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Watts's scheme for permanently recording deeds of heroism in humble life is an accomplished fact. The cloister in the "Postman's Park," Aldersgate Street, has now been built, and four memorial tablets have been erected, the inscriptions on two of which are as follows:—"Walter Peart, driver, and Harry Bean, fireman, of the Windsor express, on July 18th, 1898, whilst being scalded and burnt, sacrificed their lives in saving the train." "Mary Rogers, stewardess of the 'Stella,' March 30th, 1899, self-sacrificed by giving up her life-belt and voluntarily going down in the sinking ship." The inscriptions may not be notable examples of the lapidary style, but for memorials of this kind a bare record of fact is perhaps the most suitable.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.

New Consols (2½) were on Friday 98½.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE DANGER FROM JAPAN.

IT is perfectly useless to discuss events in China until we know a little more accurately what has actually happened. At present the public mind is bemused by rumours, and, as we suspect, by deliberate and artistic lying. All that is certain is that no Ambassador in Peking is allowed to send one word to his Government, and that the Chinese are continuing the siege of Tientsin. There are, however, some questions involved which are permanent, and first among them is the relation of this country to Japan. As we are convinced, our people are making a grave mistake. They are disposed to leave the work of vindicating civilisation, at least in its earlier stages, to the Japanese, and angrily denounce any Power, or indeed any person, who questions the wisdom of that policy. They fancy that the Japanese Government was ready from the first out of humanity to make a great effort to save the Legations, that it was checked by Russia, and that if the Legations are destroyed the blame will rest mainly upon St. Petersburg. That is an illusion. The Japanese Government behaved at least as selfishly as any Government of Europe, much more selfishly than the British, which obviously obeyed an uninstructed emotion. It is quite possible, though in our judgment improbable, that if the Japanese authorities had acted with the humane vigour which was manifested by the British Government when it sanctioned Admiral Seymour's rush, had landed at once a complete *corps d'armée*, with orders to cut its way to Peking or perish in the attempt, the Legations might have been saved, and Peking be to-day awaiting the decisions of the Powers. Japan, however, did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, she saw in the world's disaster an opportunity for aggrandisement, and refused to move until she had a guarantee from the Powers that some of her own projects should be realised, and against the financial losses that such an expedition would entail. This fact, though now denied, is proved by the earlier German accounts of the negotiations. That, in view of the transactions which followed her victory over China, such a hesitation was natural we entirely admit; but, nevertheless, it showed that Japan, like the majority of European States, is governed by selfish policy and not by humane emotion. That being so, she has no claim whatever to be more prominent in the restoration of order in China than any other Power, and there are grave reasons why no such claim should be allowed, more especially by Great Britain.

In the first place, the prominence which our countrymen wish Japan, under the protection of Great Britain, to assume would inevitably shatter the Concert of Europe. The interests of Russia and Japan are too irreconcilably opposed to allow us to be the ally of both. Russia cannot give up her claim to Manchuria, and will not suffer Korea to become Japanese, and any alliance of Great Britain tending to make those two results more probable will find in Russia a determined opponent. She may be wrong or right in her view of her own interests, but that this is her unalterable view, and that the view is shared by her whole people, there can be no doubt whatever. To put the matter in plain English, we have to choose between Russia and Japan, between the white Power and the yellow Power, and, as it seems to us, between such alternatives there is no real choice. To choose Japan is to defy Europe. France is certain to follow Russia, not only because the Russian alliance is now her mainstay in the politics of the world, but because Russia can and will give her Yunnan if the Chinese Empire falls to pieces, and no other Power will spend one life in giving her anything. Our people imagine that in that case we shall have compensation in a German alliance, but unless, indeed, we cede islands that hope is quite illusory. The German people, and still more the Austrian people, will refuse to fight Russia and France for any colonial gain whatever; and unless they will fight, what is the value of their alliance? The German Emperor has large views in China perhaps, but he does not want to carry them out at the price of Russian hostility when he can further those views just as easily by adhering to the other side. He took the side of Russia when

Japan was coerced before, and his natural impulse, while his Empire lies, as it must lie always, between the anvil and the hammer, must be to side with Russia. Do the politicians who in their ignorance are so eagerly pressing a warm alliance with Japan really wish to see this country left at the end of a great expedition and many sacrifices with all Europe ranged against her and only Japan for an effective friend? America? We have always admitted that if America and Great Britain act together heartily their force is irresistible, but it is very doubtful if America is prepared to fight heartily for any question in the Far East except full liberty to trade—which Russia would no more refuse in the Yellow Sea than in the Black—and quite certain that she will not go heartily into any war for the benefit of a coloured Power. We should be left alone to fight with both hands for what,—except the security and aggrandisement of Japan?

Even this, however, is not the strongest argument against the proposed course. If the Powers of Europe master China they will, at worst, partition her, and so place her as a nationality outside the field of politics. But if Japan masters China she will almost instinctively endeavour to protect her against Europe, will rule her, and will organise the Chinese official hierarchy with the strange ability she has already displayed in managing her own affairs. Do our contemporaries understand what that means? It means that a pagan Power of the highest efficiency in utilising modern science, and capable of a massacre like that of Port Arthur, has obtained the control of the whole yellow race,—that is, of at least four hundred millions of men, all capable of discipline, all penetrated with hatred of the insolent white, with resources probably as great as those of Europe, and with an ambition as limitless as that of any previous Great Power. What is to stop their rolling over Asia as Jenghiz Khan did, rending India—which they can enter at will from Thibet or through Nepal—from our grasp, or planting themselves in Constantinople, thence to threaten the European world. Everybody laughed when Charles Pearson in a pessimistic mood wrote of "the Yellow Peril," but great statesmen have adopted his views since, and no one who now looks around will deny that they had at least some basis in fact. Imagine only the irregular forces now swarming in Peking, round Tientsin, and in Shantung to be guided by Japanese officers, organised by Japanese discipline, and supplied with Japanese artillery; and those forces are not a tenth of what China can produce. What chance would Europe have of even reaching Peking without an effort such as she has not made since the Crusades, an effort which, we may rely upon it, she will never make? Is Europe going to preserve India for us, or Northern Asia for Russia? She will retire and leave the two Powers that are immediately interested, the master of the North and the mistress of the South, to defend themselves as they best may. We cannot imagine folly greater than that which would give to the yellow peoples so magnificent an opportunity.

Europe ought to do her own work, admitting Japan as one only of the six Powers; to march to Peking, and once there either to make an endurable arrangement with a new and wiser Government of China, or, if that dread necessity must be faced, to settle a partition which will at least allow each Power to exert its special faculties unhampered by the cumbrous, unmanageable, originality-destroying Concert of Europe. In that partition Japan, if she does her share of the work, must have her share of the burden or the reward, and even that share may make the only pagan Power left with brain to devise and patience to execute great designs unendurably strong.

THE POLITICAL PROSPECTS IN CAPE COLONY.

THERE has been a good deal of talk during the past week as to a great movement among the Dutch for boycotting British goods in Cape Colony. A huge Dutch company is to be formed with a vast capital, which is to have branches everywhere, and no Dutch-speaking man or woman is to buy anything more at shops kept by British traders. In all probability the scheme will collapse of itself, but even if it is actually put into operation we have no fears as to any very terrible results ensuing. The boycott will not, of course, be met by

any attempts at penal action, but simply by another boycott, and at that the British will be able to hold their own. Most Dutch farms are mortgaged, and mortgaged to British banks. Would a demand for the money suit the borrowers? Again, British buyers are the best customers of the Dutch farmers. But one need not go on and help to make ill-feeling by being too specific. It is enough to know that if the Cape Dutch were mad enough to try a general boycott and to force the loyalists to retaliate it would be the Dutch, and not the British, who would suffer the more.

A matter far more serious than the proposed boycott is the difficulty that is likely to be experienced in the Cape Parliament in regard to the treatment of the rebels. We have, as our readers know, always been in favour of a mild and conciliatory policy towards all the belligerents, whether British subjects or Boers. But though we want the punishment of the rebels to be as mild as possible, we feel that it is intolerable to allow districts that have been actively disloyal, that threw in their lot with the Boers, joined them in arms, and in effect annexed themselves to the Republics, to continue to help govern the loyal portions of the Colony. If the loyalists ask for the blood of the rebels we would refuse, but we cannot see how we can possibly refuse to listen to the demand: 'You must not let the men who have been fighting against us and the Empire continue to send representatives to the Cape Parliament to make laws we must obey, and to appoint the men who are to govern us.' That is a perfectly just and reasonable demand and must be attended to. No doubt it is the demand which the Dutch politicians and the Afrikaner Bond will resist most bitterly. They would far rather that a certain number of the rebel leaders should suffer condign punishment than that the Bond should lose voters. This view is brought out by Mr. Merriman in the political statement which he publishes in Wednesday's *Westminster Gazette*. He tells us that he and his friends were for "the punishment by the ordinary law of certain selected men who might be held to be ring-leaders, and an amnesty for the rank-and-file,"—i.e., an amnesty without disfranchisement. Mr. Merriman's reason for allowing the disloyal to continue to govern the loyal is in effect that not to let them do so would be a great injustice to "the great mass of the Dutch population of the Colony who remained true to their allegiance under the strain of the sentiment of blood relationship." Now we have no desire to do anything harsh or unfair to the Dutch loyalists, and have always desired, as we have said above, that they should be treated with the utmost consideration. They should be assumed to be loyal till they have been proved the reverse by overt acts, and every allowance should be made for excited talking and writing. Even when most violent mere words should be ignored unless translated into action. But though we are all for treating the Cape Dutch generously and magnanimously, we cannot see that the loyal Cape Dutch as a body have any right to feel aggrieved because men who took up arms, and did not wisely keep quiet as they did, are to be deprived for a time of the right of governing the loyal men of the Colony. The men who rebelled and took up arms and joined the Boers—not merely theoretically and technically, but actually and literally—threw off their allegiance to the British Empire, and ceased to be its citizens. The men who rose in a body, hauled down the British flag, transferred their district and its government to the Republics, and then proceeded to fire on the British flag and British troops, divested themselves in the most deliberate way possible of their Imperial and British citizenship. To say that these men must now be allowed to remake themselves into British citizens on their own terms, and to resume their place in the Empire with all their political privileges intact, seems to us the most unreasonable demand ever made by a responsible citizen, and we cannot help being surprised that a man so able and so well versed in constitutional and political science as Mr. Merriman should make it. If his demand were for clemency and amnesty in the sense of sparing life, we should sympathise with it most strongly; but as far as we can see, he approaches the matter chiefly in the spirit of a political wirepuller. 'My party has a right to the votes of those men, and you are a tyrant and a gerrymanderer if you deprive it of them. Punish a few big

men if you like, but leave us our votes.' No doubt Mr. Merriman and his friends here and at the Cape will reply that our demand for disfranchisement is also a wirepuller's demand. Well, of course they have a right to their own opinion, but in reality the allegation does not hold good, for we base our demand, not on political expediency, but upon a fixed and true principle,—namely, that the rebels of their own act divested themselves of their British citizenship, and that it would be unjust to restore them that citizenship and endow them with the power to govern men who did not abandon their flag but upheld it.

Mr. Merriman in the course of his article in the *Westminster* twice mentions Lord Durham's policy in Canada, and very truly says that it was "the real foundation of the British Empire." We should judge, however, from the tone of his allusions and from the vague and general manner in which he seeks to support his protest against the disfranchisement of the rebels, that Mr. Merriman has but a very hazy notion of what Lord Durham did, or what was the real nature of Charles Buller's famous Report. In this Mr. Merriman is of course not singular, for we have noticed a very general tendency of late to talk about Lord Durham's action in Canada, rather than to look into that action and see what it really was and how far it applies in the present case. In another column we print a long letter from a correspondent who has preferred to look up the Report to talking about it, and it will be seen that though Lord Durham and Charles Buller laid down many of the true principles of Colonial government, and of the relations that ought to exist between the daughter and mother States, the Canadian precedent does not give much help in detail, the cases being too dissimilar. Lord Durham, no doubt, pursued a policy of amnesty, and quite rightly, but he did not after a war of the most serious kind, in which the loyal population had made great sacrifices for the Empire, end by placing those loyalists under the rule of the men who had been attempting to kill them in the field. Of course no one can say exactly what Lord Durham would have done in the present case, but we shall require a great deal of evidence to make us think it probable that he would have approved the policy advocated in effect by Mr. Merriman for South Africa. 'Let the rebel first have a try with his rifle, and if he does not succeed, then give him another chance at the polls.' That is hardly a travesty of Mr. Merriman's policy. But though we cannot believe that Lord Durham would have approved such a policy, we are heartily at one with those who urge that the spirit in which Lord Durham approached the Canadian problem is the one in which the South African problem is to be approached. Do not let us fail for a moment in our belief that free representative institutions are the final solution of the South African problem, and that this solution must ultimately be applied without fear of consequences. It was by neglecting this truth that the Transvaal fell, and dragged down with it the Free State, for had President Kruger given the Outlanders the vote they would have been loyal to his State. We must keep the principle of free representative government intact both at the Cape and in Natal, even if we have temporarily to withdraw certain districts from the Cape, and in the end—and a not very distant end—both those districts and the late Republics must be fully endowed with self-government.

THE RESULTS OF A REVERSE IN CHINA.

WE all think, or rather assume without much thinking, that this march of Europe and Japan upon Peking will be a successful operation. As soon as fifty thousand men are collected, it is said, with their transport and supplies, Tientsin will be "relieved," that is, the force besieging it will be driven away, and with that city as base the distance the international army has to traverse is only seventy miles. It is true there is no railway, and there will be many trenches, and possibly many daring efforts to intercept supplies, but still a European army with its impedimenta can do ten miles a day, Peking was not fortified to defy a modern siege train, and within a fortnight of leaving Tientsin the European Generalissimo ought to be in possession of the Chinese capital. That is a reasonable forecast in accord with the result of the Japanese invasion and the history of all collisions between Europe and China, and it will in all human probability be justified

by events. But suppose for a moment, as there is a pause while the troops are collecting, that Europe is mistaken, that the army fails to reach Peking, or, arriving there, finds nothing but the smouldering ruins of the Imperial city, what will happen then? It is at least possible that the Chinese, full of suspicion, believing their Empire the greatest prize on earth, and aware from the talk of Europeans that they have offended beyond forgiveness, may see in the invasion a deliberate attempt to conquer China, and having good arms, may defend themselves inch by inch with a fury and a self-sacrifice of which we have as yet had in Asia no modern experience. They may fight everywhere, as they do at Tientsin. They may be aided by disease, by divided counsels among the cosmopolitan invaders, by a murrain among the beasts of transport, or, in short, by any one of the accidents to which armies have occasionally been liable, and after a month of incessant losses and disappointments the allies may reappear at Tientsin a beaten army. The first result of such an occurrence, most improbable, but still within the range of human prevision—it occurred often enough to Roman armies in Asia—would be that all China, gratified to the very bone in its pride, and once more confident in its civilisation, would prepare for resistance under a general who, having defeated the detested foreigner, would be master of the Empire, and would organise as soldiers the million and a half of ruffians who in China under various names are subjected to military law. The next consequence would be that Europe would lose heart for the general enterprise, each people either abandoning it as too difficult and costly, or insisting that it would act for itself and keep such prizes as it might win. The Armies of Europe being conscript Armies, and their Treasuries just now fully taxed, that separate action might be exceedingly difficult, jealousies might produce wars, or other events not now foreseen—such as an explosion in Turkey, a mutiny in India—or a demonstration against the novel cost and new horrors of the military system might arrest the prodigious effort which in such circumstances the conquest of China would require. Europe might draw back and leave China once more to work out its own destiny. What then would the Chinese try to do?

If still an Empire, which is the most probable forecast, the men who had defeated Europe possessing force sufficient to put down any local movement, it can hardly be doubted that the rulers of China would try to make two ideas the bases of their future policy,—the ideas of militarism and exclusivism. They could not forget the lesson they had learned that a defenceless nation is a nation which may become a prey. They would dread Japan, dread Russia, dread Great Britain, and, moreover, would want to assert themselves against the disintegrating tendencies to which war would have given birth. They would undoubtedly strive to organise as powerful an Army as they could; and as conscription is a recognised idea, as their people, seeing them victorious, would obey, as they could import all weapons they require, and as Asiatics can make armies—who else made the Japanese or the Turkish?—they might make a very powerful one indeed. Great is science, and German soldiers are devoted, but even a German army would hesitate to rush on two millions of riflemen indifferent to life, and completely masters of the use of the spade. The mere existence of such an army, the mere possibility of its overflowing bounds, would deprive Europe of all power of dictation, and compel three Powers at least, Russia, France, and Great Britain, to take very large and very expensive precautions. Russia is well aware of her danger; France, mindful of Jules Ferry, never forgets hers; and Great Britain, if ever she ceases to regard China as a negligible quantity, will wake with a start to the perception that India is more vulnerable on the East than on the North, that three great armies could pour at once through Nepal, Sikkim, and Bootan, and that with a Chinese foot once upon the ricefields of Bengal her Indian Treasury would be bankrupt. A Chinese Government of any real strength would be a most formidable menace to civilisation, and would use its powers unhesitatingly to secure its own objects. The first of those objects would be isolation. They could hardly forbid intercourse with Europe altogether as the Japanese did, for they would want military supplies, but they would limit it to the utmost,

reduce Treaty Ports to two, tax imports exactly as they pleased, and compel Europe to surrender the Capitulations, which have already been surrendered in Japan. China, in short, would be a closed market except for the Japanese, who can supply everything, even munitions, just as well as Europe. The officials would always be tyrannical and corrupt, the few Europeans remaining always plaintive, and the European Governments always hesitating between rage at the affronts put upon them and dread of beginning a war in which, as experience would have warned them, they could not hope to win. In the end it is probable that each affronted country would wage war on its own account, and aided by a superiority at sea which the Chinese can never overcome, would succeed in seizing small *points d'appui* where their traders would be safe; that is, in precisely repeating the conditions which at this moment exist.

That is not a prospect, it will be conceded, to excite enthusiasm, yet it is a prospect which may be realised if the international force suffers a great defeat, or if, arriving victorious at Peking, it finds that Peking has sunk to be the capital of Pechili. Europe, in fact, is bound under heavy penalties to win in this new Crusade, and to win she must cease to be impatient. The work is not to be done in one mad rush. The invading force must be adequate, with a large allowance for deaths from disease, must not be cut from its base even for a day, must be fully supplied with munitions, commissariat, and even water, and must above all have adequate means of transport in a country where all kinds of forage will be burnt as it advances. What does it matter to a Chinese general if, in order to delay an enemy twelve hours, he has to desolate a county? Above all, the army must have a resourceful general, who can use the different military qualities of six nations, who will not be perplexed if nothing in his force is interchangeable except the men, and who, above all, will understand that he has Chinese vanity to fear even more than Chinese valour. With courage, patience, and caution the work may be done, but it will not be done if the newspapers of Europe are incessantly lashing the generals to more speed, and if it fails to be done the consequences will affect more than one generation.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN AMERICA.

AS our readers know, we desire nothing so much as a continuation of the keen sympathy and interest which have marked the attitude of English public opinion towards America during the last few years. But in spite of that we shall not regret it if our newspapers and their readers do not pay too much attention to the Presidential Election which is just beginning in the States. And for this reason. When Englishmen get interested, they cannot help taking sides and getting vehemently anxious for their side to win. But the last thing that any wise friend of England and America wants is for people here to take sides strongly in the coming struggle. If they do they are sure to make enemies of a large part of the American public and to create a condition of heat and ill-feeling which cannot but be injurious. What Englishmen ought to want, and do in reality want at heart, is that Americans should have the President of their choice. But owing to a variety of circumstances they are not unlikely, unless they take care, to be persuaded into thinking that they want the Republican party to win. This will not be merely because they will think that the Republicans are friendly to England and the Democrats unfriendly, but rather because they will be told in daily telegrams that the whole future prosperity of America depends upon putting the Republicans in office. That they will honestly be told this we do not doubt. The men who supply English newspapers with news live in the Eastern States, and naturally take the view of the educated people in the Northern and Eastern States, and this, except in the case of the Irish, is largely Republican. The hotter the fight becomes, and the more excited people get, the more certain it will seem to the Republicans that unless President McKinley is re-elected the country will be utterly and irrevocably ruined. Thus we must be prepared to hear later in the summer of all sorts of awful things that are sure to happen if Mr. Bryan wins. No doubt Mr. Bryan's friends will paint equally terrifying pictures

of the chaos of misrule into which the country must fall if the Republicans win, and if we over here could hear these things they would act as an excellent corrective, and make us realise that there is, after all, not so much difference between the two parties. But we shall not hear the Democratic but only the Republican "babble of the auction room" of politics, and thus shall be in danger of being impressed out of all proportion to the facts. This being the case, we desire first that Englishmen should busy themselves as little as possible about the Election, and when, and if, they do that, they should remember that they are like a jury which has only heard the speeches and evidence on one side. Almost invariably the jury are for the time converted by the statement of the plaintiff's counsel, and begin to think that in the whole history of litigation there never was a man so deeply and so unjustly injured. They are on fire to do him right, and to see that the iniquitous defendant is properly cast in damages. Till the defence and the Judge's summing-up are heard, it often seems astonishing that the other side should have had the hardihood, the monstrous impertinence, to let the thing come into Court.

When, then, the British public hear of all the terrible things that will happen to the country in whose welfare they naturally take so real and so deep an interest, let them pinch themselves and remember that they are only hearing one side. For ourselves, we frankly admit that if we were put to the question we should be forced to admit that we should prefer to see President McKinley get a second term, but this is not so much because we think the Democratic party would ruin America as because we believe that Mr. McKinley and the wise statesman who is his Secretary of State—Colonel Hay—are administrators of a high order. They have learnt their business thoroughly, hold all the strings of policy in their hands, and are more likely at the present juncture to manage the foreign affairs of the nation skilfully than their successors, however able. But though we think this, we do not for a moment suppose that if Mr. Bryan and his friends win they will be able to any appreciable degree to alter the main policy of the United States, either as regards the gold standard or in respect of foreign and Imperial policy. Let us look at the matter a little more in detail, taking foreign policy first. People talk now as if the first thing Mr. Bryan would do when he became President would be to pick a quarrel with England. In reality nothing is more impossible. The very most he would do would be in the first two months of office to cause an inept despatch or two to be addressed to Great Britain in regard to the Nicaragua Canal or the Alaska boundary. When it came to action, he would, we venture to predict, take up the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, obtain a few verbal alterations in the draft, and then present it for ratification to the Senate. The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Bryan disclaims any intention of interfering with or bullying the sister-Republics of South America, and desires to treat them with the utmost consideration. Very well. Then the first thing his Secretary of State will discover is that what the sister-Republics specially want, and what they insist on, is that the territory of Central America shall remain neutral, and shall not be fortified or in any other way taken forcible possession of by the United States. The real reason why the United States did not ask us formally to consent to the fortification of the canal was the knowledge that when that consent had been obtained, the United States would at once find a great deal of most serious Central and South American opposition, probably backed up by Germany and France. It is one thing to put the insistence upon the unconditional making of the Nicaragua Canal into the party platform; quite another, as Mr. Bryan will find, to cut right across the grain of Central and South American opinion, and quaintly enough too in the name of friendliness to the sister-Republics. Depend upon it, Mr. Bryan's handling of the canal question if he gets into office will approximate very nearly to that of Mr. McKinley, and for the very good reason that it is the only sound policy,—the only policy which will not stir up a nest of hornets. A look into the secret records of the State Department always has had, and always will have, a very sobering effect on the amateur diplomatist, and this will most certainly be so in the case of Mr. Bryan. We are not any more afraid that Mr. Bryan will do something wild

or foolish in regard to China. There the policy pursued by the Administration has been an inevitable policy, and Mr. Bryan would of course carry it out. It will in effect be the same as regards Imperialism, and the possession of the Philippines and Cuba. Mr. Bryan may possibly begin by telling the people of the Philippines that he means to make them a free Republic under the Protection of the United States; but that, we venture to think, will not get him out of the islands. While he is thinking of evacuation some incident or some piece of native treachery will require correction. The native will not tolerate that correction any more easily from his friend, Mr. Bryan, than from his oppressor, Mr. McKinley, and very soon the Democratic party will discover that they have to face the dilemma,—'Either we remain in the Philippines, or else the islands relapse into anarchy and barbarism.' But to that there will only be one answer from America, whether it is being ruled by Democrats or Republicans. It will be the same thing in Cuba. The Democrats may talk, and talk quite sincerely, about evacuation, just as Mr. Gladstone and his friends quite sincerely talked about evacuation in Egypt, but they will find the task too heavy for them. The moment America made up her mind that Spain was incapable of ruling her colonies, and that she should be forced to admit it by means of war, that moment America undertook Imperial responsibilities from which there was no drawing back.

Let Englishmen, then, remember to keep cool about the Presidential Election. The differences between the two parties will not be nearly so great as will be represented, and the triumph of neither party will send the Union to the dogs. If Mr. Bryan wins, the United States, in spite of the chatter, will neither attack or be unfriendly to England, nor reverse the policy of taking up her share of the "white man's burden" which Mr. McKinley has begun. The United States of America will, in a word, be run on Anglo-Saxon lines whether Mr. Bryan or Mr. McKinley wins, and in spite of any amount of noise and shouting from "hyphenated" Americans.

SIBERIA NO MORE.

IT is six years short of a century since Mme. Cottin published "*Elizabeth; ou, Les Exilés de Sibérie*," and during all this time children have drawn from its pages their first notions of Russian government and Russian life. Apart from whatever merit the book may have—a point on which the recollections of few people, probably, are clear enough to speak—there was something about the penalty of banishment, and banishment to Siberia, which took an extraordinary hold on the imagination. The enormous distance which the exiles had to travel, the Arctic climate and surroundings in which they were supposed to be doomed to drag out what remained of life, the impossibility of escape except at the cost of untold risk and suffering,—all helped to make a picture of appalling cruelty. The horror was heightened by the circumstance that the whole body of exiles were popularly invested with an interest which really belonged to a single, and that a small, class. No one remembered the crimes of which the majority had been guilty; they were all assumed to be sufferers for conscience' sake. Siberia, in the imagination, at all events, of Western Europeans, was peopled by political prisoners. It is quite conceivable that the French Judges who sent conspirators against the Second Empire to Cayenne, with a comfortable conviction that they were doing a service to society, discoursed to their children when they went home on the wickedness of the Russian system of political punishment.

It is possible that if the popular idea of Siberia and its exiles had been nearer the truth the Czar's latest reform might not have been proclaimed. Had Siberia resembled the North Pole as closely as we thought when we were children, it would have mattered very little by whom it was peopled. Had all the exiles been sent to Siberia for political reasons, they might have gone on living there without the Russian Government taking any further thought about them. But the true Siberia and the real exiles brought in a different set of considerations. The Siberia of fact has very little in common with the Siberia of fiction. It has been the fate of many countries to be judged entirely by their winter climate, and this has been

specially the case with Siberia. For many years past geographers and men of science have known the value of some, at all events, of the vast provinces which go under this general name, and the slow development of Russian policy in the Far East has of late turned the mind of the Government in the same direction. The great Siberian railway has not been constructed merely to carry prisoners. If it has its political end in Manchuria, it has its economic end on the road to Manchuria. The vast plains over which the new line is carried have agricultural possibilities yet to be developed, and in the combination of farming and mineral industry the Russian Government sees, or thinks it sees, a future of unexampled prosperity. But how is the country to be peopled? That is a problem which presents no difficulty to a Russian statesman. He is confronted by the spectacle of poverty nearer home, and the simplest way to remedy this is to move the Russian peasants from land where they are too thick upon the ground to land which is waiting for some one to cultivate it. Russia, like Ireland, has her congested districts—congested in point of proportion of population to means of subsistence, if not in proportion of inhabitants to the square mile—but Russia, unlike Ireland, has ground enough and to spare for her whole population, with no sea to cross in order to get to it, and no change of life or administration to encounter on their arrival.

As soon as this state of things came to be realised the Russian authorities could not but reconsider the contribution they have hitherto been making to the settlement of the provinces in question. They have managed to associate Siberia with crime, and with the punishment of crime. It has been the empty space into which the criminals of the Empire have been shot like so much rubbish. The transportation system may have more advantages than Englishmen are accustomed to see in it. It may give men a chance of making new lives for themselves which no other way of disposing of them can give in the same degree. It may plant a population in regions which, though no one would ever go to them of their own accord, can yet be made habitable, and even profitable, if inhabitants can once be got there. But there is one thing which a transportation system will not do. It will not dovetail into a system of voluntary labour. Emigrants do not care to work side by side with convicts, or to see their children intermarrying with the children of convicts. Consequently, as the future of Siberia grew in importance, as its possibilities as a field for emigration became better known, as the centre of gravity for the Empire tended to move eastwards, and the Asiatic provinces played a larger and larger part in the dreams of Russian politicians, the question how to relieve Siberia from the convict taint must often have presented itself to the Czar and his advisers. The result of their meditations on it is visible in the news that has come to hand this week. The Czar, we learn, has abolished exile to Siberia.

One of the most striking incidents of exile has been abolished at the same time, and nothing perhaps could so forcibly bring home to us what Siberian exile meant to the sufferers. In future, a criminal sentenced to imprisonment—the penalty which is to take the place of that which is to be done away with—will lose his freedom for the term of his sentence and nothing more. When he comes out of prison he will resume the ordinary relations of life, which have only been suspended during his detention. But the sentence of banishment to Siberia carried with it civil and social death. The property of the criminal went to his heirs; the wife or husband of the criminal was free to marry again; whatever provision he had made for the guardianship of his children came at once into effect. The sense of impassable distance lay at the root of all these provisions. Family relations imply the possibility of physical contact, and Siberia was so far off, and the means of intercourse with its inhabitants so wholly wanting, that it seemed natural to assume that the criminal had actually passed out of the world. So long as the conditions of life in Siberia lent themselves to this view of the criminal's position, the punishment was deterrent in the highest degree. But with railways and population it must have soon come to be regarded in a very different and much less serious light. In that case the objections to using Siberia as a place of punishment would have retained all their force, while the supposed advantages of

this method of punishment would have disappeared. There can be no question, therefore, even in the minds of the most conservative Russians, as to the wisdom of the step the Czar has taken. It must, so to say, have been taken for him by the opening of the railway and the growth of population. That it marks an advance in the treatment of prisoners may also, we think, be assumed. The hardships of the journey, often very terrible, and the completeness of the consequent separation from every earthly tie, must have been a great undesigned addition to the severity of the punishment. Though Russian prisons may have terrors of their own, they are less remote as regards situation, and, so far, less removed from the possibility of inquiry and improvement.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON ON CHARITY.

THE Bishop of London addressed on Monday a representative "Conference" of persons engaged in charity in an excellent speech, which nevertheless, we think, will be read by critics with a certain amusement. It is pleasant to see a Bishop, and that Bishop one of the ablest of his Order, obviously perplexed over a moral question. Most Bishops have an air of being completely convinced upon all the subjects they discuss, but it is a peculiarity of Dr. Creighton, who has read so much, and reflected so much, to let himself be seen occasionally while his thinking is still in the doing. It obviously had not been quite done this time. Neither as a Bishop nor as philanthropist was he prepared to condemn charity—we use the word throughout in its more popular sense—but as an experienced man of the world, with an especial knowledge of weak natures, he was by no means sure that charity was such a good thing. With a moral courage which we cannot but admire, he was ready to affirm that charity was an instinct of humanity as widely diffused as the instinct for eating and drinking—it is on the evidence an impulse of about 5 per cent. even of fairly good humanity—but like eating and drinking it needed to be regulated. It was liable, if rashly indulged, to ruin many of its objects. He himself had, unfortunately, means of knowing how often it degraded even the educated into mere begging-letter writers, and among the uneducated it often sapped the very foundations of character. That seems a hard saying, but there is not an experienced man in London who has not occasionally felt the Bishop's perplexity. Why is it, if charity is so entirely good a thing, that almost alone among the virtues it produces such a quantity of evil? That it is a good thing it is impossible for Christians to doubt. Pity, though it sometimes breeds a strange, or even a murderous, fanaticism, is in itself an absolutely good impulse. There is no need of texts to prove that, for the very essence of the ethical teaching of Christ is the duty of sympathy, and the sympathy of the man who with distress before him, distress which he sees and acknowledges, closes his purse-strings is, if not a hypocrisy, at least a sterile emotion, closely akin to that belief which it is said, by a fine metaphor, even devils entertain. That is true if anything is true, and it is also true that if charity is to exist there must be objects of charity. Yet it is certain that those objects are on the whole not nice people. There is usually some rottenness in their nature. The habitual acceptance of charity takes some virtue out of them, diminishes their self-respect, reduces their industry, turns them too often from men and women into limpets. It is an almost universal experience that those who ask once ask again, and if gratified keep on asking till they establish in their own minds a positive claim to be "assisted" which is as fatal to gratitude as to healthy self-reliance. We will say nothing of the scientific and evil argument that it is better the world should be weeded of its weaklings, and that all should be self-dependent, and confine ourselves to character alone; and still the haughty, and in its way un-Christian, nature, which will perish before it will accept unearned money, is the nature of the nobler man, the better citizen, the man who in all the relations of life is the more to be depended on. He is not always an agreeable person, but at least he does not lie, does not fawn, does not regard himself with an ecstasy of self-pity, but struggles while he can, and when he cannot turns his face to the wall and awaits with resignation, or in dogged submissiveness, according to his temperament, the final will of God. How

is that if charity is so good? Can the revealed will be so utterly opposed to the experience of life that there seem to be two revelations which clash with one another? The Bishop would be horrified if we said that he thought so, yet to the lay mind he seemed in his speech to see something of the kind, and to be perplexed and startled by the double and contradictory impression.

We feel the puzzle very keenly, and are probably more perplexed by it than Dr. Creighton really is, but we would suggest, at the risk of being thought priggish, that the explanation may be something of this kind. There are virtues which Christianity is intended to inculcate, but which, being virtues to be fully displayed only when the world is Christianised, as yet are scarcely born, or which from time to time sink momentarily out of sight. One of them, very rare in our day, and by no means high in general esteem even among the good, is Christian humility. Nobody doubts that the charitable man is good so far as his charity goes, and we suspect that the man of genuinely Christian spirit could provoke that charity and yet remain good with a goodness which is higher than that of the charitable,—the goodness that can endure to be the under-dog, as the Americans say, yet feel neither repining, nor malice, nor any loss of beneficial energy. It is a lofty level, to which St. Paul confessed that he had not quite risen—witness his protest that he received no wages save from his own labour—but we think we have seen, in one instance at least, something very like it, the recipient genuinely feeling how good it was for the donor to have been provoked to charity, and how good for himself to have been tried, and we can conceive of a world in which such a sentiment was usual, and which would be a better world than the present. There are some virtues which demand for their full development that *all* should be Christian, and charity in its popular sense may well be one of them, like the duty of non-resistance,—which, if all were Christian, would be at once obligatory and possible without the dominance of the bad.

It is but an imperfect explanation, but when we come to the "training of charity" which it was the Bishop's great object in that particular speech to inculcate, we step upon firmer ground. We thoroughly agree with him that the man who means to be really charitable should take some little trouble about it, and not content himself entirely with the glow of self-satisfaction that comes from giving money. He ought to be fairly well convinced that he is not doing mischief. We do not mean by this that he should never give except to the deserving. Christ did not suggest that Dives should ask Lazarus for his testimonials. It is very difficult in presence of the crystal wall, so thin yet so impenetrable, which divides each human being from all others—we always wonder what Socialists think of that great Individualist, the Creator—to ascertain accurately who are deserving and who are not, and we fancy the ultimate claim is suffering and not character; but still any true charity requires some basis of conviction. In the first place, one should be fairly sure that the suffering is not a pretence, that the donor is not in fact helping what is practically a theft from the general fund of benevolence. That is the inquiry which, as we understand their idea, the members of the Charity Organisation Society set themselves to carry out, that and not an investigation into character. They do not want to be sure that Lazarus is good before recommending him to Dives, but only to be sure that his sores are not artful impostures intended to obtain the crumbs that properly should go to the hungry. The charitable man ought further to be fairly sure that he is doing good and not evil, is not, in fact, ruining character as well as increasing poverty. It is at this point that the hitch generally occurs, the man in whom pity is weak—still an immense majority—taking refuge in the assertion that he would give if only he were sure of this. He does not want, he says, to pauperise the community. He can very easily make himself sure. He must be very oddly placed if cases in which he is morally sure never come before him, and he can make up by his treatment of them for his disregard of the world at large. If he is so oddly placed, let him give to the hospitals, or to the blind, or to the wounded, or to the victims of a famine. It is only moral certainty that is required, and he may be morally certain that no one will develop cancer, or put out his own eyes, or take

a bullet in the lungs, or grow attenuated with hunger, in order to develop somebody else's charity. Or if he doubts of even claims like these, let him do as the old Kings used to do, and trust some almoner to do his duty of benevolence for him, just as in any other business he trusts a confidential clerk. The risk is not so very great, and he runs it in money-making every day. He need not console himself with the idea that there is plenty of charity already. Half the hospitals in the country are starving; the Charity Organisation Society, most vigilant and most pitiful of all almoners—almost the only one, indeed, to which need is a letter of introduction—never has a tenth of the income it could beneficially employ; and the total charity of the country, large as it is, is little compared with its total wealth. Is 5 per cent. of a man's income too much to give away? The ideal limit suggested by all Churches is 10 per cent., the ancient "tithe," but if only the payers of Income-tax paid, and limited themselves to 5 per cent., the charity revenue of the Kingdom would be twenty-five millions a year.

LITERARY JUDGMENT.

THERE is much sound sense contained in a little book on "Judgment in Literature," by Mr. W. Basil Worsfold (J. M. Dent and Co.), which we have been perusing with pleasure. Mr. Worsfold's leading aim seems to have been to trace the growth of a sane and adequate criticism of literature. He surveys the criticism of the ancient world as summed up in Aristotle and Plato and in the less important criticism of Rome and Alexandria. He then passes to modern criticism, dealing particularly with Addison, and passing on in the next chapter to the illuminating ideas of Lessing. Next he comes to contemporary criticism, and in the two final chapters, which we are inclined to rank as the best in the book, he writes concerning "The Exercise of Judgment in Literature" and literary forms. In the first of these two final chapters Mr. Worsfold makes the point that contemporary critics interpret rather than estimate, a doctrine containing no little truth; and, indeed, the whole chapter is full of very thoughtful and interesting criticism.

What more difficult function is there than that of literary judgment? To pronounce definitely on the inherent value of a work of art submitted to one, to tell the reading world what is to be thought of it, to lay down doctrines which have the effect of laying bare one's own mind, and exposing one to the mercy of a final court of revision just as truly as the author one is criticising. To do this sympathetically and yet dispassionately, after an honest effort to enfold oneself within the author's mind, with an adequate comprehension of the theme and of the methods of critical inquiry, and also with a knowledge of the dangerous influence exerted by mere fashion and vogue on literary judgment. What task, we say, could be harder? Who would care to go down to posterity with Jeffrey's or Gifford's reputation as judges of the Lake School? And yet Jeffrey and Gifford were able men, who had read much and well; their deficiency was an incapacity for spiritual readjustment. But if that is needed, then the mere acquaintance with the best models of the past is not enough; an entirely new kind of literature may baffle you. Still more striking a portent than the slashing editors of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* was the case of Byron, whose utter inability to perceive the genius of Wordsworth must always confirm Goethe's judgment that "when he reasons he is a child." The mention of Goethe recalls his own extraordinary judgment, that as for *Faust* it was unimportant; but that the "Farbenlehre" was indeed a work which would give him immortality. The immortality of a Spurzheim or a Combe!

It is undoubtedly true that literary judgment is not likely to be valuable unless based on a knowledge of all that has been thought and written of the best in the world. It is, for example, safe to maintain that no adequate judgment of serious poetry is possible without an acquaintance with Greek poetry, in which all the poetic forms were first bodied forth with a spontaneity never afterwards known to the poet. The requisite wholeness of tissue, to use Arnold's phrase, can but imperfectly be appreciated by those who are innocent of the stately structure of Latin prose. We suspect that much of the ineffectiveness of contemporary criticism, the substitu-

tion of interpretation for valuation to which Mr. Worsfold refers, is due to the imperfect acquaintance with the best classical literature of many of the young gentlemen who teach us in the newspapers, *currente calamo*, what we ought or ought not to admire. The world's great literature did not begin with Flaubert, or Ibsen, or Guy de Maupassant. We tremble to think what will become of literary judgment, what crudities, ugliness, and trash will overflow the world, if our Universities yield to the vulgar demand to place the "utilities" first and the "humanities" second in their scheme of culture. It may not be true that "by taste ye shall be saved," but there is a far more intimate union between the great saving truths and the high serious literature of the world than is commonly assumed. The spiritual magic of the Bible itself lies partly in its sublime poetic form. Imagine it rendered in the language once proposed by Franklin, and how much of its power would be lost.

But literary judgment cannot depend for its success solely on adequate knowledge of the past. Out from the dark heavens dawns another blue day. New shapes are woven, new manifestations of genius are born. What shall the mere worshipper of the past do in face of these revolutionary facts? Dante created a new literature expressed in what was practically a new language; how apply to him your little nine-inch rule made for the past? The Elizabethan literature came as an entirely new revelation to England; how meet *Hamlet* or *The Tempest* when one had no chart to steer by in these strange, unfathomed seas of genius? The great poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge might almost have been written in a foreign tongue for the generation brought up in the tradition of Pope and Dryden. Here it is not enough to fall back on culture; indeed, an exclusive devotion to the old truth may most effectually hide the new one, and the large, fluid, barbarous, uncultivated natures may enter into the new kingdom of inspiration before the scribes in the temple of knowledge. No, there must be, in addition to culture, a certain attitude of the mind. The intellect of the critic must never be a *hortus inclusus*; it must expand like the Western prairie beyond the purple rim of the horizon. It must journey with the sun, it must take in the whole canopy of stars. It must be in certain relations with the spirit and mind of the hour, and yet must be so detached that it is not dominated by the curious literary fashions or in allegiance to the little tin gods of the moment. It must neither bow in abasement to the past nor be tied by ignoble bonds to the present. While deriving its main sustenance from the rich storehouse of past achievement, it must be in active perpetual touch with the human spirit, and must understand that all great literature is born from life, and in its turn is nutriment for life.

It is not easy to combine these qualities of reverence for the forms and spirit of the past with an eager recognition of the claims of the new writer and the demands of the new hour. A Macaulay reared in the solid but narrow school of a purely English Whiggism is utterly unable to perceive the meaning of the new Transcendental philosophy of Carlyle or the Italian art of Ruskin. Browning found in a people devoted to the flawless poetry of Keats and Tennyson but a handful of readers for his new poetry of the inner life and intellect. The clue for the critic in this maze is that the human spirit is wider than any of its manifestations, and that, while the solid results of the past are to be treasured with infinite love and care, new methods are to be respected, welcomed, and desired, and new forms are to be sanctioned, but always in the light of past excellence. A certain blending (hinted at in Shelley's "Defence of Poetry") of conservative instinct with revolutionary aspiration, one's feet on the solid rock of achievement, but one's eyes turned upward like those of Plato in the "School of Athens,"—that would appear to be the true attitude of sound literary judgment.

TO IMPROVE THE GARDENS OF SQUARES.

THE gardens in London squares offer the finest chance in the world for making something pretty and delightful take the place of what at present gives very little pleasure to any one. In the block of London between the Marylebone Road and its immediate extensions east and west, and the river, there are at least thirty squares. The gardens in these are mainly the property of the owners of the squares, or of

the occupiers of the houses jointly. A few possess fine trees; in a few some attempt is made to keep the grass, if there is grass, nicely mown, and to have some bright patches of flowers. But, as a rule, they are ugly, and very little care or thought is expended on them. They do not give pleasure even to the children, because there are no flowers in them, and nothing else either in which they can take an interest. The only "parties" who thoroughly appreciate them are the London cats. Some square gardens are permanently locked up, and the gardener is the only person who has a key. In these the cats have the sole and exclusive dominion. They sit inside, immune from dogs, which cannot get through the railings, and regard the public and occupiers of the square with sneering complacency.

The private gardens in squares, or those which exist for the benefit of the people who live in the houses, not the few which, like Leicester Square or Lincoln's Inn Fields, have been thrown open to the public, are precisely those which might be made delightful for the owners to walk in, their children to play in, and for other people to look at. The intense conservatism of old-fashioned Londoners of the very best class may possibly stand in the way, because Londoners, or people who have town houses in the best residential area, are by nature and habits absolutely satisfied that their houses and neighbourhood cannot possibly be improved upon, and leave all matters to do with the outside of the houses, such as painting, gardening, or the like, to their servants and tradespeople, who are more conservative still. If any one doubts that this is what they do, and perhaps what they prefer, let him look at Belgrave Square, or Cavendish Square, or the area in front of Devonshire House, where through the beautiful light iron gates just put up in the wall, and apparently intended to give a view of the interior, the eye roams over a uniform expanse of dusty grit, decorated with a few box trees in stone tubs. But as the public parks, which used to be just as dull, are full of lovely flowers, and tree ferns, and sweet green turf, the belief that anything prettier or nicer is impossible has to give way before facts. In addition, very many of the people who were satisfied with things as they were would now welcome the sight of a little more outdoor beauty opposite their windows, or when driving or walking in town, and have acknowledged this in a timid and tentative fashion by filling their window-boxes with flowers, and admitting to them something else than the traditional and time-honoured rows of lobelias and calceolarias, with scarlet geraniums behind. Those whose fancy reaches beyond the margin of the window-box may picture some such improvements as are here set down, with the additions or alterations which their taste and experience suggest.

Like the old plans of the Garden of Eden, that of the garden in the square is generally a square itself, or an oblong. Four straight sides, sometimes of the same length, sometimes with those at the sides longer than at the ends are the boundaries thereof. Sometimes the designer's fancy, or a plethora of macadam and roadmaking stuff, induced him to make the garden oval or circular, and to leave what would otherwise have been the corners as an addition to the road outside. Round this square or oval we have, first, the railing. In old London, instead of the railing there used often to be a most primitive wooden paling, painted green, or green and white. The same paling marked off parts of St. James's Park. The present railings round our parks are bad enough, but in nineteen squares out of twenty the railing is hideous. It is made of fat, round, cast-iron uprights, with badly moulded fleur-de-lis tops. All round iron railings are mean and bad. The oldest London railings were all of wrought iron, and square. Many of them are quite good, and the spikes, like double Chinese tridents, which adorned the tops of the walls round certain distinguished houses, were decorative. Let us suppose a liberal London landlord of one of the great estates of the Metropolis wishes to make an experiment in improving the square from which he draws his highest rents, that it is a little falling in value, and that he wishes to keep it as what the Americans call a "first-flight residential property," and not to let it drop into the second. He might begin with the railings. They will cost a good deal of money, but it will all help to keep up the rents. A light iron railing, of one of the standard designs of

which he can find examples in any book on old gardens, with a well-proportioned stone pillar capped with a ball here and there, and light iron gates and pillars if he is in the mood to make this a feature of his garden, will make the outside boundary part of the beauty of the whole. If it is thought well to screen two sides or part of the garden entirely, the simplest form of railing can be used, and a light hedge grown inside. The open sides and breaks in this fence will still let the garden be seen, and the closed sides will suggest a little mystery and retirement. The rail will stand on a low foundation wall, rising perhaps a foot, and to the base of this turf should run. It is a mistake to plant flowers on the edges of the square. In the first place, they will be picked by children from outside. And in the next, it is far better and cheaper to concentrate the colour more in the centre and by the paths. The trees, if there are trees, should have turf up to their trunks, as those near Hyde Park Corner and opposite St. George's Place have. And in no case should there be bushes and shrubs set in ugly bare earth. Lilacs, which are a beautiful feature in spring, and red May trees grow better in the turf. Both may be seen in perfection in the wilderness garden at Lilford Hall, in Northamptonshire, growing out of the lawns. The rake should be banished. The lawn-mower and the roller will do most of the "tidying" of the square garden. With a carpet of turf round the trees, and an elegant light railing round all, the pretty and decorative part will be the next, and by no means the least pleasant, object of thought. As a rule, all the paths in such gardens are too wide. The turf should be made as wide as possible, and the paths narrowed to a yard at most, and they were best paved with grey stone with the turf flush with them, or, if not, with reddish gravel, not the grey shell-dust from Holland. Some of the straight paths should be bordered with a light low trellis, and masses of sweet peas or climbing roses, with herbaceous borders of lower plants in front, of which there are hundreds, all beautiful, especially the pink and sulphur Canterbury bells, the blue larkspurs, gorgeous lilies, pinks, sweet williams, and other flowers that "in gay but quick succession shine," and are not so "quick" but that they will appear again another year. There is part of a garden three hundred years old in front of Helmingham Hall, in Suffolk, which suggests a hint for decoration in the London square. There are short lengths of hedge, bright flowers, and square lawns, with an old medlar tree or Judas tree in each, and little pools for fish and water-lilies. There should be a sun-dial on the turf in the square; the position seems made for it, for the buildings are in the nature of the quadrangle of one great building. But, above all, there should be fountains, and pools of water held in marble basins, or kept so clear that the water is always flowing and translucent. In these pools there should be fish, and, if possible, bright-coloured birds in the garden. As at the Hague a whole avenue at the "Artis" is lined with brilliant parrots under every tree, and the same is done in a small way at the "Zoo" in Regent's Park, there is no reason whatever why there should not be stands for the gorgeous macaws and parrots in the square. The cats are used to them and do not touch them, and no other animal can get at them. At night they could be removed to their house, which need be no larger than a small conservatory, and when summer was over they could go back to the naturalist's shop, as the more delicate flowers do to the florist's. In the pools there should be numbers of fish. They are a great ornament, and would delight all the children who had the right of entry even as much as the birds. Golden carp, goldfish, big red-finned roach, and even some of the rarer kinds, could always be kept there. Neither birds nor fish would need any new machinery to provide or take care of them. There are tradesmen by the dozen in London whose business it is to supply them and whose men could look after them if they were paid to do so, and who would contract to provide a stock of birds and fish just as the florists contract to fill window-boxes or look after gardens. There is one firm in Covent Garden who could stock and maintain ornamental fish-pools in every garden in our squares or parks.

The above is a most modest project for this possible amenity for London. The houses round a square, perhaps, represent a million pounds of capital. What a want of the sense of proportion it shows not to beautify the garden out-

side which is common to all! The expense would not be greater than the wages of three or four men at the utmost, and those only for two-thirds of the year. The gardens would be kept up by contract if the source of the revenue were once settled. In many cases, as we have said, it would pay the landlord to incur the cost. In others where the neighbourhood is at the acme of popularity, the united incomes of the residents are so large that they might agree to raise a fund, as is sometimes arranged for by lease in matters of simultaneous painting and repairs. But it would be a still more striking experiment if some great owner would make a really stately garden in a square, with the advice and designs of a good and sympathetic architect. There are examples of gardens both in Italy and Spain which were meant to be bedded in cities, such, for instance, as those made by King Pedro in the Alcazar at Seville. "Brick I found thee, marble I left thee," is a boast which, a little modified as to material, might be justly made by the creator of such a garden.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It is characteristic of France's vitality that at the very moment when she seems to be attempting political suicide she should invite all the nations of the earth to such a fair as has never been equalled in the world's history. With Dreyfusards and Nationalists clamouring in her streets, she has smilingly renewed her Imperial hospitality, and has shown once more what her tact and taste may achieve. For whatever be the result, commercial or political, of the Exhibition, there can be no doubt as to its artistic success. Before so splendid a combination of diverse elements scepticism is dumb and contempt should hide its face. Nor was the project easily realised. It is no small enterprise to fence in a vast piece of a vast city, to throw down within the fence a village from Dahomey, a pagoda from China, a manor house from England, a cathedral from Italy, together with innumerable factories and music-halls, and to produce from these scattered and contradictory elements a beautiful and homogeneous whole. Yet that is what M. Picard and his assistants have achieved. Slices of Paris are wedged in between these diverse and multicoloured pavilions; the *trottoir roulant* moves perpetually along streets and across avenues, but once within the fence, you forget the city, and so long as you remain you are on enchanted ground. You have but to rub your lantern (in other words, to step upon the *trottoir*) and you may be transported from China to Peru in a minute.

And first of all, it must be said that nothing in this vast congeries but is designed with deliberate and successful forethought. From the Louvre, for instance, the Exhibition is unseen. It is Paris which there dominates her visitors, and if the Eiffel Tower is still conspicuous, the Eiffel Tower is a familiar object. But once in the Exhibition, and the spectator sees no more of Paris. It has shrunk into nothingness, and even if you do climb the Tower, the white buildings that lie at your feet dwarf the very hills of the ancient city. What could be a more remarkable achievement than this,—to put no deformity upon the face of Paris, and yet to build up within her walls so fantastic a province of fairy-land as makes Notre Dame (for the moment) look grey and distant, and reduces the Church of the Sacred Heart to a modest size? Yet this is what the artists of Paris have achieved, and they have achieved it because they have never forgotten what was to be the frame of their picture, and what materials would contribute to the effect. When the doors are closed, and art is scarce remembered in the tumult which the prophets predict, it is the memory of a skilful and exquisite design that we shall cherish.

By whatever gate we enter the Exhibition, the effect, various though it be, is always elegant. The gateway of the Place de la Concorde, which should have been a triumph of modern art, is the flagrant failure of the Exhibition. It is an ambitious attempt to use a new material, and it ends as it began, in a mass of iron. To cut a dome in two, and to set one half upon the ground, flanking it with two heavy and meaningless pillars, is to

point the sad moral of modern ambition. Nor does the Parisian lady who seems to step down from the half-dome encourage the sculptors of our day in bold experiment. For, admirably as she was intentioned, she could look dignified only upon a sugared cake, and the disappointment is the greater because the triumph of this gate might have marked an epoch (as the Germans say) in the history of decoration. But forget the gateway, and enter the garden. In the sunlight the lawns are gay with flowers, and the walks lined with sculptures; in the night lights twinkle in the trees, Japanese lanterns hang like strange fruit upon the branches, and cast fantastic shadows on the path. But it is the entrance of the Champs Elysées that is the real splendour of the Exhibition. The two palaces of art, one on either hand, are not for this year but for all time, masterpieces of classic architecture without, masterpieces of colour within. What finer setting could be found for treasures of art than the white walls, the pink-marble columns, the rich tapestries of the Petit Palais? How could pictures be seen to better advantage than in the rooms in the Grand Palais opposite? And between the palaces you arrive at the spacious bridge of Alexander III., which is woven most deftly into the general design, and from the bridge you look through an avenue of white and gold to the stately, sober façade of the Invalides. Never have the sites of a city been more cunningly employed in the arrangement of a pleasure-ground, and even if the roofs are too restlessly adorned with fretted pinnacles, the fault of detail is merged in the surpassing beauty of a general aspect.

But long before you reach the Invalides your curiosity is whetted afresh. Across the bridge and alongside the river, which for the moment has lost its ancient reality and seems a scenic rather than a living stream, lies the Street of the Nations, a strange medley of style and character, where new and old, East and West, jostle in an admired confusion. Then at the Champ de Mars another surprise awaits the spectator. Another avenue of temples and warehouses stretches as far as the Trocadéro, whose remote fountains answer to the cascades of the Château d'Eau. So in whichever quarter you wander, you encounter the same wide spaces, the same vast avenues. And round the Trocadéro are grouped the wonders of the South, the exotic splendours of the Orient. Here there is no thought of rivalry, no contest of prosperity. It matters not a jot whether Ceylon has a better display than Indo-China, whether Java is superior in wealth or interest to Western Australia. Not even the Boer farm excites a passing displeasure, and the Englishman can smile at the Frenchmen or Russians who deposit their names (and addresses) at the pedestal of President Kruger's bust. And the swart natives of Dahomey gaze in amused surprise at the yellow Chinaman, and all the world is free of the place. In brief, the general impression of the Exhibition is an impression of gaiety and splendour, of a vast music-hall controlled by a cosmopolitan curiosity, and a taste which is wholly French. The temples and their worshippers, the booths and their wares, have been contributed by all the nations of the earth; it is the French architects who have set them in their places and surrounded them with flower-gardens, for whose exquisite discretion we should look in vain without the borders of France. Here, too, you may listen to the barbarous music of savage tribes, you may study the drama of Japan, and of yet remoter isles. There the Abyssinian maid plays upon her dulcimer, singing, no doubt, of Mount Abora. And until eye and ear get accustomed to the mingled colour and the strange sounds, it is idle to think of the treasure which the countless pavilions contain.

But even a first visit reveals enough to amaze and amuse the fancy. We may not believe in the optimistic vision of a regenerated Europe sketched by politicians; we may not believe that one Exhibition is sufficient to impose peace and an improved taste upon the people. But we know that he who has seen the wonders of the Champs Elysées and the Trocadéro will carry away an inefaceable remembrance of beauty. The Exhibition, in truth, is Kubla Khan's pleasure-dome refashioned:—

And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills
Emfoling sunny spots of greenery."

The description is exact, and one hopes that when the last tune is played the ears of Europe will not be assailed by "ancestral voices prophesying war."—I am, Sir, &c., C. W.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LORD DURHAM AND CANADIAN RECONSTRUCTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In a recent speech Mr. Asquith referred, in passing, to Lord Durham's Report on the state of Canada as a document which was not without its interest in the present crisis. Any one who reads that famous Report—written as has always been understood by Charles Buller though signed by Lord Durham—must be struck by the permanent value of many of its conclusions. It is, of course, primarily a survey of Canada in the year 1839, a statement of grievances and a suggestion of remedies. But it is also a manual of the art of politics, containing much that can never be out of date, and laying down principles which extend far beyond the circumstances of its origin. Perhaps no man ever accomplished more than did Lord Durham in his short and unhappy term of power. The old question of his treatment by the Home Government has little importance for us now, but the nature of his duties and the measure of his success have a very real interest for men who have to face a kindred problem in South Africa. Let me state briefly the points of likeness and unlikeness between the two cases. The Canadian Rebellion arose from two causes,—a legacy of race feeling, and certain gross abuses under which the French-Canadian groaned. There was one crying constitutional grievance,—the fact that the Executive was irresponsible, out of all relation with the popular Legislature, and superimposed by the Home Government upon an unwilling people. The rebellion was short-lived, being chiefly the work of a class of turbulent theorists, for the Roman Catholic Church and the more respectable classes among the French-Canadians, however loudly they might declare their grievances, stopped short of actual disloyalty. Again, the rebels were rebellious subjects, not quasi-independent States aided by sympathisers of the same race in British territory. In our problem there is no constitutional grievance. The war has been fierce and sanguinary, and our opponents have been the total population of two States, who sought not relief but absolute independence, or, as the case may be, Dutch superiority in South Africa. Yet in many essential respects Lord Durham's problem was the same as ours. He had to find ways and means to unite two peoples of different race and religion, handicapped with mutual distrust and a tradition of oppression, in a self-governing State. He had to break down racial barriers, and provide a new basis of party division. All this he had to do by degrees, but in the meantime there was the temporary military occupation before him, and the difficult question of the proper penal measures to be taken. In the transition period which must follow the present war, when the Republics will be to a certain extent under military administration, the Governor who may be appointed both to supervise the temporary government and prepare the way for a return to representative institutions will have much the same task as Lord Durham. Lord Durham had a twofold appointment. He was Governor-General of the five British Colonies in North America, and he was also Lord High Commissioner to inquire into and adjust all questions about civil government in Upper and Lower Canada. His powers were understood to be unlimited, and among them he had the right of bestowing pardons as he pleased. That is to say, he had to settle the consequences of the rebellion and distribute penalties, and he had to inquire into the situation and suggest remedies for the future. In the first duty he failed, and the failure was the cause of his recall. His powers, which he had supposed limitless, were interpreted by his opponents at home as strictly circumscribed. There is no reason to believe that his treatment of the prisoners, informal as it might be, was not the wisest in the circumstances; but the insufficient definition of his supposed absolute power gave a chance for hostile criticism. In any reconstruction it seems to me that the proper man must first be found, and

"So twice five miles of fertile ground

With walls and towers were girdled round: .

when found, must be given a free hand. For much of his work must be based upon local knowledge, which is often hard to explain to the world; he must be prepared to act boldly and fearlessly; he must be a judge of the *nuances* of character and popular feeling, which is the final test of the great administrator. If such a man is hampered by nervousness about his powers, the peculiar value of the personal element in the reconstruction will be gone. Such was Lord Durham's case, and in the work before us the warning should not be forgotten. The suitable man, with full powers, is bound by no stereotyped orders; he can exercise the diplomacy which the case may require, and he is the best judge of the proper penal measures to be adopted. If Sir Alfred Milner is to be the Lord Durham of South Africa, let us take care that the lesson from Lord Durham's failure be not forgotten. The evils which the Report attempted to grapple with were, firstly, the irresponsible Executive, and, secondly, the legacy of race bitterness which the rebellion had left. The first has no application in our case. The Dutch malcontents in the Cape cannot complain of such a constitutional grievance, for the Cape obtained an elective Legislature by letters patent in 1850, and responsible government by an Act of this Legislature, approved by the Crown in Council, in 1872. It will be the aim of South African politicians to bring the conquered Republics in time into line with the admirable system of representative government which the Cape and Natal enjoy. But the second difficulty is our own to-day. We have to absorb into our Colonial system a hostile people, we have to attempt to supplant race feeling by a common patriotism. Lord Durham's solution was a legislative union of the Canadas. "In existing circumstances," to quote the Report, "the conclusion to which I am led is that no time should be lost in restoring the union of the Canadas under one Legislature, and reconstituting them as one province." And the reasons on which he based his view deserve close consideration. The great thing was to secure a new division of parties. Hitherto they had been divided in race and language; but with the union would come new lines of general and local policy. The various States would feel themselves to be parts in a greater whole; a general Canadian interest would take the place of Lower and Upper, French and English. I do not propose to enlarge upon the history of the union of Canada. Lord Durham's suggestions were carried into effect, and Lord Elgin finally established the policy which his father-in-law had begun. "The real and effectual vindication of Lord Durham's memory and proceedings," he wrote, "will be the success of a Governor-General of Canada who works out his views of government fairly;" and the close of the Elgin Administration saw this success. And the most recent events have given a new realisation to the hope, when in Sir Wilfrid Laurier we have one of our foremost Imperial statesmen, and when in South Africa French-Canadians who can speak little English are fighting under the flag. Will not the same policy hold good in the South African question? To be sure, it is early in the day to talk of it, for there is much to be done in the way of reconstruction before we can talk of union. But a united South Africa would deprive the old race distinctions of their force, since it would render meaningless for separatist purposes the political and geographical distinctions which keep their memory alive. The trend of political thought at the present moment is in the direction of union and federation. Australia has shown a path which others will follow, and "Providence is on the side of the bigger social battalions." So we may yet hope to see the race factor in South Africa fall as thoroughly out of politics as it has done in Canada. Another of Lord Durham's suggestions seems to contain a lesson. He advocated the extension of municipal institutions, and the establishment of an active system of local government. It is of course a commonplace of politics, but in South Africa there is a value in municipal government which we are apt to overlook. It is essentially a country of townships, which have all the local pride and jealousy of great cities. But in the Republics the rebel strength lies in the country districts. It is not the town Boer but the country Boer who has been our most dangerous enemy. The exclusiveness, selfishness, and intense individualism to which we owe the war, flourish badly under free municipal institutions. I am inclined to believe that it would be the highest wisdom to foster carefully the townships of the two Republics, to make provisions for municipal activity, to extend

the area of local government, and, however for a time we may curtail other privileges, to encourage this form of self-government in miniature. I do not suggest that this local activity should not be strictly supervised by the central Government, for in newly formed townships experiments are often made which are not desirable, and there is an unfortunate scope always for the blackguard. But the township is the loyal unit, as the farm is the disloyal one, and we must jealously foster the elements of loyalty.—I am, Sir, &c., X.

A SERIOUS DEFECT IN THE NAVY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—While I agree with the general contention of "Sober Fact," I confess he seems hardly to justify his pseudonym by some of his statements. Tradition much governs the mind of the Naval Executive. Those not acquainted with its working can hardly realise the repugnance to any change in the official relations between the Executive and any other branch of the Naval Service. This attitude was established by circumstances in the past, when any one and every one in a ship who could not go aloft was a "landlubber" and an "idler" quite regardless of length of service at sea. Those who have served in rigged ships—even with steam power—remember that those officially classified as "idlers" did most of the hard work of the ship, hardly getting a moment's rest. As the locomotion and safety of the ship depended upon work "aloft," it is not surprising that a great social and official gulf was fixed "by the custom of the Service" between officers and men who only worked on or below the deck and those who worked above it. The force of tradition remains in days when the locomotion, the safety, the light, the air, and the working of all weapons and appliances of the ship are provided for below the deck. There is no longer an "aloft," and the engineer branch of the Navy really now occupies, in relation to the Naval Service to-day, the position of the executive, or seaman, branch in days for ever gone. Let me produce two unimpeachable witnesses. Admiral Sir Gerard Noel complains "that the seaman worthy of the name goes about envying the stoker, who has something useful to do," while Admiral Fitzgerald puts the finishing touch to the "sailor as we have known him" by declaring "there is no place for him on board a modern man-of-war." The influence of change in ship construction and mechanical appliances is broadly illustrated by the fact that in 1858, when all her Majesty's vessels were rigged ships, with auxiliary steam-power, only 8 per cent. of the total *personnel* of the Navy, excluding boys under training, belonged to the engineer branch, while in 1898, the date of latest official returns, more than one quarter of the total *personnel* of the Fleet belonged to that branch. The "steam-man" is ousting the "seaman," and it is time ideas born of the wind and cradled in hemp, tar, and canvas should follow masts and yards overboard. I am a firm believer in traditions, both naval and military, but when a tradition survives its own foundations, its proper name is prejudice. Beneath the apparently smooth surface of the Naval Service to-day there are follies, inconsistencies, and absurdities wholly irreconcilable with its economy and efficiency, incidentally producing in the minds of certain branches of it a sense of injustice and wrong. Your columns give expression to those feelings prevailing in the engineer branch, representing over a quarter of the *personnel*, while elsewhere we are constantly reminded of a wholly indefensible state of things relating to the marine, artillery, and infantry branch, which forms 20 per cent. of the whole naval force. They all may be traced to the same source, tradition, which has degenerated into prejudice, resulting in official obliviousness of the fact that things are not as they were. Hence the principles of naval organisation and system of a wooden sailing fleet in days of yore are being rigidly adhered to in the fleet of floating iron boxes of complicated masses of machinery to-day. The engineer branch of the Navy is composed of experts requiring special training, and doing special work, just like Royal Engineers in the Army. All units of the Royal Engineers go through such preliminary training under their own officers as is necessary to produce individual capacity as a combatant, to maintain discipline and the chain of responsibility within the corps itself in the discharge of its special and peculiar functions. Executive rank and the exercise of executive functions

within the corps is an essential principle of efficiency. These conditions are wholly absent in the case of the engineer branch of the Navy, which is a collection of loose and unorganised civil units, though the most essential portion of a fighting Service. It cannot be said the formation of the engineer branch into a corps of Royal Naval Engineers—on the lines of the Royal Engineers—is impracticable because of essential differences between the Naval and Military Services. The most ancient organism in the whole Naval Service is that of the corps of Royal Marines, and the executive branch of the Navy, composed, as it now really is, of Marines disguised as bluejackets, is every day finding itself more and more compelled unwillingly to conform to the principles and system of the Marine Service, by reason of the changes forced upon the *personnel* by mechanical science, which have reduced the bluejackets to the level of Marines by confining their functions to the deck. “The serious defect in the Navy” is the present organisation. The fierce conflict of opinion now raging among executive officers as to what is a “seaman” and how he should be trained, and what they term the “growls of the greasers” and the “shrieks of the Marines,” simply represent the disagreeable noises due to hot bearings and misfits in machinery in bad order.—I am, Sir, &c.,

House of Commons.

JOHN C. R. COLOMB.

[Sir John Colomb has, we believe, put the controversy on exactly right lines, and with his letter we must for the present close the correspondence. We recommend his letter to all engineer officers as showing that what they are suffering from is not any social or class disconsideration, but merely the tyranny of tradition. But let them remember that there can be no question as to the ultimate victory. The Atlantic always has beaten and always will beat Mrs. Partington.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE NEW BATTLE OF DORKING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE “SPECTATOR.”]

SIR,—At a time when people speak, privately or in public, of a possible battle of Dorking, it is perhaps not out of place to acquaint your readers with the following lines, which I translate from Lamartine’s essay on Nelson in his work, “*Vie des Grands Hommes*” :—

“Napoleon had for eighteen months accumulated, in all the French and Dutch ports bordering on the Channel, the threats and means of a descent on England. The innumerable flotilla of gunboats, collected round Boulogne, and ready to embark his troops encamped on the French shores, could, on a day of good luck, throw an immense movable bridge over the strait, and pour in a few hours one of those armies as irresistible on land as the English fleets were on the ocean. Whatever might be the patriotism of that island, which had become, through the genius of her children, the most marvellous focus of work, riches, navigation and civilisation of all centuries, if we compare her influence over the universe to her geographical extent, there is no doubt that 200,000 French warriors, animated and led by the genius of the modern conqueror, would have subjugated, at least for a time, Great Britain, destroyed her ports, spiked her guns, burned down her maritime arsenals, and dispersed to the winds the elements of her wealth and liberty. Of course, England, surprised and enchained on her own territory, would mostly have taken refuge on her numerous ships, would have covered the Channel with her floating citadels, on the track of the French gunboats, would have burned these in the very English harbours, and thus would have shut up the French soldiers in their conquest. She (England) would have finally obtained from Napoleon a voluntary retreat and for herself a glorious capitulation. But the shame and the calamities of a London invasion would have nevertheless weighed on her fortune and history, and England, having had her capital in the possession of the invader, would have had to pay a very high ransom of blood, iron, and gold—which she should have had to lavish in order to be again her own mistress.”

The whole chapter, indeed, might be profitably quoted, not only for the noble ideas it contains, but for the interesting views of the author, whose conclusion points to his belief that the invader, were he to succeed, would lose more in that game than the invaded.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ALF. H.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE “SPECTATOR.”]

SIR,—If there is no fear of our being invaded, why all this talk about rifle clubs, and the Militia ballot, and defending the “heart of the Empire,” and so forth? Certainly the Scotch, for whom I can speak with some authority, have no intention of invading England again, except as politicians, bank managers, whisky kings, and the like; and I should say

that the veteran Lord Wemyss, whom we remember best in his soldierly capacity as Lord Elcho, has some other enemy in view when he seeks to improve our national defences. There is no need to discuss what is a bare possibility in any spirit of panic; but if invasion is even remotely possible, we may surely consider it calmly, and with a view to possible eventualities. I am writing from the shore where the Conqueror landed, and almost within sight of “the spot where Harold fell.” We have heard of the Channel Fleet, but we never see it except in the shape of an occasional gunboat, and a soldier, except in the shape of the recruiting sergeant, is as uncommon a sight as a “sea-dog,” or the much-talked-of “handy man.” Eighty years ago, or more, the Duke of Wellington used some strong language about the unprotected state of the coast between the South Foreland and Selsey Bill, and if he were here to-day he would probably repeat himself with increased emphasis. If we are ever invaded history will probably repeat itself, and we shall have another battle of Hastings. Is there any reason why our troops, instead of basking on the arid plains of Aldershot, should not spread themselves out on the slopes of the Sussex Downs, and so constitute an “object lesson” to our friends across the water? In war, as in most other things, there is a great deal in being “on the spot,” and let us remember that eight hundred and odd years ago Harold was at Stamford Bridge when he should have been at Senlac. Let us see to it that *our* Harold is not at Penzance when he should be at Pevensey.—I am, Sir, &c.,

R. W. J.

“GUNGA DIN.”

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE “SPECTATOR.”]

SIR,—When the writer of the article on “Asiatic Courage” in the *Spectator* of June 30th spoke of Mr. Kipling’s “Gunga Din” as “a nearly impossible name,” he probably meant that the name was impossible as applied to the valiant water-carrier whom the poet describes. Has Mr. Crooke ever met with a regimental or other *Bhishti*, *mussuck* on thigh, who was not a Mahommedan, and has he ever met with a Mahommedan who was called *Ganga-Din*, “Slave of the Ganges”? In Mr. Archibald Constable’s excellent edition of “Bernier’s Travels” there is on p. 206 a picture of a water-carrier, recognisable at the first glance as a Mussulman, and intended to illustrate Bernier’s statement that “even the menials and carriers of water belonging to that nation” (the Pathans,—all Mahommedans) “are high-spirited and warlike”; but the reader is informed at the foot of the plate that this is the figure of Mr. Kipling’s “Gunga Din,” and some lines from the poem are added. To some old Indians the misplaced name is a blemish in that most admirable composition which they could wish away. The writer of the article says that the Arab “has never in modern times fought with Europeans in Asia.” The most formidable part of the Mahratta forces with which we had to contend in the first quarter of the present century were the Arab mercenaries in the pay of the Peshwa and the Bhonsla. And after the occupation of Aden in 1839 we were several times attacked by the tribes in the neighbourhood of that place.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. J. L.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE “SPECTATOR.”]

SIR,—Mr. William Crooke in the *Spectator* of July 7th has shown scientifically that “Gunga Din” is, at least, not “a nearly impossible name.” May I add a piece of historical evidence in support of his theory? When I was a boy in India in the “sixties” the name of my “bearer” was *Gunga Din*.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. G. LEONARD.

Kirby Stephen, Westmoreland.

COUNT MOURAVIEFF AND ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE “SPECTATOR.”]

SIR,—“Diplomaticus” is an able and a well-informed writer, but he shares the fallibility of human nature, and I am sure that further investigation will convince him that his Mouravieff story is a legend. I have just read his article on the subject in the *Fortnightly Review*, and it confirms my previous information, which, as I distinctly said, “is not all Russian.” Here is the categorical statement made by “Diplomaticus” :—

“It is now an open secret that Count Mouravieff, the Tsar’s Minister of Foreign Affairs, was emboldened by the anti-British

agitation on the Continent to sound certain of the Powers with a view to European intervention in our quarrel with the South African Republics."

The Powers thus sounded, "Diplomaticus" tells us, were Spain and France; and one of his two informants, he hints, was the German Government, and the other "a diplomatist of the highest standing." That the German Government would gladly propagate such a myth is probable enough, for that Government, ever since Bismarck began to guide its policy, has devoted itself persistently to the task of making bad blood between England and Russia. And a diplomatist may be "of the highest standing" and yet not be in the secrets of the Russian Foreign Office. "Diplomaticus" refutes himself when he admits that Mouravieff's tentative scheme of a league against Great Britain was "made on his own initiative and without instructions from the Emperor." Now, it is within my knowledge, and is indeed, to quote "Diplomaticus's" phrase, "an open secret," that the Czar would not have sanctioned any such scheme. He vetoed it peremptorily after the Jameson Raid when the German Emperor proposed it. Mouravieff knew his master's mind, and to believe that he sounded any Powers—and Spain and France, of all Powers—with a view to an intervention which the Czar would certainly veto, is to believe the incredible. If "Diplomaticus" will look at my letter again, he will find that I said nothing so silly as that "no Russian diplomatist makes tentative overtures on important questions without previously obtaining the sanction of the Czar." Where is the analogy between a suggestion about an "Anglo-Russian railway" "originated by a distinguished Russian diplomatist," and sounding European Powers with a view to war against England? Mouravieff knew that his master would resent the suggestion which "Diplomaticus" attributes to the Minister, and that proves that he never made it. But Mouravieff was a social wit and a genial cynic, and it is quite possible that he may have asked in some smoking-room a question which, after the manner of myths, has come to be believed as a fact. I think that even "Diplomaticus" "has not followed the recent course of international politics." Count Mouravieff's calculations, according to "Diplomaticus," "left in relief a possible Quadruple Alliance—Germany, France, Russia, and Spain—which, by an auspicious coincidence, was precisely the same combination as that which the statesmanship of Prince Lobanoff had organised in 1895 for intervention in the Far East after the Peace of Shimonoseki." Unfortunately for this analogy, Prince Lobanoff invited Great Britain, before any other Power, to join Russia in settling the question of the Far East on the basis of a Dual Alliance; and it was after we had curtly rejected her friendly overture and caused her to suspect our intentions that she invited other Powers to join her. I have always thought that Lord Rosebery's Cabinet made a grievous mistake on that occasion. In checking the dangerous ambition of Japan after her victory over China in 1895 Russia did a signal service to Europe in general and England in particular. Japan, not Russia, is the Power which we have to fear in the Far East.—I am, Sir, &c.,

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

Devonshire Club, St. James's, S.W.

THE DIMINUTION OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Referring to your paragraph on the above subject in the *Spectator* of July 7th, I think facts should be taken into consideration. So long as men who for a number of years have worked in the teaching profession, or in some other equally alien occupation, are beneficed, while curates of unblemished character and unimpeachable capability have laboured in the clerical calling for sixteen or twenty years ill-paid and unbeneficed, there will be dissatisfaction, and justly so. No man should be eligible for a living until he has worked for nine years consecutively as a curate. This would be no great hardship to the golden youths who have politics or county connections at their back. They would be favourably handicapped even then. I hope to see the dearth of candidates greater still until some reform is begun.—I am, Sir, &c.,

OBSERVER.

THE CHURCH AND THE BAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—You say that the prizes in the Church are as numerous and more valuable than those at the Bar. But is it so? Please to look at a few figures. The Attorney-General receives more than the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Solicitor-General much more than the Archbishop of York. These offices, it is true, are temporary, but they imply a reversion to any vacancy on the Bench. The Lord Chancellor equals the Bishop of London (with a certain pension of £5,000 if he has to give up the seals). The Lord Chief Justice has £1,000 more than the Bishop of Durham. Thirty-two Lords of Appeal and other Judges have £165,000 between them and a full pension after fifteen years of service; thirty-one Bishops have £128,000 and a possible pension of a third. This gives the lawyers an average advantage of about £1,000, far more than makes up for the Bishop's somewhat costly privilege of keeping up a palace. Then for the lawyers there are four City Judgeships (£4,000, £3,000, £2,400, £1,700); fifty-five County Court Judgeships (£1,500); three Commissionerships in Lunacy (£1,500); two Masterships in Lunacy (£2,000); two Railway Commissionerships (£3,000); twenty-five Police-Courts (£2,000-£1,500); City of London Sessions (£2,000 and £1,500). There are legal adviserships in various Government offices, and probably there are other posts, as, e.g., Stipendiary Magistrates in the provinces, but I cannot find the figures. What have the clergy to set against these? One Deanery with £3,000, and six with from £2,000 to £1,500. If we add the Deanery and Canonries of Christ Church, though with one exception these are academical posts, we have seven more, and there are benefices of £1,500 and upwards. So here we have, say, one hundred legal against twenty clerical prizes, and the hundred are divided among, say, three thousand, the twenty among twenty thousand.—I am, Sir, &c.,

EX-RECTOR.

[Possibly we were wrong in saying that the legal prizes were less than the clerical; but if our correspondent mentions the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General, he ought to mention the great professional posts held by clergymen,—i.e., the headships of Colleges and public schools. Our point, however, remains in any case,—namely, that the Archbishopric of Canterbury (£15,000 a year and a palace) and the other Bishoprics and Deaneries are splendid prizes, and that it is to the great credit of the English Church that these prizes do not excite an unworthy ambition, and that men do not take Orders to obtain them, but as a rule only because they feel a vocation.—ED. *Spectator*.]

VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—All those who hope for the success of the "Army League" must feel grateful to the *Spectator* for the admirable article on "Vigilance Committees" of the 7th inst. Although it seems somewhat ungracious to criticise an article giving such friendly encouragement, I hope you will permit me to make a few comments upon it. With nearly all that is said I believe the Army League to be in cordial agreement, especially with your description of the composition of an "ideal" Army League. The only portion of the article which appears to me to be inconsistent with the line of action proposed by the Army League is that in which it is suggested that "a small—the smaller the better—Executive Committee should be charged with the duty of drawing up a scheme of Army reorganisation," and that such a scheme when adopted by the League should be pressed on the Government. This question has been carefully considered by the Provisional Committee, and there is a strong consensus of opinion that it is impossible for any body except the Government to produce a satisfactory scheme, and that it would greatly hamper the work of the Army League if it were committed to any definite plan for the defence of the Empire. Of course the abstention from the adoption of a scheme does not preclude the criticism of schemes proposed, or the offering of suggestions and emendations by the military experts who are members of the League, but it is thought that the action most likely to have a good result is that indicated in the letter from me which you were kind enough to publish on the 7th inst.,—viz., that the efforts of the League should be vigorously directed to dispelling the curious ignorance of our real position in respect

of military preparation which is so prevalent; ignorance which, considering the vital importance of the subject, is quite astonishing. When our real position becomes generally known we believe that the nation will insist on adequate measures being taken by the Government for the defence of the Empire. When this popular "mandate" is issued, and the Government, in obedience to it, has formulated a really comprehensive and adequate scheme, the business of the Army League will then be to assist the Government in every possible way to put their scheme into effect. Such a measure is sure to meet with strenuous resistance. The Little Englanders, the peace party, the party who advocate "non-resistance"—those excellent people who appear to think (in spite of what might be supposed to be sufficient recent evidence to the contrary) that disputes between nations can always be settled on Sunday-school principles—and that class of taxpayers who are anxious to be fully insured against risks, but who strongly object to paying the necessary premium,—all these people will undoubtedly oppose any adequate measure for the safeguarding of the Empire, and in resisting this opposition the Army League will (if its influence spreads, as there is now every reason to hope will be the case) be able to afford strong and useful support to the Government.—I am, Sir, &c.,
19 Hyde Park Gate, S.W. ARTHUR CLAY.

POETRY.

A MAN UV PEACE.

I DU not hold with war myself, I think it's bad an' wrong,
An' would not prod my frens to strife wi' fiery speech an'
song,

I'd sooner see 'em till the soil, an' sow, an' reap, an' build,
An' die o' somethin' nat'ral, 'stead uv goin' an' gettin' killed;
But ef my country does git roused, I plunges inter sin,
An' don't care whut she's fightin' for—I want to see her win!

It isn't zackly whut you'd call a real angelic plan,
But man is not an angel—an' he wunt be while he's
man!

Some like to sing them pooty songs uv victory an' deth,
But while yer hands air full uv work ye'd better save yer
breth;

The poits keep on gettin' up, afore the fightin's thru,
Tew strut an' flap their wings an' whoop a cock-a-doodle-do!
But let us hev some peace, says I, until we've licked the foe,
An' when there's nothin' else to du, the time hes come to crow.

I stud out ded agin the war, but once it wus begun
I thrilled tew read each gallant deed my countrymen hed
done;

An' now, I git thet warm within tew see the en'my scoot,
I itch tew take a gun myself an' go an' hev a shoot!
There's other peaceful men like me reprove my wrath an'
frown,
But when my country's dander's up, mine wunt keep lyin'
down.

Es long es airth is simply airth, an' men ain't more than men,
It seems tew me there's bound to be some fightin' now an'
then,

Fer whut is wrong or right depends upon yer point uv view,
The en'my's alwis quite convinced he's jest as right as you,
An' so, in sech a sinful world, there ain't no kind uv doubt
Ye've got tew fight fer what you want, or want an' go without!

It isn't zackly whut you'd call a real angelic plan,
But man is not an angel—an' he wunt be while he's
man!

HOSEA, JUN.

MUSIC.

TCHAIKOVSKY'S INFLUENCE.

IN the Reminiscences of Liszt by his compatriot, Mme. Janka Wohl, published shortly after his death in 1886, the author records at considerable length the substance of a conversation in which Liszt expressed his opinions as to the tendencies and the future of Russian music:—

"Properly speaking," he said, "there is as yet no Russian music, but there are some first-rate composers. The Russian mind, which is in continual activity on the one side and comatose on the other, will have to do an immense amount of work in

order to guide its natural tendencies in the right direction; and this is the result of the climate of the country and of the Slav character in general. Just as the long months of their winters are followed by short summers full of rapid expansion, so Russian music has long monotonous intervals in between the bursts of melody; but these melodies ought to be brimful of the sap of their short summer. . . . Besides, there is yet too much of the vague, of the undecided, too much of dreaminess in this music, destined, nevertheless, I believe, to have a great future. One feels that the Russian composers go to work under a more or less sentimental inspiration, and not under the all-powerful impression of a master-idea. . . . The Russians have not yet sufficiently fathomed the secret of working on the salient points of their musical nationality. Their originality is deep rooted in the soil; it is an emanation of the land, and is inseparable from its snows, its steppes, and from the way its sons look upon life and death. It is this which some day will give to their music that stamp of individuality without which it will never be anything more than a variation of the music of other countries. . . . With their dash, their faith, and their talent, they are sure to discover what will be the national music. Their art is young, you see, and, in art, youth is rarely an advantage."

These conversations took place from fifteen to twenty years ago, since when Russian music has made great strides in popularity and achievement, yet their point and suggestiveness are so little impaired that they might almost serve as the text for Mrs. Newmarch's recently published and very interesting work on Tchaikovsky.*

The sources of Tchaikovsky's great popularity are acutely analysed in the opening pages of Mrs. Newmarch's excellent study. Though he owed the most striking qualities of his work to "the imperishable fibre of race," it was easier for him to drop the Slav than for many of his fellow-workers. He was not "consecrated to the service of nationality" like Glinka; a Russian at heart, he was a cosmopolitan by education. "This susceptibility to the antagonistic currents of thought and feeling which surrounded him is not altogether a fault in Tchaikovsky. On the contrary, it has lent to his music qualities of pliancy, variety, and eclecticism which have proved sources of charm and attraction. . . . Even if we admit that this division of thought and emotion is a source of weakness in Tchaikovsky, we must also acknowledge that it has its element of popularity. At a time when the entire world of Art is divided upon questions of law and liberty, this subjective confession of unsettled faith and dual allegiance puts him in closer touch with his own generation, though it may weaken his hold upon succeeding ones." Another source alike of weakness and popularity is that he was steeped in the *maladie du siècle*; he had the "command of every note in the gamut of melancholy." To that we are inclined to demur to the extent of adding the qualifying word "almost," for of the serene yet sombre melancholy of Turgeneff there is little trace in the music of Tchaikovsky. In him the mutinous quality is seldom absent. It is the emotion of a wounded soul that he especially excels in translating into sound; the word "resignation" finds no counterpart in his music, and he is never so impressive as when he pours forth the rebellious rhetoric of despair. Hence Mrs. Newmarch does well to point out the injustice involved in the view that because Tchaikovsky happens to be the most accessible and the best known among Russian composers, and at the same time the most pessimistic, his music must be typically and representatively Russian. "Russian art, as a whole, is far too vigorous and healthy a growth to remain continuously under the sway of one emotional influence,"—that of romantic despair. Two further sources of Tchaikovsky's popularity remain to be noted,—the extraordinary brilliancy, picturesqueness, and sonority of his orchestration, and the quality of his melodic vein. Though he began his musical career as an amateur, and was regarded by his early teachers as an incorrigible dilettante, he attained in time to such a mastery of orchestral resource that one can say of him as was once said of Berlioz: "His instinct for orchestration was so abnormally acute that whatever experiments he tried, from the most delicate and slender combinations to those of utmost volume, they were sure to sound as he intended." Anton Rubinstein complains—not altogether without reason—of modern composers that they always paint with all the colours in their palette. Now Tchaikovsky very often used this method, but his effects were never blurred. When he chose, again, he could produce the most delicate, fanciful, and original results with limited resources, as in his famous *Casse-noisette* suite, notable, apart

* *Tchaikovsky*. By Rosa Newmarch. London: Grant Richards. [Cs.]

from its welcome gaiety and humour, for its truly wonderful glimpses of the Orient. The last number in the suite, a cleverly orchestrated but rather commonplace—indeed, by comparison with most of the preceding numbers, one might call it a vulgar—waltz tune, serves as a good illustration of the popularity and weakness of Tchaikovsky as a melodist. He had a rich gift of tune-coining, but in the realm of tender sentiment, as opposed to the heroic or tragic vein, his melodies, though flowing and pleasant, were seldom really distinguished,—the charm of the second subject in the opening movement of the *Symphonie Pathétique* lies more in its harmonisation and varied presentation than in the theme itself. One of the best pieces of criticism in the book is that in which Mrs. Newmarch weighs Tchaikovsky's virtues and defects as a song-writer. There is, she says, no denying the extraordinary charm, the penetrating sweetness and melancholy, the vocal excellence, of many of his songs. But she refuses all the same to admit his claim to inclusion in the ranks of the great song-writers,—Schubert and Schumann, Brahms and Franz:—

“Nearly all his songs would be condemned if tried by the standard of formal perfection. His greatest weakness as a song-writer lies in the fact that he never realised the principle that in the ideal song, music and poetry must meet upon an equal footing. ‘The union of the two arts,’ says Cui, ‘appeared to Tchaikovsky in the light of a *mésalliance* for the one which he represented.’ Starting with this idea, that music is the only element of real importance in song, Tchaikovsky does not hesitate to mutilate the text of the greatest poets, to interpolate such exclamations as ‘Good heavens,’ ‘Alas!’ ‘Woe is me,’ and occasionally by a stroke of his arbitrary pen to turn fine verse into indifferent prose. . . . A fault which is common in Tchaikovsky's orchestral music is also noticeable in his songs. *Not always very fastidious in his choice of musical ideas, he seems to find a difficulty in quitting them.* He will develop, vary, and repeat an idea with a kind of mechanical skilfulness which becomes wearisome.”

Finally, she charges him with a certain amount of deliberate and artificial sentimentality, a gratuitous indulgence in the luxury of grief without any adequate motive. The passage which we quoted and the words we have italicised indicate the fact that Mrs. Newmarch approaches her task in anything but a spirit of adulation. Though a great admirer of Tchaikovsky, she is by no means blind to his imperfections, and refuses to commit herself positively to the opinion that he is the greatest of the Russian composers.

While there was a good deal that reminds us of Byron in Tchaikovsky's music, the man himself was anything but a *poseur*. He shrank from publicity; he was morbidly sensitive, and so singularly reticent about himself or his schemes that to this day a veil of mystery hangs over the episode of his ill-starred marriage and his sudden death, commonly attributed to cholera after drinking a glass of impure water in a St. Petersburg restaurant. Yet while admitting a general correspondence between the nature of the man and of his music, Mrs. Newmarch does well to refrain from the temptation to read autobiographical significance into his principal compositions. How misleading such a course may be is sufficiently shown by the fact that the brightest and most humorous of his symphonies—the Fourth—was written shortly after the great domestic tragedy of his life. That his influence on the nerves of contemporary audiences has been profound cannot be gainsaid; it is another matter to credit him with a permanent influence on the evolution of music. The stream of his inspiration seldom ran clear; it was not given him *integros accedere fontes atque haurire*, to attain to the ecstasy of Bach, the Olympian heights of Beethoven, or the vernal freshness of Mozart. The *amari aliquid* was seldom absent; his distinguishing note was that of poignancy. In a collection of parallel Lives of musicians he might well be bracketed with Berlioz; for both were cosmopolitan in their education and leanings, both were past-masters of orchestral resource, both achieved their most resounding successes in England, both wrote largely for the lyric stage yet won popularity chiefly in compositions not destined for the boards, and both, to conclude, were sensitive, unhappy, and disappointed men.

C. L. G.

BOOKS.

THE DECLINE AND FALL.*

ON the day, or rather night, of June 27th, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, Gibbon wrote the last lines of his monumental history in a summer-house in his garden. Twenty years had passed since the historian, “musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol,” first determined to write the decline and fall of Rome,—twenty years of rewarded toil and secure achievement. Well might he congratulate himself on that night in June: if his solitude had lost the noblest companion, he had won the esteem not only of himself but of his contemporaries, and he was confident that posterity would subscribe to the opinion of his friends. His confidence was amply justified, and Edward Gibbon still keeps his place at the head of English historians, with only such giants as Thucydides and Tacitus on the wider field of the world to dispute his supremacy.

Gibbon, then, deserves all the honour that can be paid him, and of all tributes none is more just nor more lofty than the new edition which Mr. Bury has just published. As Gibbon represents the old method of writing history, Mr. Bury represents the new. Where Gibbon divined, Mr. Bury knows, basing his knowledge upon documents of whose existence Gibbon was naturally ignorant. But true as Mr. Bury is to his own craft, he is too fine a scholar, too sane a critic of letters, to do less than justice to Gibbon's splendid triumph. While he supplements and corrects where it is necessary, he never makes his correction in the spirit of the pedagogue. The student will find in this new edition all the help he requires in the elucidation of his author: he is referred to the latest authorities, he may look at Gibbon's periods in the dry light of German scholarship, but he will not cease to thank the editor who has performed a delicate task without one touch of pedantry, without one whisper of dispraise.

Mr. Bury, indeed, has rendered Gibbon the most practical homage. He has reviewed his work from the standpoint of a scientific historian, and he frankly declares of *The Decline and Fall* that “its accuracy is amazing.” Moreover, he supports his conviction by a remarkable reticence. Look at his notes, and you will see at once with how gentle and sparing a hand he castigates his author. Gibbon, of course, had his faults, some of which he acknowledged. He confesses that his treatment of the earlier Emperors, from Commodus to Severus, is scanty and superficial; others have pointed out with perfect justice that a lack of knowledge weakened his interest in the Byzantine period. Yet when these insignificant faults are admitted, how admirable is the work that remains! Mr. Bury puts the case with truth and generosity. “That Gibbon is behind in many details,” he writes, “and in some departments of importance, simply signifies that we and our fathers have not lived in an absolutely incompetent world. But in the main things he is still our master, above and beyond ‘date.’ It is needless to dwell on the obvious qualities which secure to him immunity from the common lot of historical writers,—such as the bold and certain measure of his progress through the ages; his accurate vision, and his tact in managing perspective; his discreet reserves of judgment and timely scepticism: the immortal affectation of his unique manner. By virtue of these superiorities he can defy the danger with which the activity of successors must always threaten the worthies of the past.” When did one historian pay a higher tribute to another? And the tribute is the higher when we remember that it is paid by the new fashion to the old.

“The bold and certain measure of his progress through the ages,”—that is and will always remain Gibbon's supreme virtue. He used the map of the world as other writers might handle the ground-plan of a village; he writes of peoples and countries with the simple assurance which might astonish us in a specialised biography. His history covers more than a thousand years, and though the point of view is always the same, though the habit of generalisation is constant and imperative, the historian's opinions are never superficial, his conclusions are never summary. He works upon a vast canvas, and does not

* *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. By Edward Gibbon. Edited by J. B. Bury, M.A. 7 vols. London: Methuen and Co. [£2 2s.]

decline from the ideal of portraiture; in a limitless mass of details he never misses the broad effect of truth. His knowledge of life is as astonishing as his knowledge of facts, and though he devoted many years to secluded study, he always came out into the world with profit to his history. Most true it was that "the Captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire," and not one of the hours was lost which he squandered upon the race meetings of Stockbridge or the noisy dinners of his regiment. But what confers upon his history its greatest distinction is the personal interpretation which he gives to every event in his chronicle. He sees all things through his own eye; he even compels the records to his own vision. Whatever be the result of modern researches, we shall never again consider the decline and fall of the Empire save through the medium of Gibbon's brain. We contemplate the greatest enormities with a touch of his own cynicism. When Sheridan, attacking Warren Hastings, quoted the unparalleled atrocities of the great history, then recently published, Gibbon felt a very natural pride. Yet never in the long course of his narrative is he moved to an excess of statement by the satirist's *sæva indignatio*. Throughout his life he was pursued by what he calls "the same blind and boyish taste for exotic history," but he did not ask of his exotic history more than it could give him. So he is never surprised; not even Commodus nor Elagabalus can excite him to wonder or reprobation. In his own phrase, he regarded history as "little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind." Nor with this opinion could he have chosen a finer subject for his art.

And with his cynicism irony goes hand in hand. He said of himself, "Wit I have none," and for once this stern critic of his own talent was mistaken. Without wit there is no irony, and irony was in Gibbon's blood. It is as conspicuous in his *Autobiography* as in his masterpiece,—an irony subtler than Voltaire's, sustained at a level unique and unsurpassed. Nor was he unconscious of his great gift; he freely acknowledges it and explains its source. "From the Provincial Letters of Pascal," he wrote, "I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on subjects of ecclesiastical solemnity." And his irony gives the key to his style, which is enough of itself to make his work immortal. Whence came it? Not from Cicero, whom perhaps he overrated, nor from Voltaire, to whom he did less than justice. Its pomposity was, in a sense, of the time, and maybe he owed an unconscious debt to Samuel Johnson, whose habit of sounding antithesis he shared. Montesquieu, too, was an influence upon him, and of Pascal we have already spoken. But when we have mentioned half a dozen names we return to Gibbon himself, and learn that he was the fashioner of his own armoury. He shall tell the story in his own words. "The style of a man," said he, "should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the third chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace." This passage simplifies his style, which might otherwise bewilder us into despair. At first sight it appears before all things elaborate and mannered; a little familiarity and reflection prove to us its consummate ease. A brief acquaintance with Gibbon's prose might suggest that it lacked suppleness. To read continuously a hundred pages is to admit that no writer ever commanded a suppler instrument. The truth is that a periwig best suited Gibbon's locks, and that as he put it on without an effort, so he wore it without a grimace. He was by nature stately and aristocratic; therefore he wrote after a stately and aristocratic manner; but his style was no more difficult to him than was the manner which he used towards his friends and intimates. When others affect the grandiose diction of Gibbon, they are wont to fail, because they lack his grandiosity of temperament; of him it may be said that what began as a manner ended as a sincere, inevitable style.

Fortunate in his genius, he was fortunate in his career. He found the work which best suited him, and he performed it with a success that was a lifelong satisfaction. Again and again he refers to the happiness of his situation. He was

rich enough to write at his ease, he was not rich enough to dispense with the pleasure of toil; and as literature conferred its highest boon upon him, so he always fervently championed the dignity of literature. "I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters," he wrote, "who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow. . . . Twenty happy years have been animated by the labours of my History; and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character, in the world, to which I should not otherwise have been entitled." Few men of letters may make that proud boast; there is no man of letters who should not aim at Gibbon's legitimate enthusiasm. And as we respect his loyalty to his craft, so we can never turn to *The Decline and Fall* without a pleased admiration, which is equal whether we read the incomparable sketch of Julian, or wonder at the sense of proportion that can sketch the Huns or paint the Germans in a dozen pages. Nor do we ever expect to consult Gibbon in a better edition than this of Mr. Bury's, for which our thanks are due to editor and publisher alike.

INTERPRETATIONS OF POETRY AND RELIGION.*

THIS collection of essays is written by a Catholic sceptic of Spanish origin, now a Professor at Harvard. A volume of poems by the same author was very favourably reviewed some months ago in this journal. The central idea of all the papers, which are on very various subjects, is that "religion and poetry are identical in essence, and differ merely in the way in which they are attached to practical affairs." Dogmatic Christianity is to Mr. Santayana a myth, but a myth whose importance cannot be exaggerated, containing, as it does, the highest moral and spiritual truth. "Religious doctrines would do well," he thinks, "to withdraw their pretensions to be matters of fact." Every movement in Christendom towards rational religion he considers a regrettable heresy, the Catholic Church still offering to the world the whole truth under cover of cunningly devised fables. Protestantism was a mistake. "Mythology cannot become science by being reduced in bulk, but it may cease as a mythology to be worth having." The decay of religious observance Mr. Santayana deplures. Without a religion the "facts of nature and history become trivial incidents, gossip of the Fates, cacklings of their inexhaustible garrulity." All the dogmas of the Catholic Church show forth as in an allegory the vast difference between right and wrong, whose infinity, according to Mr. Santayana, cannot be exaggerated. Religion is the "phantom guide" leading society to perfection,—perfection in this world, be it understood, for the essayist hopes for no individual future life, and believes in no personal God. This new-fashioned preacher of the types twists an opposite meaning into every plain statement of Catholic conviction. It is, he tells us, the "momentousness and finality" of man's experience here which made him think of himself as hanging between eternal bliss and perdition. Thus "Christian fictions," while they "beguile the intellect, enlighten the imagination," because, says the essayist, "what is false in the science of facts may be true in the science of values." In "The Dissolution of Paganism" and "The Poetry of Christian Dogma," Mr. Santayana's skill in writing shows perhaps to its greatest advantage. The thirst of the Old World, "sick of heroes and high-priests and founders of cities," for a religion which would sanctify sorrow and suffering, their "refusal to look for a Messiah unless they could find him on a cross," is well described, and so are "the new loves, new duties, fresh consolations, and luminous unutterable hopes" of early Christianity. Mr. Santayana has, as it were, built for himself a Church, founded it upon a fable, and furnished it with Catholic images. Here he prostrates himself before an Unreal Presence, breathes incense, and reads poetry. Some of the critical results of his poetry-reading he gives to the public, but true to the purpose of his book, he deals rather with the philosophy of his poets than with their poetic gifts. We have a whole chapter on Shakespeare's want of religion. For our part, we think there is more religion in Shakespeare's oaths—which Mr. Santayana so prettily calls the "fossils of piety"—than in all our author's sanctimonious negations. The only essay in the volume which shows the least trace of a sense of humour is the one on "The Poetry of Barbarism," in which the writer deals with Browning and

* *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion*. By George Santayana. London: Adam and Charles Black. [6s.]

Walt Whitman. So far as the latter is concerned, we cannot help suspecting that he is laughing at his reader. We do not believe that, considering the general result of his principles, he sincerely admires the American poet, though he declares him to have "a profound inspiration." He goes on to say that his work is "the most sincere possible confession of the lowest—I mean the most primitive—perceptions." With him, he says, "the surface is absolutely all." When the essayist speaks of the poet's "abundance of detail without organisation, wealth of perception without intelligence, and imagination without taste," he may be sincere; but who, keeping in mind Whitman's long, rhythmless strings of names, can think the following sentence other than satirical: "Walt Whitman has gone back to the innocent style of Adam when the animals filed before him and he called them all by their names"? As to Whitman's moral significance, the outcome of his teaching is, Mr. Santayana says, "that men are to be vigorous, comfortable, sentimental, and irresponsible." The poet has "a benevolent tolerance of moral weakness," and the reader is advised to take him up when he is "weary of conscience and ambition." There are noble things nobly said by Whitman, but never was he praised more ineptly than by Mr. Santayana. Browning also is to be regarded as a barbarian,—that is, as one "who regards his passions as their own excuse for being, who merely feels and acts, valuing in his life its force and its filling, but being careless of its purpose and its form." The poet's world, he says, "is a world of history, with civilisation for its setting and with the conventional passions for its motive forces." Browning's philosophy is repellent to his critic, and he thus amusingly sums it up:—"The gist of the matter is that we are to live indefinitely, that all our faults can be turned to good, all our unfinished business settled, and therefore there is time for anything we like in this world and for all we need in the next. It is in spirit the direct opposite of the philosophic maxim of regarding the end, of taking care to leave a finished life and a perfect character behind us." The essayist adds contemptuously:—"To the irrational man, to the boy, it is no unpleasant idea to have an infinite number of days to live through, an infinite number of dinners to eat, an infinity of fresh fights and new love affairs, and no end of last rides together."

We think this book will be read with pleasure, chiefly because it is so well written. The criticism it contains is interesting, especially having an eye to its source, but as a contribution to religious or philosophical thought it seems to us to be worthless. To whom could it be of value? We all know that there is a great deal of poetry in Christianity, but that is not the part of the faith in which this generation is most interested. Religious-minded doubters, and they are the only people who read such a book as this for any reason but to pass the time, will find little nutriment in it. They will agree that the difference between right and wrong is infinite, but they will submit that it is neither more infinite nor more important than the difference between consciousness and unconsciousness. What they want to know is,—will they be conscious or unconscious a few years or a few decades hence? The writer who discusses the subject of religion, and regards this question as non-essential, shows a contempt for values as much as for realities. It is useless to offer a man an epic poem when he is begging for his life. One permanent quarrel we have with all the writers of Mr. Santayana's school, and that is that they will not make new bottles into which to put their new wine. They have of course a perfect right to their own ideas in the matter of religion, but we do dispute their right to clothe their negations in the language of faith. Why are they not able to formulate their own doubts without parodying Christian creeds? Let them find a name of their own for their "phantom guide" who is to lead them into their graves and their grandchildren to perfection, but let them not confound their will-o'-the-wisp with "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARMY DOCTOR.*

SIR JOSEPH FAYRER'S book would be welcome at any time, for he has seen many men and cities; just now, with its many experiences of military medicine, it is particularly seasonable. The sea was Joseph Fayrer's first choice, but pleased less on

trial, as indeed it is apt to do. The coincidence of a visit to Bermuda with an outbreak of yellow fever among the troops strengthened a liking for medicine that had for some time been present in his mind. There are some who would have failed in so severe an initiation, but it revealed in the young sailor the real enthusiasm of healing. He entered at the school of Charing Cross Hospital in 1844, T. H. Huxley being one of his fellow-students, passed the examination of the College of Surgeons in 1847, and three years afterwards went out in the 'Camperdown,' East Indiaman, in charge of three hundred recruits. These he delivered at Fort William after a voyage of about a hundred days, and was complimented on their good condition, besides receiving something over two thousand rupees in head money. At the same time he had his first, but by no means his last, experience of official negligence or incompetence. He pointed out to the military authorities an artilleryman who had shown signs of insanity, and recommended that he should be watched. The authorities took no heed, but sent the man on to Dum-Dum. A few days afterwards he dressed himself in full uniform, walked into a tank, and drowned himself. In the following year (1851) he was put, owing to an accidental vacancy, in medical charge of the 74th Bengal Native Infantry. The regiment was suffering from intermittent fever, all the sepoy at headquarters, except a few men for orderly work, being in hospital. This was in October; in December orders came that the regiment was to be moved for change of air. Mr. Fayrer represented to the Superintending Surgeon that this movement would probably bring on an attack of cholera. It was in vain; the order was imperative, and they must go. They went, the men being crowded together in boats. In a few days the cholera came; "the sepoy died in numbers." The officer in command, on the urgent representations of Mr. Fayrer, asked for leave to return. It was refused. "I again urged Ryley to return, and told him that I would hold him responsible for the loss of life if he did not do so." On this he acted. "We turned and made for Dacca, and strange as it may appear, the disease decreased from that time, and had almost ceased when we got back to Dacca." The incident is a remarkable proof of the power of mental agencies. It scarcely fits in with the germ theory. Anyhow, if the cholera germs were present, they were inactive till the fears of the men were roused, and this comes to much the same thing as not being present. "No fault was found," not even with the officials who ordered the move against advice, and persisted in it after a disastrous experience. "If the men had been in better health I believe they would have mutinied," says Sir Joseph. As it was, the regiment nearly ceased to exist. Our author adds a curious experience of his own to the natural history of that enigmatic disease, cholera. In the attack on the Thilawa stockade at the mouth of the Rangoon River he was on board the 'Phlegethon.' A shell burst at the mouth of the long gun, and the concussion gave his left ear a severe shock. "I have been deaf on that side ever since." He was very unwell the rest of that day, and had a very troubled night. "I can remember feeling very ill, rushing up in the night and falling flat on the deck. I then developed all the symptoms of cholera." But on the second day he was all right again. Here, again, the behaviour of the germ seems to have been eccentric. All these Burmese experiences are full of interest, general as well as medical. It was a rare opportunity for a young man,—he was only twenty-seven, and had been in the Company's service for eighteen months only. And we have no doubt that the men under the young surgeon's charge were not less fortunate than he.

One result of the service in Burmah might well have turned out anything but fortunate. In a most complimentary letter the Governor-General (Lord Dalhousie) offered Mr. Fayrer the Residency Surgeoncy at Lucknow. It had been vacant for some time, and, as the best medical appointment in the gift of the Governor-General, had been "reserved for the assistant-surgeon who should be found to have rendered the most approved services during the war with Burmah." So it was offered to Mr. Fayrer after less than three years' service. Lucknow was an interesting place, but somewhat volcanic. Lord Dalhousie was bent on annexation, and the King was busy in giving him good reasons for the measure. Mr. Fayrer now held, in addition to his medical duties, the post of Assistant Resident. In this capacity he had to

* *Recollections of my Life.* By Surgeon-General Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart. London: W. Blackwood and Sons. [21s.]

send in reports of what took place at Court and throughout the kingdom. He gives a characteristic specimen :—

"His Majesty was this morning carried in his *tonjon* to the — Mahal, and there he and So-and-so [ladies] were entertained with the fights of two pairs of new rams, which fought with great energy, also of some quails. Shawls worth Rs. 100 were presented to the jemadar who arranged these fights. His Majesty then listened to a new singer, and amused himself afterwards by kite-flying till 4 P.M., when he went to sleep. Reports have come from the village of — in the district of — that Ram Sing, zemindar, refused to pay Rs. 500 demanded of him by the *amil*, whereon his house was burned; he was wounded, and his two sons and brothers have absconded. Jewan Khan, *daroga* of the pigeon-house, received a *khilat* of shawls and Rs. 2000 for producing a pigeon with one black and one white wing. His majesty recited to the Khas Mahal his new poem on the loves of the bulbuls."

The Governor-General decided on annexation, and Outram was sent to carry it out. Sir Joseph Fayrer does not say that the measure was not justified, but he is quite clear that it was unpopular, and certainly suggests that it might have been better to leave the people to right themselves. This was in February, 1856; about sixteen months later the Lucknow Residency was besieged, and Mr. Fayrer was in chief medical charge. The story of the siege is one that can never lose its interest. It has never been told before, from the standpoint of the physician, in such detail or with so authoritative a sanction. It is profoundly impressive. Never were three months (to speak only of the first siege from June 30th to September 25th) more closely filled with suffering and with heroism. And none suffered more and endured more bravely than the medical officers. How much is implied in the simple statement that every amputation was fatal! Mr. Fayrer's painful experiences began very soon. He had had to invalid Sir Henry Lawrence on June 9th. On the 12th he allowed him to return to duty; twenty days afterwards Sir Henry was wounded. When the wound was examined it was seen to be certainly mortal. This was the first of many sorrows. It would not be easy to find a story so piteous and so noble. Where so much seems to call for extract, it is difficult to choose. We are sure that Sir Joseph will approve if we select one or two anecdotes about a most illustrious patient, Outram. He was, as every one knows, in the first relief, giving up the command which came to him as senior to Havelock, and serving with the Volunteer cavalry. He was in the thick of every fight, carrying nothing but a stick,—Charles Gordon's favourite weapon. He received a flesh wound in the arm while the relieving force was making its way in. Apparently the first notice that he gave of it was that he was found wandering about next morning with his coat on his arm, wanting to know if any one could mend the holes for him. It worried him to be asked about it. "I heard Outram say to some of the numerous visitors when they inquired 'How is the arm, General?' 'Oh, damn the arm!'" He would take nothing but the commissariat rations. When something extra was one day sent to him, "he was very angry and refused to have it":—

"The soldiers of the relief force voted him the V.C., and nothing would have pleased him more than to have it, but some wretched red-tapism prevented him from getting it because he was so high in command. Note that he had, purposely, to serve Havelock, and because in his generosity he thought Havelock was more entitled to it, laid down his command, and had acted as a volunteer where he might have been supreme, and this was all the thanks he got for it! I don't know what he thought about it, but I know what we all thought of it!"

Sir Joseph Fayrer has many things to tell us outside his own profession. He was present at Palermo in 1847, and tells some gruesome stories about Sicilian ferocity. And he has been a mighty hunter, telling his stories with just the spice of interest which distinguishes the student of natural history from the mere slayer of beasts. Here is a little picture, for instance :—

"When buffaloes find themselves in the presence of a tiger, they collect in a circle with their heads outwards, the big ones in front, and in this position they defy him and he dare not attack them. In such a case the cowherd not unfrequently gets into the centre, or rather they put him there, all forming round him, where he is perfectly safe, for no tiger could touch him; or sometimes he gets on the back of one of the buffaloes."

The sportsman of conservative instinct will hear with pleasure that the gun which Sir Joseph still shoots with in preference to all others is an old "Joe Manton," now turned into a breechloader, which belonged to his father.

THE FUTURE OF THE FAR EAST.*

ASIA at this moment means China, and the word "rénovation" applies more significantly to China than to Siberia or Japan. Siberia is being developed more than renovated, and even the expressive phrase of M. Leroy-Beaulieu scarcely does justice to the extraordinary change that has been working in Japan. Fermentation perhaps expresses the true inwardness of the revolution of Japanese national life. It is to China and Siberia, and the European Power which is pressing inexorably on the oldest continuous civilisation of the East, that our eyes are turned; Japan can take care of herself. M. Leroy-Beaulieu's description of Siberia—the Trans-Siberian Railway, the towns which have sprung up, and the emigrants which Russia pours over the Caucasus into that vast domain—is vivid and picturesque. He draws an interesting comparison between the colonisation of Canada and Siberia, though scarcely a just one, because he forgets that Siberia is the only outlet for the Russian emigrant, whereas Canada, though it is half a continent, is only one of the choices an Englishman has. Has he not a whole continent somewhere in the Southern Hemisphere, which few Russians have ever seen; and near to it another England; half Africa, the whole of India, and a host of tropical gems too numerous to mention? But M. Leroy-Beaulieu, who has written on our new Anglo-Saxon communities, knows this as well as we do, and this is perhaps the only instance in his book of a lack of the sense of proportion, only too common in writers from over the water. He is nearly always just, broad of view, possesses an even-tempered and well-balanced mind, and has that great gift, a style capable of being moulded to the subject. They teach geography here better perhaps than they do on the Continent, and for one Frenchman who leaves La Belle France a hundred Englishmen travel, yet the one man writes a book of travels worth all the rubbish that fifty mere globe-trotters produce. And if those pleasing little bits of social life present in an English Colony are absent, it is because they do not exist to any appreciable extent in Siberia. It is the fastidious Frenchman who produces a finished piece of literature, with brilliant bits of colour, characteristics hit off in a sentence, and a skill in literary landscape, that few of our writers can equal.

To a traveller who had seen British Colonies the spectacle of a vast country being colonised by the most ignorant peasantry in Europe must have appeared startling and suggestive of some regrets. The number of emigrants is large, but the land waiting for them is immense, and there is a great tract of that black soil whose fertility enables the *mujik* to live with scarcely more exertion than a West Indian negro. And it seems that the Siberian settler is the Russian *mujik* over again, with his ignorance, his indolence, his good-natured apathy, and his passion for *vodka*, intensified by the hardships of a severer climate and a somewhat too paternal tyranny. Everywhere the same sight met the traveller, the bigotry and grossness of what were scarcely more than human vegetables, leavened by the dull despair of some political exile. The description of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's interminable journey by rail or tarantass is one of those sharply drawn pieces of description that enable us to realise the traveller's weariness of mind. The dreary forests with their clearings, and the notice-board relating the name of the settlement and the numbers of the population, the still drearier villages, the convoys with their military escorts, and the endless companies of emigrants patiently trudging towards the Amour, convey the impression of an appalling monotony. No wonder the traveller feels it necessary for the sake of sanity to travel with companions, and hires the largest tarantass he can find. The life of the country is entirely agricultural, and the peasant farms on the old unprogressive and exhaustive system, a system nearly as wasteful as that of the Belize Creole, who burns a fresh bit of forest for every crop. It will be many a long year before the schemes of Russian expansion are more than a beating of the air and a threatening tinkle of the sword. Trade, manufactures, industries of all kinds, do not exist in Siberia, and what commerce there is is due to the energy of every one but the Russian, and this is why he pushes

* *La Rénovation de l'Asie: Sibérie—Chine—Japon.* Par Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie. [4 fr.]

down so continually to the south so as to hoist the eagle over a more industrious race than his own. It is the same story from time immemorial. The Romans by means of a magnificent discipline held a vast frontier for a time. Colonies they planted, of a kind, not as we understand colonies, for they were nearer the Siberian idea,—we suspect the Roman colonist was an exile in sentiment, if not in estimation. Unless the Russians can strengthen their advance with the infantry of an energetic civilisation, they will find their Eastern Empire a thing of shreds and patches, and viewed as the dreariest exile to which a soldier can be sent.

In one or two vivid paragraphs M. Leroy-Beaulieu describes for us the unfortunate peasants, who may travel for years before reaching their new homes. Some, by dint of unceasing travel, reach the haven of their hopes in a year, but many take three years, working on the great Trans-Siberian line. This in itself is no drawback—many of the well-to-do farmers in British Columbia have worked on the great American lines, the Canadian Pacific and the Northern Pacific—but there is no comparison between the men who aided the accomplishment of the great engineering triumphs of the Far West with the drudges who dig the embankments and lay the sleepers of the Trans-Siberian line:—

“J’ai dépassé à plusieurs reprises sur la grande route de poste sibérienne de ces longues files de voitures contenant chacune plusieurs personnes, hommes, femmes et enfants, avec divers instruments de travail et de ménage. Le tableau est pittoresque, quand ils forment le campement le soir, les hommes dételant et entravant les chevaux, les femmes allant puiser de l’eau, les enfants jouant et piaillant, parfois un vieillard annonçant la Bible à haute voix.”

According to our author the appearance of the Siberian villages was more prosperous than the Russian. They should be, for they are in selected districts, that of the Upper Obi and its tributaries drawing most of the emigrants, while the Amour district with its wetter climate attracts the Little Russians. The Government naturally pushes emigration in the Amour basin on account of its nearness to the coast. A large number of these emigrants return, a result proportional, of course, to their ignorance, and subsequent disenchantment.

The Chinese afford this acute and quick-minded Frenchman a study of unusual interest. The extraordinary conservatism of the Chinese has literally petrified their peculiar mental characteristics. Buddhism, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu says, was absorbed by them and moulded to their own conception of life, and its maxims and precepts, we take it, have simply been added as possible enrichments to the edifice of national life, not as interior furniture; the letter and not the spirit of Buddhism has permeated the people. M. Leroy-Beaulieu quotes the author of *Chinese Characteristics*, who tells us that “Face, sauver la face,” is the aim of all good Chinamen. The length to which they have carried this peculiar mental disease has its ridiculous, but also its dangerous, side. What happens to individuals whose minds are warped by some extraordinary conceit when their blindness is removed? They either lose all confidence and self-respect, or become discontented and dangerous. A somewhat similar experiment on an ignorant and prejudiced race of peasants is being tried in South Africa at this moment. M. Leroy-Beaulieu is inclined to laugh at the “Yellow Peril” because of their lack of military qualities. Probably the “Yellow Peril” is only just beginning. Chinese soldiers officered by Englishmen fired on their own countrymen the other day. The yellow man has a passive endurance too, which we can admire but may not imitate; he does not fear death, and he has a fondness for federation—in secret, which is not reassuring. There is something impressive in the colossal conceit of the Chinese as there is something even more impressive in their numbers. The lot of the great mass of the Chinese, those patient, industrious millions, who resemble nothing so much as ants in their numbers and hatred of interference, excites the pity of M. Leroy-Beaulieu. Their lot under a corrupt mandarin, fettered as it is by their own conventionalism, is indeed hard, yet he points out that the life of the community is not meddled with, and they have no means by which they can judge of the hardness of their condition. Moreover, they are contented, enjoy such pleasures as they have, and possess a happy resig-

nation which enables them to be almost joyous in spite of their poverty, and balances the dreadful floods and famines that sweep off millions. We see the same happy disposition in the Japanese, but allied to an energy that seems out of place in the East. We quite agree with M. Leroy-Beaulieu that the Japanese present one of the most astonishing spectacles ever vouchsafed to a wondering and, it must be confessed, half-contemptuous West. We raise the eyebrow and we smile, but that stage is passing. Yet powerful and almost menacing as the new Japan seems to be, it cannot afford to despise China. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and there is safety in numbers.

The chapters on the future of China may be summed up in the last few lines in which the author says that in the Chinaman’s instinct for trade remains his only hope of accepting the modern advance. Railways, he says, will be the best missionaries of civilisation. In a chapter entitled “China and the Powers,” M. Leroy-Beaulieu descends to politics. He is much amused at the fuss we made when we thought Russia was stealing a march on us, but yields a certain admiration for our invariable return, after all scares, to the policy of the “open door.” He notes William II.’s *dextre gantée de fer* and subsequent occupation of Kiao-chow with a sort of politic regret. In the preface he seems to think we have lost ground in the Far East on account of the South African troubles. It may be a disadvantage to have too many irons in the fire, but after all practice makes perfect.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

WHEN “John Oliver Hobbes” published *The School for Saints* in the autumn of 1897, she promised us a continuation, and in *Robert Orange* that promise is redeemed, and, what is more, redeemed with a measure of success rare in séquels. Though less prodigal of incident and description, the present volume is far superior to its predecessor in concentration and intensity, dealing as it does with the culminating episode in the life-history so discursively treated in the earlier book. At the close of *The School for Saints* it may be remembered that Robert Orange, the brilliant and many-sided idealist, had become engaged to the beautiful Mrs. Parflete, the daughter, by amorganatic marriage, of an Archduke and an actress. The volume before us unfolds the tragic consequences of that marriage for Orange and his friends. A greater tangle of amorous cross-purposes than that presented at the outset could hardly be imagined. Between Robert Orange and his Brigit (Mrs. Parflete) there is perfect mutual affection, but at least two other women are deeply in love with Robert.—Lady Fitz Rewes, a charming, amiable widow, who accepts the situation with gentle resignation, and Lady Sara de Treverell, a high-spirited, audacious creature, tortured by the pangs of unrequited love, yet never betraying herself in Robert’s presence. It should be added that these two ladies know each other’s secret. Then we have Lord Reckage—Robert’s friend and former patron—who is really in love with Lady Sara, but has engaged himself to Miss Carillon, who is in love with David Rennes, the painter. Very early in the book Robert is married to Mrs. Parflete, and starts for the Continent, only to be pursued by the news that Mr. Parflete is still alive. The unhappy pair, after a brief and agonising moment of rebellion, part company, Brigit finding an anodyne for her grief in the exercise of her hereditary histrionic talent, while Robert, after killing in a duel a man who had grossly insulted Mrs. Parflete, quits the political arena and enters the priesthood. Brigit receives a letter indicating this intention the day after her husband’s death, but refuses to blunt her lover’s resolve by telling him of her freedom. Meantime Lord Reckage, freed from his engagement by the opportune elopement of Miss Carillon with the

* (1.) *Robert Orange*. By John Oliver Hobbes. London: Fisher Unwin. [6s.]—(2.) *A Millionaire of Yesterday*. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. London: Ward, Lock, and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *The Monk and the Dancer*. By Arthur Cosslett Smith. London: Downey and Co. [3s. 6d.]—(4.) *The Avenging of Ruthanna*. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. London: John Long. [6s.]—(5.) *An American Countess*. By Mrs. Urban Hawkeswood. London: John Macquenn. [6s.]—(6.) *The Vanishing of Tera*. By Fergus Hume. London: F. V. White. [6s.]—(7.) *A Girl of the North*. By Helen Millicent. London: Greening and Co. [6s.]—(8.) *Should She Have Spoken?* By Esther Miller. London: Ward, Lock, and Co. [3s. 6d.]—(9.) *The Man-Stealers*. By M. P. Shiel. London: Hutchinson and Co. [6s.]—(10.) *The Yellow Danger*. By M. P. Shiel. New Edition. London: Grant Richards. [3s. 6d.]—(11.) *A Son of the State*. By W. Pett Ridge. London: Methuen and Co. [3s. 6d.]

painter, makes violent love to Lady Sara. She, however, while fascinated by his personal magnetism, is fully alive to his selfishness, and, resenting a contemplated act of treachery on his part to Orange, has decided to give him his *congé* when he meets with fatal injuries by being thrown from his horse. A letter from Disraeli, supposed to be written some ten years later, gives us the subsequent history of the principal characters. Mrs. Parflete has remained faithful to the stage; Robert Orange, leading a life of great simplicity and seclusion, has died of overwork; Lady Sara has become a Carmelite nun. This brief outline of the plot takes no account of sundry theological and political digressions, or of the appearances of Disraeli, who, as in the earlier book, exerts a paramount political influence on the principal characters, to say nothing of his literary influence on the author's style. It is, we think, a flaw in the story that Robert Orange is overshadowed by the unscrupulous, masterful, yet engaging Lord Reckage, just as Brigit is far less interesting and less human than the indiscreet yet fascinating Lady Sara. The struggle between Robert's ambition and his idealism, between the earthly and spiritual side of his complex nature, is cleverly rather than convincingly portrayed. It must be added that this brilliant novel is written with a distinction unfamiliar in contemporary fiction. It is rare in these democratic days to encounter a book in which the existence of the masses is barely hinted at; it is not unwelcome, after the tyranny of slum realism, to be for once in a way completely relieved from the contemplation of squalid emotions and underbred unhappiness.

Mr. Oppenheim, who is in danger of becoming the victim of a dangerous fertility, takes for the theme of his new novel the always engrossing topic of the quest and attainment of boundless wealth. Scarlett Trent, the hero of *A Millionaire of Yesterday*, is an ex-Board-school boy who has drifted to West Africa, and in partnership with a broken-down and bibulous aristocrat secured a valuable mining concession on the Congo. With his dying breath Trent's partner entreats him to befriend his daughter, but, had not Ernestine come across the millionaire professionally as a lady interviewer, it is to be feared he would never have thought of fulfilling his promise. The remainder of the story is concerned with the regeneration of the Napoleonic hero under the influence of his passion for the refined and gracious lady journalist. Disgusted with his rowdy and vulgar associates, the West African Colossus is initiated into the usages of polite society by the angelic interviewer, to whom, after various vicissitudes, he is in the end happily united. It only remains to be added that her father, whom Trent had treated with a good deal of brutality and left as dead in the pestilent swamps of the Congo, is miraculously restored to life, respectability, and affluence.

The Monk and the Dancer, the longest and most ambitious of the tales in Mr. Cosslett's collection, handles an abnormal theme with no little skill and a fair measure of artistic reticence. The hero is a young Trappist monk, punished for speaking to a beautiful visitor. When the Abbot goes at midnight to the offender's cell to reveal the fact that he is Brother Angelo's father, he finds him flown. The lady, a famous Spanish dancer, soon tires of her unworldly lover, and deserts him for a bull-fighter, and when Brother Angelo, after tramping from Venice to Paris, has realised the hopelessness of his quest, the story closes with the return of the truant to the monastery at the moment when the Abbot was about to resign his post in order to seek and rescue his son. The remaining stories exhibit a tendency in the direction of the fantastic and the *macabre* not always regulated by unimpeachable taste, but are marked by undeniable audacity of invention and vigour of expression.

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, unlike many modern novelists, has generally something to say when she writes a book. In *The Avenging of Ruthanna* the theme is not very attractive, although, to give him his due, the hero only sins against Ruthanna's peace of mind. That is, Cecil Calverley has the grace to run away from further temptation when he has made poor little Ruthanna fall hopelessly in love with him. Cecil Calverley is a clever piece of character-drawing, but to the present writer most of the personages of the drama are so odious that its perusal is more of a penance than a pleasure.

An American Countess relates how Lord Hawkhurst marries an unfortunate American girl for her money,—to please his

mother and restore the family fortunes. To please himself, he sets up at the same time a separate establishment, with his mother's maid as its mistress. The maid, who is a lady by birth, does not know of her lover's marriage, and is represented as so beautiful and virtuous that the reader cannot understand why she yields to her lover's desire that she should become his wife "morally" and not legally. However, the moral of the book is not antinomian, since the leading characters all prepare an awful legacy of "death and madness" for themselves. The book is readable rather than attractive, and leaves a decided after-taste of depression.

Mr. Fergus Hume having presumably exhausted the passions of people who are supposed to be civilised, boldly takes a South Sea Islander as his heroine in *The Vanishing of Tera*. This young lady, the Tera who vanished, is a so-called convert to Christianity, and her one idea is to marry her sailor lover—for she has been imported to England—and return to her home, and probably to her gods. About her and her adventures, about the minister who is her guardian, and about the murder of a gipsy with whom Tera changes clothes, Mr. Fergus Hume weaves a rather exciting story. The book will interest people who like a new flavouring added to Mr. Hume's popular receipt for detective literature.

"The North" in Miss Milecete's story means Canada, and the few glimpses of Canada which the author vouchsafes us are well drawn. But she is not quite so original when she transports her characters to London. Even there, however, the story is of average interest, though people are becoming rather common in fiction who, like Mrs. Phillips, try experiments with their conjugal relations in order to avoid the monotony of married life.

What "she" (presumably the heroine of *Should She Have Spoken?*) could possibly have said if she had spoken, the reader is at a loss to imagine. When a young lady finds on the eve of her wedding day that her husband's first wife is after all not dead, and when the said husband walks in his sleep to such purpose that he pops a bloody knife into a bag, and the said first wife is found murdered in the morning, there does not seem much left to say. However, "truth will out," and the real murderer is discovered at the end of the book. The hero's first marriage turns out to have been no marriage on the part of the first wife, and all is well. It is curious how many virtuous gentlemen have their happiness restored in fiction by finding out that their first marriage was bigamous. The book is not at all a bad specimen of its class, the quiet subsidiary plot and love affair which the author introduces being handled with no little skill.

Mr. Shiel finds congenial scope for his talents in *The Man-Stealers*, a highly sensational imaginary episode in the life of the great Duke. We may note at the same time the opportune reissue of the same writer's lurid romance, *The Yellow Danger*, and the appearance in a 3s. 6d. edition of Mr. Pett Ridge's admirable story, *A Son of the State*, originally published in Messrs. Methuen's sixpenny "Novelist" series. Bobbie Lancaster is a most delightful character, and richly deserves his promotion.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MINOR MAGAZINES.

The July *Macmillan* is an average number, but nothing more. The most readable paper is the Baroness Martinengo-Cesaresco's "Conversations with Gounod." It is lively, and we learn from it that in Gounod's opinion "what is difficult in art is not what we give forth, but what we hold back." "On Irish Greens" is breezy and may be found enjoyable at this season of holidays and golf. Professor Newton is aggressively eulogistic in "Gilbert White and his Recent Editors," and there is genuine pathos in Miss Sobrabji's "Behind the Purdah."—The new number of *Cassell's Magazine*, which, by the way, is now holding its own with such rivals as the *Strand* and the *Windsor*, is quite a holiday one; in other words, it is full of stories. Of these perhaps the best is "The Queen's Ring," by Mr. James Workman, who is a valuable recruit to the ranks of our historical romancists. But there are some excellent and informing miscellaneous articles, such as "Her Majesty's Ambassadors" and "The Central London Railway."—The most notable, or at least most genuinely literary, article in the *Sunday Magazine* is the Bishop of Ripon's—the seventh of a series—on "The Religious Element in the Poets."

The criticism which it contains of Marlowe has at least the merit of novelty. Mr. Joseph Spurgeon's article on "The Christian Endeavour Convention" is seasonable and well illustrated. The ordinary religious papers are rather deficient in "grit."—The "Christian Endeavour Convention" occupies the leading place in the *Puritan* as well as in the *Sunday Magazine*. But the most interesting paper in this number is "Lewis Carroll as a Preacher"; it presents the great humourist in a new, or at all events little known, light. "An Evangelist in Clay" is an excellent description of the art of George Tinworth, and, among stories, "The Revolt of the Villagers" is notable as illustrating at once the power of a revivalist preacher, and the disciplinary influence of domestic sorrow and happiness.—The July number of the *Sunday at Home* contains no outstanding article, but several papers that are readable and interesting, such as "Napoleon at St. Helena," "The Bible in Africa," and "The New York Conference on Foreign Missions." "An Australian Preacher's Bush Quarters," which comes to an end in this number, reveals a considerable amount of pathos on the part of the author.—The *Girl's Realm* now differs but very slightly, except perhaps in the quality of its illustrations, from the old and familiar magazines for girls; even the names of the writers, such as Evelyn Everett-Green, Agnes Giberne, and S. Baring-Gould, are quite familiar. "Four Girls at the Paris Exhibition" is lively. The literary criticism might well be improved. A study of Robert Louis Stevenson is almost infantile in its simplicity.—Perhaps no magazine—certainly none for boys—that has recently been started has reached a higher level of excellence than the *Captain*. Two really admirable serial stories, "The Three Scouts," by Fred Whishaw, and "Acton's Feud," by Fred Swainson, are running in it. The secret of the plot in the second is so cleverly kept that it is impossible as yet to see how the scoundrel is to be exposed and punished. Boys' athletic interests are looked after most carefully; "The Free Wheel" in the July number is well worth reading.—The existence of a vigorous periodical like the *Columbia University Quarterly* may be taken as one of many evidences of College activity on the American Continent. We learn from one of the articles in the July number that the particular function of such an institution as Columbia is to "make scholars and specialists, including in the latter term men of all the professions." Of this we have abundant evidence in such expert articles as "The School of Architecture."—Among magazines, widely different in character, which agree in maintaining a good level of literary excellence and of varied interest, are the *Journal of Education*, *Knowledge*, and the *Expository Times*. The lively and sarcastic "Democrat in Literature," by Geraldine Hodgson; "American Indians," by R. Lydekker; and "A Rhetorical Figure in the Old Testament," by Professor Hommel, of Munich, may be cited from the latest numbers of these magazines as examples of their different styles and virtues.—We are glad to give our usual welcome to an excellent magazine, still holding its own among many rivals, *Little Folks* (Cassell and Co.) The readers of this volume will be the inmates of happy homes.

The Anglo-Saxon. (John Lane. 21s.)—The new number of the *Anglo-Saxon* is as gorgeous as ever,—the binding this time being red in colour instead of dark green. It is wonderful how well the literary character of the magazine is maintained, for, as a rule, splendid binding, paper, and illustration tend to kill the letter-press. Lord Burghclere's translations from the Georgics are by no means bad, and show a great deal of feeling both for the poet and his subject, and, best of all, they do not read like translations. Lady Randolph Churchill's "War Letters" are bright and amusing, and tell some good stories. We wish the conductress of the *Anglo-Saxon* prosperity and success in her plucky attempt to revive the form of publication once made famous by the *Keepsake*. The *Anglo-Saxon* is in reality a somewhat severer and more strenuous *Keepsake*. There is the same splendour of get-up, and the same air of aristocratic authorship about the table of contents.

THE FINAL VOLUME OF THE "DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 15s. net.)—Perhaps the three most interesting names in the final volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* are Wordsworth, Sir Christopher Wren, and Wycliffe. "Wordsworth," by Mr. Leslie Stephen, seems to be a model of what a short biography should be. It covers some fifteen pages, and is, of course, packed with facts, but these are so arranged and so commented upon that not one line of the memoir is without interest. Mr. Stephen devotes little space to his appreciation of Wordsworth's poetry, but one sentence we quote as

seeming to us particularly happy: "He had the power of arresting simple thought with the magic of poetical inspiration." The first part of the article upon Sir Christopher Wren is devoted to his life and work outside of architecture, to which he did not turn his mind till he was nearly thirty. "Had his philosophical pursuits," we are told, "not been interfered with by the absorbing work of the arduous profession to which he devoted himself in later life, he could not have failed in securing a scientific position higher than was attained by any of his contemporaries, with, of course, one exception,—Newton." Wren was one of the men who founded the Royal Society, which used to meet in his private rooms. Four days after the Fire of London was extinguished, Wren laid before Charles II. a plan for rebuilding the city. This plan is still in existence,—a record of his genius. He was not allowed to attempt so huge an undertaking, but "found employment enough in rebuilding a Cathedral, more than fifty parish churches, thirty-six of the Companies' halls, and the Custom House, besides several private houses and provincial works. For the Cathedral and the parish churches the stipend he asked was £300." In youth Wren was considered very delicate, and he never attained the ordinary stature. His delicacy seems not to have affected his power of work, his vitality, or his serenity. Isaac Barrow truly said of him that it was "doubtful if he was more to be commended for the divine felicity of his genius or the sweet humanity of his disposition." He died—of a chill—at the age of ninety. The biography of Wycliffe is full and interesting. Dying in 1384, he had anticipated most of the general principles of the sixteenth-century Protestants. He accepted the definite and final authority of the Bible,—translating part of it and causing the rest to be translated. He denied the Real Presence, declaring the Eucharist to be only the "effectual sign" of Christ, pleaded for clerical permission to marry, preached that confession was unnecessary, that clerical excommunication was meaningless, that temporal Lords could at their pleasure take away temporal goods from ecclesiastics habitually delinquent, and, though no teacher of revolution, that the people may correct delinquent Lords. He condemned the monastic system in principle and operation, with all waste of time in mechanical devotions. "The Gospel was to him mainly a revelation of practical duty, and its essence the law of charity." His followers were of course persecuted, but "his own immunity from personal attack is no doubt remarkable, and is a striking witness to the strength of his influence with all sorts and conditions." Among the shorter Lives we would mention those of William of Wykeham, which should interest old Wykehamists, and of Edward Young, the poet, and Arthur Young, the traveller, the best known of whose works, "Young's Travels in France," is by no means his only claim to fame. He travelled all over England and Ireland, mainly with a view to studying different methods of farming, and "he remains the greatest of English writers upon agriculture." Of his tour in Ireland Miss Edgeworth said that it contained the most faithful portraiture of the Irish peasantry that had yet appeared. The account of Edward Young, of the "Night Thoughts," is amusing. Beginning as a man of letters, he took Orders late in life,—thinking it his best chance of worldly success. The poet's sentimental melancholy evidently does not appeal to Mr. Leslie Stephen, who says: "Young's gloom was, no doubt, partly that of a disappointed preferment-hunter, but, probably, was genuine enough in its way,—as sincere as that of most writers who bring their churchyard contemplations to market." Young was the man who first said "Procrastination is the thief of time."

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

The Life of Dwight L. Moody. By his Son. (Morgan and Scott. 10s. 6d.)—Mr. Moody was born in 1837; he began life as a commercial traveller; at the age of twenty-four "he turned his back on an income of five thousand dollars a year." His work as a teacher and preacher was at first carried on in Chicago. He was there when the Civil War broke out. The spiritual opportunities which this offered him interested him profoundly and were eagerly seized. They took him away from Chicago to the front; but he returned to the town when peace was restored. In 1870 he met Mr. Sankey at Indianapolis. After some little time the two joined hands in a partnership which certainly had a remarkable success. Mr. Moody had already visited England. He went again in 1872, and this time he summoned Mr. Sankey to join him. We need not follow the story of his work any further. That he did a great amount of good cannot be doubted, but

Christianity would be but poorly served if all its preachers were of the Moody type. He had a mind quite incapable of appreciating criticism, and put, it would seem, all the allegories and traditions of the Old Testament on the same level with the Gospel. It is curious to see him complaining of the men who recognise facts that "they are emptying the churches and driving the young men of this generation into infidelity." The complaint might certainly be retorted. A Moody ministry would certainly banish education from the Christian Church.—*The Great Awakening*, by a Chancery Barrister, edited by Bishop Courtenay (R. Grant and Son, Edinburgh), is a treatise on the life after death. (The "Chancery Barrister," it may be explained, is the Bishop himself.)—*In the Shadows; or, Thoughts for Mourners*. By May Wynne. (Marshall Brothers. 6d.)—*A Form of Prayers*. By John, Marquess of Bute. (Burns and Oates. 1s.)—"For the use of Catholics unable to hear Mass on Sundays and Holidays."

The Oxford English Dictionary, July, edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. per part), contains part of Vol. V. "Inferable—Jupushing." There are 1,628 words in all, among them being such suggestive subjects as "Inn" and "Influenza." An "inn" originally meant a dwelling-place simply; then came the meaning of a house of public resort; then a temporary as against a permanent abode; then "Inns of Chancery," "Inns of Court," &c. The history that gathers about this word is curious and interesting. "Influenza" was first used in 1740. The parallel number, edited by Henry Bradley, M.A., gives us from "Gradely—Creement." Here there are 1,240 words in all, "grain," "grammar," "gravity," being conspicuous among them.—With this we may mention Dr. Murray's highly instructive *Evolution of English Lexicography* (Clarendon Press, 2s.), the Romanes Lecture for the present year delivered at Oxford.

The Supremacy of Man. By John Pulsford. (A. Melrose. 2s. 6d.)—This volume contains some interesting papers, partly devotional in character, partly philosophical. The author starts with the strong assertion of the personality of God. Matthew Arnold's "stream of tendency making for righteousness" does not satisfy him at all. From this he passes on to the manifestation of the Godhead in man. We cannot follow his argument, and must content ourselves with saying that this is an able book which will repay study.

Robert Browning. By A. Waugh. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)—This is a volume of the "Westminster Biographies," and is in every way an excellent piece of work. The two personalities of Robert Browning and his wife are sympathetically treated, and there is some admirable criticism of their literary work. We are glad to see the due meed of praise rendered to W. J. Fox, to whom Browning owed much in the beginning of his career. Few people remember Fox. He was a genuine orator, but the orator is soon forgotten. His name will probably be handed down linked with that of the unappreciated author to whom he reached out a helping hand. Fox was the means of bringing about the publication of "Paracelsus" ("Pauline" was Browning's first book and "Paracelsus" his second); he was always ready with criticism which was both judicious and encouraging. Foster also gave him early help, all the more welcome because there was in his case no personal acquaintance. The *Spectator* of that day was, we are sorry to say, not appreciative; but it may be urged in excuse that it required a more than common penetration to see the merit of Browning's verse when seen for the first time. In 1837 "Strafford" was acted at Covent Garden, and simultaneously published. Macready and Helen Faucit were the chief, it is even suggested the only real, actors. The piece was withdrawn after five nights, the reason being that the actor who played Pym withdrew. If the *Examiner's* judgment on him, "positively nauseous, whining, drawling, and slouching"—they seemed to have used strong language in those days—was correct, his loss could hardly have been irremediable. It is difficult to say when Browning became a success,—in the case of Tennyson one can fix the time very closely. Mr. Waugh very rightly dwells on the excellent influence which Elizabeth Barrett Browning exercised on her husband's literary work. Her own poetry was very faulty, noble as it was in many ways, but she did him good in a way that would hardly have been expected. This is a very good little book; if the series keeps up to this mark it should do well.

Notes on a Century of Typography at the University Press, Oxford, 1693-1794. By Horace Hart, Hon. M.A. (At the Clarendon Press.)—Mr. Hart prints here, with various notes and explanations, eight "specimens" issued from the Clarendon Press from time to time between 1693 and 1794. A "specimen" gave examples of various types from which authors could choose such

as they thought most suitable. The first types used at Oxford came from Cologne. The negotiations to which we are introduced in this volume were carried on in Holland and elsewhere. Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, was the principal in the affair, and Thomas Marshall, afterwards Rector of Lincoln College and Dean of Gloucester, the chief agent. In one of Marshall's letters (dated April, 1670) we have the prices of some type. Latin letters (brevier Roman), cost 2s. 2d. the pound; nonpareil, 3s. 10d. The book, which is of a very handsome appearance, is, for the most part, of a technical character; to those who are interested in typography it will, we take it, be of very considerable interest.

Memories of Some Oxford Pets. Collected by Mrs. Wallace. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 3s.)—This is a delightful book, fittingly commended to the reader by Mr. Warde Fowler's admirable preface. Dogs, of course, occupy, so to speak, the front benches. It needs no *Lex Roscia* to secure that for them. Then come three cats, a brown owl, a chameleon, a jerboa, a mouse, a hen, and a rat,—a Japanese rat, it must be understood. These creatures, some of whose histories are written for them and some written by themselves, furnish us with a feast of good things. First in the list comes 'Oriel Bill,' taking precedence, we presume, with his College. He was "a brindled bulldog of ferocious mien, of undeniable pedigree, of courtly manners," though somewhat eccentric. One of his jokes was to plant himself in front of a tramcar and defy it, as Ajax defied the lightning. And the tramcar had to stop till he chose to go away. Then Professor and Mrs. Max Müller tell us about "Our Dachshunds." The dachshund is a peculiarly fascinating dog, and has a high rank in literature, now that Matthew Arnold has given 'Geist' a place along with 'Argus.' And the dachshund, happily, lives long, though indeed one may doubt whether this is a blessing, for did not Walter Scott say, when asked why dogs' lives are short, "If they lived longer we could not bear to part with them"? The writer of this notice has the honour of knowing a dachs who is in his twentieth year, and sprightly still. The other day he went and fetched the cat, who had unaccountably neglected to attend, as usual, at family prayers. But we must not wander on, hard as it is to stop when dogs are the subject. Meanwhile, let lovers of the good and the beautiful read this book.

Before Good-Night. By George H. R. Dabbs, M.D. (C. W. Deacon and Co.)—Nina was a waif of the streets, who made such a living as she could by selling flowers, in the arrangement of which she had a special gift. A lad, who is first beginning his work as a medical student, befriends her. He does her some good, and she does him a great deal more. Here comes in a third character, Jupe, an orphan who lives with a grandfather, an old soldier. These and other personages of less importance play their life drama—real life, we are given to understand—and Dr. Dabbs tells us how they played it in a very pleasant way. This makes the first half of the book; the second is a sequel, under the title of "From Door to Door," not quite so successful, we think, because not quite so plain. But here, too, there are some excellent things.

CLASS-BOOKS.—In "Blackwood's Classical Texts" we have *Ovid Metamorphoses: Selections*, edited by J. H. Viner, M.A. (W. Blackwood and Sons). Mr. Viner's introduction touches on a subject which is new in classical school-books,—comparative folk-lore. It is but a brief notice, but it is interesting and likely to be useful. The illustrations are an important feature.—*Easy Greek Syntax and Exercises*. By H. E. Haig-Brown. (Relfe and Co.)—*Text-Book of Zoology*. By Dr. Otto Schmeil. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d.)—Part I., "Mammals."

MAPS.—We have three maps of China before us, brought out with a commendable despatch and enterprise, and all instructive. These are *Bacon's New Large Print Map of China* (G. W. Bacon and Co., 1s., and 2s. 6d. mounted), with inset maps on a large scale of important localities, e.g., the Taku Forts, Peking, &c.; *The "Strand" War Map of China* (G. Newnes, 6d.), with special maps of the seat of war (Taku Forts to Peking, &c.); and *The "Daily Mail" Map* (G. Philip and Son, 1s.)

POSTCARDS.—We have received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited, a series of picture-postcards for home and abroad. They are calculated to suit all tastes, naval and military, topographical and artistic. We may specially recommend the really beautiful reproductions of Turner's Venetian pictures and the spirited scenes illustrating the war in South Africa. No doubt their despatch will give pleasure to numberless boys and girls on their holidays.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Berthet (E.), The Catacombs of Paris, cr 8vo	(Constable)	6/0
Blanchan (N.), Nature's Garden, 4to	(Helmemann)	12/6
Braddyl (Mrs.), The Patriotic Autograph Album, 16mo	(Simpkin)	3/0
Brown (W. N.), The Art of Enamelling on Metal, cr 8vo (Scott & Greenwood)		2/6
Carwardine (T.), Operative and Practical Surgery, 8vo	(Simpkin)	10/6
Chambers (A.), Man and the Spiritual World, cr 8vo	(C. Taylor)	3/6
Clinch (G.), Old English Churches: their Architecture, Furniture &c., cr 8vo	(L. U. Gill)	6/6
Davenport (C. B. and G. C.), Introduction to Zoology, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
European Settlements in the Far East, cr 8vo	(S. Low)	7/6
For Britain's Soldiers, by W. L. Alden, Sir W. Besant, and others (Methuen)		6/0
Geden (A. S.), Studies in Eastern Religions, 12mo (Wesleyan Conference Office)		3/6
Gould (G. M.) and Pyle (W. L.), A Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine and Surgery, 4to	(Rebman)	42/0
Gross (E.), Hops in their Botanical, Agricultural, and Technical Aspect, 8vo	(Scott & Greenwood)	12/6
Index to the Periodicals of 1899, 4to	(H. Marshall)	10/0
Keith (Leslie), On Alien Shores, cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	6/0
Layriz (O.), Mechanical Traction in War for Road and Transport, 8vo (S. Low)		5/0
Mackenzie (W. D.), South Africa: its Heroes and Wars, 4to	(H. Marshall)	6/0
Merry (Andrew), The Naked Truth, and other Stories (New Century Press)		3/6
Murray (L. C.), In Sylvia's Garden, cr 8vo	(E. Stock)	2/0
Neuman (B. P.), The Uttermost Parthing, cr 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	6/0
Parry (L. A.), The Risks and Dangers of Various Occupations and their Prevention, cr 8vo	(Scott & Greenwood)	7/6
Penny (Mrs. Frank), Fort St. George, Madras, 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	10/6
Pooler (C. K.), Translations and other Verses, 12mo	(Longmans)	3/0
Public School Word Book (The), edited by J. S. Farmer, roy. 16mo (Hirschfeld)		21/0
Randau (P.), Enamels and Enamelling, 8vo	(Scott & Greenwood)	10/6
Savage (R. H.), The Shield of His Honour, cr 8vo	(F. V. White)	6/0
Sothorn (J. W.), Verbal Notes and Sketches for Marine Engineers (Whittaker)		2/6
Spahr (C. B.), America's Working People, cr 8vo	(Longmans)	5/0
Wakeman (Annie), The Autobiography of a Charwoman, cr 8vo (Macqueen)		6/0
Webster (H. K.), The Banker and the Bear, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0

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NOTICE.—With this week's number of the "SPECTATOR" is issued gratis, an Eight-Page Supplement, containing the Half-Yearly Index and Title-Page,—i.e., from January 6th to June 30th, 1900, inclusive.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THERE is no further hope for the European Embassies in Peking. Sheng, the Director of Telegraphs at Shanghai, and the coast Viceroys continue the artistic lying which they hope will gain them time; but there is no reasonable ground for doubting that a tragedy absolutely outside precedent in the history of the world has occurred. Up to July 6th the Ambassadors and their marine guards—being supplied with food by Prince Ching, a Manchu noble threatened by the Empress-Regent, and being partly sheltered by her intense desire to take them alive, and use them to strike a bargain with Europe—successfully defended themselves, but on that day, seeing the end of their ammunition, they joined Prince Ching and the Household guard which he commanded in a desperate sortie. It failed. Ching was deserted and killed, the Europeans fell back on the Embassy, and Prince Tuan ordered a final attack. He shelled the Embassy all night, and attacked at dawn through the breaches. The defenders, who had only revolvers left, shot their wives and children, and died fighting, not even Sir Robert Hart escaping. He was, it is said, offered a disguise, but he had remained an Englishman, and he elected to die with his countrymen. There is no evidence that any one was spared, and as the instinct of the Court would be to remove all witnesses, and so allow itself full latitude for lying, an escape is most improbable.

This enormous crime has caused a cry of horror throughout Europe, but it has not quickened the action of the Courts. Rather it has released them from the necessity of postponing their interests to their humanity. The general idea in all capitals is evidently to accumulate about 90,000 Europeans in Taku, and, while supplies are collecting there, to send forward 50,000 Japanese, whose supplies are ready, to storm Peking, the Courts trusting that as they hold the sea the Japanese will act as their agents and enforce their terms. The European and Indian troops—30,000 Russians, 20,000 British, 15,000 Germans, 10,000 Americans, 7,500 French, and 6,000 Italians—are afloat, and will be in Taku by mid-August, but their transport, which it is most difficult to collect, will hardly be ready before September. No generalissimo has been appointed or suggested, but he will probably be a German, the British retaining the supreme command at sea. The Chinese are gathering troops from all quarters, except Shantung, where a great army is collecting

for the storm of Shanghai, and they will probably have 150,000 men between Taku and Peking, who will use the spade, let loose the canals, and throw up mighty walls. They have plenty of artillery, and are manufacturing shells in quantities in their own arsenals. The march, therefore, though quite practicable, will be a terrible and protracted one.

One grand difficulty in the way, however, has been removed. Tientsin has been taken. The details are still obscure, but it is certain, from Admiral Seymour's report, that on July 13th the allied forces, who with the Japanese numbered eight thousand men, attacked the native city. The attack failed, the Chinese pouring in a most destructive fire; but on the following day the Japanese blew open the gates, the troops entered, and the Chinese army fled. Sixty-two guns are said to have been captured. The Allies lost in killed and wounded above eight hundred men, a tenth of their whole force, and the Chinese, who fought "with fanaticism"—that is, very well—also suffered heavily. It is supposed that this success will greatly daunt the Chinese; but it is more certain that if the railway between Tientsin and Taku can be cleared, the allied army will have a new base only seventy miles from Peking. The principal credit of the attack is given to the Japanese and the Americans; but one difficulty of a composite army is that the reporters of each nationality attribute to that nationality all they decently can. The death list is quoted as the final test, but it may be swelled by blundering as well as by valour. The energy with which the Chinese fought is, like their uprising, a surprise. Some cause of depression seems to have been lifted off their spirits.

We regret to read in certain quarters cries for savage vengeance on the Chinese. They are, perhaps, natural, but they can serve no end except to make them fight as men fight when quarter is refused. It is indispensable that there should be punishment for the atrocity committed in Peking, and punishment such as will resound through Asia, where already, as, for instance, in Turkey, men are muttering that the Chinese have shown the right way, but the punishment should fall on the dynasty, not the people. To "slaughter all Peking" is only to imitate Prince Tuan. The Allies ought, if they enter Peking, to execute the authors of the tragedy whatever their rank, and to refuse absolutely to make peace with a Manchu on the throne, but they ought also to avoid promiscuous slaughter except upon the battlefield. If they do not they will destroy their own coherence, for Englishmen and Americans remain Christians, and rouse a popular hatred more dangerous than many lost battles. The caution is the more necessary because Continental, as well as Japanese, generals are apt to believe that in Asia the most effective weapon is terror, and that if mobs see only soldiers killed they do not feel the necessary emotion. It is forgotten that terror has two results.

Two grave complications have been introduced this week into the Chinese affair. The first is the evidence that the persons ruling in Peking hate Russia more than any other Power. They have evidently been preparing for months to block the Siberian route and destroy the Trans-Asian Railway. Armed bands, provided with excellent guns, have stopped all work on many sections of the railway, and regular troops are blocking the Amur, which constitutes at present one division of the long route, and are bombarding the Russian town of Blagovestchensk, which is the depôt used by the Russian troops guarding the river. It is even reported on good authority that the town has fallen, but this is officially denied. At the same time the Chinese in Manchuria have risen on the Russians scattered about the province, and

the total result is that the Russian land route to the Pacific is useless until China is conquered. The Russian Government is pressing forward reinforcements, but it seems to be admitted that Siberia has been depleted of troops, and that a large army must be employed at once for the conquest of Manchuria. The result of this is that, although Russia may assist in the march to Peking, she cannot make a "disinterested" peace, for she must claim Manchuria. The event is a strong lesson to those who have persistently alleged that a secret compact existed between St. Petersburg and Peking.

The other complication is the arrival of telegrams from Shanghai reporting imminent danger to that great centre of trade with China. Shanghai was supposed to be the one safe place for Europeans in the Empire, but this is not the opinion of the residents who are imploring assistance. They believe that the Governor of Shantung, who has just given up all native Christians to massacre, intends to attack Shanghai with his great army, and they say that the cruisers cannot defend them. The authorities have called in all women and children from the stations along the Yangtze, and it is probable that all will be at once sent away from Shanghai, which we think of as a European city, but which is totally indefensible, and surrounded by a population of four hundred thousand Chinese. There is a demand that part of the forces from India should be stopped to defend Shanghai, and it seems possible that if this is not done there may be an awful tragedy there also, the volunteers who protect the European settlement numbering only eleven hundred men insufficiently provided with reserves of ammunition. There is even a suspicion that Li Hung Chang has sent his Black Flags there, and it is certain that the treacherous old man, while professing friendship, has obeyed an order to start for Peking, and to send his Army "Northwards."

We see that the military writer of the *Times*, in an excellent paper on the situation, declares that the "intelligent appreciation of the military situation is not in accordance with the Chinese character, and "points to expert advice and trained leading." The same idea is expressed in other directions, and we even see statements that some German, Frenchman, or Irishman of military experience *must* be at the head of Prince Tuan's forces. Why? Do these writers really believe that military capacity is dependent, like the production of apples, on climate, or mean to assert that all the great generals and organisers of Asia had European lieutenants? Does he suppose that Kaled, the "sword of God," learned his trade of the Greek Emperors? Why in the world should there not be a Chinese Hyder Ali, or Runjeet Singh, or Ibrahim Pasha? This rooted and apparently incurable contempt for the Asiatic intellect is the cause of almost all our misfortunes in Asia, and lies at the root of the Asiatic dislike for us, to which Major F. Younghusband, the explorer of Manchuria, testified on Thursday in the *Times* in these words:—"Even the intense conservatism of the Chinese is not so important a factor in the question as that instinctive antipathy to Europeans which seems to dwell in every tissue of their bodies and run through their veins in every drop of their blood." All who know Major Younghusband know that he is a cool, thoughtful diplomatist, rather singularly free from prejudice against Asiatics.

The news from the front during the whole of the past week has been extraordinarily meagre, and on Friday there was practically no war news at all. This shows that Lord Roberts has some serious work on hand. All we know, or rather guess, is that he is preparing for one of his dashes, probably at President Kruger's last capital. At the same time Christian De Wet is being hard pressed to the South of Bethlehem, while Piet De Wet and Mr. Steyn, according to a *Daily News* telegram, are trying to help him. A good deal has been made of the news that fifteen hundred Boers have broken through the cordon drawn round the enemy in the Orange Colony by Generals Hunter and Rundle, and were moving towards Lindley. We do not, however, think that the fact is of any great importance, as they are being closely pursued by our troops. Other items of news during the week are, that on Monday Botha attacked a part of Lord Roberts's force under Pole Carew, and was repulsed

with loss, that several hundred foreigners were arrested in Johannesburg owing to the discovery of a plot to seize the town and let in a Boer commando, and that Lord Roberts has sent out of Pretoria and into the Boer lines one thousand Boer women. It is clearly the duty of their husbands and relatives to feed them, and, besides, they were in constant communication with the enemy. On the whole the situation is satisfactory and the end perceptibly nearer, in spite of there having been no sensational successes of late, and even a drawback or two.

The Cape Parliament was opened on Friday by Sir Alfred Milner, and the Bill for appointing special tribunals to try the rebels will be at once presented. It is believed that it will be passed without any great difficulty. In spite of the extreme violence with which the disfranchisement proposals are being opposed, public opinion here is, we believe, entirely in their favour, and will heartily support Sir Alfred Milner and the Cape Ministers in their perfectly legitimate scheme for dealing with the men who, after all, have disfranchised themselves by deliberately throwing off their allegiance, by firing on the flag, and by making themselves citizens and soldiers of States at war with the Empire. People here do not want blood shed or to wreak a cruel vengeance of any kind upon the rebels, but they rightly reject as nonsense the allegation that it is "cruel," "tyrannical," "despotic," "bloodthirsty," "revengeful," and what not to say that a man who has been in arms against the Empire shall not be allowed to vote during the next five years,—for that is all the disfranchisement proposal comes to.

The one bright spot in the news of the week is the official intelligence of the relief of Coomassie. This occurred on July 15th, the tidings being heliographed to Fumusu and then sent by runner to Cape Coast Castle. No details are given, but it appears certain that Colonel Willcocks, who had promised to relieve the place on the 15th inst., forced his way through on the appointed day, possibly after severe fighting. The little garrison is therefore safe, and Colonel Willcocks, having two thousand men with him, munitions, and sufficient food, may be relied on to disperse the besiegers. We trust he will be allowed to reorganise Ashanti, which ought not to be left as it has been, dependent for order upon the dread which many chiefs entertain of seeing the old régime revived. We shall gladly also record a large increase of the garrison of West Africa, which is now far below the needs of that great series of dependencies.

In the House of Lords on Monday Lord Portsmouth called attention to the continued lawlessness in the Church of England, and asked the Prime Minister if he was prepared to give effect to the resolution passed by the House of Commons on May 10th, 1899—the vague minatory resolution which declared that if the Bishops could not keep order in the Church, further legislation would be necessary to secure obedience to the law of the Church and realm. We have dealt at length elsewhere with the reply of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and will only say here that it breathed the authentic spirit of the English Church in its noblest and highest form. The keynote of the speech was the phrase, "whatever we are to do we ought to take care that we do not narrow the Church of England." The Primate of all England pleaded also for patience, and declared that if only they were given time the Bishops could restore discipline to the Church. Lord Salisbury very wisely contented himself with strongly supporting the plea for patience, and for not exacting a slavish obedience from the clergy, which had been put forward by the Archbishop. Lord Halifax continued the debate in a somewhat combative and threatening speech, trailing his coat, and daring the Bishops to say that the declaration of the English Church Union was inconsistent with Catholic belief. If they did, there would be peace, though it might be the peace of which it was said: "*Solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant.*" Of course, neither the Bishops nor any one else in authority will be so foolish as to make any pronouncement upon the amateur efforts of Lord Halifax to express positively or negatively the nature and limits of Catholic doctrine. The Bishop of Winchester closed the debate by a speech both short and sensible, in which he showed, by reference to his

own diocese, how greatly exaggerated has been the accusation that the orders of the Bishops have been universally flouted. As usual in a hot controversy, universally appears to mean about $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

In the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Asquith, in a fierce speech, but one of considerable forensic skill and power, attacked the third reading of the Tithe Rent Charge Bill. The proposal [it is one to reduce the annuities paid to the Government in respect of the Irish Church Fund by way of tithe rent-charge, proportionately to the reduction made by the judicial rent] was, he declared, one which would clear "not only our minds, but our debates of the cant about the inviolate sacredness of property." We should have thought that had been pretty well accomplished already by the Irish Land Acts. Mr. Balfour's answer was easy. Mr. Asquith had been terribly perturbed about the inviolability of the Irish Church Fund, but had he ever heard of the alteration made in the annuities bought by the purchasers of glebe in Ireland? Those annuities were part of the assets of the Church Fund, and yet in 1885 Parliament diminished those annuities, owing to the fall in prices, and reduced the Church Fund. "Was that described as a dole? Was that described as a corrupt bargain, or as a payment to a class?" The Bill, it seems to us, is a simple piece of justice. We are by no means inclined to hold any special brief for the Irish landlords, should not break our hearts if the more violent among them carried out their oft-repeated threats and became Home-rulers, and hold, further, that the attitude of many of them towards Mr. Gerald Balfour's administration in Ireland has been virulent and unfair in the extreme. At the same time, it is monstrous to exact the pound of flesh from them in respect of the tithe rent-charge. The statutory reduction of rent should apply proportionately to all statutory charges arising out of the land. Mortgages and family charges are on an entirely different footing. They are private burdens, and can conceivably be bargained about.

In the Commons on Monday afternoon Mr. Balfour made a statement as to the public business of the Session. He hoped to pass the Isle of Man Bill, the Oil and Tobacco Bill, the Naval Reserve Bill, the Larceny Bill, two Local Government Board Bills, the Irish Poor Relief Bill, the Diocesan Records Bill, two annual Bills, and some small departmental Bills. He hoped that the two Bills still before the Grand Committee—the Companies Bill and the Money-lending Bill—might shortly become law; and he trusted to pass the third reading of the Agricultural Holdings Bill and the Irish Tithes Bill. The Government proposed to drop the Military Manœuvres, the Factories and Workshops, Lunacy, Youthful Offenders, Savings Banks, Dogs, Sea Fisheries, Palatine Court of Durham, and Reformatories and Industrial Schools Bills. The Education Bill he declared it necessary to postpone. We regret the postponement of the Factories Bill, and we sincerely trust that the Companies Bill will at last become law, for it is a measure on which there can be no divided opinion.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday Mr. Goschen made a statement on naval affairs, and also explained the views and intentions of the Admiralty on the subject of water-tube boilers. After deploring the delay in the supply of materials, mentioning the fact that six new cruisers were to be put out to contract, and stating that the Admiralty had acquired five additional torpedo destroyers (one of these is on the turbine principle) Mr. Goschen scouted the preposterous notion that the Admiralty, at the bidding of the Treasury, had induced the contractors to work slowly. As to the Belleville boilers, Mr. Goschen admitted the defects in water-tube boilers, but stated that the real question was whether these defects were inherent or remediable. The Admiralty view was that they could be remedied. The advantages claimed for the boilers were that they are (1) faster; (2) get up speed quicker; (3) lighter; (4) take up less space. Other countries either used or were going to adopt water-tube boilers. Still, the nation was uneasy, and therefore an impartial inquiry should be made, and several vessels should be placed at the disposal of the investigators.

This announcement has been well received, and there is a general sense of satisfaction that the Admiralty has not

shown itself afraid of investigation, but is willing to take the nation into its confidence. That is the wise course, for then, even if the Committee should report against the boilers, little blame will attach to the Admiralty, but rather praise for not having tried to hide a blunder by a policy of hushing up. We hope and trust, however, that the inquiry will result in an endorsement of the Admiralty's action. In view, however, of the adoption of water-tube boilers by all other Powers we should like to feel sure that it was not a case of water-tube boilers being right as to *genus*, but the Bellevilles being the wrong *species*. Mr. Goschen at the end of his speech used words which we are glad to think mean that the Admiralty are going seriously into the question of submarine boats.

Lord Meath has written to the papers on behalf of the Lads' Drill Association which has been formed "for the purpose of arousing public interest in the question of military drill for lads. The scheme is an admirable one, and we are glad to see that Lord Meath refers to the example of the Colonial schools, which was cited in a letter from Dr. Harris, of Parramatta, in the *Spectator*. In Victoria military drill is obligatory in all State schools. A camp is held every year where are gathered as many as five thousand cadets; the same principle holds in other Colonial schools, and in Dr. Harris's school at Parramatta it is a fundamental rule that every boarder should be a cadet. We should be glad to see it also a fundamental rule of our own public schools. This is the one form in which military service might be made compulsory and yet not burdensome. And the custom, if inaugurated in our great schools, would soon spread to the smaller institutions. Meanwhile we cordially support Lord Meath's proposal.

In the paper which Mr. T. C. Horsfall read last week at the Charity Organisation Conference there are some facts which call for serious attention. Last year in Manchester about 11,000 young men wished to enlist. Of the 11,000, 8,000 had to be rejected on account of physical defects, and of the 3,000 who were not rejected only 1,072 could be put into the Army; 2,107 were sent into Militia regiments. What is true of Manchester is true of all our larger towns, and it is a terrible comment on the physical condition of the poor. Mr. Horsfall pleads for the appointment of a Government Commission to provide a code of regulations for controlling the building of dwellings, and for the supply of wide streets and open spaces. He wishes to see some such regulation as the Berlin code adopted, but, as he rightly argues, it is not only powers that are needed, but the knowledge and intelligence for a right use of the power. Unless we can in the next twenty years tackle seriously the slum question we shall be physically no less than morally undone as a nation.

We are glad to see that the choice of the Government has fallen on Lord Hopetoun, and that he is to be the first Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth. The difficulty of selection must have been very great. The man capable of presiding fittingly over the birth of the new State must have experience of constitutional government, must be well off, must be able in brain and strong in character, though he may never be directly called on to show either in public—the public does not hear of it, but a governor, like the Queen, has often to give useful counsel and advice to his own advisers—and, finally, must have plenty of tact and good temper, as well as dignity and knowledge of men. And all these qualities must be found in the case of a Governor-General, in a man in the higher ranks of the peerage [Commonwealths and Dominions will not go below an Earl] who is rich enough, young enough, and sufficiently unembarrassed by domestic ties to leave his home for five years. After what we have said it almost sounds like fulsome flattery to say that Lord Hopetoun has the requisite requirements, but we believe he has. The objection to him that he is a Victorian and will favour Victoria is absurd. It is far more likely that, in order to show his impartiality and lack of prejudice, he may sometimes be a little too much inclined to lean the other way. But in any case, what real power has he under the Act to serve his old Colony?

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
New Consols ($2\frac{3}{4}$) were on Friday $97\frac{3}{4}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

CHINA AND EUROPE.

IT is possible at last to follow with something like full comprehension the history of the upheaval in China which is now distracting the world, and one incident in which has produced throughout Europe a unanimous outburst of rage and horror. It is clear from the narrative drawn up by Count von Bülow, from the trend of the lies circulated by the Chinese Viceroy, from one or two authentic decrees, from the revelation in the *North China Herald* of May 16th, and from the flashes of white light contained in the letter of a student interpreter to his father—a letter full of knowledge and judgment, though purposely couched in a schoolboy jargon intended to soothe away alarm—that the central cause of the outbreak was the Empress-Regent. That tiger-hearted woman decided, probably when she superseded the Emperor, to adopt the anti-foreign policy of the great Conservatives in her Court who were headed by Prince Tuan, the ultimate leader of the “Boxer” secret society, and who were ready at that price to support her claims. She probably bought Prince Tuan by promising to make his son Emperor, and thenceforward the preparations for war on Europe were committed to him, and went forward with wonderful energy, secrecy, and despatch. Quantities of arms were imported, scores of thousands of men were drilled in districts invisible to Europeans, especially Shantung; the real troops of the Empire who were all on the Western frontiers were called up to Peking, and there can be little doubt that a general massacre was planned for a particular date. Some occurrence, as yet obscure, however, drove the Empress, as the student interpreter records, half crazy with rage; circulars were sent warning the Viceroy that all foreigners were doomed (*vide* M. Delcassé’s first speech), and orders were issued for a general attack on the Legations as an unmistakable declaration of war. The idea was not at first to kill the Ambassadors, but to seize them, and then demand that Europe, as the price of their lives, should thenceforward treat China, in Prince Tuan’s words, “as a sealed book.” They were all invited to the Tsung-li-Yamen, but all save the German Baron von Ketteler, whose disbelief in Chinese courage was invincible, refused to go, and his death *en route* nearly deranged the plot. It warned the Ambassadors that the Empress intended to shed blood. So strongly, however, was the idea of capture entertained in the Imperial Palace, that the English and French Legations were not shelled, as they might have been from the walls behind them, but only attacked by soldiers and armed mobs, both with strict orders to reserve the Ambassadors alive. It is probable that this policy, of which the Viceroy obviously knew, would have been persisted in, and that the Ambassadors would have been starved into submission, but that Prince Ching, the second Manchu Prince of the Imperial House, who had been roughly dismissed by the Empress from the Premiership in favour of Prince Tuan, believed his own life to be threatened, and being still commandant of the Palace Guard, forwarded provisions to the Embassies, or rather to the British Embassy, whither all the Legations and their guard had retreated. In that vast palace, with its high-walled compound, hope had gradually died away, and when its inmates knew, through Sir Robert Hart, that Admiral Seymour’s dare-devil dash had been useless, and saw that their own munitions were failing, they, in concert with Prince Ching, made on July 6 a final desperate sortie. There was the one last supreme chance that if it succeeded the combined force might rush the Palace and hold the Empress and Prince Tuan hostages for the safety of the Embassies. It was too late. Prince Ching’s guard deserted him, he was killed, with his military chief of staff, and the Europeans were beaten back, with their ammunition nearly exhausted. Then Prince Tuan, impatient of further delay, abandoned the idea of capturing the Ambassadors, ordered a final assault, and began the shelling which, but for the design we have explained, he could have begun at once. The external wall was battered in, the Chinese soldiers and mob-leaders swarmed in in countless numbers, and the European gentlemen of the Embassies, with the few surviving marines—after slay-

ing the ladies and children to preserve them from outrage and torture—died in the compound and the great hall, sword in hand. The horror of torture was, we believe, spared them, but there has never been such a scene since history began. The representatives of all Europe, the men who even in Peking held themselves the equals of Kings, and could not believe to the last that even in that separate world of China there were men who dare take their lives, died fighting to the last, without hope as without fear; many, as appears from the courier’s account, when wounded entreating their comrades to hasten dissolution with their revolvers. We will stimulate no cry for vengeance, but if Europe endures this, its claim to direct and moderate the politics of the world is changed into a futile boast. There is no more need to destroy Peking than there was to destroy Delhi, but if Europe is to retain its self-respect, not only the individual criminals, but the dynasty which gave them their power, and the caste which supported them in their crimes, must be swept away. There must be an end of the Manchu.

The tragedy at Peking will prove, we fear, to be but one of a series which will move the peoples even more, though no other can equally insult the Courts. The hope, which is so general in Europe, that the Viceroy will protect the foreigners will prove, we believe, a baseless illusion. Why should they, when they can obtain promotion and exemption from the certainty of being poisoned, by submission to the legal central power? If the Empress is reigning, she is the recognised Sovereign; if Prince Tuan, he is the natural Regent during his son’s minority. Both have ordered the extirpation of the foreigner, and neither will pardon disobedience. The Viceroy, it seems to us clear, have been playing for months into the hands of Peking, and are playing still; some with artistic lying; some, like Li Hung Chang, by forwarding troops; one at least, the man who rules in Manchuria, by an active collection, which must have been going on for months, of force and guns sufficient to defy the Russian force upon his ground. The men who have dared order a Russian city upon Russian ground to be stormed will dare anything. The plot has covered the whole Empire. Already the Viceroy in the interior are throwing off the mask, and within a month we shall find that the Viceroy of the coast provinces have thrown it off too, and that in every settlement where there are Europeans the only place of safety will be shipboard, if even that will be safe, for the sailors also are at the mercy of Peking. It is true that Tientsin has been taken, and it is supposed that that event will restore the prestige of Europe and incline all Chinamen to be submissive. We doubt it greatly. Frightening the Court is of little use, for the Court fights, as it well knows, with a rope round its neck, and the people will be no more frightened than if Tientsin had perished in a flood. There are a hundred Tientsins in China, and no one of them all cares what becomes of any other one. The centre of power is the dynasty, and the dynasty can spend a thousand men a day, and feel it no more than the ocean feels when a wave fails to overcome an iron liner. The Courts, we are glad to see, perceive the truth quite accurately. Every week the armament they deem sufficient increases in strength, and the march to Peking, for which Admiral Seymour and two thousand men were a few days ago deemed sufficient, will not now be attempted with less than a hundred thousand men. It is vain to talk of speed when six Governments have to provide supplies, food, and transport for such masses. The Japanese are ready, but nobody else is, not even we ourselves, though we do not hesitate to spend, and to become ready time must be allowed. A mighty Empire with twice the population of Europe has declared war upon five of her States, and if those States do not employ all the resources of military science, they may be defeated. Energy is needed, and daring, and extravagance, but when an Empire like China has to be conquered by a composite force, hurry is out of place. Our countrymen must beware still of the old illusions. The capture of Tientsin, if we have captured it, is a good preparatory step, but who would have dreamed six months ago that for ten thousand Regulars to take Tientsin would be a difficult and a glorious feat?

A FORECAST FOR CHINA.

SO far events have justified the anticipations of the *Spectator* in respect to China, and we venture, therefore, to put forward in some detail a forecast of the future which in all probability most of our readers will reject, and which we ourselves regard with invincible apprehension and dislike. The whole progress of events, the trend of all circumstances, points, in our judgment, to the solution which all Europe, through its official mouthpieces, angrily rejects, namely, a partition of China among the civilised Powers. We do not believe that the Chinese Empire can be conquered as a whole, or governed as a whole, even by Europe acting as a Syndicate, whether the effort is made through an International Council or through a nominal emperor whom a Council of Ambassadors is to guide. That Europe after an effort, the magnitude of which is just beginning to dawn upon her statesmen, will with Japanese assistance wade through seas of blood to Pekin we have little or no doubt. Water always yields to the swimmer if he is only strong enough, but when Pekin is taken the conquest of the swarming empire is only just begun. Pekin is not Paris, nor has it any such influence that its occupation or even destruction should signify to China that all is lost. Chinamen are not Europeans to forget that Pekin is of yesterday. The bloodstained rulers who have passed on Europe so terrible an insult will not remain in the capital to receive their sentences. They will fly, carrying with them their troops, and wherever they settle there will be for all political purposes the effective capital of China, the power to which four hundred millions of people without nerves will look for impulse and direction. Every province will arm, irregular armies as good as that which defended Tientsin will arise by the dozen—the absurd illusion, that a race of cowards built the most durable Empire in Asia, is gone already—and Europe will find that to hold China securely, and trade with it in peace, she must provide a garrison of four hundred thousand men. The cost of such an effort will be ruinous to every Treasury except that of Great Britain—or, if she joins in it, America—and the profit of it will be absolutely *nil*. The Powers, if they work through a Council, cannot raise more than enough revenue to pay, and supply, and feed their armies, and no native emperor, if they work through him, will consent to such a waste of his revenues: while if they leave him to govern as he can with his own forces they simply enable him to strengthen himself until he can throw off the mask and once more set Europe at defiance, an enterprise which to the ruler of China can never seem simply mad. Why should it, when he knows that he can hurl a fourth of mankind, not upon Europe, but upon that small section of her population which Europe can afford to send over fourteen thousand miles of ocean to be consumed in an endless battle for an object which when attained is worthless? We do not believe Europe will make the effort. Each Power will insist upon limiting her sacrifices and obtaining a reward for them, and will, therefore, insist upon a localisation of her efforts, which will involve, in fact, territorial partition. Russia will operate in Manchuria, Mongolia, and Pechili, Germany in Shantung and Hunan, Great Britain in Tibet and Central China, and France in the South; and each will raise for its own relief Chinese sepoymen, to be paid out of the taxation of its peculium. Even when thus divided the effort will be an exhausting one, but still it is reduced within the bounds of possibility, and if persisted in for years, and each dominion ruled on principles endurable by the people, it may partially succeed. Certainly, if the only other alternatives are to conquer China as a whole without pay for that awful effort, or to abandon intercourse with China, partition will at any risk be tried. Each continental country will obtain its great desire, a grand transmarine possession, and each will be confident that if let alone it can keep its share and make it, either as an estate or as a colony, profitable to its possessors. To us who believe Great Britain already overstrained the plan is utterly obnoxious, but we know the self confidence of our people, we perceive their inability to put up with exclusion from “their share,” and we are hopeless of seeing them retire content with a trade which everybody would, in their judgment, be perpetually endeavouring to take away.

One grand group of motives will therefore force Europe towards partition, and there is another group the force of which will be speedily perceived. Apart from the furious jealousies, suspicions, and bickerings sure to arise during an international conquest—each army for instance believing, as the Bavarians began to believe during the German invasion of France, that it is wasted in order to spare the others—the statesmen of Europe will soon weary of being paralysed by the great combination. They will feel that the separate interests of each State, which are the interests they care about, are all being postponed to the combined interest which, as they are not philanthropists, hardly attracts them at all. Russia, for example, will feel debarred from action in the Balkans lest Austria leave the Syndicate; France must cease to plot in Morocco lest offence should be given to Great Britain; Germany will be afraid of offending France; Great Britain will be restricted in Africa at every turn; while Austria, which in Europe, we may remind our readers, is a great Power with two millions of soldiers, will fret under an isolation which leaves her fettered from all action, but with no glory, no “compensation,” and no future share in the world’s trade. The desire to break up the Syndicate and thus release themselves from bondage to avoid occasions of European quarrel, and yet not to give up all connection with China, will speedily become imperative with all who rule, more especially if Turkey breaks up, and to the fulfilment of this purpose there is only one road, namely, partition. To each Power there will be assigned its “field of action in China,” and an independent territorial field of action involves sovereignty within that territory. Not only must the armies be separate lest they collide, but the revenue collectors, and the Power which has right of taxation within given limits has within those limits sovereignty. “Influence” is nonsense when it must be maintained by an expenditure only to be paid for out of taxes, the raising of which involves direct, permanent, and searching dominion. It is the direct rule of its “share” which will be thrown upon each Power, and by which each Power—till it has learned by experience what governing Chinamen means—will, at heart, be gratified. Russia is attacked like the rest, and is preparing for the military conquest of Manchuria. We ourselves shall have to defend the Yangtse and enter Tibet. France will spring at Yunnan, and Germany at Shantung, and, with each, ambition will grow with every success. Even our own people will be pleased, for their vast experience will delude them, and they will fancy because they can govern Indians and negroes easily that they can also govern Chinese, though Lord Dalhousie, most successful of expansionists, declared that they could not. “I will not have Chinamen in Pegu,” he said. “No Christian Power can govern Chinamen, for they provoke a massacre every five years.”

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE AND THE CRISIS IN THE CHURCH.

IF any proof were wanted that the essential interests of the Church of England, spiritual and political, are safe in the hands of the present Archbishop of Canterbury they are to be found in the speech delivered by him in the House of Lords on Monday last. That speech shows that Dr. Temple understands the temper in which the present crisis should be met, and that he does not mean to allow himself to be driven from his true course by any appeals for a show of so-called strength and firmness, appeals which are inspired by panic and impatience rather than by a real and clear understanding of the issues at stake. The temper of the Archbishop’s speech is the true temper of the Church of England, and breathes the spirit which, in spite of much that is to be regretted and deplored in her past history—what Church is without such subjects for regret?—has marked her out as among the noblest of spiritual agencies that the world has seen. That spirit is one of a sane and noble tolerance, of a deep and understanding respect for tender consciences, and of patience and goodwill. When that spirit has been dominant, the Church of England has been at her best. When it has been overclouded, she has been nearest to failure in her mission. We cannot do better than quote the Archbishop’s own words as to the duty of

Churchmen at this moment: "My lords, whatever we are to do we ought to take care that we do not narrow the Church of England. She rests upon the right and the duty of private judgment which requires that men shall conscientiously accept her teaching. It is based upon the supposition that men shall think for themselves. You cannot have a Church where the basis is of this character and, at the same time, say that divergence of opinion is not to be allowed. The one inevitably follows from the other. There must be a wide divergence of opinion if the Church of England is to hold her place."

We could not wish for a better description of the Church of England than is contained in these wise and simple words,—words from which rhetoric is as much banished as bigotry. No doubt pedantic or superficial controversialists may declare that this attitude, if pressed home, must lead to anarchy, or at any rate is not consistent with order and discipline, but men of prudence and experience will not be frightened by such arguments. No doubt the Church of England needs discipline, but it is not discipline of a slavish or mechanical kind that must be imposed upon her. When the Prussian drill-sergeant in the eighteenth-century story kidnapped a recruit, and the recruit protested, the sergeant struck him across the face with a "Hound, you mutiny." It is not this kind of discipline that can be applied to members of the Church of England, however much mistaken they may be, and however much their action may be inconsistent with the doctrinal and ceremonial attitude of the Communion to which they belong. The discipline to be applied to bring into line the clergymen who now seem to be defying the authority of the Church must be of a very different kind, and must be applied by very different methods. It is possible, no doubt, that in the very last resort coercion may have to be applied, but it must only be after all other means have failed, and after a patient and a careful and a sympathetic inquest into the case of the protesting clergyman. The Church of England must never forget that she is a Protestant Church and exists in her present form in virtue of a protest. This must make her gentle and patient with those who in turn protest against the lawful interpretation of her formularies, even when that protest seems captious or insincere. That the new protest is directed against the very heart of the original protest does not alter the fact that it is a plea against rigidity and uniformity. The demand is, in effect, that certain persons shall not be prevented from using incense or reserving the sacrament, not that all clergymen shall be forced to do those things. Considering the decision of the two Primates, we cannot admit that the demand is reasonable or capable of being granted, but we hold that it must not be regarded as a wrong in itself, and that in the case of those who conscientiously refuse to obey their Bishops there must be no drill-sergeant's methods, and that every form of argument and persuasion must be exhausted before recourse is had to coercion. The allegation that the men who now ask for liberty will some day demand to coerce, and to impose their doctrines and ceremonies on others has, in reality, nothing to do with the matter. If and when such a demand is made we shall know how to deal with it. At present the fact remains that what is asked for is liberty, and that in a Church, founded on the idea of an ordered freedom of conscience, that demand cannot be summarily dismissed, but must, even though rejected, be treated with the patience and consideration due to every conscientious defiance of the law. And not only does the nature of the demand—*i.e.*, one for greater latitude—but also the character of the men make patience and moderation of action imperative. As the Archbishop said on Monday: "They are good men, conscientious men, and devoted men, and although they are mistaken men, yet they deserve that kind of handling which ought to be given to men of such high religious character and of such devoted service."

We do not forget that those who, like us, endorse the Archbishop's plea for patience, though agreeing heartily with his decisions on the disputed points, and recognising the need for the obedience of the clergy, are sure to be asked what we think ought to be done next. We shall be told that we are like the American politician who was for the Prohibition Law, but against enforcing it, and that our demand for patience will merely end in anarchy and defiance

of lawful authority. Our answer is that we would by no means merely let things slide, but that we would accept the Archbishop's solemn assurance that the Bishops can and will deal with the whole situation. "I am confident that if your Parliament will allow us to deal with this matter as Bishops of the Church, we shall be able to do, quietly but perhaps not so rapidly as many would desire, all that it is really necessary should be done." Not only do we hold that the Bishops must be allowed time and opportunity to restore good order to the Church, but we also do not doubt that the Bishops will succeed. It is one thing for a clergyman to stand out against the outrageous attacks and virulent abuse of men who neither know nor care what is the real attitude of the men they are seeking to coerce. It is quite another matter for that clergyman to reject the quiet and considerate admonition and advice of his spiritual superior,—the officer of the Church to whom he has vowed respect and obedience. He may think the Bishop wrong in fact, but he knows that he will be treated fairly and that his arguments will be understood. The Bishop will show towards him the sympathy of comprehension, if not the sympathy of approbation. But if a man can feel that at any rate he is not being condemned for something he has never professed and that his point is understood, though rejected, he is far more willing to give in than if he is first shouted down and then told to come to heel and obey.

We have quoted much from the Archbishop's words already, but so admirable do we find his speech, and so well fitted to the needs of the hour, that we cannot close what we have got to say without one more quotation. The words in which the Archbishop urged the House of Lords to remember the difficulties of the present situation apply to the whole nation: "I must remind the House that this is not the first time that I have prayed your Lordships to remember the difficulties of dealing with such matters as these, where men's consciences are so very much strained, where men feel so very strongly, and where it is exceedingly difficult for men to change the course that they have previously pursued, and very difficult indeed for them to dis sever themselves from those with whom they have previously acted. And I have urged before, as I must urge again, that in such matters it is really necessary, unless you do most serious injustice, to be patient in dealing with offenders of this kind, who are perplexed by the position in which they find themselves, who very largely indeed really desire to obey the voice of authority, but who, at the same time, are held back by very natural feelings and by the belief that practices which they have pursued are really within the law of the Church." If only the country will adopt this tone all may yet be well with the Church. In this sign we shall conquer, and good order, a reasonable discipline, freedom of conscience, and a wide comprehension shall still remain the priceless heritage of the Church of England.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

WE are heartily glad that the latest War Office proposal in regard to the Volunteers—a proposal which involved in fact, if not in name, a complete change in the character of the Volunteer force—was defeated by the good sense of the House of Commons. We shall not therefore discuss this particular proposal in detail. Instead, we desire to bring home to our readers the need for great watchfulness on the part of the public in regard to the handling of the Volunteers by the War Office, and to urge the nation to insist that the voluntary character of the Volunteers shall be retained unimpaired, and that no specious arguments or excuses shall be allowed for deflecting the force from its original aim and constitution. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the War Office does not realise, and never has properly realised, the true nature, and so the true value, of the splendid force of armed citizens with which they have to deal. The War Office always seems to regard them and to try to treat them as imitation Regulars. When the authorities in Pall Mall feel happy and secure, they despise—quite politely, of course—the article which they have in effect dubbed as "imitation," and assume that anything in the way of arms and equipment and organisation is good enough for these toy soldiers. When, however, Pall Mall is in a fuss and a panic, they make feverish and spasmodic

efforts to render the imitation as perfect as possible, and are half persuaded that if they only polish hard enough, what they have hitherto sneered at as electro-plate may turn out to be almost as useful as real silver. Surely this is a very unwise attitude. It seems to us that the Volunteers should never be compared with Regulars, or in any way considered as imitation, or even as potential, Regulars. They should be looked at from a perfectly different standpoint and regarded as what they are,—a force of armed citizens gathered for the purposes of home defence, and trained and organised for that purpose. With this idea in their minds, our statesmen and the professional soldiers who obey their orders should make every possible effort to give these fine regiments of capable, intelligent, and athletic men an appropriate organisation. In the first place, our citizen soldiers must be treated seriously and as men to whom it is worth while to give the very best possible weapons, the most scientific equipment, and the most thorough means of attaining that mobility which is essential for an effective military force. The notion that because the Volunteers have never seen shots fired in anger, and probably never will see them fired, they are not a serious military body, and that too much money and trouble must not be wasted on them, is a ridiculous delusion. There is not at this moment a single regiment in the German Army which has seen actual war. It is quite conceivable that none of them ever will see actual war, yet are we to suppose that because of this fact the German Army is not to be taken seriously? No doubt a regiment which has been carefully drilled and trained and whose privates have all seen service may be expected to be steadier in a tight place than a Volunteer regiment during the first month it is in the field; but if the men of that Volunteer regiment can shoot well and are given appropriate work to do, they will, we venture to think, be found fully equal to all that is required of them. We do not, however, wish to put the case too high. Let us assume that the Volunteers would be likely to show many military defects owing to that want of mutual self-confidence which is given by exact and continuous training. In that case, ought it not to be the aim of the War Office to do everything they can in other ways to give a feeling of confidence to the Volunteers? But nothing gives troops more readily that feeling of confidence than the knowledge that their weapons are the very best in the world. Nothing makes men weaken easier than the notion that their rifles and artillery are outclassed by the enemy. Nothing makes up better for a lack of strict training than the knowledge that their weapons are equal to, or superior than, any which they will be required to face. That being so, it must surely be right not to arm the Volunteers with anything but the latest and most scientific arms. A Regular regiment, owing to its training, may be able to manage with inferior weapons, but the less trained force requires every aid that can be given it. A member of a crack eleven may do wonders with a wretched bat, but if the best work is to be got out of an indifferent player, he should be given as perfect a bat as possible. Thus, if we are really to get the best that they are capable of out of the Volunteers, we must give them the best possible tools, and entirely and for ever abandon the notion that any old stock is quite good enough for them. Again, in training and exercising the Volunteers, we must consider the work before them. We must train them, not for the work of Regulars, but for their own special functions,—functions which have been properly and carefully considered and thought out. This is, of course, not the place to suggest these functions in detail, but an example may illustrate our meaning. Let the Volunteers be trained to move rapidly and to seize and entrench defensive positions, not aiming at the scientific accuracy of engineers, but rather at that independent and individual provision of shelter which has produced such excellent results in the case of the Boers. Let the Regulars practise attacks, but let the Volunteers learn how to spread themselves along a great stretch of upland country, each man constructing a burrow from which he can shoot without being shot. Handiness in such work is far better than parade drill or learning how to pitch tents and form camps with military smartness and precision. In a word, a Volunteer had much better make himself an imitation Boer than an imitation Regular.

While insisting that the Volunteers shall be taken

seriously as a body, and given the best possible weapons and all that makes for mobility in war, the public must also see that no attempts shall be made to turn the Volunteers into a kind of informal reserve for the Regular Army, from which men can be drawn for active service abroad. The attempt in this direction made in Mr. Wyndham's proposal has failed, but it will probably be revived, and must be strongly resisted. Of course no one wants to prevent men who happen to be Volunteers offering to go to the front in an emergency, and doubtless in all important wars abroad a considerable number will always go. But between this and the formation of a systematised reserve within each Volunteer battalion there is all the difference in the world. To form the kind of reserve for active foreign service advocated in Mr. Wyndham's proposal would in the end destroy the Volunteer movement. Many men would be unable to register their names in such a reserve owing to business and family reasons. But at the same time they would hate to be in a Volunteer regiment and not, as it were, in the first line. The result would be that they would prefer not to volunteer at all. Disguise it as you will, the proposal would derogate most seriously from the voluntary and defensive character of the force. There is yet another matter in which vigilance is required. The War Office in their new zeal for making the Volunteers into imitation Regulars, "almost equal to the real thing," must be prevented from putting the screw upon the Volunteers and forcing them to go under canvas. It is, of course, a most excellent thing for Volunteers to go into camp, and every Volunteer will go under canvas if he possibly can, but there must be no attempt, either direct or indirect, made to force him to do so, or to create a feeling that unless a man can find the requisite time he had better not be a Volunteer. That idea is mischievous nonsense, but it is just the sort of idea that will be sure to creep in unless a strong stand is made against it and the Government pressure is withdrawn. Let the Government give all possible facilities for camping, but do not let them try to force men to come out by refusing allowances unless a certain percentage will go under canvas. Elasticity is what is wanted, and the avoidance of anything which narrows the area from which Volunteers are drawn. It ought to be practically impossible for a man to say: "I should dearly like to be a Volunteer, but there are so many obligations and restrictions and requirements nowadays, that the thing is impossible for a person so much tied as I am." But, unfortunately, this is what is being said very much to-day, and, unless a protest is made against the tendency, only gentlemen of leisure will be able to become Volunteers, and the busy and hard-working will have to stand aside and regret the days when the citizen in full work could be a Volunteer. The one and only absolutely rigid thing about the Volunteer force should be insistence upon rifle shooting. The man who will not take the trouble to train himself in this particular is not wanted. While it is easy to strain too much after parade drills and camp training, and even attendance at field days, it cannot be too much preached that the first duty of a Volunteer is to be able to shoot and to shoot to kill. Depend upon it, if and when the question of invasion is being considered abroad and the carrying of the line of the North Downs is being discussed, the foreigner will not ask whether our Volunteers know their parade drill, or how to keep their uniforms neat with "blanco," but whether they can shoot. Let us, then, never forget that while the Volunteers are a serious military body and worth the best weapons, great and small, we can give them, they are also armed citizens and not professionals, and that we must do nothing to interfere with the voluntary character of the force. We want to be able to call upon a quarter of a million of capable citizens who can use the rifle organised in bodies, inspired with a strong *esprit de corps*, and possessed of a mobile organisation, and not a mere set of imitation line battalions from which the War Office in time of peril may deign to skim the cream.

OUR COAL EXPORT.

IN a leading article in the *Morning Post* of last Monday attention was called to the large export of English steam coal to France, and Professor Hull's address at the Victoria Institute on the afternoon of the same day

emphasised another side of the same problem. The coal output in last year, according to Professor Hull, was some eighteen million tons beyond that of 1898. But such an output cannot last for ever, and some day or other we shall have to face a serious diminution in our coal supply. Meantime, in pursuit of our Free-trade principles, we export without stint, and take no thought for the morrow. But the people of the country, Professor Hull maintains, should have a lien on this great national wealth as much as the landowners beneath whose soil it lies. On our coal supply depends our industrial wealth, our commercial activity, and our naval pre-eminence. It is, therefore, a matter of the first importance that our most valuable asset should not be sold at a nominal price and squandered cheaply in foreign markets. Professor Hull's remedies are the old one of a Royal Commission and the new one of a tax of 5s. a ton on exported coal. Such a tax would produce some ten millions a year in income, which might go to reduce other taxation. Meantime, let a Commission be appointed, similar in nature to the Commission in 1866, to inquire into the probable quantity of coal available in the coalfields of Britain, and the measures which might be taken to prevent its too rapid exhaustion and preserve it for the use of British subjects.

We have not much confidence in the work of Royal Commissions, but this is certainly a case where it is of the highest importance to have the truth ascertained by some disinterested body. The failure of our coal supply would in all probability act upon Britain as the absence of coal has acted upon Holland, for no industry or enterprise can atone for the lack of the material conditions of success. It is a probability which we ought to face, however distant it may be. But we confess that we cannot see the wisdom of any such taxation of exported coal as Professor Hull proposes. Either we wish to diminish the consumption of coal, or we do not. If we do, then presumably a tax would bring about this result. But this is precisely what Professor Hull and the *Morning Post* are careful to declare will not happen. "It may be said that if the price of coal were raised in this way foreign countries would not buy so much. No one can prophesy on a subject of this sort. It is a matter of opinion, and our own is that it would not affect the export." If, then, the export is to be undiminished, such a tax would have meaning only as a means of increasing the Revenue. We are not much in love with any such expedient for raising the wind. We are told that it would be no violation of Free-trade principles, but this is to use a much-abused word in a most elastic sense. It is true that a tax on an export need not increase the price of the article in this country, but the economic system of cause and effect has subtle inter-relations, and the ultimate effect would be a limitation of imports in whose production the exported coal was used, which is virtually a form of protection. We confess to disliking the spirit of dabbling in a heresy which is abroad even among many professed Free-traders. But all this is on the assumption that the export of coal would not decline, and for our part we cannot admit the hypothesis. Valuable and convenient as is our coal market, it is not the only one, and a tariff of five shillings a ton would make it worth the Continental importer's while to go further afield. Meanwhile, if the export fell off and our coal supply was preserved, what would be the gain? It would mean considerably less employment of labour, and it would certainly fail to stave off in any serious sense the ultimate failure of our supply. For coal is a hoard and not a growth, and consequently to limit the squandering of the hoard is to set ourselves a penance which produces no serious advantage. The output returns in the shape of wealth, which may mean a genuine advance in prosperity, whereas if it lies idle it is no better than capital which produces no interest.

The question which we have discussed is mainly academic, but on one side it has a direct practical significance. The disturbed state of foreign affairs has produced the usual suspicion of France, and the fact has been noted that an enormous quantity of anthracite is daily exported from South Wales, presumably for use in the French Navy. Several thousand tons of steam coal per week, says a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, have been discharged at Calais for some time past. Now our supply of steam coal, enormous as it is, must have its limits, and at first sight it seems doubtful policy to be so

ready to part with what is virtually a weapon of naval war. We are doing all in our power to assist the growth of rival Continental navies by providing them, cheaply, with their first requirement. Would it not be wise to limit the export of this particular kind of coal by taxation or otherwise, in view of a possible war? This is a cry which we may expect to hear often repeated in the near future. For ourselves we think that any such limitation of export would be impolitic for two reasons. In the first place it would mean a serious blow to commerce, as we have already explained. In the second place it would undoubtedly drive Continental nations to exploit their own resources, and that in the most dangerous quarter. It is clear that for some time the theatre of foreign affairs for all Europe will be the China Seas. Now both France and Russia possess coalfields of great and unexplored richness in that neighbourhood, coalfields which are still undeveloped and which will have to wait long for development, unless it is hastened by our own action. In Eastern Siberia there is a rich coal deposit, and in the Island of Sakhalin there is steam-coal of first-rate quality, which, badly worked as it is, yields annually some twenty-five thousand tons. In Tonkin France has enormous coal-beds, where the coal is obtained almost at the surface. A strenuous effort in a land where labour is so cheap might provide not only a reservoir upon which to draw for the Navy, but an impetus towards industrial enterprise which might seriously affect our commercial supremacy in that quarter. It is right to consult our own interest and look ahead, but we must be careful not to go so far that we find our selfishness working out in a kind of unwilling and disgusted philanthropy.

THE MOTIVE OF ORIENTAL MASSACRE.

IT is not altogether easy to account for the massacres which from the earliest period to the present year have occasionally marked the history of Asia. One understands massacre among savages, who give way, like children, to an appetite for destruction, and probably scarcely remember the atrocities they have committed, but Asiatics not only think before they act, but are more capable than Europeans of continued self-restraint. They govern themselves almost completely, and will, if they think it wise, continue to act submissiveness when they do not feel submissive for a lifetime. No one in India even dreamt up to 1857 that the Sepoys were sick of the rule of the white man, and that to be rid of it Brahmin soldiers were ready to die in battle for an unknown Mussulman Emperor. The Chinese, in particular, can conceal a feeling with consummate skill, and shroud their emotions so completely, that those who understand them best confess that they often remain to the most experienced a sealed book. Most Colonels of Indian regiments in 1857 denied with perfect sincerity the possibility of outbreaks in their regiments; and in the present month Sir Robert Hart, who knew the Chinese better than any living European, must have disbelieved utterly in any schemes of vengeance upon the white men. The theory of uncontrollable impulse, which accounts in a way for an occurrence like the Sicilian Vespers or the murder of Bishop Pattison, will not, in fact, explain the massacres of the East, which nevertheless occur. Our own belief, subject always to a reservation which we will state below, is that they are much more due to policy than to any uncontrollable motive whatever. The Asiatic thinks that the best way to overcome enemies whom he for any reason dreads is to strike terror among them, and knows of no instrument so terrorising as death distributed wholesale, in pailfuls as it were. If he quarrels with his janissaries, he destroys not only them, but the religious orders to which they are affiliated. He believes fully the evil Italian's maxim, that if you injure, you should keep on injuring until there is no power of resistance, and knows of no method of obeying that law of statecraft so effective as wholesale slaughter. The Sultans of Turkey have dealt in this way with rebels throughout their history, usually with success, and it was as potential rebels that the Armenians were, in our own time, swept away. The late Shah also rid himself of the Babi sect by wholesale murder, platefuls of eyes being brought to the Palace in proof that his orders had been carried out. The Sepoys in 1857 acted entirely on that idea, which, as was subsequently proved in

evidence, was the one that inspired the great atrocity of Cawnpore. "Kill all," counselled Azimoolah, the refined and cultured Indian, who recommended that great crime, "and the English at home will tremble and leave you unpunished." We have in our own minds no doubt that the massacre of Pekin was as deliberately plotted as that of St. Bartholomew, and that those who plotted it thought they were devising a grand stroke of policy, one which would inspire terror in their foes, as well as commit their friends to a quarrel in which there could be no compromise. Europe was to shake at the extirpation of Europeans, and thenceforward avoid China. Of course other feelings entered also into the act. To the Asiatic mind, which assigns to the ruler much of the irresponsibility which he attributes to deity, slaughter is the supreme act of majesty, a decree to be proud of even if the provocation is insufficient. "Who can resist me," is his inner feeling, "when I can distribute death as the gods do?"—the idea which maddened the Cæsars and probably all the not very numerous despots who have habitually used their power of life and death. The irreversible sentence gratifies an evil pride, as it is known to gratify poisoners. Add that slaughter when complete destroys the possibility of reproach from those who are spared, and therefore assuages rather than increases the slight pang of conscience, and we may understand almost entirely the genesis of Oriental massacre. The absence of distinction between men and women is a mere detail common whenever the victims are secretly feared—as they were in the French Revolution—while of the children it is probable that the murderers scarcely think. The children are killed when a town is taken by Asiatics, and even in an Asiatic riot, out of pure bedevilment, and the general or agitator in command would receive remonstrance on that account with the sort of surprise with which an Italian receives remonstrance about the suffering of animals. Asiatics love their own children, but kill them ruthlessly, as in Rajpootana, when convenient, and for children in the abstract they have no feeling.

These are, we are convinced, the motives of those who in the East order a great massacre,—motives so distant from our own that we hardly understand them, and as regards their agents, the soldiers or the mobs, the motives are simpler still. They are wicked children let loose, and enjoying the pleasure of destruction. They have no more idea that they are steeping themselves in crime, "damning their souls to hell," as most Christians think, than the Romans had when they sat gazing at the prepared crimes of the arena, at the slaughter of armed slaves by each other, or the massacre of unresisting Christians. Their consciences, though not absolutely dead—for certain things which they think blasphemies still offend them—are atrophied. The majority of our readers do not realise, and we despair of making them realise by words, how completely the quality of pity is a product of Christianity, how faint it is in the best of the heathen, how absolutely wanting it is in the majority. Always allowing for individuals who are the subjects of what the theologians used to call "prevenient grace," that is of an inborn tendency to righteous emotion; they do not feel pity any more than animals do, and witness or perform deeds of savage cruelty to us so abhorrent, that they suggest lunacy with no other feeling than gratified excitement. They hardly see why they should be punished for them except indeed by the relations of the victims. They understand the vendetta well enough, and think it just and to be expected, but punishment for cruelty as cruelty, as something abhorrent to the eternal laws, they no more comprehend than the Romans did when the victims were not free citizens of Rome. That passion of cruelty which the Christian world has in modern times condemned as the worst of all is to them merely an impulse like another, bad or good or indifferent, according to its objects. The Chinaman who would expose half a dozen children to death from starvation without a wince would regard parricide with horror, and feel himself just as incapable of it if the relationship was only one of adoption. The cruelty, in fact, does not of itself concern his mind at all any more than cruelty to animals concerns the mind of a Neapolitan rough. They join in a massacre when the order is given as Englishmen join in a game of football, and get carried away by their own evil excitement till they are more like maniacs than human beings. Modern sceptics question the assertion, but no one who has lived in Asia does, that there is such a thing

as a delirium of wickedness, which in certain outbreaks carries heathen men away into acts that Christians do not even understand, and set down as lunacy or "fanaticism."

What is the remedy? There is none, except whenever possible to inflict punishment with inflexible, but discriminating rigour. That acts as a partial check, but massacre will always remain the grand permanent danger of the European in Asia. He will always be one of a few, the Asiatic will always be one of a multitude, and the temptation of the multitude to be done with the intruding few by killing them all out will never end. Of preventives, there is but one which can be relied on, and that Europe has seldom or never secured. A great *native* caste which could be implicitly relied on, and which knew every emotion of the people around them, could probably protect the Europeans from any outburst of sudden death. Ten millions of Christian natives in China or India, for instance, would be for the white Christians an effective unpaid guard. It is difficult, however, even to think of a bond other than a common religion strong enough to be a guarantee, and it may be centuries before that guarantee is secured. Till then, we may rely on it, Europeans in Asia will remain under the conditions of a garrison liable at any moment to be called upon to fight for their authority and their lives. They will never know clearly when they are in danger, or understand completely the cause of a hostility which seems to them Satanic, because it is so needless. A rigorous boycott of a twelvemonth and they must all go, leaving their enemies successful and unstained by crime. The Asiatic, however, fears them too much for that, and thinks, when he once has revealed his hate, that only in their extinction is there safety for himself.

CHRISTIANITY A RELIGION OF GROWTH.

THIS week has witnessed the gathering in London of several thousands of persons, mostly British and American, connected with an organisation called the Society of Christian Endeavour. The objects of this body appear to be a little vague, and some of the addresses delivered at the meetings even vaguer. There is, too, a certain "note" of effervescent self-advertisement in the movement which strikes us as less Christian than modern and commercial. But we do not doubt that the influence of the movement as a whole upon the young people who take part in it is for good, probably for great good. For the ultimate idea of the society, which had its origin in the State of Maine some years ago, appears to be to impart a certain living enthusiasm to the young by enlisting their services in positive Christian work for the good of their fellow-creatures over and above the mere performance of the ordinary religious duties and rites common to all churches. The conventional religious order in all countries and among every race is always in danger of lapsing into a conventional pharisaism, a repetition of formulas, an exaltation of creeds over character and life. After one has passed a certain stage in life it is not easy to break up this parched human soil and to fertilise it with the rains and air of heaven. Therefore, the appeal for a more heroic and less routine attitude of soul stands far greater chance of response when made to the young, and this seems to be precisely what the Christian Endeavour movement does. We should doubt whether, in that appeal, mere enthusiastic emotion does not greatly outweigh a reasoned basis of Christian action. But, be that as it may, we say again that we fully believe in the essential value of this movement. To give to the young a high aim in life which calls for devotion and love to mankind is a very noble achievement.

But the most important and significant fact about a movement of this character is the renewed proof it brings of the infinite capacity of Christianity to adapt itself to new conditions and to reappear in ever new forms. The question is asked, what are the especial traits of Christianity which mark it off from other forms of religion? There are not a few, but foremost among these traits is the elasticity and capacity for growth of the Christian religion. On mere scientific grounds we might fairly predict the success of Christianity in its great world-competition with other religious forms, because of this unique fact. It can perpetually adapt itself, can persistently readjust itself to a new environment. We

do not deny that this capacity has its peculiar dangers which Christ foresaw when he uttered the parable of the tares and the wheat. The tares have grown plentifully in the Christian Church, probably from the Apostolic times, certainly from a very early age when Christianity was played upon by the subtle influences of the Graeco-Roman world. By the fifth century the tone of the pagan stoic was often higher than that of the outwardly conforming Christian; and to-day the furious anti-Christian call for "revenge" on the Chinese from the very people who profess to have been upholding the cause of Christian missions in China shows how our ideas as to Christian conduct are liable to become confused.

But it is the unique distinction of Christianity that it can be revived and largely restated without altering its essential truth. Examine the religion of the Moslem world and you will find that this is not the case. That is why it is so impossible to reform Moslem society, to give it a new principle of life. The Koran, a series of commands from a kind of celestial autocrat, has told the Faithful once for all and in every detail what to believe and to do, thus leaving no opportunity for growth. We are far from saying that the Arabian Prophet conferred no blessings on mankind; he did a great work of social purification in the corrupt society of Arabia, and his gospel may prove helpful to the black races of Africa, who need to be removed by a great effort from their low worship and customs. Beyond that, however, Islam cannot possibly be the creed of progressive mankind, for it represents a hardened, stationary belief. Buddhism is of course a far more spiritual creed, born of as noble an enthusiasm as the world has ever known, and it has exerted for centuries a refining influence on Oriental life. To-day even in some parts of Burma it is the root of a singularly beautiful and simple life, flowering out into some of the purest virtues. But, taking the East as a whole, Buddhism is almost an extinct spiritual force. It has hardened into a system, mechanised itself in prayer-wheels, tinkling bells, and vain repetitions. In China, to which it penetrated so early, it is not the active force in life; such religion, or rather rationalised morality, as actuates the Chinese mind is the system of Confucius. In its native home (India) Buddhism is no more. In Japan it has apparently helped to produce an externally refined character, beneath which, however, lie some very sinister traits and a general frame of mind which is æsthetic rather than religious. Hinduism is undoubtedly a very great fact, its priesthood powerful, its numbers growing, its influence enormous. But it is all systematised; its increase is by accretion rather than by growth, and—most striking fact of all—it tends to perish when brought into living contact with culture. It cannot, as a whole, adapt itself to new conditions of life.

We are well aware that some of the criticisms just made on other religions might be passed on organised Christianity in some of its forms. As we have said, the universal tendency of man is to stereotype, to be a slave of the letter and of tradition, and the tendency has made itself only too painfully manifest in the Christian Church, so that at times we have to ask ourselves, what is left there of the spirit of Christ? The Roman Church of Julius II. and Leo X., the Eastern Church prior to the Iconoclastic movement, the English Church under the first two Georges, the Lutheran Church of the last century—what stiffened corpses they all seem! The pulse is still; decay seems to have marked with her "effacing fingers" the body of Christ. But it has always proved in the Christian world that death is but the prelude to resurrection. Out from the black chaos when the Roman civilisation fell and crumbled into mouldy fragments, Gregory and Benedict organised a new spiritual order in Western Europe, an order marked not merely by faith, but by faith which showed itself in works so beneficent, that we may trace in large measure the better elements of our life to-day to these men. When the older religious movement again becomes rigid in the thirteenth century, the new Orders of Dominicans and Franciscans, not organised from any central source, but growing freely from different perceptions of Christian truth, pour fresh streams of life and thought on the soil of Christianity. A mechanised Christianity in England is met by the faithful fervour, at various times, of a Wycliffe, a Latimer, a George Fox, a Bunyan, and a Wesley. The renewal of life, even at the most barren period, is perpetual and certain—the spring

never runs dry. In rich, formal Milan St. Carlo Borromeo reveals new depths in the Christian idea of love; the example and memory of St. Vincent de Paul inspires men and women to a love for the suffering which Pliny and Seneca, with all their fine ethical theories, never really felt in their inmost hearts. Perhaps the true central life of Christianity has never been so much revealed in the regular ecclesiastical system as in the spontaneous offshoots (at times "perplexed in faith, but pure in deed") of the spirit of faith and love which have grown into such mighty agencies for the deliverance of mankind. That these agencies have penetrated every corner of the globe and have been found compatible with all manner of intellectual opinions and social institutions is one of the most profound and convincing proofs that Christianity is, in the ordering of things, destined to become the religion of mankind. That tiny germ, the least of seeds, is becoming a mighty tree, and the fowls of the air will lodge under its branches.

UNOCCUPIED COAST.

TWO streams of travellers are now crossing routes in England. One comes from the country and seeks change in the haunts and homes of men, and preferably in towns by the sea. The other pours out from the cities, and in part seeks not society, but the rest and refreshment which much land and water, and few people about them, for a time bestow. America at such times plunges boldly into the wilderness, and goes in tens of thousands to the woods, or the lakes and rivers of Maine, and there buries itself in the primitive life and surroundings of the early settlers. We, who live in the most thickly-peopled island in the world, find it less easy to discover solitude, or to withdraw from the claims of work and society. Few people would do so for long in any case. But those who wish to see Nature as it was, and that near at hand, cannot do better than seek it by the still unpeopled margins of our sea. Long lines of unoccupied coast still remain on all the shores of England, where no town or village or house looks on the everlasting sea, and where a thousand ages have not greatly changed the surface and the contour of the shore. In others, equally left by man, Nature has been building or destroying on her own account, making long levels of marsh, or hollowing harbours from the cliffs; and in all these lingers something of the sense and memory of a prehistoric world, ready for man, but not yet taken in possession. Unoccupied coast must, as a rule, be sought where no rivers are, because rivers or brooks make harbours great and small, where fishing villages and seaports grow. Yet there are rivers which have killed towns, because they built land outside them, as on the wastes of Romney Marsh. But the solitary shore is found in all forms, from the line of unbroken precipice to the endless flats of sandbank and marsh, either of which keeps ships far from land, and forbids the landsman access to the sea.

By all these is the sense of the great waters and the pre-dominance of air and sky. Here the birds or beasts live almost as they did before man appeared, and some remain which man has destroyed elsewhere—the raven, the falcon, and the seal, the chough, the rock pigeon, and the black-backed gull. The few people who dwell scattered on these unoccupied coasts follow old-world trades, or are content with a living so primitive and so simple, that they seem almost as natural products of the shore as the birds and seals. They gather eggs, or keep lighthouses, or collect mussels and lugworms, or pickle samphire, or shoot birds, or watch the shore for smugglers,—now all dead and gone, like the Russian sentry who stood for a generation where a Queen had once set one to preserve a crocus in the grass. Cliff-lines, with their feet in the waters, and unbroken by river cuttings, are not the longest of these tracts of unpeopled shore. Yet they are many, and much varied in colour, crag and crest. In the South the precipice of chalk, with high downs running to its edge, and sweet farms and old manors in the valleys inland, runs from Beachy Head to Seaford, valleys where the gulls take the place of rooks, and cliffs from whose summit for mile after mile you may drop a chalk pebble straight into the surge. Then come two empty coastlines, each unlike the other, and both the very opposites of the chalk cliffs of Sussex. From Bognor, all round Selsey Bill, with the break of Pagham Harbour, is a purely agricultural country, flat and fertile,

bounded by the sea. Here in spring tall hedges of may like billows of blossom enclose fields whose outer edge the sea washes, and in August the sheaves stand in rows almost to the margin of the sea, where the harvest-moon is mirrored. Any one who hires one of the scattered farms may live the purely agricultural life, yet step down every summer morning to bathe in the sea which washes his fields, or take one of his horses to the shore on a summer night and, riding out into the shallow waters, catch sea-trout with the "horse-net" in what may almost be called the waters of his farm. Except for the decayed harbour of Lymington, the Solent shore was once almost as unpeopled. Now Bournemouth has been created and has crept on west to Poole and east to Christchurch, or rather to Hengistbury Head. Here the coast is filling up. But there is still a long line from the Beaulieu River westwards where the roses and hawthorn grow down to the pebble bank; no house or building is in sight, and the partridges whirr up from the groins that stud the shore, utterly aghast that any man should disturb their nap by the sea. We believe that before long much of the front of Purbeck Isle, from Poole to Swanage, will gradually be absorbed, as Bournemouth and the Poole hills are. But onwards from the Isle of Portland to the Axe lie twenty miles of coast given up mainly to the sea-fowl and the grey mullet, and the swans at Abbotsbury. There is enough beauty of life, and the history of past life, along the shore between Portland and the landslip at Lyme, where the remains of the prehistoric beasts still lie, and of suggestion in the stones of Chesil Beach, to last out half a dozen holidays. But perhaps the most beautiful and the least visited of all these little-trodden marine frontiers is the promontory of the Lizard and the dark frontage of serpentine cliffs that runs round from Falmouth to Helstone. There you may look down into a raven's nest, or see seals basking on the shore, for the seals breed in island caves off the Lizard Rocks, and this is one of their few southern homes. Then round at the back of Cornwall, from Bude to Hartland, where few "coves" break the cliffs, and from Hartland Point to Barnstaple Bay are other long lines of cliffs where the precipices and the sea are mere accidents of Nature, not features of which man can make use. Crossing England to the Norfolk shore, and looking from the lighthouse at Holme Point by Hunstanton, on either side of the line where the red lamp shines on the Roaring Middle Sand two tracks of shore are seen. On one, the eastern side, the sea has so dealt with the land that the little creeks and village harbours—such small matters that we cannot call them ports—have become smaller still, and immense fringes of meal marsh built up by the drainage of the fens, and covered with samphire and sea-lavender, have grown between the old shore where the villages lie and the sea. From Brancaster, by Burnham, and Thornham, and Burnham Overy and Wells, and so to Blakeney and the tiny village of Clegy, whence a pirate ship once sailed and seized a Scottish King upon the high seas, is old shore left high and dry, and new shore so lately made that it is as yet unpeopled, except by birds, little crabs, cockles, lugworms, and the people who collect them. Up one little creek a black, tar-oozy little coaster creeps to fill up with sacks of barley tipped from country carts, and in another a coastguard boat may lie. But here too, for all purposes of rest and tranquillity, and with a unique beauty, lies a lonely shore. Opposite, beyond the Boston Deep, is what is, and always has been, the most sparsely peopled length of the eastern coast. It is the north shore of the Wash, where the stream breaks the line from the Witham mouth to the brook that flows from the extremity of the Wolds past Burgh to the point opposite Hunstanton. It is a land of corn and sheep marshes, fringed for all ages with a sand-bank so wide, so shallow, and so persistent, that it extends along the whole Lincoln shore to Grimsby—a hopeless barrier between land and sea, beloved by cockles and mussels, haunted by knots and seals, and set with flight-nets for fowl, but, except to the fowler and the seeker after new scenes, of no great charm or beauty. A well-known wild-fowler once said that the most desolate spot on the English shores was Spurn Point. He went there wild-fowling with a fishing-smack and a punt, and there found another inhabitant in a small yacht, who was the object of the hunter, and not a sportsman. He had lived there in the capacity of a "fugitive from justice" for three months, being supplied with provisions by friends who sailed round and met him on the sea, and no one had yet

discovered him. But Spurn Point is no longer isolated from the world. A "seaside resort" has grown up near it, and a place so curiously situated and historically so interesting attracts visitors to its sand hills and bennet dunes. These tracts of unoccupied coast have a real value for the country, though their remoteness or want of population makes them of no great moment as real estate. The long lines of lofty cliff have something of the sublime; those regions of emptiness, the sea marshes and sands, even the everlasting flats by the Essex shore which are neither land nor sea strike the imagination and give new rest to eyes teased by the biograph succession of the human tide. The best and most striking of these "sea pieces" might well be noted as among the fragments of old England worth preserving as they are. The National Trust has already been given one fragment of shore. Others are preserved by the great landowners. A time will come when a sea-frontage will be prized as a Thames-side site is to-day. But at present there is a disposition to regard what the sea washes as a no man's land and not worth keeping from ruin by squalid building or nuisance trades. In Massachusetts much has been done to prevent this. Our County Councils might imitate their example.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

COUNT MOURAVIEFF AND ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I only know Canon MacColl by reputation; and the pseudonym "Diplomaticus" gives me no clue to the identity of the second person in this controversy. But the knowledge of Russian methods possessed by the former must be shallow indeed if he really believes that the Imperial opposition would be an absolute check to any scheme of Russian diplomacy; while the assumption of the title "Diplomaticus" must be taken to imply that the individual who writes under that name is a *professional*. If the latter is the case, he has simply stated a fact in regard to the conduct of the late Russian Minister, which the large majority of members of the service throughout Europe notoriously *know* to be true.—I am, Sir, &c.,

EMERITUS.

GEORGE ERNEST MORRISON: IN MEMORIAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you allow me to write a few lines with respect to my old friend and pupil who has met with an appalling fate in Pekin? I think that he probably came more into contact with myself in his younger days than with any other teacher, and I may therefore claim to speak with a certain amount of responsibility about my unhappy friend. He was my pupil at the University of Melbourne for four years. His father and mother were well known to me; they lived at the Scotch College, Geelong, of which his father was the Principal, and I frequently stayed with them. When poor George was sixteen years old he came to me and asked that I would give him some advice as to the career he should follow. He was strongly drawn to imitate Stanley and to become an explorer, and he was ready to give up everything if he could only carry out his plan. I entreated him to take his degree and to adopt a profession before starting as an explorer, and I am glad to say he adopted the medical profession, and I think never repented it. He was a slim, delicate-looking boy, with frank and open looks, and he seemed hardly capable of enduring much or prolonged fatigue. He had from the first a profound sense of independence, and he was resolved to be no burden to his family. When he was about sixteen he purchased a canoe and travelled some hundreds of miles down the Murray River alone. He wrote an account of this trip, which I think was accepted by the *Melbourne Age*, and he carefully saved all the money made by his newspaper writing to provide for the exigencies of his next adventurous trip. He next went on foot alone from Melbourne to Adelaide, a distance of about five hundred miles. At that time much of the country which has since been settled was waste. He went during another vacation, I think, to the *bêche de mer* fisheries in West Australia and passed as an ordinary fisherman. He next went as an ordinary seaman on a ship engaged in the enlistment of Kanakas in order to find out if cruelties were really perpetrated upon the inhabitants of the

islands. His adventures during this trip were most remarkable; he narrated them to me, and they were published in the Melbourne Press. I think his conclusion was that in many cases great cruelty was inflicted upon the unhappy Kanakas, who were, after the expiration of their time of service, discharged upon islands other than those of which they were natives. His next exploit was to walk all alone across the Australian Continent from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Melbourne, a distance of nearly two thousand miles. During all this journey he never slept under a roof. He had many rivers and creeks to cross, and encountered many hostile blacks. He next went at the request of the *Melbourne Age* to explore New Guinea, and penetrated more than a hundred miles into the interior, when he was shot with a poisoned arrow by a native. He was carried to the coast by a faithful Australian black-fellow, and transported to Melbourne. He was at once sent home to Edinburgh in great agony, and there was operated on by Dr. Chiene. The operation was successful. He then got his medical degree and went to America, always working his own way. He found himself in the West Indies, and was without resources in Jamaica, but walked round the sugar plantations from Ewarton to Montego Bay. For the further facts in his life I copy the *Aberdeen Free Press* of July 17th, as they happened when he had passed from my ken. "He was then house surgeon to the Ballarat Hospital for two years. In 1893 he visited China, Japan, and the Philippine Islands. In 1894 he travelled from Shanghai to Burma dressed as a Chinaman. He accomplished the three thousand miles (much of it on foot) in one hundred days at a cost of less than £20. He visited the principal Burmese towns, and left Rangoon for Calcutta, where he nearly succumbed to intermittent fever. He returned to Australia as surgeon on board 'The Bartholomew,' and then came to London, and in 1895 was appointed *Times* correspondent at Peking." I saw him in London on his return from China, and he told me that he referred his great success and immunity from peril to the fact that he always travelled alone, and to his youthful appearance. Few young men have had such a life of adventure, and were his life truly written all the boys in the kingdom would read it. He was the most absolutely fearless fellow I have ever seen. He was singularly modest and deferential in manner, and his voice was of winning gentleness. He never seemed to think he had done anything wonderful, but that any one who cared to do what he did could carry it out as well. He was beloved by his fellow-students for his courtesy and consideration. All assumption, all vulgarity, all boastfulness was foreign to his nature. He was a simple-minded boy, with a strong sense of self-reliance, and a firm belief that Providence watches over those who are brave and try to go right. I most sincerely trust that some of his relatives will gather together his scattered works and write his memories.—I am, Sir, &c.,

University College, Liverpool. HERBERT A. STRONG.

LORD DALHOUSIE AND THE ANNEXATION OF OUDE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your review of Sir Joseph Fayrer's autobiography you repeat a statement which at one time was current, but which I had believed to have been entirely disproved,—viz., that the Marquis of Dalhousie was "bent upon the annexation of Oude," and again, "The Governor-General decided on annexation." I was in Parliament at the time and took an interest in Indian affairs. Moreover, after I became Lord Dalhousie's son-in-law, he discussed the matter with me. He told me that he did not desire to annex Oude. The abominable state of its Government rendered some interference necessary; he put before the Court of Directors three courses, one of which was annexation, but not that one which he recommended. But the home Government decided in favour of it. He considered that immediate disarmament on the Punjab precedent became essential, and he reluctantly consented to postpone the operation till after the hot weather, on account of the casualties which would be caused to the troops at that season. Before the cold weather came he had been obliged to leave India, a large force was sent to Persia, and Oude was not disarmed when the Mutiny broke out in the following year. The armed forces of Oude made the suppression of the Mutiny much more difficult. Ten more years must elapse

before Lord Dalhousie's papers can be published, in accordance with his will. Those who knew and honoured him must in the meantime not let pass assertions which imputed to him errors of policy.—I am, Sir, &c.,

House of Commons.

JAMES FERGUSON.

HOW ABOUT HOME-RULE?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your notes of the week in the *Spectator* of July 14th you lay down the principle, "the fuller the self-government of the parts, the safer the Empire as a whole"; and you suggest an answer to the obvious objection, "How about Home-rule?" by propounding a case in which Queensland should desire to go out of the Australian Federation. May I remind you and your readers that when the Union with England was passed by the Irish Parliament no Roman Catholic had a voice in the matter, and the Roman Catholics were three-fourths of the population, and so that, to secure a majority among the Protestant Members of Parliament, bribery on the largest scale was employed. The Union was passed, owing to the venality of that minor part of the population which then enjoyed exclusive political power. Repeal was not demanded for thirty years,—that is, not until the majority became vaguely conscious of their political power; but before that the country had been in a state of latent or overt rebellion. In short, the difference between the case of Queensland and that of Ireland is just that between marriage by consent and marriage by compulsion. The one is a union which may turn out unhappy; the other is in no sense a union at all. That there never was a real union between Ireland and England is sufficiently proved by the fact that voluntary drilling, which in England is a virtue, has in Ireland since the Union always been what it still is,—a crime.—I am, Sir, &c.,

AN IRISHMAN.

[The Union between Great Britain and Ireland is an accomplished political fact, like the Union with Wales or Scotland, or the Union between the Southern and Northern States of America. The Union with Scotland can almost certainly be shown to have been carried without the free consent of the majority of the Scottish people, and Wales was incorporated without even the nominal consent of the Welsh. When incorporation has taken place it must, we hold, be maintained without a constant investigation as to title. The Union with Ireland is only a hundred years old,—but a small period in a nation's history. When another hundred years have passed the South of Ireland will, we believe, be as strong for the Union as now is the North-Eastern part of Ulster,—the part of Ireland once most hostile to the Union. We print our correspondent's letter, but cannot continue this correspondence, which our original note was intended to prevent, not to invite.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE DUTCH FACTOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—You affirm your belief in free representative institutions as the final solution of the South African problem, and declare that this solution must *ultimately* be applied without fear of consequences. This is another way of saying what Mr. Rudyard Kipling told the Australian journalist at the Front: "We will give the Boers votes when we are sure they won't outvote us." Here is the language of expedience, and I am not censuring it. But in common fairness let us remember that it was a precisely similar fear that induced Mr. Krüger to refuse the franchise to the Uitlanders. The President was fearful, foolishly so, that the semi-independence of the Republic would be jeopardised by the new voters. Mr. Kipling and the *Spectator* are fearful that our new South African possessions will be jeopardised by the old voters. What is there to choose between the two moods? Happily, in the newly organised Orange River and Transvaal Colonies there will during the interregnum be no race ascendancy because until self-government is bestowed all white men will be impartially deprived of their rights. In the Cape Colony it will be otherwise if the insane policy of disfranchising the rebels is adopted. As a Liberal Imperialist let me entreat the *Spectator* to use its great influence in favour of a policy of appeasement, not of revenge. An act of amnesty and oblivion would produce the happiest results in our South African possessions. Let us remember the terrible temptation to which the Dutchmen in North Cape Colony

were exposed by the appearance among them of their kinsmen, in some cases of their brothers and cousins, and even fathers and sons, from across the Orange River and the Vaal. It was no inherent disloyalty to the British Empire that induced the Cape Dutch to take up arms; they were impelled not by vulgar ambition or love of lawlessness, but by the mysterious ineradicable instinct of race. The same sentiment which drew bushmen from Australia and rough-riders from Canada to fight and die for England actuated the "rebels" in throwing in their lot with the Boers. What was a virtue in the one case cannot be a mortal sin in the other. Disfranchisement will fill these "rebels" with inextinguishable bitterness; an act of amnesty will attach them to the Empire. The most terrible danger of the future in South Africa will be race-hatred; and nothing will generate and nourish race-hatred more effectually than a policy of proscription and the manufacture of an unreal majority by jerrymandering the constituencies in the interests of the South African League.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A SANE IMPERIALIST.

[Our correspondent argues in a fine and generous spirit, and if the Dutch had not refused Englishmen the natural rights of freemen, and then appealed to the arbitrament of the sword to maintain their refusal, we should agree with him. As, however, war has taken place we must now make some difference between the loyal and the actively disloyal. We do not want the blood of the men who fought against us, but we see no injustice in asking that districts that rose in arms should be treated as we treat districts here that are flagrantly corrupt,—i.e., should be temporarily disfranchised as having proved themselves unworthy of sending representatives to Parliament.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE LIFE OF SEWARD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your review of "The Life of Seward" (*Spectator*, July 7th) there is, apparently due to the author of it being incorrectly informed, for I have not seen the book, a misapprehension of the position of Seward with reference to foreign wars. It has been said that in the question with England on the arrest of Mason and Slidell, Seward favoured holding the Envoys, but was overruled by Lincoln. I had the assurance of as well informed a person as Charles Francis Adams, then our Minister to England, that the contrary was the case. I had been appointed Consul at Rome in the beginning of the war, and sailed for my post immediately after the arrest of the Envoys, and before the United States Government had decided on its course with reference to them. I called on Mr. Adams on my arrival in London, and saw him daily while the crisis lasted, remaining in London as long as there was any possibility of a new war on our hands. Adams assured me positively that Mr. Seward was in favour of releasing Mason and Slidell before any demand could reach our Government from that of England, but that Lincoln desired to hold them at any risk, possibly from a conviction that the West would support him, and his being less impressed by opinion in the Eastern States. He thought that the entry of England into our conflict would rally public opinion in America to the support of the Government so thoroughly as to more than compensate for the intervention of England. That peaceful counsels finally prevailed was, according to Mr. Adams, absolutely owing to Seward's insistence on the surrender. The Minister said to me that the despatch of the English Government demanding the instant release of the Envoys was originally couched in such peremptory terms that the refusal was inevitable, and that only by the insistence of the Queen was it so modified as to be acceptable by Lincoln, and when I reached London Adams was still doubtful if it would be accepted. Adams believed it to be the intention of Lord Palmerston, Gladstone, and Lord John Russell to drive the question to a rupture, and the impression was at Washington that England sought the occasion to intervene and break up the Union. You, Sir, ought not to forget the saying of the day, which I remember, "that peace was due to John Bright, the *Spectator*, and the *Daily News*"; but no one who was not in official confidence at the critical moment, as I was, could understand how near we were to war, or that war had not become inevitable, or even declared, before John Bright, the *Spectator*, and the *Daily News* were able to bring their pressure to bear on public opinion, was due purely to the wisdom and love of peace of the Queen and the practical common-sense of her

dearest adviser, the Prince Consort. On these points the declarations of Mr. Adams were unequivocal. Not as the least of the glories of her reign should this honour be given to her gracious Majesty by our race. But on another point in your review I am able to throw light which is important. I knew Lowell very intimately at that epoch, and I am not able to believe that he was a supporter of Seward as against Lincoln. I was an intimate friend of the Hon. Geo. G. Fogg, a Representative from Vermont, and chairman of the Committee of Organisation of the Convention that nominated Lincoln, and had from him all the details of the management of the nomination. The Seward delegates were known to be in the majority, and if the Convention had been organised with the usual deliberation it was certain that Seward would have been nominated. But amongst the Eastern delegates even more than the Western there was great alarm at the corruptions and irregularities in the financial management of New York during Seward's gubernatorial term. It was said of him that "though he would not steal a cent, he did not care how much his friends stole," and the prospect of the irregularities and extravagances of the Seward régime in New York being repeated on a larger scale in Washington alarmed the reformers, who were very strong in the Republican party, and were in a majority in the Committee of which Fogg was president. They decided to organise quietly and rush the nomination of Lincoln before the Seward delegation from New York came on. The latter, confident in their success and believing that the proceedings were cut and dried for Seward's nomination, came late and leisurely, to find the sub-committees appointed and the field in possession of the Lincoln delegates, under the command of Fogg and his coadjutors. The initiative in favour of Lincoln's nomination had been taken, and the Seward party lost the battle by a day. Lincoln recognised the obligation to Fogg, and offered him his choice of the diplomatic missions after that to England, which Seward insisted on for Adams, and Fogg chose Berne.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. J. STILLMAN.

P.S.—Seward's election as Governor of New York State was on an anti-Masonic issue, the result of the supposed murder of one Morgan by the Freemasons, whose secrets he had revealed. I remember the campaign and its pamphlets very well, my father being strongly anti-Masonic.

THE ABERRATION PERIOD OF MIDDLE LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The interesting letter from Dr. Dabbs in the *Spectator* of July 7th would rather lead one to suppose that men working safely through the period described are few, and the accidents arising therefrom numerous, whereas the Slough accident appeared to all readers as so singular that it called forth every kind of hypothesis to account for it. During a long life, in which I have seen and heard most things notable in Pall Mall, I can only remember one case as inexplicable as the Slough disaster, and that was the running ashore of the 'Great Eastern,' with all the thirty-six *danseuses Viennoises* on board, in Dundrum Bay. If I remember right, the Captain made the mistake of thinking he saw the Isle of Man lights, which he had to pass on the left side, when he had actually seen them and passed them some time previously. I write from memory of what occurred nearly fifty years ago. The late Lord de Ros, who was residing in the neighbourhood, described the whole thing to me, and he declared that there was no other way of accounting for this mistake but a temporary aberration. Of course it is common enough to lose ships through drunken captains, or officers drunk in the watch, but if my story is not an aberration of my own, the mistake in the 'Great Eastern' was far more unaccountable than the Slough disaster. I think Dr. Dabbs has generalised too absolutely, seeing how very few accidents for which only the period in question could be assigned as the cause have ever occurred. Napoleon at Borodino might be considered as one, but in his case he was suffering from a feverish cold, and was angry with his doctor for not having some quick remedy to give him.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. R. G.

NO VOLUNTEERS NEED APPLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It is to be hoped that your protest against the tendency to turn the Volunteers into imitation Regulars will not

fall on deaf ears. Any reorganisation of the force should be on the lines of greater freedom and elasticity, of real specialisation as opposed to feeble generalisation. Only those who know can appreciate the waste of time and energy involved in the attempt to force the drill of the average Volunteer battalion up to the regulation standard. I mean no disrespect to my many good friends in the ranks of the Regular Army in saying that the average Volunteer is superior in intelligence to the average "Tommy." But what are his chances when "they drill him sometimes between seven and eight"? His shooting is, of course, another matter. The present training camps are admittedly a measure of emergency for this year; yet only a small proportion of the men is at liberty to attend, even for a fortnight. How are we to fare if it is found that a smattering or so of the full professional course can be crammed into the amateur only by compulsory training? Would not one result be the significant wording of employers' advertisements: "No Volunteers need apply"?—I am, Sir, &c., VOLUNTEER.

A HINT TO SWISS TOURISTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Intending tourists in Switzerland may like to hear of a delightful route which seems to have been much neglected by our countrymen of late. I refer to the Oberalp route from Goschenen to Bonaduz. I have just traversed the same, and find at Dissentis, which is about half-way, a halting place having much to recommend it for either a short or long stay. Englishmen, or for the matter of that tourists of any nationality, seem conspicuous by their absence. Bædeker—that infallible guide to all things Swiss—makes no special mention of this place, and yet it is a capital centre for walks of any length, from half an hour to nineteen hours, including many interesting passes and mountain climbs. The scenery of the Oberalp Pass is equal to that of many of the more advertised routes, while that portion of the route which lies between Ilanz and Bonaduz surpasses many in the bold construction of the road and the magnificent views it affords of the Rabinsa gorge and the valley of the Vorder-Rhein. Dissentis can offer excellent hotel accommodation, and to any one wishing for quietude and rest, out of the ordinary tourist track and yet amid charming Swiss scenery, I can heartily commend this apparently forgotten region.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Hôtel Kronenhof, Pontresina.

T. FRED GARDNER.

THE LACK OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—One of the reasons for the unwillingness of many of the ablest men to become clergymen has not yet been mentioned. I can most easily indicate its nature by a comparison. Suppose that when the Boers invaded Natal the troops sent out from this country had distributed themselves through the country, and had set to work to teach the colonists that it is a clear duty to attack the enemies of the Queen, had urged all the colonists to attend drill and shooting lessons regularly, and to give great attention to having all their children taught that it is their duty to resist the Queen's enemies, but that while doing this they had abstained from attacking the Boers, and if the Boers came near them, had run away. If the English Army had acted in this way, would the officers commanding it have had any right to expect that the bravest men in Natal or England would offer to serve under their orders? There is a close analogy between the conduct which I have suggested on the part of soldiers and the conduct towards the enemies of God and man in this country of the leaders of the Church of England, and I believe that this conduct prevents a considerable number of men who would make good, courageous members of the Church militant from offering to serve under their orders. Let me mention some of the most prominent of the enemies of God, and refer for a moment to the way in which the leaders of the Church of England behave in relation to them. It is well known that the conditions existing in all our large towns—slums and semi-slums, smoke and foul air, absence of playgrounds and parks, ignorance on the part of the people of all kinds of wholesome recreation for body and mind—now make religious life impossible for hundreds of thousands of English people. It is the clear duty of the

educated and well-to-do classes to see that no conditions which make health of body and mind impossible for their fellow-citizens shall be allowed to exist. If a class leaves the work which is its peculiar duty undone, it can find no good substitute for that work, and is sure to fall into bad habits; and, in fact, the moral condition of a great part of the well-to-do classes in England has been made by luxury, by gambling, by indifference to the proximity of all kinds of impurity and corruption, not much less unsatisfactory than that of the inhabitants of slum districts. As a very large number of the members of these classes are members also of the Church of England, if the leaders of that Church loved God and man with heart and mind, would they not, for the sake of both rich and poor, in season and out of season, teach the rich that they must make decent life possible in every part of the land? That the problem is not insoluble is proved by the fact that the Town Council of Berlin have found it possible simply by good government to lower the death-rate since 1871 from thirty per thousand to about twenty, to get rid of all slums, and to so improve the conditions affecting the people, that there is now no street in the city in which it would not be possible to live a full and healthy life. Are the leaders of the Church of England leading the Church to attack our slums and the causes of slums? One of the most prominent and terrible of the enemies of God and man in England is the habit of drinking to excess. This habit is one of the causes of the worst horrors of slums and of many other evils. Drunkenness is terribly common amongst men, but a far worse evil is that it is increasingly common amongst women, and women who are in many ways good women. The experience of our own and of all other countries is that, although some good may be done by lessening the number of drinking places and in other ways reducing the temptation to drink, no one can be safe who is not strengthened by good physical, mental, and moral training to resist temptation. No attack on drunkenness in this country has any chance of success in which a very great improvement in education given in elementary schools is not one of the principal measures used. Are the leaders of the Church of England now doing their utmost to improve education for this purpose? Here and there one is, but the great majority of its leaders are careless respecting the ill-efficiency of our Elementary Schools, and their want of connection with secondary and technical schools. These are examples of the failure of the leaders of the Church to attack the enemies of God. I must now call attention to conduct on their part which is as bad as running away from the enemy would be on the part of generals. In thousands of villages the only elementary school to which Nonconformist parents can send their children is a Church school, and in some of these villages the clergymen, who have sole control of the religious instruction, are extreme men, who have doctrine respecting the Sacraments taught to all children who are not withdrawn from all religious instruction under the conscience clause, which is known to be as distasteful to most Nonconformists as any Roman Catholic doctrine to Protestant members of the Church of England. Every man who really believes that it is his duty to do unto others as he would be done by must feel that so far as he has power he must make such conduct impossible. Have the leaders of the Church of England jointly urged the clergy to adopt measures for making every Nonconformist parent who has to send his children to a Church school know that the children will be taught no doctrine to which the parents object? I venture to say that if the Archbishops and Bishops would attack the most fruitful causes of sin and degrading misery in the spirit in which Lord Roberts is attacking the Queen's enemies in South Africa, the Church of England would have no more reason to complain of lack of fit candidates for Holy Orders than the British Army has at this moment to complain of lack of fit candidates for commissions. Better men are now going into University Settlements than into Holy Orders, and the reason is, I think, not that Settlements are without Articles, but because they are fighting sin in a more Christlike spirit than is shown by the leaders of any branch of the Christian Church.—I am, Sir, &c.,

T. B. HORSFALL.

Swanscoe Park, near Macclesfield.

MILITARY NEEDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The problem presented to the German Empire by the immediate need for a considerable military expedition to China is interesting and instructive. Germany, the most completely armed and disciplined nation of Europe, has no standing professional army ready for a sudden and distant campaign. Her highly perfected system can readily mobilise a couple of millions of soldiers; it has not been framed to meet the contingency of a relatively small expedition. Great Britain offers a singular contrast to this state of things. With our standing army and habit of small wars, we can, under normal conditions, easily despatch forty or fifty thousand men to any part of the world, while for a European war, involving the employment of a really great army, we are deplorably unprepared. We are strong where Germany is weak, and weak where she is strong. If while maintaining and improving, as we mean to improve, our small standing professional army, we consent to train, equip, and organise the whole available manhood of the nation, we may feel ourselves not only secure from attack at home, but ready at all points for the best means of defence, and that is swift attack and speedy and constant augmentation of the attacking force. The fostering of a "world-empire" and the growth of her colonial responsibilities will force upon Germany the creation of a permanent standing army in addition to the great national organisation she possesses. The tremendous and ever-increasing Imperial responsibilities we own and are now, fortunately, minded to appreciate will surely force us to the arming of the nation.—I am, Sir, &c., E. P. WARREN.

THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the notice of the "New English Dictionary" which you were good enough to give in the *Spectator* of July 14th there is an error as to the price of the sections. The two quarterly sections published at the beginning of this month,—viz., "Inferable-Inpushing," by Dr. Murray, and "Gradely-Greement," by Mr. Bradley, are published at 2s. 6d. each; but the price of the monthly number issued at the same time, containing the words "Brandy-Brute," is 3s. 6d. The monthly issue was commenced in July, 1899, for the convenience of subscribers. Each number contains eighty-eight pages.—I am, Sir, &c., HENRY FROWDE.

Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.

THE CHINESE PUZZLE—REVENGE OR PUNISHMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I am afraid the Chinese horrors have taken away from most European (and American) onlookers the power of judging a situation which has no parallel in the world's history. These shrieks for revenge, whether from a German Emperor or an able editor, are worth about as much in the matter as the screaming of angry parrots. The question is this,—What has Europe to face? Is it a mere Manchu party and a populace, or is it the Chinese nation,—three hundred millions of men, fearing neither death nor pain—the only race in the whole world in which men are found who will sell themselves to torture—the only race in which the most wicked men will face death with joy, believing that it will only add to their means of doing mischief? If the latter, all the power that Europe (with Japan) can bring to bear will not put down the Chinese, and Abbé Huc's speculation as to the possibility of a great Chinese invasion of the West may yet be realised. It seems to me essential that the Powers allied against the present uprising should not act as enemies to China, but simply to the present Chinese Government. I see no proof that the young Emperor has lost his life, and his name, above all, should be the one in which action should be taken. If he be dead, there must be some other member of the present or of any earlier dynasty who can be put forward. The next step should be, in the Emperor's or selected Prince's name, to seize the Chinese customs, the duties from which represent the clearest part of the Chinese revenues, and which are throughout administered by Europeans. Even after Sir Robert Hart's death the service numbers several experienced seniors in its ranks. By some such steps the action of the now dominant party would be largely paralysed, and it would

be hindered from identifying itself with the Chinese nation. But the word "revenge" must be blotted out of the European vocabulary as towards China, and just punishment of actual wrong-doers alone viewed and held out as the aim of the allied Powers.—I am, Sir, &c., J. M. L.

LORD DURHAM AND CANADIAN RECONSTRUCTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the *Spectator* of July 14th there are references to Lord Durham and his Canadian policy. You mention Mr. Merriman's article in the *Westminster Gazette*, which I have not seen, and "a long letter from a correspondent ('X.')" who has preferred looking up the report to talking about it" in your own columns. You write that Mr. Merriman "very truly says that Lord Durham's policy in Canada was the real foundation of the British Empire." I should like to ask why this is so seldom recognised, and why Lord Durham's name and reputation have been so unjustly treated by many writers? His independence and scorn of the red-tape of Downing Street and Pall Mall, and his idea that it is the duty of a Governor to govern, are doubtless abhorrent to the tapers and tadpoles of official life, to their haugers-on and to party wirepullers. Is "X." one of these? He cannot entirely withhold praise, but he makes insinuations against him. Take his opening statement:—"Any one who reads that famous Report—written as has always been understood by Charles Buller, though signed by Lord Durham—must be struck by the permanent value of many of its conclusions." Does this mean that "X." considers the Report and its policy to be Buller's, and not Durham's? Mr. Buller was personally chosen to be chief secretary by Lord Durham, who knew his brilliant attainments, and any other man would have credit given him for selecting such an instrument. "X." seems to forget that the Report is written in the first person, and that, therefore, Lord Durham is responsible for every word of it. Let me quote from the introduction of the Report to her Majesty:—

"Before leaving England I assured your Majesty's Ministers that the plan which I should suggest for the future government of the Canadas should be in readiness by the commencement of the ensuing Session; and though I had made provision that, under any circumstances, the measures which I might suggest should be explained and supported in Parliament by some person who would have had a share in the preparation of them, I added that it was not improbable that I might deem it my paramount duty towards the Provinces entrusted to me to attend in my place in the House of Lords for the purpose of explaining my own views and supporting my own recommendations."

That is hardly the language of a *fainéant* Governor who "signs" the report of a secretary. I could quote other passages from his despatches to Lord Glenelg showing his intense desire to complete "a plan for the future Government of this part of the British Empire"—and while he gave all credit to those employed in its preparation, I can find no trace of irresponsibility. "X." also says, "Lord Durham had a twofold appointment . . . he had to settle the consequences of the rebellion and distribute penalties, and he had to inquire into the situation and suggest remedies for the future,—in the first duty he failed, and the failure was the cause of his recall." The failure is a matter of opinion, but he was not recalled, he resigned. His ordinance transporting prisoners to Bermuda was disallowed. As soon as he read "in an American newspaper of the proceedings in the House of Lords on the 7th, 9th, and 10th of August," he wrote to Lord Glenelg on September 25th:—"As your Lordship will perceive by the documents which I have the honour to enclose, I have resolved on resigning an authority which has now indeed become thoroughly inadequate to the ends for which it was created, and on quitting a post which has been rendered altogether unteuable by those from whom I expected every possible assistance in maintaining it." This was before he had "any official information of the recent proceedings in England," and while he had before him "your Lordship's (Glenelg) despatches conveying to me the most flattering expressions of the satisfaction which all my measures, including the proclamation and ordinances relating to the political prisoners, had given her Majesty's Government." "X." then draws morals for South Africa, but it is difficult to gather how he considers the failure occurred; he lays down axioms,—the proper man must be chosen and have a

free hand, he must not be hampered by nervousness about his powers, he is the best judge of penal measures, and is to be bound by no stereotyped orders, &c. I should have thought that Lord Durham did fulfil all these requirements, and wonder if "X." has never thought that the failure he talks about may have been due to personal jealousies and political intrigues in the English Parliament, and not to the administration in Canada. Lord Durham to Lord Glenelg, September 28th, 1838:—

"In order to stop hostile proceedings in the House of Lords—for after your Lordship's despatches approving of all my measures I can discern no other motive for the step—her Majesty's Ministers determine on advising the Crown to render abortive the most important act of my Government. The Crown therefore, whose representative I am, condemns me on the ground that I have acted illegally. . . . A Government and Legislature anxious for the tranquillity of this wretched country, for the interests of humanity, for the honour of the British Crown, would not lightly have foregone the benefits which such a policy promised, and had already in great measure secured. They would have taken good care that its great and beneficent purpose should not be frustrated by any error which they could rectify, or by the want of any power which they could supply. If they found the Ordinance inoperative they would have given it effect, if illegal they would have made it law. . . . Though the object of wise and benevolent statesmen should be to establish the great principles of the British Constitution and the English law in this province, it must not be supposed that this is yet done; and I trust that the acts of future Governors will be submitted to the decision of some more competent judges than those who profess to try such acts by the mere principles of English law. My acts have been despotic, because my delegated authority was despotic. Until I learn from some one better versed in the English language that despotism means anything but such an aggregation of the supreme executive and legislative authority in a single hand; as was deliberately made by Parliament in the Act which constituted my present powers, I shall not blush to hear that I have exercised a despotism . . . nor shall I regret that I have wielded these despotic powers in a manner which, as an Englishman, I am anxious to declare utterly inconsistent with the British Constitution, until I learn what are the constitutional principles that remain in force when a whole constitution is suspended; what principles of the British Constitution hold good in a country in which the people's money is taken without the people's consent, where representative government is annihilated, where martial law has been the law of the land, and where trial by jury exists only to defeat the ends of justice."

-- I am, Sir, &c.,

T. H. LAMBTON.

[An almost world-wide opinion, supported, as we happen to know, by family tradition, has assigned the actual authorship of the Report to Charles Buller. Our correspondent has singularly misread "X.'s" letter if he thinks he finds therein any disparagement of Lord Durham. If "X." erred at all it was in being too eulogistic. He clearly insisted throughout that Lord Durham's failure, such as it was, was due entirely to the jealousy of his opponents at home.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

POETRY.

A PRIVATE'S COMPLAINT AT THE LOSS OF AN ENGLISH SPRING.

I AM thinking what good reason
We could possibly have had
For this monstrous change of season,
This stride from good to bad,
How we came to sell our springland
For the naked southern fall.
When we get back to England
(If we get back at all)
They'll grow wild at our sombreros,
And the *Times* will say our race
Is a race all made of heroes.
When they praise me to my face,
I shall wrap my virtuous mantle
Closely round and never tell
How I lurked beneath an anthill
When the Mauser bullets fell.
For our wages are our praises:
With a medal clasp and ring,
But will no one keep us daisies
From our lost English spring?
Won't the Queen in Council fasten
The lilacs to their stem,
Or by statute make it arson
In the sun for burning them?

Or prorogue the spring by shading
The primrose, or forbid
The purple violets fading
In the grass where they lie hid?
O for one hour's clamber
On my soft western hills!
From top to toe they're amber,
I know, with daffodils.
For hedges white as fuller's
Can wash the whitest things,
For fields whose divers colours
Are meet for necks of kings.
Unheard, the lambs will utter
Their bleat; I shall not pass
By paths where corn-craiks gutter
Unseen in seas of grass,
Till the stars begin to glisten
And from far-off woods a wail
Of music bids me listen
To the throbbing nightingale,
At last to climb the ladder
Of some patched and creaking floor,
And sleep till larks grow madder
And madder as they soar,
And the blackbirds wake with laughter
And song at break of day,
And the sun strikes through the rafter
On last year's scented hay.
And just because two nations
Will fight and rend and tear,
We have lost our constellations,
Arcturus and the Bear,
And Pleiades. Yet under
The blazing Southern Cross
At night we lie and wonder,
And at times forget our loss,
At the sword of great Orion
Sinking down and down and down,
While the golden horse and lion
Contest the Southern Crown.

South Africa, June 24th.

LIONEL CURTIS.

BOOKS.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.*

THE rise to popular fame of Sir Thomas Lawrence was quick, and he maintained his position while he lived. He was the son of a Bristol innkeeper and the grandson of a clergyman who had seen better days, and was born in 1769. To his mother the painter seems to have owed much, and he remained devotedly attached to her to the end of her life. When Thomas was three years old, his father migrated to the 'Black Bear Inn' at Devizes, at which place people on their road to Bath were wont to stay. From the age of five the child was accustomed to recite passages of Milton and odes of Collins to the fashionable people from London or the learned divines from Oxford as they rested on their journey to Bath. At the age of twelve, the precocious boy is found at this latter city regularly at work as a portrait-painter, and getting fame and money from a picture of Mrs. Siddons which had been engraved. At the age of sixteen, he expressed himself to the effect that "excepting Sir Joshua, for the painting of a head, I would risk my reputation with any painter in London." How far such a remark may be put down to ignorance of other painters, and how far to boasting, cannot be said. When he was eighteen Lawrence settled in London, fortunately for himself, not to compete with the painters there at once, but to learn his business as a student at the Academy. His power of drawing was great and his application unremitting. Sir Martin Shee wrote of him that "from the age of ten to the day of his death half a century later Lawrence worked without a pause." It was not long before the young painter gained recognition and achieved academic honours. Early did commissions pour in upon him, and their flow never stopped till his death. But the money easily made

* *Sir Thomas Lawrence.* By Lord Ronald Gower. With a Catalogue of the Artists Exhibited and Engraved Works by Algernon Graves. London: Goupil and Co. [48.]

was easily spent, and in spite of a large income Lawrence was always in difficulties. Generous to those in adversity and always collecting works of art, especially drawings by the old masters, his money melted away as soon as he made it. The appearance of Lawrence is described as handsome, and his manner as courtly. Of him a lady wrote regarding the attitude he adopted towards women. "He could not write a common answer to a dinner invitation without its assuming the tone of a *billet-doux*. The very commonest conversation was held in that soft, low whisper, and with that tone of deference and interest, which are so unusual and so calculated to please."

It was this calculation to please that destroyed Lawrence as an artist. He had great gifts, and he shows in his letters that he understood what art really was; but knowing the good, he chose the evil, and while he talked about Velasquez and Reynolds, and bought drawings by Michelangelo and Raphael, he flattered the corrupt society of George IV. by painting in a style which was suited to the vulgar taste of that Monarch and his friends. The man who wrote the following sentence showed clearly that his insight into the art of Velasquez was profound: "In all the objects and subjects of his pencil, it is the true philosophy of the art, the selection of essentials, of all which first and last strikes the eye and senses of the spectator." But the painter of the simpering fashionable ladies and wriggling children seems to have no philosophy of art but a strong determination to flatter the fashion of his day.

All Lawrence's worst qualities appear when he painted his faithful patron, George IV. To judge fairly of the inflated absurdity of King and painter one must go to Rome, and after walking in the galleries of the Lateran, come suddenly upon an amazing "full-length" of the "first gentleman in Europe" with all his frills on, his nut-brown wig, and his robes and curtains, and all the rubbish of a state portrait. The pitiable part of it is that the stage management is so clever; pomposity was never better expressed. How hard and how faithfully the painter must have laboured to have given such forcible expression to such vulgarity and vanity! But these qualities are not confined to state portraits. If we turn to the reproduction in the present volume of "Mrs. Maguire and Arthur Fitz-James" the same extraordinary cleverness and sloppy vulgarity oppress us. The expressions of the faces are no more unpleasant than the commonness of the lines and modelling, in spite of the brilliancy which is evident in the freedom of the grouping of the figures.

Of late years the fame of Sir Thomas Lawrence's worst pictures has been revived, and we believe in this way. When recently millionaires began to buy English pictures they spent their money on Reynolds and Gainsborough. Soon, however, the stock became exhausted, though not the purses of those who desired "old masters of the English school." What was to be done? The dealers set to work and discovered Romney; but he, too, became exhausted; so Hoppner, Opie, Beechey, and Lawrence had to be invented, and their values sent up to provide the rich with something to buy. Of course, the lovers of art knew all about these painters and appreciated them at their true worth before this artificial inflation took place. As a proof of how unreal is the demand for these pictures, and how independent their value is of their artistic merit, the following shows. It is only the "pretty" ladies that fetch the big prices; splendidly painted men fetch hundreds where their wives, even if indifferently done, fetch thousands.

It would be quite unfair to Lawrence not to record some of his pictures which are really fine works of art. The unfinished sketch of "William Wilberforce," in the National Portrait Gallery, is a masterpiece of characterisation, and the "Lord Whitworth" in the Louvre is a fine piece of bravura work, while the "Warren Hastings" and the "Castle-reagh" are pictures of great power.

The present volume is very fully illustrated, and many of the plates are excellent. We think, however, that it was a mistake to have reproduced so many of the pictures from the engravings. Lawrence was not improved by passing through the "prettifying" hands of the engravers of his time. Lord Ronald Gower has written a readable account of the artist, though we think he estimates his paintings too highly. The author is not blind to the painter's defects, and the following passage seems to us just:—

"His portrait of Mrs. Siddons herself, whom he almost idolised, lacks the grandeur that Gainsborough and the sublimity that Reynolds gave to her majestic face; and the heavy-browed Thurlow has little of the almost terrific majesty of judicial wisdom that Romney transferred to his canvas. Lawrence lacked genius; he was determined to please in his portraiture, and no painter was more successful in his undertaking. His was the art that was certain to succeed among princes and fine ladies, dignitaries and grand seigneurs; but contrast, for instance, Reynolds's portrait of Heathfield, in the National Gallery, with that of Wellington by Lawrence at Windsor Castle; how feeble the latter appears!"

Lawrence seems to have had little or no sense of humour, and the defect was a great drawback. If he had had this gift, which is priceless, he could hardly have committed some of the absurdities on canvas which he did. Two of these ludicrous things are reproduced in the volume before us. One is "Lady Leicester as 'Hope.'" In this an elderly young lady, not beautiful, attired in the dress of a heroine of Miss Austen, brandishes a branch of some plant while she walks barefooted over solid, rounded clouds, attended by naked children, one of which turns a back somersault into the hard, resisting, cloudy background. Equally funny is the "Queen Caroline and Princess Charlotte." The Queen, in a pose which has something Pompeian about it, tunes her harp in an attitude as unlikely as it is absurd, while those inevitable curtains hang across the archway with the clouds beyond. Another cause which lowered the quality of so much of Lawrence's work was his habit of accepting many more commissions than he could execute, and then handing over the draperies to a workshopful of assistants.

We think that a dispassionate judgment upon the painting of Lawrence will be that he was a man of great gifts unable to stand up against the demand for vulgar work, which he was able to supply to the complete satisfaction of his patrons. When, however, he was not painting fashionable beauties, but was merely representing some man with a face full of character, he showed that under the vulgarity there was an artist of power.

TWO VOYAGES.*

THE admirable work that has been done for many years by the Hakluyt Society is well known; and the two volumes last issued eloquently prove the intention and thoroughness of their work. Various as they are in subject—and a curious Franciscan of the thirteenth century is a strong contrast to Robert Dudley, an Elizabethan adventurer—they are edited with the same care and scholarship. The greater part of Robert Dudley's voyage has the advantage of being printed in its original form; the journey of William of Rubruck is translated out of its monkish Latin. But the Franciscan is not only the wiser man, he is the better traveller; and Sir Henry Yule did not overpraise him when he declared that his work, "in its rich detail, its vivid pictures, its acuteness of observations and strong good sense, forms a book of travels of much higher claim than any one series of Polo's chapters." No one who reads these enchanted papers will dispute Sir Henry's judgment.

And first a word of Dudley, a true Elizabethan in courage and temper, as well as in the savage mystery which envelops his life and career. He was not yet of age when he set forth upon his travels, and his meaning was to sail for the South Seas, though he knew well the hardships that Cavendish and John Davys had there encountered. For not only was John's account written in 1593, but a relative of Cavendish seems to have been Dudley's first wife. However, he was persuaded to give up the more dangerous venture, being, as Captain Wyatt says, "by special command contradicted of her Majesty, as tendering the ripeness of his years." His own account is that he did not wish to "hazard many of her Majesty's subjects on the uncertain ground of his desire." But whatever the cause, he changed his mind, and sailed with a fleet of three for the West Indies. Of course he was strongly impelled by the prevailing spirit of his time. He would see new lands and strange people. Moreover, he was already a learned navigator and a keen sportsman, so that he could find no better opportunity for his talents than a distant voyage.

* (1.) *The Voyage of Robert Dudley to the West Indies, 1594-1595.* Edited by G. F. Warner, M.A., F.S.A. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. (2.) *The Journey of William of Rubruck to the Eastern Parts of the World, 1253-55.* Translated from the Latin, and Edited, with an Introductory Notice, by W. W. Rockhill. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

His versatility proclaimed him the true child of his time. He was, says Anthony Wood, "a complete gentleman in all suitable employments, an exact seaman, a good navigator, an excellent architect, mathematician, chymist, and what not. He was a handsome personable man, tall of stature, red-haired, and of admirable comport, and, above all, noted for riding the great horse, for tilting, and for his being the first of all that taught a dog to sit in order to catch partridges."

Such the man who sailed in 1594 for the West Indies, and such his admirable record. He had high hopes of success, for there were Spaniards to fight, gold to find, and rich prizes to seize. And though his search for gold was as unsuccessful as Walter Raleigh's, he picked up a few prizes by the way, and his fight with a Spaniard must have satisfied even his adventurous spirit. Meanwhile, he did not neglect the traveller's duty of research, and despite his combative temper he marked the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and noted specimens of their language. He made friends with the Indians, whom he found "a fine-shaped and gentle people, all naked and painted red, their commanders wearing crowns of feathers." And, as Mr. Warner points out, he employed in his spirited little fight with the Spaniards the same tactics that had disposed of the Spanish Armada a few years before. The 'Bear' "worked wares to keep the wind," and poured shot into her opponent, who "went upright as a church." Withal, he was a far-seeing sailor, and he formulated the doctrine with which Captain Mahan has made us familiar. "Whosoever is patron of the sea," said he, "commandeth also on land." Indeed, so great were his merits, that his failure to prove his legitimacy and his subsequent exile were a positive disaster to the England of James I., and the curious will find these and other matters discussed by Mr. Warner with excellent knowledge and judgment.

A work of a very different kind is the journey of William of Rubruck, who in 1253 undertook to discover and to convert the Tartars. As we have said, this voyage, after Marco Polo's, is the most important of the early adventures, and William of Rubruck, both by temperament and talent, was well fitted for the task which he undertook at the instance of Louis IX. He was as observant as he was fearless, and his acute intelligence understood the meaning of the strange customs and peoples which he studied. Moreover, the lands through which he travelled were all unknown, and though his researches have not been recognised as they should have been, he was the first man of the West to see and to note many strange things. He passed through Thibet, the country which has of late perplexed so many travellers and ethnologists, and he brought back many a tale. The inhabitants of Thibet, said he, "were in the habit of eating their dead parents, so that for piety's sake they should not give their parents any other burial than their own bowels." And when they gave up the practice, "they made handsome cups out of the heads of their parents, so when drinking out of them they might have them in mind in the midst of their merrymaking." He also describes a Lama or "Living Buddha"—"a boy, who from the size of his body was not more than twelve years old, but who was capable of all forms of reasoning, and who said of himself that he had been incarnate three times; he knew how to read and write."

Especially is he curious concerning religions, and he has much to say of Nestorism and Manichæism. But what we owe to his researches is best summed up by his accomplished editor, who is a traveller as well as a scholar, and who himself has penetrated the recesses of Thibet. "His principal contributions to geographical science were the indication of the true sources and course of the Don and Volga, the lake nature of the Caspian, the identity of Cathay with the classical country of the Seres, a description of the Balkash and of the inland basin of which it occupies the eastern extremity, the first description of the city of Karakorum, the first mention of Kaoli or Korea, and of the Tungusic tribes of Orengai." That is a rich contribution made by one man to our knowledge. But geography did not engross him. He was also the first to mention the wild ass and the *ovis poli*, which to-day tempts the sportsman. Moreover, he had a keen insight into the problems of ethnology, and he already distinguished between the Mongols and the Tartars. He was, in effect, a most accomplished and far-sighted traveller, whose book, written some seven centuries

ago, is still an authority, and is for the moment of a certain practical interest. Though it has long been known to the curious in the versions of Hakluyt and Purchas, it is now for the first time fitted with critical notes and a sound interpretation; and the Hakluyt Society, to which we owe so much already, could not have found a better opportunity for its prudent labours.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF CHELSEA.*

It is a bad business, we all know, to give a dog a bad name; but it is an act of great merit to fix upon a place a pretty and appropriate combination of syllables. With ill-luck, of course, the prettiest name may end in mere irony, like Bloomsbury (though there have been found those of such unfettered fancy as to draw comfort out of the implied associations, in spite of all that brick and mortar, in defiance even of the overwhelming Museum). But, upon the whole, a good name is a heritage for ever, and its charm is all the more durable if, as is the case with Chelsea, no one can say precisely what it means. Mr. Reginald Blunt, in his attractive handbook, does indeed chronicle the guesses of many antiquarians, but none imposes itself, and for mankind at large Chelsea is simply a pleasant sound with pleasant associations. It is indeed the luckiest of all London district names. Mayfair is a palpable invention, and carries a *faux* air of frivolity, quite misbecoming the discreet architecture of that region; Belgravia suggests Mr. Jeames Yellow Pluche; Pimlico attracts nobody; Bayswater is little better; Kensington was charming, but has been spoilt irretrievably by a too liberal geographical extension into South-West and even North; St. John's Wood suggests the demi-monde; and Maida Vale affects an incongruous rusticity. Chelsea and Hampstead, when you come to think of it, are the only two places in London which have really appropriate and charming names that carry a definite association; and, after all, Hampstead is not in London. Chelsea is, and yet is not, or at least one can still make believe that it keeps its old autonomous identity, still the place which was to Charles II. almost what Brighton was to George IV., and to Queen Anne what Windsor was to George III. and his Queen. Its associations with royalty, as Mr. Blunt can tell us, indeed, go much further back; but Henry VIII., who took one of his imperious fancies to the manor when Lord Sandys owned it, lies beyond the range of gossip. There was no Pepys in his day. What really interests us is to know that somewhere opposite Battersea Park Grammont gave his famous river parties—on how different a river!—that the King's Road was laid out for Charles to drive down on his visits to Nell Gwynn (whether to the house that tradition points out or another); that the Queen's Road led to the mansion where Catherine of Braganza's initials may still be seen in the beautiful ironwork of the gateway; that in Church Street Arbuthnot had his quarters somewhere near Queen Anne, when she went, as was her custom, to take country air at the first riverside village out of London; that Addison's gentle presence was frequent there, and Swift's formidable brows bent somewhere in that very street over a letter to Stella. These are the materials for historic evocation which seem to us the easiest to work with in the store which Mr. Blunt provides.

And yet the truth is that historic evocation adds little in the case of Chelsea to what metaphysicians call the content of the term. Historic Chelsea is dead and done with, though its ghost may haunt the precincts of the historic old church. The Chelsea that we know bears a name, stamped indeed with an indefinable suggestion of mere prettiness from the dainty art in porcelain that once flourished there, yet charged above all with more modern memories. There is no Quartier Latin in London, but Chelsea is the place where Turner died with the sunlight streaming in upon him over the river that he loved, and where Mr. Whistler achieved some of his most brilliant successes; where Rossetti worked, in paint and language, giving a new and far stronger interest to that old house of the Spanish Queen; and where Carlyle became, even in the eyes of 'bus-drivers, a sort of local hero. Artists and writing people are a gregarious folk, and Chelsea has more claim than any place in London to be called the artists' quarter. It was cheap to begin with (unhappily it is so no

* *An Illustrated Historical Handbook to the Parish of Chelsea.* By Reginald Blunt. Lamley and Co. [2s. 6d. net.]

longer); but especially it was, and is, picturesque. Not only were there the quaint streets with old-world shops in them; not only were there houses with heavy staircases of carved wood and panelling throughout, like the one in which the Carlyles lived (but they papered the panelling) and which is now among the most interesting memorials in the world; there was, and there is, the river. You can stand and look west towards the sunset with the peaked sails of the boats outlined against it, and see what recalls a dozen Turner pictures; or you can look by night at the rows of lamps on the bridges and the moving lights on the streets and on the stream, and feel the pleasure in all that contrast of brilliance against the cool receding gloom of the sky which Mr. Whistler has fixed upon canvas in his beautiful nocturnes. The river at Chelsea, as we know it, is hopelessly irreconcilable with such a picture as is suggested by Pepys when he tells of Charles bathing there from among the rushes; but it has associations and a beauty of its own that are more grateful, at least to Londoners, than all that is seen or suggested at Cliveden or Maple Durham.

And yet after all Charles II., rather than Carlyle or Turner, is the tutelary personage of Chelsea; for if we give to him (after the fashion where Royalties are concerned) the credit which belongs, perhaps, in part to "poor Nelly," but really to Sir Stephen Fox, we must allow that Chelsea owes to him what distinguishes it among London districts,—a true local centre. Kensington has its gardens; but in truth they belong to Kensington no more than to Bayswater; Chelsea has its hospital to itself. No one would suspect the War Office of an eye to dramatic fitness, yet the juxtaposition of the Guards' barracks with the pensioners' grounds affords the strangest and most picturesque contrasts, while it enlivens the whole quarter with the bright note of military red. Go where you will in Chelsea, you meet a soldier at every turn; and though the encounters are not so exciting as in the days of the Jubilee, when Hausas, Dyaks, Zaptiehs, and heaven knows what other strange and martial figures passed and repassed, yet there is always the hospital itself with the maimed or tottering veterans about its gates, while the stalwart young Guardsman swaggers down the street with a girl on his arm. Some of the old men keep a soldierly cut and bearing to the last; some, worn with their ailments, are mere shadows of soldiers; but many, perhaps most, revert to the original type, and but for their dress could not be distinguished from the peasants in any English village. Yet the dress and the common life give them a community of interest, and it is not hard to guess how these long-service veterans must pass their comments on the boys of the short service whom they can watch drilling in the barracks opposite. Life seems to go peaceably with them, and there is no prettier sight in London on a Sunday of summer than the gardens where the old men stand each by his little plot, with his long red coat making in the sunshine a note of colour brighter than the orange lilies, and sell little country-looking nosegays of old-fashioned flowers for a few half-pence. Whether the young lads from the barracks respect these elders of war is a matter for doubt; but at least among the children they are oracles, and the kindest of oracles. You shall see some old warrior with half a dozen medals on his breast submitting patiently to the questions—the interminable questions—of a pair of small boys. And once at least—but probably a hundred times—a small child sick in bed has received daily tributes of weapons cunningly fashioned out of wood, flowers, and even choice heads of lettuce sent up from one of the oldest among the pensioners with anxious inquiries after "his little friend."

JOHN JACOB.*

IF Britain were to select from her many servants those by whom she would choose to stand or fall in the eyes of the world, we suppose the choice would fall upon the Indian frontier administrators. No service can show in so short a period such a race of heroes. They were men who were often cut off from all the ties of home and friendship. They lived in perpetual danger of their lives, facing incredible difficulties in the worst of climates, and handicapped on all sides by the ignorance and niggardliness of the Government. They were

so ill-paid that they were compelled often to spend their private fortune in their work. They were exposed to much hostile criticism, and to the heartbreaking checks which a red-tape administration can give. And yet through it all they preserved a boyish temper of adventure, a patience, a serenity which were little short of heroic. Some were greater as soldiers, some as civilians, but all were akin in nature. Napier, Outram, Green, Lumsden, Warburton, Jacob,—it is a roll any nation might be proud of, and Jacob is perhaps the most typical, both in the splendour of his work, the hardship of his life, and the smallness of his rewards.

The main incidents in his career are soon told. He was born in 1812 the son of a Somersetshire parson, and at the age of sixteen he sailed for India as a Second Lieutenant in the Bombay Artillery. He never returned home, and for thirty years, almost without a day's holiday, he laboured in his adopted land. Lord Auckland's fatal policy in Afghanistan brought him to Sind in 1838 to join the army of the Indus. He greatly distinguished himself as a cavalry leader under Napier at Meanee and Hyderabad, and organised and commanded the famous Sind Irregular Horse. For many years he worked on under Frere, making his troops the most perfect of native regiments, and founding on the site of the ruinous Khangur the city of Jacobabad as a bridge to the frontier. In 1855 when Frere was invalided he became Acting Commissioner of Sind. After the outbreak of the Persian War, of which he strongly disapproved, he was sent to Bushire under Outram, and had to remain there inactive during the greater part of the Mutiny. Ultimately he was selected to command the Central India Army, but there was some delay in his arrival, and Sir Hugh Rose was sent in his place. For the remaining years of his life he was occupied mainly with frontier outbreaks. The incessant strain of his work had undermined a naturally strong constitution, and he died of brain fever after a few days' illness.

The achievement of his life was his subjugation of Sind, for if Sir Charles Napier fought the actual war, it was Jacob who conquered the people. The climate of the place was such that few Englishmen could work in it. Even Napier, who was a sort of salamander, nearly died of sunstroke. And yet for a score of years Jacob worked incessantly, planting, irrigating, building, and training his cavalry. "We have no right to seize Sind," wrote Sir Charles in his famous style, "yet we shall do so, and a very advantageous, humane, and useful piece of rascality it will be." It was Jacob's work to prove his General's words true, and nobly he accomplished it. His Sind Horse were to the end the chief pride of his life. Sir John Malcolm called them "the true descendants of Seewajee's mountain rats, whom not all the pride and power of the armies of Hindustan could prevent from marching to the gates of Delhi." For the rough frontier work cavalry were the only troops possible. It was work, as Jacob said, where experienced Indian officers were as much abroad as the merest griffin, for the Horse were not only a fighting force but armed explorers. Napier thought them the "ideal of first-rate soldiers,—prompt, resolute, obedient, and humane." Jacob prided himself on their irregularity—"they are soldiers of battle only, and know no monkey tricks with lances"—but the "Memorandum on the principle of his procedure" which he drew up shows how stringent was the discipline. The first point, "Always act on the offensive," is characteristic of the man and his troops, and it is little wonder that, as Mr. Shand says, "he gained the same useful fame as Napier, when the Belooch mercenaries of the Ameers gave him the sobriquet of 'brother of Satan.'"

In spite of his many quarrels, Jacob was happy in the men he worked under. Napier was a character after his own heart, though the brotherly partisanship of Sir William estranged the two in later life. The son of Lady Sarah Lennox had his faults, but formalism and lack of enterprise were not to be found in him. "You have Sir Charles's permission," so ran one of his orders, "to rob, murder, steal, hang, and anything else to procure carriage; you may do anything if you can but catch Shere Mahomed. Do this, and all your crimes will be pardoned." Outram, the "Bayard of India," was at all times his close and affectionate friend, and the correspondence between the two reveals an ideal brotherhood in arms. Sir Bartle Frere was his staunch ally, and made every effort to have his merits recognised. With Dalhousie he quarrelled, as

* General John Jacob. By Alexander Innes Shand. London: Seeley and Co. [16s.]

he was bound to do with any superior, but the great Governor-General saw his value, and he was ready to join in Outram's praise of "the glorious, generous chief." In truth, Jacob as a subordinate was always a difficult problem. He was given so free a hand that he became intolerant of any criticism, though, it may be said, the criticism he received was generally ill-informed and irrelevant. He had done his own work so supremely well that he wished to see his own opinion accepted in other matters, and it was India's misfortune that his official position did not always entitle him to be heard. Frere and Outram believed that if he had been listened to the Mutiny might have been averted. The Bengal Army was the subject of his attacks. "The position of the sepoy," he wrote, as Napier and Henry Lawrence had written before him, "in Bengal and Madras is that of a spoiled child. Humoured and indulged for years past, he looks upon humouring and indulgence as his right, and when from any cause these are denied to him he sulks and rebels." In other matters his instinct was less sure. He thought the Pathan as a soldier "untrustworthy and abominably vicious"; which, as Mr. Shand points out, was scarcely the experience of his brother Wardens of the Marches in the far North-West.

His personal character was beyond criticism. His courage seems to have been the wonder even of that warlike frontier. Sir William Napier writes of his charges in an epic strain:—

"The whole body of cavalry was at full speed, clearing the nullahs without a check, the riders' spurs deep in their horses' sides, their different war-cries pealing high and clear, their swords whirling above their heads in gleaming circles; there were the fiery Jacob and the terrible Fitzgerald careering in the same path, while the splendid troopers of the 3rd Cavalry and the red turbans of the wild horsemen of Sind, speeding through smoke and dust, streamed like meteors behind them."

And all the while in his scanty leisure he was busying himself with mechanical inventions and the perfection of artillery, and writing curiously heterodox theological treatises. He was a first-rate mathematician, and apparently metaphysics deeply interested him. The marvel is that in that terrible climate, with his laborious profession and constant worries, he yet kept his intellectual vitality unimpaired to the last. Poverty was one of his chief afflictions. He spent every shilling of his very modest pay on the regiment, and where he got the money to build and cultivate with history does not say. In twenty-four years' service he had only two months' leave, and at one time he felt himself so unjustly treated that he and Henry Green proposed to throw up their commands and emigrate together to Australia. He was a bachelor, and held strong opinions on the marriage of frontier officers, believing that a public servant should "espouse the State," but every now and then he seems to have had curious longings for some one to share his hopes and sorrows with. A stammer in speech made him very sensitive, and this perhaps accounts for his self-chosen hermit life. But indeed he was a little unsuited for ordinary modern society. He was intensely autocratic, and the dictator was always the rôle in which he was most at home. But his was an absolutism tempered with patience and kindness and the highest moral purpose. "I do not propose," he once wrote, "to govern by force or fear. I will have sober, God-fearing men in my troops, as old Cromwell said, and I will govern them by appealing to their higher, not to their baser, attributes. The object of all our training should be to develop mental power. The more we can raise our subordinates in the scale of rational beings, the more we can command them." And that he had learned the first lesson of the great leader, self-control, is shown by the way in which he received the news of the Central Indian command, the bitterest disappointment of his life. We are told that after he had read the letter, he took up his book again in the place he had left off.

His death had something of the high solemnity of which the great frontier administrators seem to have had the secret. At midnight, when the end was near, he had the Belooch Chiefs and the Khan of Khelat's envoys brought into the death chamber. "It is said there was not a dry eye in the company, and the old troopers of the Sind Horse mingled their tears with those of the leaders of the robbers whose strength they had broken. . . . The Belooch comforted themselves with the fond imagination that as his body had been committed to their soil, his spirit would remain to

watch over them." And so Mr. Shand closes his *Life* of this strange and single-hearted man. It is an admirable piece of work, written with moderation and fairness and that enthusiasm without which a biography is lifeless. We trust that it will find many readers, for the most wholesome corrective to a too facile Imperialism is a record of the courage, self-sacrifice, and patience which are the true makers of Empire.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

"*Mis'ess Joy*" is a name of joyful promise sadly belied by the history which Mr. Le Breton has allotted to his heroine. The stain of illegitimacy, love hopeless though requited, and a most miserable marriage are her fate,—a fate which involves all the occupants of her father's farm, Winde-le-Ferne, in equal sorrow. Fortunately, the book is clever enough not to be intolerable through melancholy, and a good deal of relief may be found in the sketches of country town and country life in the early part of the century. The portraits of the three sisters, the widowed Mrs. Fabien and the two "Misses Eden," who live in two small houses side by side at Folkestone, are well drawn and lifelike. All these ladies cherish the hope of marrying Mr. George Pierrepont, a wealthy bachelor "of scarcely fifty years," who inhabits the house and grounds opposite. Mrs. Fabien bases her hopes partly on Mr. Pierrepont's affection for her son Richard—the hero of poor "Joy's" sad love affair—and the Misses Eden never think of regarding a widow as a rival. The quiet life of these ladies and the ironic pathos of their story—the little maiden sisters waiting hopefully for love and life long after the days for both are past—is the only relief which Mr. Le Breton gives us from the uncompromising tragedy of his main theme. The reader can see the inevitable catastrophe before him when Richard Fabien promises to marry his good, dull, unselfish cousin Susannah, Farmer Eden's legitimate daughter, and therefore Joy's half-sister, during Joy's long absence at school. Of course, Joy and Richard fall in love on her return, and both being devoted to Susannah, part, with disastrous results to all. Richard and Susannah marry, and Joy, in order not to be compelled to live under their roof, marries too, a sailor who ill-uses her, and in attempting her rescue from this man Richard is drowned in her company. It is a clever book, though it might be wished that Mr. Le Breton had not chosen quite so hopelessly tragic a theme.

Mr. Dawson's studies of Morocco are very picturesque, and he is able to bring most vividly to mind the peculiar soft, exhilarating quality of its air and the clear limpidness of its sunshine. The "West Coast" stories in the book are also striking. But we feel bound to protest as to Mr. Dawson's use of the history of real persons in his first story. It is really not fair to take the actual title of a living English lady, to put down in black and white many peculiar and unmistakable events in her history, then to mix the whole with fiction, to ascribe rather discreditable motives to the lady in question, and finally to bestow, in contradiction of fact, a sort of *crétin* upon her as her only child. One can only hope that Mr. Dawson was in ignorance of how very well known is the real story of the lady in question (whose very title, we must repeat, he has taken), and that for some extraordinary reason he hoped that "The Annals of a Saintly House" would be imagined to be entirely fictitious. Again, in the story called "The Prose of It" we think he might have left the plot of Owen Meredith's *The Portrait* to its original author. It is not so delightful a story that one pines to read it all over again in a West Coast setting. The other stories in the book are certainly very romantic reading, and Mr. Dawson has seized the essential difference between Morocco and what we may call "the East" with acute appreciation. People who like to have details of what and how great are the horrors legally perpetrated in a land hardly three days' sail from Plymouth cannot do better than read Mr. Dawson's book. Some of the stories, however, will undoubtedly go near to making

* (1.) *Mis'ess Joy*. By John Le Breton. London: John MacQueen. [6s.]—(2.) *African Nights' Entertainment*. By A. J. Dawson. London: Wm. Heinemann. [6s.]—(3.) *The Crimson Weed*. By Christopher St. John. London: Duckworth and Co. [6s.]—(4.) *The Minister's Guest*. By Isabel Smith. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [6s.]—(5.) *The Autobiography of a Charwoman*. As chronicled by Annie Wakeman. London: John MacQueen. [6s.]—(6.) *The Thorn Btt.* By Dorothea Conyers. London: Hutchinson and Co. [6s.]—(7.) *The Strong Arm*. By Robert Barr. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(8.) *The Father Confessor*. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. London: Ward, Lock, and Co. [3s. 6d.]

them physically sick. The story of "Ben Hamed el Askar" may be recommended to people who would like a glimpse of the glamour of Morocco without its horrors, though any young ladies who were contemplating imitating the example of Miss Mayburn should be advised to read the most horrifying stories in the book before responding to the advances of a too fascinating Othello.

George Eliot somewhere says that the only difference between the horror of a bad dream and the horror of a real event is that the dream does not "harden into an irrevocable past." This seems to be the chief difference between the horrors we read in the newspapers and the horrors that are pressed upon us in contemporary fiction. Mr. Christopher St. John takes Bacon's dictum on Revenge as the motto of his story, *The Crimson Weed*, and the book plays the theme sounded in *Mis'ess Joy* of betrayal and bastardy, but the variations in this case run to revenge and madness. There is a streak of Italian romance in the book which lifts it above the commonplace, but it is not, nor is it intended to be, pleasant reading. The extreme gloom of the books noticed by us this week hazards the question whether, like the ill-health this spring, they can be the outcome of the depression of last November and December. Possibly this is an improbable suggestion, but the fact remains that their effect on the reader is the reverse of cheering.

It is a relief to turn from these expositions of the wilder passions to a quiet story by Miss Isabel Smith, called *The Minister's Guest*. It gives an account of how Nannie Burton, a girl brought up by her uncle—a sporting parson in Kent—goes to spend a year for theological instruction in the house of an Independent minister in the North. This is done in accordance with the wish of her dead mother, who had filled the indescribable relationship to the minister of being the child of his mother's second husband. There being therefore no real relationship between the Rev. Josiah Kitterley and his ward he falls in love with her, and has to witness in silence her love for a younger man. The interest of the story lies in the account of the life in Nonconformist circles at "Market Pateley," of which Miss Smith gives an account, made lively by a good deal of quiet humour. The book is well written, and very readable to people who can be content without having their deepest emotions harrowed.

If *The Autobiography of a Charwoman* really gives a true account of its heroine's adventures, it may be taken as a striking example of the fact that happiness does not lie in outward circumstances. Betty Black, the charwoman in question, begins her active career as a "general," and reaches her highest point in worldly success at sixteen as housekeeper to the head assistant of a large pawnbroker. The man betrays her and repudiates her child, and the rest of her life is a hand-to-mouth struggle, first with an illegal, and afterwards with a legal, husband. The illegal husband is a good fellow, and would marry her, only his first wife is still alive. The real husband, whom she marries after the death of number one, is a brute who illtreats and deserts her. Through the various vicissitudes of her career Betty shows no sort of feeling of her life being intolerable, but bears her troubles as she does her babies, with a fine sense of the uselessness of a struggle against the inevitable. The cheerful patience of the poor is cleverly indicated, and readers who like this stamp of story will enjoy Miss Annie Wakeman's book.

The Thorn Bit is a pleasant if rather commonplace little story, the heroine of which is of a type of "wild Irish girl" not very rare in fiction. "Nancy," however, is rather less pleasant and more selfish than authors generally permit this sort of heroine to be. She and her cousin marry early in the book, in accordance with testamentary dispositions. Nancy runs away, practically from the church door, and in answer to an advertisement, becomes a paying guest in a vulgar family in a garrison town. In the end all goes well and the couple are reconciled. There is a great deal of hunting, pleasantly described, in the book, which may be recommended to people who like the mildly "flirtatious" order of novel.

Two books of short stories, both very fair reading at this time of year, for the beach or the hammock, are called respectively *The Strong Arm* and *The Father Confessor*. The story of *The Strong Arm* is itself, however, a series of episodes with a connecting thread running through them, but each complete in itself. Readers who like mediæval castles, out-

laws, and adventures will enjoy the book, which is written in a lively, bustling style well fitted to its subject. A fine study of cowardice in *The Father Confessor* called "The Three Travellers" is worth the reader's attention. The present writer remembers being struck with it on its appearance some time ago in one of the lighter magazines. The other stories show that Mrs. Shorter has imagination, and knows how to use her pen in prose as well as in verse.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ROMANTIC EDINBURGH.

Romantic Edinburgh. By John Geddie. (Sands and Co. 6s.)—Mr. Geddie has a really admirable gift as a cicerone. In his little books on the Water of Leith and the Fife coast he has already produced two of the best specimens we know of the romantic guide-book, the pleasant talk of a well-informed and judicious enthusiast. He has now done the same service for the Scottish capital, and the work is so much the better as the subject is more fascinating. The book may be best described as an enlarged and annotated version of Stevenson's "Picturesque Notes," with the gaps filled up and the details of the landscape provided. Where Stevenson passes over a street with a sentence or an epithet, Mr. Geddie lingers lovingly in each close and stairway, and is ready with lists of old occupants and gossip about forgotten festivities. The book is a sketch of the history of Edinburgh, social, literary, and legal, but at the same time the proper work of a guide-book is always kept well in view, and the book is so arranged that the wayfaring man, though a fool could scarcely miss its purport. Mr. Geddie makes the complete circuit of the city. First the High Street and its neighbourhood, then round the Flodden Wall, then the suburbs on the south, then over to the New Town, and at last Leith, Portobello, and the shore of the Firth. The author's local knowledge is amazing, for there is scarcely an Edinburgh celebrity of the last few centuries, however small, who is not given a local habitation and an anecdote. But if he has a passion for details, he has also the gift of broad, picturesque description. The book helps us to realise the slow growth of the city over its base of ravines and rugged hillsides. We see the Old Town, stretched, as Carlyle said, like a rhinoceros-skin over the ribs of the slope, running from the Castle to Holyrood, and holding in its precincts relics of every great event in Scottish history. And then, as population increases and the rich demand air and light, it stretches perforce to the fields towards the south, and bridges the ravines of the North Loch to found the imposing Princes Street. And as the architecture changed so did the habits of the people, from the old cosy High Street days when great families lived on the fourth story, to the elegance of George Street and St. Andrew Square and the Edinburgh of Scott and Jeffrey. Mr. Geddie writes with ease and grace and bears his learning lightly, but the patience and industry of the book are as noteworthy as its attractiveness.

CUBA AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.

Cuba and International Relations: a Historical Study in American Diplomacy. By James Morton Callahan, Ph.D. (The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. 4 dols.)—As this book does not bear the imprint of an English publisher, it may be taken that the author does not anticipate a great demand for it in the United Kingdom. Neither do we, for though the work is distinctly interesting and a veritable storehouse of information on *cosas de Cuba*, it does not appeal to the main body of English readers. Their interest in the island ceased with its surrender to the United States, an event of great moment and significance. It severed for ever the political connection of Spain with that great Western world which she discovered and abused, and marked a new stage in the expansion of the United States. Dr. Callahan goes a long way back, beginning with "Anglo-Spanish Relations around the Gulf before 1783," and ending with the "Espano-American War and the Spanish Withdrawal from Cuba-Libre." We have also chapters on "Louisiana and the Mississippi Question," President Polk's policy after the Mexican War, and many more. Long before the war there had been intermittent friction between Spain and the United States, always about Cuba. In 1839 there befell an incident which gave rise to some curious litigation. The schooner 'Amistad' was taking a cargo of negroes, described as belonging to José Ruiz and Pedro Montez, to Puerto Principe, Cuba, but before reaching that place the negroes revolted and ordered Montez to take them back to Africa. Instead of obeying, he shaped the ship's course for the North, and off Long Island she was captured by the United States brig 'Washington,' and claimed as a prize. The case was tried by the Federal Court in

Connecticut. The commander of the brig claimed salvage, the Spaniards demanded the negroes, the negroes demanded their freedom, and the Spanish Ambassador demanded both them and the ship. All the Courts before which the matter was brought, including the Supreme Court, decided against Ruiz and Montez, the negroes obtained their freedom, and the Spanish Government did not obtain the damages which on behalf of the despoiled slave-dealers they claimed.

SCOTTISH HERALDRY.

Heraldry in Relation to Scottish History and Art: being the Rhind Lectures on Archæology for 1898. By Sir James Balfour Paul, Lord Lyon King of Arms. (D. Douglas, Edinburgh. 10s. 6d.)—Sir James Balfour Paul's Rhind Lectures form an excellent *apologia* for his science, for in the first place they make a fascinating book, and in the second place the defence is based upon merits, such as its artistic possibilities, which are apparent to the most convinced Radical. If the "gay science" is to be preserved, let it be kept simple and beautiful, as it was in the beginning. The mind of man when (heraldically) left to itself is notoriously wicked, and forsakes the old simple pales and chevrons and fesses for modern symbolical monstrosities. The Lord Lyon pleads for order and correctness in the art, and his plea has a special force, for the merit of Scottish heraldry was always its comparative simplicity. "When we look at Scottish arms as a whole," he says, "we find . . . several features which reflect, in a way, the nature both of the people and the country. They are, as a rule, very simple and direct, comparatively few in number, when compared to the population, and carefully differenced in the case of cadets." They had a few charges of their own, which are rare elsewhere, notably the shield gyronny of eight of the Campbells, the Royal Tressure counterflowered, and the Lymphad of the Isles. The old heralds used to say that when a coat of arms bore only black and white it was "most fair," when black and gold it was "most rich," and when of green and gold it was "most glorious." The distinction can scarcely have been made with reference to Scottish heraldry, for sable and vert are very rare in Scottish coats, and silver outshines gold in a proportion of 247 to 65. But its simplicity gives it a beauty which no gaudiness can give, and the fact that the charge of a great house is found carefully preserved and joined with the proper marks of cadency throughout all its branches gives it a peculiar historical value. The way in which the crowned heart and mullets of Douglas, the pale of Erskine, the fess chequy of Stuart, appear on the shields of the minor gentry is a commentary on the history of the strong Scots noblesse. Sir James Balfour Paul is equally interesting on the "art of heraldry" and its odd conventions. All was sacrificed to the imperative end of intelligibility, but the very bareness has its decorative value. We commend the closing lecture to all who are interested in beautifying the interior of a house with decorations which are both significant and effective.

GRANT ALLEN.

Grant Allen: a Memoir. By Edward Clodd. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—In some respects this is an ideal biography, and compares favourably with the huge tomes which it pleases many biographers nowadays to impose on a patient public! It is so short that it may be read at a sitting, so well written as to be a pleasure to read, and so suggestive withal that he must be indeed stupid who can read it without profit. Grant Allen may not have been a genius, for it cannot be said of him that he achieved anything really great, yet he was unquestionably a man of many parts and highly cultured, wonderfully versatile and phenomenally industrious. Had he been less hampered with bad health and scanty means he would have risen to greater eminence. His ambition was to give himself wholly to philosophy and science, but these are poor paymistresses, and having to live by his pen, he was constrained to turn it to more pecuniarily remunerative uses. In other words, he took to story writing, for which he discovered an aptitude that surprised nobody more than himself; though it need not have done, for Allen had most of the qualifications that go to the making of a novelist,—a mind well stored with knowledge, travel, imagination, insight, sympathy, inventiveness, and the pen of a ready writer. Yet though he produced novels that found a public, they are probably all doomed to an early oblivion. Money, owing to stress of circumstances, being an object, he had to write with a view to serial publication, and the conductors of most serials not only demand sensation, but insist on every instalment, however short, ending with what they call a "curtain," conditions that are incompatible with good work. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing for the editor of a paper that "makes fiction a feature" to refuse a novel

on the ground that it is "too good" for him, and presumably, therefore, not bad enough for his readers. Hence, if a novelist would put money in his purse, it behoves him to "go one worse," from a literary point of view, than his rivals in sensational romance. The work for which Mr. Grant Allen hoped to be remembered was his "Force and Energy," and his contributions to science are probably more important than is generally supposed. They were highly thought of by Darwin, Huxley, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. Grant Allen had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a passionate love for Nature. A country walk with him was an education in itself. He had also lofty ideas and a charming personality. All who knew him loved him, and than that no better of a man can be said.

SWEET HAMPSTEAD AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

Sweet Hampstead and its Associations. By Mrs. Caroline A. White. (Elliot Stock. 28s.)—*Sweet Hampstead* has a pathetic little preface which even were the book less agreeable to read would more than suffice to disarm criticism and soften the censorious. Mrs. White tells us that though the idea of writing the story of Hampstead occurred to her "very many years ago," other engagements compelled her to lay aside the completion of the task for a generation, and that it was only lately resumed. We are further told that the work has been a delight, "bringing back—though sometimes through a mist of tears—images of the past, with pleasant memories of sunny days, that, looked at from the perspective of eighty-nine years, seem brighter even than the sunshine is itself. From such a pile of years I almost lose the author's dread of the critic. Praise or blame are to me now much the same; but being a woman I still prefer the praise." We can assure Mrs. White that this preference is not limited to ladies, and that what she prefers she fully deserves. She has written a charming book, considering her years a phenomenal book, and so infused with her own kindly and genial spirit as to put her *en rapport* with the reader from the very start. Moreover, the book teems with information and pleasant gossip. Hampstead is so rich in historical associations, so many notable people have dwelt there, or had ties therewith, and the authoress is so full of local lore, that the work, which is profusely illustrated, may be dipped into again and again, and every time with pleasure and profit, even by readers whose connection with the neighbourhood goes no further than an occasional visit to its famous heath.

The Scientific Study of Scenery. By John E. Marr, F.R.S. With Illustrations and Diagrams. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)—So far as this reviewer may be taken as a fair example of the general reader whom Mr. Marr professedly desires to interest, this book is calculated to disappoint. The truth is that an introductory treatise on geomorphology, which is the true description of this volume, has no more to do with the study of scenery than a manual of anatomy has to do with physiognomy. We are not prepared to criticise it as a scientific work; but from the general reader's point of view we should say that the facts which it conveys relating to the influences of denudation, accumulation, and so forth could have been made plain to an intelligent reader in about a tenth of the compass. For students it may be all very well, but we object on principle to a misleading title. The word "scenery" involves a reference to artistic appreciation, and Mr. Marr does nothing to promote that. "The Scientific Study of the Earth's Features" would have suggested the real purpose of the work.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Ram Dai: a Tale of Hindu Home Life. By Khwaja Ali Mohamed. (J. Blackwood and Co.)—It may be presumed that in the Punjab, from which this volume is dated, criticism has not got so far as to object to the purpose-novel. Anyhow, Khwaja Ali Mohamed frankly confesses that he has made "an attempt to hold up some of the evil customs of Indian society to public indignation or ridicule." Child-marriage is one of them, for Ram Dai is a bride at twelve, though she does not seem to be particularly unhappy; the ban on remarriage is another; Ram Dai marries a second time, and does not suffer except from hard words, and these, we know, break no bones. The foolish expenditure on a wedding is another "evil custom" which is ridiculed. Various phases of domestic life are introduced. There is a sketch of a famine year, though we are happily spared most of the horrors which might have been introduced. Altogether, the book is one of some interest. The English is scarcely idiomatic, but it is generally correct.

Christianity and War. (Headley Brothers.)—The Society of Friends has put forth a manifesto, opportune or inopportune, as we may choose to consider it, in which the principles of Quakerism are set forth. We yield to none in appreciating the services which the Friends have done to political morality. But we are inclined to think that the time has come when their influence might profitably be transferred to an agency more in harmony with the time. When the Friends give up the attitude of simple protest and take their place in the complex society of modern times, especially under the conditions of English life, they became illogical. A Friend would be excluded from Communion were he to manufacture munitions of war. But he is also bound, if he would be consistent with his principles, not to trade under the protection of army or fleet, and not to finance any trade so carried out. He must not lend money to Governments that may be spent on armed forces or engines of war; he must not manage the financial affairs of such Governments; he must neither receive nor pay the dividends on loans contracted for such purposes. The Society surely should employ a "purge" which would leave it almost wholly depleted of its wealth. On one historical question we have a word to say. "The staunchness of early Friends and others to their conscientious convictions in the seventeenth century won the battle of religious freedom for England." May it not be argued that the early Friends, who were very aggressive, hindered the cause? Friends were persecuted where every one else was tolerated. And why? Any one who will read the early history of the Society will have no difficulty in answering. They tried the yet feeble principles of toleration too strongly in one way, and really hindered the cause. The real beginning of religious liberty was the Reformation. Individual reformers did not know it, but it was implicit in their creed.

We would refer our readers to *Some Questions on the Settlement in South Africa.* By Allan B. Webb, D.D. (Skeffington and Sons.)—Dr. Webb has held two South African Sees (Bloemfontein and Grahamstown), and speaks with authority. "The settlement of the Orange and Transvaal States within the Empire" is the guiding principle which he lays down and enforces from an experience which, in its way, is not easily matched. His pamphlet was originally published in the *Guardian* newspaper.

Records of the Borough of Nottingham: Vol. V., 1625-1702. (B. Quaritch.)—The public spirit of the Nottingham Corporation in carrying on this publication of its records is worthy of all praise. The editor apologises, so to speak, for the want of interesting matter in this section of the records. No notice is taken, certainly, of important matters which we might expect to be recorded. There is nothing, for instance, about the raising of the standard by King Charles. But the documents here printed are not without a real interest. They give, by implication, a minute picture of life as it was in the time included. Englishmen and Englishwomen were under a very close and minute supervision in those days. Inhabitants of the town, male and female, are "presented" for various misdemeanours, and fined sometimes, it would seem, very heavily. Not attending church in the early days is one frequently recurring offence. Harboursing strangers is another, a significant testimony to the trade jealousy of the time. Henry Armesons was fined 10s. for "keeping of a dumb boy that cometh out of the countrie." Another citizen was presented for letting a barn to a "foreigner,"—i.e., non-burgess. The sanitary condition of the town is diligently guarded. That useful animal, the pig, appears as a constant cause of offence. "We presente Robbert King for keeping his swine in the street to the great annoyance of his neaighbour" is a sample of many entries. Mr. King had to pay "xiid."

Soliloquy of a Shadow-Shape. By Arthur H. Scaife. (Karslake and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)—In one way it is easy to be a satirist, for a satirist is irresponsible; in another it is difficult, for the satirist's licence is only conceded to the brilliant. He may be partial, unjust, an utterer of half-truths, or of sayings in which the truth proportion is much smaller, but he must be superlatively clever. Here is one of Mr. Scaife's stanzas:—

"Who owns a city freehold of the soil,
Commands the unpaid service and the toil
Of all his tenants. Tenants! they're his slaves;
He holds them soul and body in a coil."

Now this might pass, for it has just so much truth in it as satire requires. There are landlords to whom the competition for houses gives power to oppress. But what feeble stuff! And it is supposed to be spoken by Omár Kháyyám. It is true that the posthumous utterances of the "mighty dead," as the mediums give them, are very thin, the vox exilis of Virgil.

Nature's Garden. By Neltje Blanchan. (W. Heinemann. 12s. 6d. net.)—This book takes up the subject of plant life from a side different from that occupied by books about gardening. It is of wild flowers that the author treats, and, by consequence, of their insect visitors. The truth is that we cannot treat flowers satisfactorily without taking insects into account. We can no more do this than treat of the world and ignore man. Mr. Blanchan's arrangement is not a little different from that usually followed. Colour is his principle of division. Chapters 1-5 are entitled "Blue to Purple Flowers," "Magenta to Pink," "White and Greenish," "Yellow and Orange," "Red and Indefinite." Then scent comes in as the distinguishing principle. The book refers in the first place to America, but English readers will find much in it to interest them.

WAR BOOKS.—*Native Races and the War.* By Josephine E. Butler. (Gay and Bird. 2s. net.)—Mrs. Josephine Butler has made in this volume a contribution of much value to the literature of the war. She deals with the fallacy, often urged by the Pro-Boer advocates, among whom are many of Mrs. Butler's friends, that for every wrong done to natives by the Boers a parallel can be found in acts of British subjects. She points out that whatever private persons may do, the British Government is absolutely opposed to slavery, and that the Boer Government favours it. She tells the story of the assembly of native chiefs held when the retrocession of the Transvaal was made in 1881. She quotes evidence taken before a Royal Commission. Frederick Moleho said: "I was bought by Fritz Botha and sold by Frederick Botha (for a cow and big pot)." Mr. Rider Haggard writes: "I have seen waggon-loads of 'black ivory,' as they were called, sold for about £15 apiece." Mrs. Butler has some severe criticism for British policy, but she affirms that we have tried to do right. And she finds her judgment confirmed by foreign observers. Here is what a Frenchman, M. Dieterless, says of Lessuto (a region of Basutoland): "Under the domination of the Boers Lessuto would have been doomed to destruction, to ignorance, and to semi-slavery. Under the English régime reign security and progress." We need not follow Mrs. Butler any further. The facts which she states and the evidence which she marshals ought to be an effective answer to the foolish parrot-cry that the Boers treat the natives no worse than we do.—A "seventh edition" of *The Truth about the Transvaal*, by William Robins (Effingham Wilson, 1s., and 1s. 3d. cloth), an address delivered at Windsor, Ontario, on February 6th, 1900, and published for the benefit of the "Soldiers of the Queen Relief Fund."—We have received *The British Constitution as a Fighting Machine*, by C. McL. McHardy (P. S. King and Son, 1s.) The author of this pamphlet has much to say about the question of national defence and the way in which successive Ministries have dealt with it. We cannot follow him into this discussion, but we may say that the novelty about his suggestions is that Ministers with whom we have *prima facie* reason to be dissatisfied should be impeached. He would have impeached Lord Spenser for cutting down the naval expenditure in 1893 from four millions to less than three. He would impeach Lord Lansdowne now. There is something in it. The Athenians, who certainly knew something of the art of government, made every official on fulfilling his term submit to an audit, so to speak (*ἐν θύρῃ*).—*Volunteer Soldiers*, by Captain M. H. Hall (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1s.), is a new edition, with alterations suggested by changes in the situation, of a pamphlet published some years ago under the title of "Amateur Soldiers," a title not happily chosen, as it creates a false impression of the author's views. He is a convinced and, as far as we can see, judicious friend of the Volunteer movement. He deprecates, we see, the employment of the Volunteers for garrison duty.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—*School Geography of the World.* By Lionel W. Lyde. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d.)—We have no quarrel with Mr. Lyde's dictum that "Geography is the most educational of all subjects except Literature." And we have only one fault to find with his book that, from the extent of its subject, it is too much crowded with facts. These are carefully studied, it is true, and well put together—nor have we found omissions in any part that we have tried; but still to have the physical conditions, trade, human habitation, and we know not what else in this small compass, is too much.—*Old Mortality*, by Walter Scott (edited by S. A. Nicklins, B.A., 2s. 6d.) is furnished with notes, appendix, glossary, &c.—*The German Empire: a German Historical Reader*, by Julius Langham, B.A. (Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., 2s. 6d.)—Of military manuals we have to notice *Regimental Duties Made Easy*, by Captain S. T. Banning (Gale and Polden, 5s. net), and *The Officer's Pocket-Book*, by Captain William Planer (same publishers, 5s. net), both, to all appearance, most useful publications.—Of

books of the Holiday Season we have a *Gossipy Guide to Swanage and District*, by Clive Holland (C. Arthur Pearson, 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Human Frame and the Laws of Health*. By Dr. Rebmann and Dr. Seiler. Translated by F. W. Keeble, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Co. 1s. net.)—This is one of the "Temple Encyclopædic Primers." The first part is a description of the normal human frame and its working; the second contains the rules by which the normal condition is maintained. There is plenty of information in the volume, but it is strangely silent about exercise. Possibly if the authorship had been English we should have heard more about this essential of life.—*Paris of To-Day*. By Katherine de Forest. (Gay and Bird. 3s. 6d.)—This is not by any means a guide-book; it is something far better. It may indeed be advantageously read by any one who is meditating a visit to France. But its real value is of a more permanent kind. It is a delicate, sympathetic study of French character and French life. Miss de Forest does not admire all French things unreservedly. The great French shops, for instance, have not, she thinks, the distinction of the great American shops. And she finds much fault with the French Constitution. Very likely she hits the nail on the head when she says that the French people "do not much care how they are governed." There is much shrewd observation on very various subjects in this volume, and it is well worth reading.—Of holiday publications we have *Cassell's Pictorial Guide to the Clyde* (Cassell and Co., 6d.) and *Ireland for the Holidays* (Railway News Office), an illustrated guide to a number of Irish localities, giving information about scenery, amusements, transit, accommodation, &c.—We take occasion by it to mention the *Report, 1899-1900*, of the "National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children," in which the necessity of appointing more inspectors is strongly urged.—*Pictorial Practical Gardening*, by Walter P. Wright (Cassell and Co., 1s.), will be found a useful little book, carrying out its title, for the pictures are of a serviceable kind, and the suggestions are full of practical utility.—We gladly call attention to an illustrated pamphlet, *Colchester's New Town Hall and Municipal Buildings*, by Wilson Marriage and W. Gurney Benham. Colchester is disposed to act as becomes a county town. The new buildings are worthy of this position. It is intended to establish in them a repertory of county objects of interest and importance. Local art, local antiquities, &c., are to find a place there. It is an admirable idea, and will, we hope, be extensively followed.—We have received from Messrs. George Newnes several numbers of their fortnightly series of "Celebrities of the Army," edited by Commander C. N. Robinson. They consist of very finely coloured photographs of our present-day military heroes with concise biographies. Rather singularly the least satisfactory portrait is that of Lord Roberts; it has a dull and lifeless look.—*Cycling in the Alps*, by C. L. Freeston (Grant Richards, 5s.), is a book of practical instruction which will commend itself to the more adventurous traveller.—*The Official Guide to the Great Eastern Railway*. (Cassell and Co. 1s.)

NEW EDITIONS.—*The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*. By Alfred Edersheim, D.D. 2 vols. (Longmans. 12s. net.)—This is a reprint of the first edition of Dr. Edersheim's book. We generally meet with the work in an abridged shape; but all abridgement is a distinct loss; for the author was great in illustrative details, for no man knew his subject more thoroughly. We are glad to see this edition (the tenth), giving us, as it does, the book in its entirety.—*Historical Characters*. By Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer (Lord Dalling). (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d.)—First published in 1867.—*Highlanders at Home*. By James Logan. With 24 coloured illustrations. (D. Bryce and Son, Glasgow. 6s. net.)—*Bowery Tales* ("George's Mother" and "Maggie"). By Stephen Crane. (W. Heinemann. 6s.)—*By a Hair's Breadth*. By Headon Hill. (Cassell and Co. 3s. 6d.)—*Ready-Made Romance*. By Ascott R. Hope. (A. and C. Black. 5s.)—*The Princess*, dramatised from Lord Tennyson's poem by L. Rossi (J. M. Dent and Co., 1s.), is a reprint of a part of the poem for a dramatic purpose, for which, in picturesqueness and general interest, it is admirably adapted.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott (T. K.), Catalogue of the MSS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, 8vo (Longmans) 10/6
 Ainslie (F. G.), A Walk through the Zoological Gardens, 16mo (Sands) 3/6
 Boothby (Guy), A Prince of Swindlers, cr 8vo (Ward & Lock) 5/0
 Butler (Josephine E.), Native Races and the War, 8vo (Gay & Bird) 2/0
 Dutt (R. C.), Open Letters to Lord Curzon on Famines and Land Assessments in India, cr 8vo (K. Paul) 7/6
 Farjeon (B. L.), The Mesmerist: a Novel, cr 8vo (Hutchinson) 6/0
 Golding (H.), Between Two Fires, cr 8vo (Ward & Lock) 3/6
 Gray (Annabel), The Mystic Number Seven, cr 8vo (Simpkin) 3/6
 Green (Anna K.), Agatha Webb, cr 8vo (Ward & Lock) 3/6
 Harris (J. H.), Our Cove: Stories from a Cornish Fisher Village (Simpkin) 2/0
 Hinton (J. W.), Organ Construction, 4to (Simpkin) 7/6

Horniman (R.), The Sin of Atlantis, cr 8vo (Macqueen) 6/0
 Hurd (P. A.), People You Know, cr 8vo (Arrowsmith) 3/6
 Jesse (E. T.), Prayers for the Departed, cr 8vo (Skeffington) 7/6
 Jones (M. C.), European Travel for Women: Notes and Suggestions, 12mo (Macmillan) 4/6
 Kennedy (Neil), Surveying with the Tacheometer, 8vo (Lockwood) 10/6
 Knackfuss (H.), Durer, Translated by C. Dodgson, roy 8vo (Grevel) 4/0
 Lane (T. O.), Round Erin; or Highways and Byways in Ireland (Simpkin) 2/6
 Langhans (Julius), The German Empire and its Evolution under the Reign of the Hohenzollern, cr 8vo (Sonnenschein) 2/6
 Lyde (L. W.), A School Geography, cr 8vo (Black) 2/6
 Roberts (Morley), The Descent of the Duchess, cr 8vo (Sands) 2/6
 Robertson (J. M.), Christianity and Mythology, cr 8vo (Watt & Co.) 8/6
 Snow (Lucy), Two Stage Plays: Denzill Herbert's Atonement: Bondage, 16mo (R. B. Johnson) 3/0
 Street (Lilian), Fitzjames, cr 8vo (Methuen) 3/6
 Troutbeck (G. E.), Westminster Abbey, 18mo (Methuen) 3/0
 Wells (Ernest), "Chesnuts," cr 8vo (Sands) 6/0

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1900.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE week has been marked by a shower of falsehoods from Pekin so heavy and persistent that outside Great Britain even important persons doubt whether the Ambassadors are dead. An undated note in cipher from Mr. Conger, the American Minister, begging for aid, has been forwarded by the Chinese to Washington, and has convinced the Foreign Office there that the Ambassadors are alive. It is, of course, only an intercepted note, and proves that when it was written, that is, just before the final attack, the American Minister was nearly in despair. The rulers in Pekin at the same time have telegraphed to all their Ambassadors assurances that the Legations are safe, and "under the protection of the Government," and the Ambassadors repeat the assurances with the endorsement that they believe them. Similar assurances are uttered by the Southern Viceroy, and by Li Hung Chang at Shanghai, all adding that as the Ambassadors are alive there is no need to march on Pekin! Meanwhile, no particle of confirmatory evidence is produced, no letter, no Minister, while a native employé who was interpreter in the British Legation, but escaped to Newchang, told a correspondent of the *Daily Mail* that when he fled the majority of the Europeans, including Sir Robert Hart, were dead, and "the condition of the living was hopeless."

The object of the lying is to gain time by exciting a fear that if the Allies advance on Pekin the Europeans will be put to death. Time is wanted, as we have explained elsewhere, in order to make an attempt to divide the Courts, whom it is supposed in Pekin the massacre may unite, and to complete the preparations for the transfer of "the Throne"—that is, the Emperor and the Empress with their courtiers—from Pekin to Segan, the great and inaccessible city among the mountains of Shensi, seven hundred miles west from the coast. In a highly important circular prepared by the Governor of Shantung, and transmitted to the *Daily Telegraph* on July 24th, this purpose is openly avowed, Segan or Sian being named as the new capital, and the troops of the Viceroy being ordered to form a rearguard for the Empress when she quits Pekin. In the event of such flight, says the circular, "a general war is inevitable," a remark repeated in an Imperial decree issued on July 23rd, which informs the Viceroy that as China has lost Tientsin and is preparing to defend Pekin, "no peace can be obtained without going through a war." The Chinese, in fact, who despise Europeans as brutally dense, have made a great effort to hoodwink them, but knowing of the massacre, doubt their success, and when

their semi-divine Court is once safe in Segan, are ready for a desperate war.

The Powers have evidently decided that, massacre or no massacre, there shall be a march to Pekin, and being urged by Americans, who half believe that their Minister may be rescued, they are said to have decided that it shall commence on July 30th or August 1st. No generalissimo has, however, been appointed, though there is a rumour that it may be the Russian War Minister, General Kurapotkin, who, we recollect, "can always get along with Englishmen." The use of seven languages hampers preparations, and as yet the accounts of transport are most unsatisfactory. There is too much reliance on the Peiho, which will be blocked or its waters let off, and the collection of animals does not advance rapidly. The number of men engaged will probably exceed sixty thousand, but of these nearly half must be left in garrison at Taku, Tientsin, Langfang, and other places on the route, and the proportion of cavalry is still deficient. Of artillery there must be plenty, as most valuable pieces were captured in Tientsin, but the faster ammunition can be forwarded from Japan, Port Arthur, and Madras the better. There is sure not to be too much, and we doubt if the component divisions of the army can assist each other, each using weapons of different calibre. The idea that Pekin will not defend itself—which lies at the bottom of the absurd rumours that it has already been seized by Russians—is a mere illusion.

There is no evidence as yet of divided counsels in the camp of the Allies, but the jealousies between the nationalities are painfully apparent. The Russians look askance at every proposal to ask more aid from the Japanese, while the Anglo-Chinese suspect everything that Russians do or leave undone. The governing Council of Admirals, for instance, has given the control of the railway from Taku to Pekin to the Russians, who have probably most engineers, and the English not only demur, but as the shareholders are in the main English, advise resistance. That is to say, a march of the Allies to Pekin is to commence with a battle among the Allies themselves. This is foolish. If we are to quarrel, let us quarrel after Pekin has been taken, not while we are on the road. Delay cannot injure us, whose strength is on the sea. There is, however, no need of quarrelling. Whatever we want in China, we do not want Pekin, and the notion that if Russia reigns there for a time she will govern all China is the merest dream. We could wish her no worse luck than to try. She will find Manchuria a big morsel to swallow, and as to China, China would choke Europe, let alone St. Petersburg.

We think, on the evidence, that the Chinese did carry Blagoveshensk, the great Russian station on the Amur, but that it was recovered by a most daring assault by troops under General Gribski, who holds the town, which, however, is still bombarded by the Chinese. Charbin, also, is hard pressed, as in the east are Mukden and Newchang, while everywhere the Chinese threaten the stations along the railway line, and abandon the works half finished. It is evident, indeed, that the Russian garrisons in Eastern Siberia and Manchuria, which have recently been depleted to supply Port Arthur, are insufficient for defence, and the Russians—who know that in the Tartar tribes they hold many wolves by the ears—are obviously alarmed. They can, of course, push up great forces from the west, but that operation takes much time, if only to collect transport, and they are accordingly sending reinforcements from Odessa as fast as they can get steamers together. Even on this route they are pressed for time, for in four months more there will be ice in the Gulf of Pechili, and the steamer

proprietors make such charges that there was talk of "com-mandeering" all craft lying in Odessa. That will not be done, but the very rumour shows how seriously the upheaval of China has affected Russia as well as other Powers. She, in fact, has been the first to admit "a state of war" in Eastern Asia.

The position in Central and Southern China has grown no better during the week. Shanghai has not been attacked, but receives daily streams of fugitives from little ports on the Yangtse. Its garrison is no stronger, and the town is said to be literally surrounded, though at some distance, by gathering bodies of soldiery and "Boxers." In Canton the people are "growing insolent," and the Viceroy, who is anti-foreign, is not only increasing his army and stopping the "Black Flags," who were going north, but has issued a copy of a decree announcing that there will be war. Chinese gun-boats are swarming in the river, and the Governor objects to any measures of precaution. No massacre probably will be ordered either at Shanghai or Canton till a signal has been given from Peking, but obviously everything is ready. In far Hainan matters have probably gone farther, for the Governor has stated publicly that he can protect foreigners no longer, and it is reported that the missionaries, their converts, and the few traders in the island have already been put to death. The task of protecting Europeans in Hainan falls, of course, to the French.

There is still nothing decisive to chronicle from the seat of war, but Lord Roberts is evidently now advancing from Pretoria upon Middelburg just as he advanced from Bloemfontein on Pretoria. He is advancing, that is, with rapid strides along the Delagoa Bay Railway, and doubtless will not stop till he reaches Koomati Poort. Possibly he may be fighting a big battle while we are writing, but it is more probable that the Boers will do as they did in his previous advances, and always refuse a general action. Meantime Generals Hunter and Rundle are still trying to corner the Boer commandos in the district east and south of Bethlehem. The details of their movements are obscure, but we have no doubt they will in the end prove quite successful. We wish people would be a little less impatient about these last acts of the war. When they read in their history books: 'Minor operations lasted in the hilly districts for another month or two, but though very trying to the troops they do not deserve to be chronicled in detail,' they do not say, 'What a terrible position!' or 'How very serious a state of affairs!' but simply ignore the statement and judge of the main event. They must remember that what we are now witnessing under the microscope is simply the reality behind that colourless and unimportant paragraph added to the history of every campaign not fought in a Delta.

The debate on the Secondary Education Bill in the House of Lords on Monday was very much of an academic discussion, since it is not proposed to carry the Bill this Session beyond the second reading stage. Lord Spencer, who was supported by Lord Kimberley and the Bishop of Hereford, found fault with the Bill on the grounds that it placed too much power in the hands of the Education Board without Parliamentary restriction, and that it was totally inadequate to the needs of the case. The Duke of Devonshire defended his measure, but without great enthusiasm. For ourselves, we think the scheme of local Educational Committees a sound one, for it provides for a supervision of existing endowments, and it enables use to be made, as the Duke pointed out, of the various denominational schools. But the objection of inadequacy may be harder for its supporters to meet.

On Monday the Volunteers Bill continued its stormy progress through Committee. Mr. Wyndham succeeded, in spite of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's sudden conversion to the other side, in carrying Clause 1, which contains the diplomatic amendment of "imminent national danger" for "invasion." But the anxiety of the House to see the old basis of the Volunteers preserved compelled Mr. Wyndham to give an assurance that "the Volunteers would not be called upon to take garrison duty simply to enable the Regulars to go on foreign expeditions." Consequently, he proposed to amend Clause 2, which allows a Volunteer to subject himself to a liability to be called out for actual military

service at any time in certain specified places in Great Britain, by inserting the words "for coast protection." With this reasonable amendment the Bill passed through Committee.

In the House of Commons on Wednesday a full-dress debate on the war and the settlement took place over the Colonial Estimates. The chief attack on the Government was made by Mr. Sydney Buxton, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and Sir Robert Reid. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, after protesting against the doctrine, "Our country, right or wrong," and denouncing the policy of the Prime Minister as "the policy of the freebooter, the filibuster, the burglar, and the 'Boxer,'" declared that "never again in our time could England boast of herself as the friend of freedom, the protector of the weak, the guardian of the oppressed,"—which was exactly what the majority of the population of the Transvaal would have said of us if we had told the Outlanders that they must not look to us for help. Mr. Elliot, who followed Sir Wilfrid Lawson, made a speech which we have no hesitation in saying was a model of what a speech in the House of Commons should be on a serious topic and a great occasion. We do not say this because Mr. Elliot takes our view, for he does not in many instances, but because of its just, moderate, and intensely patriotic tone. Mr. Elliot does not call men who differ from him as to our South African policy "burglars" or "freebooters," or say that they are bribed by capitalists, but argues the matter fairly. Mr. Elliot's main point has our warmest sympathy. It is that the prime duty of the Government is "to build up in South Africa a free and self-governing community." We also agree with Mr. Elliot most heartily when he declares that to say that those who oppose annexation are enemies of their country is to talk nonsense.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech was oratorically a masterpiece, and contained also much sound statesmanship, but we regret that he took so much trouble to score off his political opponents. No doubt the House of Commons loves to see man after man "laid out" by the great Parliamentary "sparrer," and no doubt also the temptation to indulge that assembly with the sport it enjoys so intensely is very great, but in a time like the present it is a thousand pities to make the pace too hot. The case for the Government and its action in South Africa is far too strong and sound to be in any need of such "emphatic warrant." When Mr. Chamberlain had done with his opponents and got to the facts, he was excellent. The policy of the Cabinet was not a vindictive policy. Revenge did not enter their minds. What they wanted was prevention. "We do not want rebellion to be made so easy and so profitable that if any difficulty at any future time recurs, the same men may again go out in arms against us. What do we propose in the case of the men who have behaved as I have described? We do not propose to submit them to the death penalty or to imprison them; we do not propose to even fine them, but we propose to disarm them politically for five years. That is the whole punishment." Later Mr. Chamberlain made a statement which will in many quarters be regarded as far too optimistic, but which nevertheless we believe to be true,—namely, that the war will in the end tend, not to increase, but to decrease the misunderstandings of the two races, and that they will ultimately settle down in harmony.

As to the future settlement Mr. Chamberlain was quite clear. There will be a period of military rule, then a Crown Colony organisation, and then, as soon as possible, self-government. We do not agree with those who think that there should be no Crown Colony period, but that the military Government should last till self-government can be established, for a military Government is too primitive and too much wanting in elasticity. What we are anxious about is that the Crown Colony period should not be unduly prolonged, and that our administrators should not, owing to the fear of taking responsibility, ignore the fact that self-government is the greatest of political anodynes. Nothing shows this better than what has happened at the Cape. It was not the fear of the soldiers, or even the sense of loyalty to the Crown, which in the last resort kept the Dutch in the Cape, except on the border, from rising, but the possession of Parliamentary self-government. However, we do not greatly fear that the

late Republics will be for an unduly long period deprived of self-government. Very soon the British element in the Transvaal will unanimously ask for the Natal Constitution, and when they do they will have it.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech was not impressive. After chaffing Mr. Chamberlain for trying to make party and electioneering capital out of the patriotism of the country, he announced that he would not vote either for or against the Motion,—i.e., to reduce the salary of the Colonial Secretary. The temptation to take this course was naturally strong owing to the divisions in the Home-rule party, but we do not believe that it was really wise. The country, which does not understand the House of Commons etiquette about votes, would have shown much more respect for a clear decision by the Liberal leader for or against the policy of the Government. We cannot find space to notice Mr. Balfour's speech or Mr. Courtney's earnest outburst, except to note that if Mr. Kruger had acted on the principles it lays down there could have been no war. Sir Edward Grey's speech, which was strongly opposed to the view of Mr. Courtney, deserves to be noted for its boldness and sincerity, and entire absence of any party finesse. "I have believed throughout that this country has been in the right, and that the war has been forced upon it." At seven o'clock the Closure was moved and carried, and then the Motion for the reduction of the vote was rejected by a majority of 156 (208 to 52). The vote itself was next carried by 135 (176—41). The distinction between voting a reduction in a Minister's salary and voting the salary itself is one not very clear to the ordinary man, but apparently considerable importance is attached to it in the House of Commons.

The analysis of the debate shows in a most striking way the condition of the Liberal party. Though the official leader of the Opposition gave the order to his party to abstain from voting, only thirty-five Members obeyed, and followed him. On the other hand, forty Liberals, or five more than his own following, actually voted with the Government, and thirty-one, or only four less, voted against the Motion in regard to which their leader advised neutrality. We do not wish to exaggerate the significance of these facts, or to say that it shows that the Liberal party is "smashed to atoms," but the matter is certainly one of serious import, and we do not wonder that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman called his lieutenants together in order to consider his and their position. It is said that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has agreed to give his party one more chance of following him—on the whole, we think that the wise and patriotic course, though it sounds somewhat Gilbertian—but considering that men like Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Birrell were among those who so openly flouted his authority, the chances of his being able to hold on do not seem great. We note and approve the plea of the *Times* that the men who directly supported the Government in their South African policy should, as far as possible, not be opposed at the next General Election. We believe that this is what Unionist electors would wish done. Whether the General Election will really come in October is still, we believe, undecided. At least, Lord Salisbury declared on Thursday that he was quite uncertain as to the date. At the same time, all the tendencies seem that way, and not least the distraction in the Liberal ranks. Nothing will now settle their internal differences but an appeal to the country.

The long debate on the Indian Budget on Thursday night was really a debate on the propriety of making a Famine grant to India out of the British Exchequer. Sir H. Fowler and those who advocated this course did so avowedly in order that Indians might think Great Britain benevolent, which seems but a weak reason when the objections are so strong. These objections were stated both by Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Balfour, and amount in brief to this. If the Indian Government in any emergency can appeal to the British Treasury it will make no provision of its own, but will spend all that it receives. Every Anglo-Indian knows that this statement is unanswerably true, and it seems to us, as it seemed to the House, final. If, indeed, India were unable to help herself England must assist, but although famine has in two years cost £13,000,000, the Treasury is

not in straits, the surplus, apart from famine, being £3,000,000, and the "net Debt" being only £30,000,000 it can borrow almost as cheaply as the British Government. There is masculine sense in the refusal to do work which Indians are bound to do for themselves, but we do not doubt that on the Continent we shall be denounced as hard-hearted. We regret deeply to see that the monsoon has "missed" Guzerat, Rajpootana, and Kattiawar, and that the mortality in the first-named State, whose Sovereign is in London, will be unprecedentedly large.

On Tuesday was published Colonel Willcocks's very striking telegram to the Colonial Office describing his relief of Coomassie. The relief occurred on July 15th after a two days' running fight, and Colonel Willcocks is now back again at the coast. The principal stand of the enemy was made at a place about one mile from Coomassie, where four stockades were held with the greatest determination, the position being "perfectly selected and prepared on high land and completely hidden by almost impenetrable bush." The final attack was made with the bayonet in the most gallant style—it "could not have been beaten in *élan* by any soldiers"—and it was noted that the Yorubas, who formed the bulk of our force, behaved quite as well as the Haussas.—A very important fact, for it shows that we need not rely upon only one race for our West African Sepoys.—The relief came only just in time, as the garrison were almost exhausted, the native soldiers being almost too weak to stand. The condition of the ground round the fort, which was strewn with putrifying corpses, was terrible in the extreme. Colonel Willcocks is to be congratulated on a very gallant feat of arms, and one which could not have been accomplished had not he and the officers under him determined that, come what might, they would relieve Coomassie. But for this determination they could not have succeeded, for, from a strict military and technical point of view, the relief seemed impossible. A finer piece of work has never been recorded, and but for South Africa and China the whole Empire would be ringing with it.

The first meeting of the South African (Hospitals) Commission was held on Tuesday at Burlington House. Lord Justice Romer, who presided, made a statement as to the powers and intentions of the Commission. A certain amount of evidence is to be collected in England before the Commissioners leave for South Africa on August 4th, and any further evidence in England that may be necessary will be taken on their return. It is not proposed to examine witnesses on oath, but witnesses in Government offices are to be free from their obligation to keep silence on official matters. Witnesses who are deterred by personal reasons from giving evidence in public are to be heard in private, and to have their names kept secret. No compulsory or special powers have been conferred upon the Commission, but if this proves a hindrance, says Lord Justice Romer, "we shall not hesitate to ask the Prime Minister to procure for us the necessary powers."

Affairs in the Balkans have again fallen into confusion. King Alexander of Servia has publicly announced his intention of immediately marrying Madame Maschin, a lady formerly of his mother's household, fifteen years older than himself, and a widow. The Ministry at once resigned, his father, the ex-King Milan, threw up his commission as Commander-in-Chief, and the Metropolitan begged him on his knees to give up the intention. The King, however, is immovable, and as all classes of his subjects object to the marriage, his infatuation will probably cost him his throne. His chief defence, in fact, is the reluctance of Austria to see him succeeded by Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, who is the most formidable of the candidates, the other two being King Milan, to whom the Army still adheres, and Prince Karageorgewitch, the regular Pretender, whose following is not large. It is not quite clear whether the marriage is to be morganatic or not, but it is probable that it is not, and that Madame Maschin is determined to be a Queen. A revolution in Servia would probably produce great results, for Austria would at once occupy the kingdom, and so compel Russia to seek compensation in Bulgaria.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

New Consols (2½) were on Friday 97½.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE NEWS FROM CHINA.

THE news from China is terrible. As we read it, those who bear rule in Pekin—who are probably, but not quite certainly, the Empress-Regent and Prince Tuan—have become aware that they have committed an act which will draw down upon them the vengeance of all Europe, and have determined, if they cannot avert it by cunning, to make a desperate and protracted resistance. They still trust a little, with good reason from their experience of the past, in diplomacy, and are trying to bewilder and divide the Powers by lying words. With this view they have addressed to every Power except Great Britain—which they believe to be paralysed by South Africa—what is really an offer of a separate alliance. They plead to Japan in the name of their common Mongol ancestry and their common danger from Europeans. They assure Russia that the Empire is willing to accept the general protection of St. Petersburg, and would prefer it to that of any other Power. They beseech the German Emperor to “take the lead” in all dealings with them, and thus, in fact, assume the protectorate of China. They implore America to “mediate,” because, they say, she asks only for commercial intercourse. And they beseech France, as the friendliest of Powers, to “intervene” on their behalf, promising, if she will, to produce M. Pichon. Their despatches have all been published, and Europe mocks at their “childishness,” but the “childishness” is that of born diplomatists. Each despatch is most cleverly addressed to the secret wish of its recipient, and the writers never dreamed of immediate publication. They thought each addressee would be pleased by the special position accorded to him, and would conceal their offer. Moreover, as it would be madness to offer such assurances just after a massacre of Ambassadors, they blankly deny that it has occurred, except in the case of Baron von Ketteler, who they assure his master was killed by rebels whom they will punish. If, however, their offers should have no effect, which they think possible, they are prepared to fight to the bitter end. Li Hung Chang, who knows the truth, and nearly let it out when he asked the Governor of Hong-kong whether the English would kill him if the Ambassadors were dead, and who understands the policy of the Government of China, has practically stated what it is. If an army advances, he says, every European in Pekin will be slaughtered—the Court, that is, will give this as the reason for murders which have already occurred—but in no case will any concession be made. China, says Li Hung Chang in the blindest way, cannot pay another indemnity, and the people will not bear territorial cessions. What they will do is to promise the punishment of “the guilty”—that is, anybody it is convenient to behead—and a future radical reform! The Court of Pekin will, in fact, concede nothing, but will fight while they can, and if they cannot arrest the avenging army, will transfer the capital, as we have explained in detail in another column, to Segan, which is utterly beyond the reach of the Allies. This removal is definitely stated in a circular to the Viceroy, drawn up by the Governor of Shantung, to be the object with which Europeans are to be temporarily protected. From thence, in perfect safety, the rulers of China will employ resources which seem to them limitless, and which very nearly are so, to make of China “a sealed book.” They would rather not leave Pekin, but they will do that or any other desperate act sooner than yield to further mandates from the detested European Powers. It is an astute policy, but it is also a tremendous one, and it may have a measure of success.

We see reason to distrust both the unity and the preparedness of the Powers. They will, we presume, if only for the sake of honour, make an effort to reach Pekin, but they are troubled already about the greatness of the effort and of the expense. Japan hesitates to mobilise that second *corps d'armée*, and is inclined to watch events. Russia must defend her railway to the Far East and reconquer Manchuria, which will tax her finances to an inconvenient point. She is forwarding troops and steamers in profusion, but they are to defend Newchang and Mukden rather than attack Pekin. Italy has

already stopped the second division of her contingent, pretending to believe the assurances from the Palace. Germany goes forward straight, but limits her effort to fifteen thousand men, of whom a large proportion will be stopped to defend her settlement in Shantung, which is in a peculiar degree an object of Chinese hostility. The French Government excessively dislikes the expenditure, the forcible extension of her colonial dominion, and the risk, which proved fatal to Jules Ferry. Even the British Government is perplexed and anxious, determined to act, but worried to provide the troops, the British Army being occupied, and India remonstrating against further depletion; while the American Government is obviously determined, even if it marches to Pekin, to “keep out of European complications.” That is the motive which induces Washington to accept so readily the assurances of Mr. Conger’s safety. The hesitations are greatly increased by the difficulties arising from the composite character of the force, which were clearly shown in the operations against Tientsin, when they found themselves unable to act together from the impossibility of understanding each other’s requests. You cannot fight a successful battle through interpreters. The Europeans in China are growing savage with impatience, the half-belief that some Ministers may still be alive distracts counsel, some of the Powers are for rushing and others for delay, and the end, we acutely fear, will be that the Army of Retribution will start for Pekin in the first week of August with insufficient numbers, inadequate supplies, and no authentic information at all as to the force they are to overcome. So brave are the Europeans and Japanese, and so great is the advantage their science gives them, that the army will probably cut its way through, and batter down any walls it may find defended; but the insensate folly of allowing the sack of Tientsin will almost ensure a resistance of despair in the great city; and if it does not, what, with the Court hundreds of miles away, will have been achieved? Absolutely nothing, except a kind of duellist’s “satisfaction” for an insult.

But we shall be asked: ‘Admitting the accuracy of your too pessimist views—for Europe is always lucky—what alternatives do you suggest?’ There are none except to move a little more slowly, and see that the army of invasion is prepared to perform a difficult and not an easy task. It is the curse of the whole situation—the keynote of which, we repeat, is that China, goaded beyond endurance, has risen in mad fury against Europe—that it leaves so few alternatives. Whatever the consequences, it is simply impossible to put up with the murder of the Ambassadors. Honour, justice, expediency, all demand retribution, and no one has suggested an alternative method to the advance upon Pekin. The advance may be difficult, and useless in the end, but it must be made, or Europe must acknowledge that Asia, once excited, can insult her with impunity. We admit that as fully as the most ignorant of those who are crying out that Li Hung Chang should be held as a hostage, as if we ever executed hostages, or as if arrest were not precisely the thing the plotting Chinaman would like; but we want all Europe, and especially our own countrymen, to understand that they have to exact the retribution from one of the mightiest of Empires, that they have been acting for years under an illusion, and that when Asia turns at bay her method of defence is always terrible. It took us three years and eighty thousand men to put down the Indian Mutiny, when half India was on our side, and China has infinitely greater resources in brave men, in munitions, and, as we greatly fear on the evidence, in leaders, than the Sepoy Army.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN DEBATE.

WE have nothing but praise for the courage of the men who, like Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Sir Robert Reid, Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Bryce, took the unpopular side in the South African debate. We think them utterly mistaken in argument, and we hold their practical proposals either mischievous or inept, but we repudiate most strongly the monstrous accusation that they are unpatriotic. We say now, as we said at the beginning of the war, that the attitude of the man who conscientiously believes the nation to be in the wrong, and says so frankly and openly, is essentially the attitude

of a lover of his country. The position of the Pro-Boers may be, and we think is, foolish and impractical, but unpatriotic it is not. Even when its effects seem most injurious abroad and in South Africa we are not in the least shaken in our belief, for far more injurious to the nation would be anything approaching the muzzling of free discussion or the intimidation of conscientious opinion. We would ask our readers not even to be affected by the violence and loss of self-control displayed by the leaders of the peace party. When Sir Wilfrid Lawson talks of the policy of the nation as that of "the freebooter, the filibuster, the burglar, and the 'Boxer,'" or when Sir Robert Reid insinuates, as he did in a previous debate, that the newspapers which do not agree with him are bought by capitalists, they are no doubt injuring their country by the introduction of the heat and passion which poison sound deliberation, but they are not in any true sense deserving of the charge of want of patriotism. They are, we believe, absolutely sincere, and though we must reject their bad advice and wild and confused proposals, we must avoid either imputing motives or calling unfair names. We must, that is, never forget that "unpatriotic" and "unwise" are not convertible terms.

We have dealt elsewhere with the curious delusion that we are showing a criminal want of clemency because we propose to punish what all States are obliged to hold to be a very serious offence by placing the offenders in the position which we asked President Kruger as a maximum demand to accord to men who had not been guilty of any offence. He would not let the Outlanders have the franchise after five years, and strangely enough Mr. Courtney and Sir Robert Reid and others in effect supported him in that refusal. Thus, even if we take an extreme view, and argue that all the Outlanders, owing to their support of the franchise agitation, and previously of the Reform movement, were constructive rebels, they would have been more harshly treated by President Kruger and his seven years' franchise than we now propose to treat men who, having actually thrown off their allegiance to the British Empire, now claim readmittance as citizens. We do not, however, wish to argue the disfranchisement question here, but rather to point out what struck us most in the debate in regard to the case put forward by the opponents of the policy of the Government. It is their complete failure to realise that South Africa must be treated as a whole, and that quite half the white population is devoted to the British side, and most eager to resist and reject the claim to the racial supremacy of the Dutch. No one reading the speeches of those opposed to the war and ignorant of the facts would imagine that in Natal almost the whole of the white population is British in race and sympathy, that in the Transvaal before the virtual expulsion of the Outlanders the majority was pro-British, and that in the Cape half, or very nearly half, the white population has supported us in the war, and sent some twenty thousand soldiers to the front. The Opposition speeches deal with a purely ideal situation. They contemplate a country with a homogeneous population overrun by a hostile army, as Alsace and Lorraine were overrun by the Germans, and then argue, and not unwisely perhaps from their premises, that the policy of annexation and of punishment is not fair or expedient. The existence of the British element is almost entirely ignored. Another vital point missed by the opponents of the war is the fact that it has been throughout essential for us to make up our minds whether we would or would not stand by our own people in South Africa, and that our determination to do so governed the whole course of events. Immediately the parole of the Reform leaders had lapsed and they were once more free to continue their agitation, they began a movement for the franchise which ended in the Petition. That Petition put the Home Government in a political dilemma. 'We have tried,' said the Outlanders, 'to obtain the rights of self-government by our own action, and have failed. We now appeal to you to help us.' If the Home Government had merely said, 'We are sorry, but we can do nothing for you,' there would, no doubt, have been no war, but by that answer Dutch supremacy throughout South Africa would have been secured, for the British subjects, thus repulsed, would certainly have made any terms they could with President Kruger. The Government did not, however, reject

the claim of the Outlanders, but realising that the moment for choice had come, began the effort to obtain the franchise which ended in war. It ended, no doubt, in war, not because the Government desired or meant war, but because President Kruger and his oligarchy also realised that they had a choice to make, the choice between sharing power with the British and possibly being some day swamped by a non-Boer population, and maintaining a Dutch ascendancy in the Transvaal which should some day spread over the rest of South Africa. Of course it may be said that, knowing what the nature of the Dutch choice was sure to be, we caused the war by making the choice we did of standing by our own people in their demand for equal political rights. We admit it, but that does not alter our point that we had to make a choice between two policies. We hold that we chose the right one, as the alternative was the ultimate elimination of the British element in South Africa. Things cannot be and not be at the same time, and the petition put us to the ordeal of saying whether we meant or did not mean to stand by the British when they made their demands, demands which were *per se* reasonable and legitimate. Remember, when we say that the choice to stand by our own people was a right one, we do not mean that we should have stood by the British whatever they had asked. If they had asked for a racial ascendancy for themselves, if they had asked to persecute the Dutch language and race, if they had asked to place themselves in the position of the Boers, and to put the Boers in their former place, then we should, of course, have refused to listen to them. As, however, they asked only for things consistent with, nay, vital to, the liberal principles upon which the British Empire is founded and maintained, we hold that we were right. But it may be said that we ought never to have allowed ourselves to be placed in such a position that a body of Outlanders could be able to force our hands at their own will and pleasure. There we entirely agree. We have said on several occasions, and not merely six months ago but long before the war, that Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues made a terrible mistake at the time of the Raid in not then and there bringing up the whole question for solution. Immediately after the Raid had taken place and its true motive had become clear, the Government should have punished Mr. Rhodes before all South Africa by the forfeiture of the charter of his Company, and by depriving him of his fulcrum of power in South Africa. That done, they should have turned to President Kruger and told him that two wrongs did not make a right, that his oppression of the Outlanders had given the occasion for the Raid and the justification for the Reform movement with which the Raid was connected, and that he must at once grant a reasonable franchise and give to British subjects in the Transvaal the rights of self-government. President Kruger must then have made his choice between free institutions throughout South Africa and racial equality, or a Dutch ascendancy. If war had resulted it would have been a less arduous war than now, for the Transvaal, though to some extent prepared, was not so rich or nearly so well armed as five years later. As it was, our Government had not the presence of mind to take this policy, and so placed themselves in a position in which at any moment the Outlanders could force their hands and put them, as the lawyers would say, "to their election." We suppose that the Government did not like the idea of "collaring" Mr. Rhodes, for that was essential. They could not have hit President Kruger with their left hand unless they had first laid Mr. Rhodes and his Company low with the right. Of course, all sorts of elaborate reasons, foreign and domestic, can be suggested why they did not take this course, but we believe that the reason is really simple enough. They were afraid of what Mr. Rhodes might do at the Cape. His position, remember, had become immensely strong, largely owing to the unwise action of Lord Ripon while at the Colonial Office. The Home-rule Government during the two years previous to the Raid had let him "have his head" completely. They had made him a Privy Councillor, they had let him dictate the terms of the Matabele settlement, they had allowed him to choose his own Governor, and generally they had immensely added to his power and influence. In any case, the present Government had not the courage to go in for the policy of "Thorough" we have just set forth, and the result was that they

temporised and dealt strongly neither with Mr. Rhodes nor Mr. Kruger. They merely waited, hoping possibly that something would prevent their being obliged to take up the cause of the Outlanders. The hope was, of course, vain, and as soon as the Reform leaders were free from their parole they did what they had every right to do from their point of view, and asked the Imperial Government 'whether they meant or did not mean to come to their aid and secure them the rights of free men.' There could, of course, be only one answer, and that answer was given. That the Government were put to this Imperial ordeal and had to choose seems never to be grasped by the Opposition, and they still talk as if the Government had stirred up the war. In our view, the only fault of the Government was that they did not put Mr. Kruger to his choice directly after the Raid, but waited till their own hands were forced.

THE CHINESE PLAN.

IT is not difficult to discern the motives which have induced those who rule at Peking to pour out a fresh torrent of exculpatory lies. Seeing the persistence with which the Allies pursued the attack on Tientsin, they thought that if it succeeded it would be followed by an immediate advance upon Peking, and resolved to meet that attack in two ways,—namely, by a retreating battle, waged with the spade as much as the rifle, during which it is hoped the European army will suffer much from attrition, and by a transfer of the capital to the old seat of the central power, Singan, or more accurately Segan, or Sian, in Shensi. This city has been chosen, first, because as the oldest metropolis of the Empire, and the actual seat of government under four dynasties, a removal thither will give no shock to the prejudices of the people. The Chinese do not forget as we do, and to them Segan will seem a more natural residence for the Emperor than Peking itself, which, after all, is to a race with whom time does not count a city of yesterday. It was selected because of its comparative nearness to the seats of Manchu power, a reason which since the advance of Russia has died away. Secondly, Segan is *ready* for the reception of the most ceremonious and luxurious Court in Asia. The inmates of the Imperial Palace have lived a secluded life until the idea of change appals them as it appals nuns. The climate of Segan is said to be inviting, it is full of Imperial palaces, which have been carefully kept up, it is better supplied with provisions even than Peking, and being a great centre of trade, it swarms with merchants, shopkeepers, artisans, and all the classes that help to ensure comfort and luxury to a wealthy Court. There are now more people in Segan than in Peking, and they are more prosperous, while they are, it is believed, devoted to the dynasty, which in 1868-70 saved them from the Mahomedan rebels who would have converted them by force. Thirdly, Segan occupies perhaps the very best strategical position in China. All the great roads converge on it—one in particular stretches straight to Peking—and it has communication by water through the Hoangho and the great canals with every portion of the Empire. It is protected on three sides by mountains, and on the fourth by the river, and is well fortified after the ancient fashion, which the Chinese will soon learn to improve. They are master masons, if they are nothing else. It is, moreover, protected by its distance from everywhere. The maritime Powers could not attempt to march an army seven hundred and fifty miles through the very thick of China, while a few flat boats sunk in the reaches of the Hoangho would render access by water absolutely impossible. Russia cannot descend on Segan, even if she wished, without conquering all Mongolia first, and laying a railway through those vast deserts in the teeth of all the remaining Tartar tribes; and there is no other Power which could have even an interest in making the attempt. Japan, for example, is shunted by the removal into the far distance, while if the Powers seize places on the coast they must hold them under a liability to attack from the interior by the great armies which the Chinese Emperor, once safe from menace in Segan, will have time as well as the means to levy and make strong. India might, no doubt, strike hard after she had occupied and digested Thibet, but

that costly bit of Imperial work would take a generation. The Manchu dynasty, in fact, would for a time be invulnerable, and if it could only find an able organiser—and it looks very much as if it had found one—might for a century bid defiance to any external pressure. It has been hard enough to coerce it at Peking, but at Segan the Ambassadors of Europe will be in the position of suitors in a law court without evidence or funds. The Manchu dynasty, in fact, in leaving Peking bursts through the toils, and whatever its future destiny, can no longer be compelled to cede provinces or concessions to European visitors under mere menace. Whatever Europe wants in future she must take with the strong hand, and at the risk of a most serious war.

That the resolution to transfer the capital has been taken we have no doubt, for it is mentioned in telegram after telegram by men who plainly do not recognise the importance of the news they send. Indeed, we think it probable that the resolve was the actual cause of the attack on the Legations, the Empress feeling humiliated by the decision, and grasping at the most striking revenge within her power. The transfer, however, will take time and elaborate preparations. There are thousands of attendants to be moved, masses of treasure, and valuable furniture without end, and this not only for the Emperor and Empress and their innumerable Court, but for all the great nobles who surround it, each of whom has a palace which must be stripped, and a movable fortune, and a retinue as large as that of a European King. With so vast a movement to be effected transport must be collected as for an army, and on the hypothesis of a speedy advance of the Europeans, every day's delay became of importance and every agency which could cause delay a valuable help. It was clear to the Chinese mind that if the Powers thought their Ambassadors safe, they, or at all events some of them, would be less energetic in pushing on, and they therefore poured out through a hundred channels, through their own agents abroad, through the Viceroy and the Taotais of the ports, through great Chinese merchants, and, we fancy, through every Chinaman in whom the English firms were supposed to confide, assurances that the Ambassadors were alive and under the protection of the Government. No proof whatever was offered. No letter from a Minister was suffered to get through, still less was any Minister escorted by cavalry to Tientsin. The Government relied exclusively upon words, upon a confusion of dates, upon incessant repetition of the same phrases all dictated by the same authority; but so vehemently were the assurances poured forth, so great is the effect of repetition from many quarters, that even the experienced began to doubt their own judgments, and half believed it possible that for some unimaginable reason the Government of China had not killed, but was only silencing, the representatives of Europe. The American Government actually believed the assurances. The Russian Government, which also requires time, soothed popular impatience by publishing the messages. The Government of Italy halted its second division of troops "because the news from Peking was favourable." Even the French Government, not usually very credulous, only asked for confirmation of the statements. Only the British Government stood firmly and stolidly on the ground of common sense, and asked why, if its Minister was "alive and protected," he was unable to open communications with his superiors. Meanwhile there is hesitation, discussion, halfheartedness, or still more careful preparation; and the Court of Peking, which knows exactly whether the troops at Tientsin are moving or not, feverishly pushes on the arrangements which, if its inventions are disbelieved and its armies beaten, are to relieve the actors in the great tragedy from all fear of consequences. This, at least, is our belief as to what is occurring in Peking. There may be delays, even when all is ready, for a dynasty does not fly readily from its capital; but unless Europe fails in its duty, and the march to Peking is abandoned, a proclamation will be issued declaring that the dynasty erred in abandoning its ancient seat, that it had been resolved to repair the error, and that the Emperor, accompanied by all the representatives of Europe falsely said to have been murdered, would move in procession to Segan, henceforward to be known as whatever is Chinese for "the City of the Throne."

CLEMENCY AND DISFRANCHISEMENT.

THE way in which, owing to a variety of circumstances, the controversy over the proper method of treating the Cape rebels has been presented to the public is not a little misleading. Any one adopting a purely superficial view of the matter, and merely taking account of headlines, would imagine that the dispute was one between clemency on the one side and drastic punishment on the other,—that the home authorities and Sir Alfred Milner were asking for the blood of the rebels, and for the full pound of flesh given by the law of all lands in the matter of treason and rebellion, while the Bond politicians were pleading for clemency and amnesty, and for allowing the temptation under which the Cape Dutch in the frontier districts rebelled to be taken into account. As a matter of fact, it would be much nearer the truth to say that Sir Alfred Milner and the Colonial Secretary were proposing to act with clemency and moderation, and were abandoning any idea of asking for the pound of flesh, while the Bond were claiming that, save in the very extreme cases, men who had been in arms against the Empire should have a complete immunity for their acts. Mr. Chamberlain in effect proposes that the majority of the rebels should be treated with great leniency, while the Bond leaders ask for what is in truth an act of indemnity for the bulk of the men who rose in arms against the State to which they owed allegiance.

That we are not exaggerating when we say that the Colonial Office proposals are proposals for leniency and clemency, let us consider what has been done, and what is proposed to be done, in regard to the men who voluntarily threw off their allegiance and joined the enemies of the Empire. To begin with, the penalty of death has not been inflicted in any case, not even on men taken red-handed in acts of high treason,—caught, that is, on British soil with arms in their hands, firing on the flag and taking the lives and destroying the property of loyal fellow-subjects. We do not, of course, object to this leniency. We think it, indeed, absolutely right and rejoice in it, but it is surely most misleading to ignore the fact and not to admit that it is an act of clemency. Next, let us consider what are the proposals made from the Colonial Office for dealing with the rebels,—and, remember, not rebels merely by repute, but rebels found to be so by a competent and impartial Tribunal either after trial or on a plea of guilty. To begin with, the Secretary of State for the Colonies asks that means shall be found for dealing effectually with the first three of the six categories into which he divides the rebels. These are:—“(1) The ringleaders and promoters; (2) those who have committed outrages or looted the property of their loyal fellow-subjects; (3) those who have committed acts contrary to the usages of civilised warfare, such as abuse of the white flag, firing on hospitals, &c.” Men accused of these offences, and surely no one will say that these are light offences, ought, it is suggested, to be tried for high treason. But these are, of course, only a small number out of the total of rebels. In regard to the other categories, a much milder course is proposed. There are “(4) those who, though not guilty of either of those offences [*i.e.*, those three mentioned above], have openly and willingly waged war against her Majesty’s forces; (5) those who confined themselves to aiding her Majesty’s enemies by giving information or furnishing provisions; and (6) those who can satisfactorily prove that they acted under compulsion.” It is proposed that men who would come under the categories 4 and 5 should be allowed to plead guilty, “and be thereupon either sentenced to a fine carrying with it disfranchisement, or released on recognisances, to come up for judgment when called upon, this also to involve disfranchisement; while 6 might be subjected to disfranchisement alone.” Now can it be truly said that these proposals are “barbarous,” or “vindictive,” or “harsh,” or “extreme”? In effect the only persons who will be seriously punished, and they, we may be perfectly sure, not with death, will be the ringleaders, men who plotted and stirred up rebellion and induced others to rebel, and those who committed acts of outrage and treachery of a kind denounced and abhorred by the universal consent of mankind. If men have committed these acts they will be punished, but if they have simply gone out and fought against the State

to which they owed loyalty, and have done nothing of an essentially criminal kind, they will possibly be fined, but more likely will only be prevented from reclaiming the rights of citizenship, of which they deliberately divested themselves. They elected to take the Boer side, to proclaim themselves citizens of one or other of the Republics and to give up their British citizenship, and they will be taken at their word and not be allowed any longer to exercise the franchise and to profit by a position they have abused. We must confess that to us this seems a proposal not of tyranny but of clemency. Let those who feel doubtful on the question look at the matter from another standpoint. Let us assume that in the end the Boers had won, and that it was they, not we, who had to consider what should be done in the case of burghers of the Free State or the Transvaal who, in spite of their citizenship, welcomed the British forces with open hands, and joined those forces in arms. Suppose that in that case the Boers had said:—‘We shall merely punish the men who plotted against us and procured others to rise, or who committed outrages on their loyal neighbours, or who acted with treachery in the field. These we shall be obliged to deal with sternly, but the rest of the men who proved disloyal, and who threw off their allegiance to the State that had protected them, we shall simply disfranchise for five years. They chose to throw their citizenship away, and we cannot restore it at once and subject our loyal citizens to their votes.’ In that case, would not all impartial men have said that the Boers had acted with great clemency and leniency, and showed that they were neither vindictive nor oppressive? We believe that the whole civilised world would have rung with praises of their clemency, and with admiration for the men who, having won in the field, might have taken their pound of flesh, but who refused to exact it. But if that is so, why should we be refused the name of clemency and moderation when we propose to do the same thing? By all means let the Cape loyalists and the British Empire through its representatives show clemency, for we are fully persuaded that no policy is wiser or better than clemency, but do not let us be frightened or misled by words, and because a policy of clemency is ticketed as “oppressive” or “cruel” and so forth by ill-informed or excitable politicians, be deluded into thinking that the vituperative epithet represents a reality. The British Empire is not an Oriental tyrant who wipes out rebellion with blood. It is merciful and clement, even though it cannot treat rebellion as if it were no offence. Like its great daughter-State in America, it will be merciful without being supine or indifferent. The United States after it had maintained the Union did not deluge the insurgent States with blood, but at the same time it did not at once restore to those who had forfeited their citizenship by rebellion the full rights of free men, and give the disloyal sway over the loyal.

Before we leave the subject of the treatment of Cape rebels, we desire to say a word as to the accusation that has been made in regard to the disfranchisement proposals. Those who support them are accused of a policy of gerrymandering. Now we would ask our readers to remember that a similar accusation was repeatedly brought against those who in former times pleaded for the disfranchisement of constituencies which had been proved guilty of wholesale corruption. The reformers who urged that when constituencies or bodies of electors had proved themselves by corruption and treating and other electoral malpractices to be unfit to send representatives to govern the nation, they should be disfranchised, were accused by their political opponents of wanting to snatch an electoral advantage. Now, however, that public opinion is better educated on the question, we have come to realise that in extreme cases a corrupt constituency should be disfranchised altogether, and that in less bad cases it is perfectly right that men scheduled as guilty of corruption should be individually disfranchised for a term of years. But if men may be disfranchised for treating, why not for treason? The accusation of gerrymandering and of base party tactics holds no more in one case than the other. Because, as a matter of fact, the reformers benefited in a party sense by the disfranchisement of corrupt Tory boroughs, ought they to have ceased to demand that those boroughs should be disfranchised? So because the loyalists will in a party

sense benefit by the disfranchisement of the rebels, ought they to be described as gerrymandering intriguers because they desire that the rebels shall not be re-endowed with the votes which they abandoned when they threw off their British citizenship and joined the enemies of the State? The truth is disfranchisement is a perfectly just way of dealing with men who joined the enemy, and one which we must not be frightened out of by accusations levelled by those whose fierceness in the matter is mainly derived from an intense desire not to be deprived of the votes of the rebels. They did not, very likely, encourage the rebels in the use of their rifles on the side of the Boers, but they cannot part with their votes. Of course, party politicians being what they are, this clinging to the votes of the rebels is natural enough, but do not let us be deluded into thinking that we are not showing clemency unless we say in effect to the rebels, 'You tried in the winter with your rifles to get the British element out of South Africa, now have a try with your votes.'

THE THREATENED GREAT EASTERN STRIKE.

WE can hardly do wrong in taking Lord Claud Hamilton's letter to the *Times* as evidence on those points on which it makes, or seems to make, against the Company of which he is chairman. At the outset, however, we must say that the general tone of the letter is in happy contrast to that of many similar documents. Lord Claud Hamilton shows no desire to overstate his case, and his charge against the servants of the Company, who are understood to be meditating a strike, resolves itself into this,—that they are disposed to consult their own interests before those of the public. In this respect they are not very unlike Boards of Directors.

In April last the general manager of the Great Eastern Railway received a letter from a signalman informing him that delegates had been elected by the several classes in the Company's service to lay certain demands before the directors. Apparently the directors were of opinion that these delegates did not properly represent those whom they claimed as constituents. At least, this seems to lie at the bottom of their counter-proposal to add to the delegates "a certain number of their fellow-servants." We cannot think that this was a wise step. It is quite possible that the method by which the delegates were chosen was not a satisfactory one. Of that we know nothing, and Lord Claud Hamilton does not give us any information. But in that case it would have been better if the directors had suggested conditions to which the election must conform before the representative character of the delegates could be recognised. Instead of this they set up a scheme of their own. The names of the servants in each class were arranged in four classes according to seniority of service. Each class was then divided by four or eight, and "the last man in each division was asked to attend with the delegates of his class." Lord Claud Hamilton thinks that in this way "a thoroughly representative body was secured," but it is not very clear what it represented. So far as we understand the scheme, its working was wholly accidental. The man whose name happened to come last in his division was taken as a representative of the rest equally with the man whom the rest had chosen as their delegate. We cannot feel much wonder, therefore, that when the day fixed for the first interview came, and the signalmen arrived at Liverpool Street, the elected delegates "refused to go into the board-room with their fellow-servants." They regarded themselves as the chosen mouthpieces of the men, and they did not acknowledge any similar character in the others. The general manager, it is true, pointed out that there was no assurance that the delegates represented the majority of the signalmen, and urged that the directors "could not allow two men to speak for the whole of that class." It is quite possible that two delegates were not enough to secure an adequate expression of the signalmen's minds, and it is equally possible that the machinery by which even these two had been chosen was faulty. But the way to remedy these defects was hardly to add to the delegates a number of men chosen by chance. The wiser course would have been to point out the reasons which prevented the directors from acknowledging the representative character of the delegates, and to give the

signalmen an opportunity of making a better, or at all events a larger, choice. As it was, when the other classes came up to Liverpool Street, the same thing happened and no interview took place. On June 10th the directors were asked to receive the united body of delegates,—nineteen in number. This time the directors replied, reasonably enough, that if the representatives of no less than nine different trades attended in a body there could be no thorough discussion of the particular questions raised by each trade. This would have been an excellent reason for insisting on the deputation being broken up into its component trades, but it was hardly a reason for once more insisting that the delegates of each trade should come before the Board with men chosen in another and wholly unrepresentative fashion. We say all this because it is well to point out that the original action of the directors was mistaken. Happily they have already realised this for themselves, and their latest offer seems to remove the initial difference between themselves and the men.

At the bottom of all this lay the further grievance, from the directors' point of view, that these delegates were all members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. This Society has apparently been active in organising the agitation among the Great Eastern Company's men, and it was only natural that the delegates should be chosen from among its members. On the other hand, the directors "are resolved" to deal on all occasions directly with their own men, and to decline to recognise any outside society. Whether they are wise in this determination is a point which only success or failure can settle. We can readily believe that the intervention of an outside society creates much unnecessary friction between the directors and the men, but, on the other hand, it is reasonable enough that railway servants should wish to be backed up in their quarrels with their particular employers by a society which unites in itself all the discontented elements of many lines.

The argument that the time has been badly chosen, inasmuch as a strike ought not to take place in the near neighbourhood of a Bank-holiday, does not seem very forcible. It is quite possible, no doubt, that this circumstance will go some way towards alienating public sympathy from the strikers. The public, especially the holiday public, are seldom well disposed to those who put them to inconvenience. We do not see, however, that railway servants are under any special obligation to respect the comfort of railway travellers. A strike is a battle, and the attacking force naturally chooses the moment when the conflict will inflict most loss on the other combatant, and so dispose him to make terms. Moreover, the alienation of public sympathy sounds a more formidable consequence than it really is. The sympathy in question is very apt to evaporate in letters to the newspapers. And, after all, this is an argument which cuts both ways. If it is wrong in railway servants to threaten a strike which would disorganise the Bank-holiday traffic, it must be equally wrong in railway directors not to grant any terms asked of them rather than allow this disorganisation to come about. We have no right to expect from one class more than from another an entire subordination of their own interests to those of the public.

All this, however, is but the fringe of the subject. The real issue is, whether, as the *Times* correspondent puts it, "the movement is justified," and this, again, is only another form of the inquiry—Is it likely to succeed? The servants of the Great Eastern Railway have a right to ask any wages they think they can get. They will be well or ill advised in their demand according to the accuracy of their calculation of the Company's resources. They now demand a general advance in wages to the amount of 3s. a week. Lord Claud Hamilton enumerates many considerations which, as he holds, justify the directors in rejecting this demand. The service, he says, is a very good service for the men; it gives them many advantages over and above their pay; and that pay itself has in many cases been recently increased. The Company has now to meet greater expenses, especially for coal and materials, while its dividend has already fallen, and is likely to fall further still. But this reasoning is not calculated to touch the authors of a strike. They hold that their wages have been raised in the past because they asked to have them raised, and the directors thought the

cost of concession less than the cost of resistance. 'Now,' they will probably say, 'we are only adopting similar tactics in the belief that we shall obtain a similar result.' Whether they are right in thus thinking is the question to which the test of experiment may have to be applied if the negotiations opened by Mr. E. T. Cook, the editor of the *Daily News*, should prove abortive. We trust, however, that those negotiations will not turn out to be unavailing, and that the *ultima ratio* of a strike will be avoided. The men must never forget that there must be a great loss to them even in the most successful strike.

MR. TREVES ON GENIUS.

IT is well, perhaps, when addressing students to decry genius as opposed to patience and application, but it is surely going rather far to deny its existence altogether. If, however, Mr. Treves, the great surgeon, is not misreported, he did that on Thursday week in his lecture to medical students at the opening of the new club-rooms in the London Hospital. He is there reported to have said that "genius, he took it, was some form of neurosis, an untabulated nervous disease. The few persons of genius he had known had been exceedingly impossible persons, and if there was one profession where genius was out of place it was the medical profession. The thing which in that stood above all else was hard work, and one very peculiar faculty, that of close observation." Mr. Treves must have been unlucky in his friends, or is unfair to them. There have been many men of genius in his time, even in England, who, like Charles Darwin, Lord Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Walter Bagehot, so far from being "impossible," or victims of neurosis, were exceptionally sane and competent to do the work Providence had given them to do. Darwin was the closest of observers, Lord Tennyson alone among poets made a fortune, Matthew Arnold was one of the ablest Inspectors of Schools, and Walter Bagehot successfully conducted three businesses at the same time. It is a pity, if truth is worth searching for at all, for a man so eminent as Mr. Treves to lend a great reputation to the diffusion of an utterly false idea. We entirely admit that a great many men who think themselves men of genius are deluded by a certain excitability of the nervous system, and that many literary men of genius have displayed a tendency to nervous disease or even insanity; but there is surely, for all that, such a thing as genius,—that is, a variety of mental power which in those who possess it adds to their capacities some force which seems to other men, and indeed is, unaccountable, a "zigzag lightning of the brain which meaner men have not." To deny that, or to class that force among nervous diseases, seems to us to deny the plainest facts of history, and to throw a new and needless obstacle in the way of the study of mental phenomena. Where is the evidence of neurosis, or even of the tendency to mania which Dryden saw in all "great wits," in Shakespeare or Goethe, in Napoleon or Von Moltke, or Mendelssohn or Rembrandt? Saner men never lived, or men with quieter nerves. Granting, as we should readily do, the difficulty of defining genius as distinguished from ability, we should nevertheless affirm that on some men, never numerous, but still numerous enough not to be considered *lusus naturæ*, there has been bestowed a gift which lifts them altogether out of the common ruck, and makes them in some rare instances apparently independent of the application and experience so indispensable to their fellows. Was it experience that made Alexander the conqueror of Asia, or so impressive to all around him that for three generations the single road to greatness was some relation to birth, or intimacy, or comradeship with the son of Philip of Macedon, himself almost the only great man in the world's history—indeed, if we except the younger Pitt, the only one—who had a great man for his father? Would Mr. Treves deny the existence of mental gifts as separate and as undeniable as physical gifts like strength, or speed, or beauty? If so, how does he account for the undisputed fact that there have been men in whom the power of discerning the relation of numbers was so developed as to be completely beyond the experience, or even the comprehension, of the majority, men who could, so to speak, see the cube root of a great number of figures almost as rapidly as they were read out? That is not a lofty, still less a valuable, gift, but still it is a gift, a separate power granted to a few, and not to be

acquired by any effort, any more than the power of instantly discerning what a hostile general intends to do, or of writing down harmonies which steep the soul of the listener in pleasure. We may not understand the nature of the gift, and it is certain that the effort made through centuries to define it in any short formula has been a conspicuous failure, but that does not alter the fact that such a gift has been given. To deny it is to say that any verse-maker may by taking thought make of himself a Dante, or any artist a Leonardo da Vinci. Mr. Treves says that at all events in the medical profession genius is out of place. Well, he knows if anybody does; but would he deny that he had known in life of a man who in obscure cases possessed a faculty of diagnosis, a flash of insight into disease which seemed independent of experience, to be, in truth as patent in his first case as his last? Has there never been a surgeon with an ability for operations akin to that of the sculptor, and beyond anything which can be obtained by application or observation? That is matter of organisation? No doubt; but so is the faculty of the musician; yet what musician ever doubted that to one or two of his profession there was given some inexplicable, or, as it were, divine, power of producing harmony not to be acquired even by musicians of capacity in a lifetime of effort? A gift is there, underived, unaccountable, inexplicable by any theory of heredity, or any evidence of exertion, but still there, as a fact patent to all who can understand it. It is "a gift," as our fathers used to say, but the fact that saying it is a confession of ignorance as to its nature and source is no proof that the gift does not exist. There are physical gifts which no one disputes, like, for instance, eyes that unaided by any glass can separate Jupiter's moons, and why not mental gifts as separate and as independent of their possessor's energies?

There is no use in the inquiry? There is use at some time or other in every truth, and there is perceptible use in this one, in that it widens our conception of the varieties of mental power, and so makes criticism at once more accurate, and the effort of imitation more fruitful. Scenery is not improved by taking the hilltops out of the horizon. To deny the existence of genius is to increase that commonness of life, that pulverising sense of equality among men which, because it is based on a falsity, is the first curse of all democracy, whether it be political or confined to the region of thought. There is no equality in men's powers any more than in their height, and to say that industry and observation will make their possessor the equal of the man to whom genius has been given—we neither know, nor for the purpose of this argument do we care, what genius is—is just as unwise as to believe that a man can by taking thought add a cubit to his stature. Its general acceptance would destroy that capacity for admiration which is one great source of social coherence, and by reducing all men to a level make leadership indefinitely more difficult. Even in politics the belief in average men tends to lower the ideal, and with it the community, while in literature and art it is fatally destructive. If, in addition, we are to believe that men of genius are not only useless, but the victims of an "untabulated nervous disease," we shall lower the whole conception of humanity, and in the end approach closely to the level of the Chinese, who choose their Mandarins on the very principles which Mr. Treves thinks will, if followed, produce good doctors.

PROVERBS AS LITERATURE.

OF literature, as of government, it may be said that it is born, not made. This saying, so often quoted, must not, indeed, be taken literally. There are definite formative acts achieved by which States grow, and to which their citizens rightly look back as towering landmarks. It is the same with literature. Here is a landmark called Homer, there another called Virgil. Italy has one known as Dante, England one called Shakespeare. In each case some particular constructive monument of genius was erected which had not existed before. But it did not originate *de novo*, it came into being from materials already there. Goethe said with truth of Burns that his poetry was the outcome of generations of Scottish ballad literature which welled up in his consciousness, and the elements of which were blended by his genius in a new form of art. This is more or less true of all literature, and therefore it may be said that mankind has created and

sustained literature, and has contributed more to its perpetuation and power than any one individual, however great.

This consideration is once more suggested to the mind by an interesting "Hand-Book of English Proverbs with their Equivalents in Italian" by Professor G. Tricomi (Catania: Niccolo Giannotta), which takes as a motto a quatrain of which one line runs, "And what are proverbs but the people's voice?" The collection embraces nearly twelve hundred examples, Italian and English, in parallel columns. Several typographical English errors occur, but we must not be exacting. It is interesting to note and compare the modes of expression in the two languages. Sometimes one is the exact counterpart of the other, as in these instances: "As you sow, so shall you reap"—*Come farai così avrai*; "All's well that ends well"—*Tutto è bene che riesce bene*; "Christmas comes but once a year"—*Natale viene una sola volta l'anno*; "Custom is second nature"—*Consuetudine è una seconda natura*. In other cases, however, the modes of expression are quite diverse, the English being in such cases the more terse and strenuous. Our proverb, "A cat may look at a King," is in Italian *Anche un cane guarda un vescovo*,—i.e., a dog may look at a Bishop. "Well begun is half done" becomes *Chi ben cominciò è alla metà dell'opera*, or "He who begins well is at the end of his work." The very terse "Forewarned is forearmed" is represented in Italian by *Uomo avvisato, mezzo salvo. Uomo avvertito, mezzo munito*,—"A man advised is half safe. A man warned is half secure."

Interesting, however, as is the comparison between the structural expression of Italian and English proverbs, our design is rather to suggest the importance of the proverb in the making of literature. For that the proverb is literature there can be no doubt. It is artistic in form, it is a concentrated expression of worldly wisdom at least and very often of profound moral truth, it passes current everywhere, it formulates the universal ideas common to peasant and philosopher, it grows out of the general consciousness. Above all, it suggests to us that that which endures in human speech and writing is the happy phrase or sentence which aims not at preciseness of detail, but at precision in the utterance of feeling, knowledge, or experience. It is a noteworthy fact that in our own day, when that terse, epigrammatic style which was all but universal in the early world is no more, when German philosophers take a hundred pages to say what Aristotle said in three lines, many of the phrases which stick in our minds are not those laboriously polished by our leading writers, but rough sayings coined by rough people on Western prairies, or in mines, or on solitary hill-sides, who have scarcely ever opened a book in their lives. The proverb can never be the outcome of culture. The cultivated man is afraid of committing himself, his mind is as artificial as his surroundings, he knows so much to be said for or against any proposition, that he dare not come out with a simple native truth for fear it should be dissected by other cultivated people as a half-statement. Some modern writers, feeling themselves thus cramped, strive against the tendency to rob language of its primal freshness and crisp quality. Browning takes flying leaps from ledge to ledge of word and epigram, leaving to the mind of the reader the task of filling up the yawning gaps. Mr. Meredith has, in the same quest after a lost terseness, produced a strange language of his own which, if people would be candid, would be found to have pleased nobody. Carlyle had, on the other hand, the real trick. His words, like Luther's, were "half-battles"; we can never forget his powerful phrasing, his biting epigram. But that was largely because Carlyle, like Burns, was the offspring of Scottish peasantry, and was in fact a peasant to the end of his days. He had the peasant's primal contact with realities, and was never made artificial by culture, extensive as were his stores of knowledge. Of a very different person—Johnson—the same may be said, although what Carlyle gave us in books, Johnson has bequeathed to us in conversation. Perhaps the intimate conversation among equals who have nothing to conceal provides the best form of this terse, vigorous epigram or celebrated saying of which we are now treating. How satisfactory it is to "have one's talk out" with those who are sufficiently sympathetic and nimble-witted to divine your essential meaning! And what a source of exasperation to give your best and find it misunderstood by some dull

analysing pedant whose imagination is so ineffective that you "must speak by the card." We complain of the average man, but there must after all be a good deal in him, or he would never have melted down human language into proverbial philosophy. For the one thing needed both in the making and understanding of proverbs is the power to read between the lines and to make the imagination help out that which is not stated in terms of mathematical accuracy. Proverbs, like jokes, must not be explained; you understand them at once or not at all. Their power is not quantitative, but ethical, human, and qualitative. They sum up for us centuries of experience, but we must accept their meaning in a large and fluid way.

We have said that the proverbial part of the world's literature is an essential, and perhaps the chief, part of it which exercises real power. But it is significant that the consciously creating personalities in literature have appreciated fully the proverbial wisdom of their land or race. Perhaps there is no great author of whom this is more true than Cervantes, as there is no literature so full of proverbs as the Spanish. In Signor Tricomi's little work many footnotes remind us how Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Tommaseo, and other Italian writers were familiar with and were indebted to this literature of the common people. Horace must have transmitted to us much of the quick, eager, brilliant talk he heard while wandering about the Forum; Juvenal certainly did, as Signor Tricomi's notes show. Shakespeare's mind was filled with proverbial philosophy which stood him in higher stead than the "little Latin and less Greek" acquired at Stratford Grammar School. Bacon is debtor to the proverb, and so is Bunyan. And surely it was a happy inspiration to include the Proverbs in the sacred Canon, for how much more human and even helpful they make the Bible feel to many simple souls who cannot realise Ezekiel's sublime vision or soar to the heights of the Proem of the Fourth Gospel! For the proverb, always profoundly moral, is never transcendental. Rooted in human experience among the tangled growth of mundane life, it keeps us close to the facts and simple duties of this world. It is shrewd, it is the embodiment of worldly wisdom, and sometimes even of calculated self-interest. But it is ethical, it is living, and it is human literature,—possibly the literature which will survive best.

THE EFFECT OF THE HEAT-WAVE.

THE *Daily Mail* this week described a new and amusing scene now taking place daily in Hyde Park during the hot weather. Before the last carriage has left, taking its fair owners back to dress for dinner, thousands of small boys flock through the gates, hot, ragged, grubby, and emphatic, after grilling all the afternoon in the Board-schools of Chelsea or Paddington. Down they stream to the Serpentine, on the northern bank, and wait in lines and battalions, like the souls on the shores of the Styx, while the park-keeper plays Charon's part to the extent of forbidding them to approach the longed-for bank till the appointed hour. They have tasted of the waters, for as soon as the crowds arrive at the lower end it is etiquette to take off your shoes and stroll leg-deep all along the margin to the bathing strand, and there to sit bare-legged, and with everything undone and ready to shuffle off instantly. Then, as the half-hour strikes, the bank becomes lined with pink instead of brown, and some four thousand hot and dirty discontented little boys are transformed into as many cool, clean, and happy ones, in the waters of the London lake. Only the babies are not permitted to enter them, but they have their clothes taken off and are set in rows on the piles of clothes and allowed to bathe in imagination.

Imagination plays a considerable part in the effects of great heat on mankind in general, and makes it both better and worse for us than for the rest of creation,—worse, because the animals are not always wondering whether the heat is going on forever, or thinking that they will be stifled or made ill, or dreading the coming of the day's work in insufferable conditions; and better, because our fancy can always paint cool streams and shades, to be enjoyed in anticipation, and can realise the intense luxury of rest and quiet in beautiful surroundings, and with ice, fruit, and flowers, of all of which the heat and silence enhance the pleasure and enjoyment. In this country

we very seldom know what it is to have the *atmosphere* of physical satisfaction, the environment in which Charles Lamb says of the "Superannuated Man," "We no longer hunt after pleasure; we let it come to us." It is bad, we must admit, for most of the non-natural occupations and forms of work. It is trying in the last degree for the strenuous toilers in most of our unrivalled British industries, by the mere sight of which the author of "Friendship's Garland" suggested that he might cure the Italian Marquis of Pococurante of his hereditary languor and ennui. For people who work in machine shops, or drive trams and omnibuses, or have to do porter's work, or even to make railway journeys on business, the heat makes life almost intolerable. But for work in the country, even for the labourers in the fields and the toilers of the sea, it is not all bad. There are worse occupations than spraying hops in July, or fruit-picking, or making late hay in the meadows by the stream. And for the fishermen a hot summer is delightful, for they draw their nets by starlight, because the fishes seem to swim as the moths fly, by night rather than by day in the accessible waters; nor is there a pleasanter way for working men to earn their winter store than by shooting their seines in the waters of the clear, salt summer sea. To men of a different way of life, with something of the goods of this world, and of the leisure they bring, the heat-wave brings ideas, the ideas suggested by a new climate. We believe that the difference of tastes and amusements between the English upper class or moneyed class and that of Southern and Central Europe is very largely due to the general absence of any spell of really hot weather. Ours never learn the pleasure of "indoors," or the delights of sitting still, because it is seldom hot enough to make it impossible to go outdoors and do something for part of the day, though delightful to be indoors. There is no better time to enjoy thought and books, and to find intellectual pleasure in a suitable environment. In temperate or cold weather the natural English bent is to go out and take exercise. If forced to keep indoors, or staying indoors by choice, "want of exercise," and the feeling of restlessness it engenders, often make work irksome. But in these heats the temperature takes away both the need and the wish for exercise during the middle hours of the day, and if coolness and quiet are obtainable indoors, often directly stimulates brainwork of the thoughtful and constructive order. But there must be an adjustment of physical surroundings. Our houses are nearly always cool, because we believe in ventilation and light. Consequently there are plenty of doors and windows and draughts, politely called "currents of air" at this season. But it is absolutely necessary for all men of all ages to wear light, cool clothes, very light flannel being perhaps the best, because it needs almost no underclothing, and to make their food conform to the season. This is difficult, because for the other ten months in the year all our food is intentionally stimulating and all our drinks still more so. The desire for cool beverages, which the modern ice supply makes still more pleasant, is felt by every one. Yet at no time is alcohol, even in the mild form in which it comes disguised in light table wines, more detrimental or more likely to cause stupidity and unaccountable ill-temper. If this kind of weather went on for three months yearly, we should be a much more temperate nation, and the wine consumption in the better-class house would drop by a third or more.

At present, many kind people are much concerned for the sufferings of animals caused by the high temperature. Their anxiety has taken the practical form of providing sun-bonnets for horses, and of augmenting the number of drinking places both for horses and dogs. The horses are very properly considered first. They are the only animals which we make work for us out in the sun. Left to themselves in an unenclosed country, they would probably migrate in great herds to the rivers, and remain there leading a semi-aquatic life, wading and perhaps swimming in the water and grazing on the rushes and grasses and other plants that grow in the streams. Near the Thames the horses frequently do this in hot weather, and will sometimes wade in so deep that only their necks and heads are out of the water. Cattle seek water more for shelter from the flies than for mere coolness. In a meadow, though they will lie in the shade of trees—the Richmond Park deer do this by nine in the morning now—they never seem to suffer from the sun.

But they will do anything to get relief from the flies which crawl on their sensitive underside. To do this the surest way is to stand deep in the water. Last year in a Thames-side meadow, with a perpendicular earthbank 5 ft. high, a dozen cows and heifers were standing in the water, and as many more on the bank above. The bank was as steep as a wall, and the puzzle was how the first lot got down. This was soon solved by the sight of the rest descending. They simply dropped over sideways, though how they preserved their balance was not obvious.

On these summer nights, when the hot air is puffing from the heated roads and earth, and cool wafts come after from the dew-soaked meadows and woods, insect life is multiplied and stimulated even more than by day. For every one of the "creatures of a day" there must be a hundred of the creatures of the night. Our moths alone are reckoned by hundreds, where the butterflies are but units. Millions of gnats, "blight," and beetles fill the air and make nightly migrations. From the grass, the leaves of trees, and holes in the earth the eager hosts pour forth to fly by night or crawl unseen. From the surface of the pools and rivers the great water-beetles that dive and swim by day rise into the air, and spreading their waterproof wings, wheel across the fields to seek adventures and descend into other pools, or mistaking shadows for certainties, dive with fatal crash on to the shining glass of garden-houses which they mistake for the gleaming waters. Even from the high regions of air living hosts descend. The gossamer spiders which had floated heavenwards in the sunbeams drop weighted with the dew, adding a celestial legion to the hosts of the summer night. Late sittings in cool gardens, lingering drifts on river and lake, long past the hour of bedtime, account to some extent for the new and strange sounds then recognised, showing that the air is tenanted by unseen birds. But it is not only the longer hours of wakefulness that make the bird life by night seem greater during the heat-waves. The immense increase of food increases the number of creatures that feed on it. It seems to create them, or summon them from some reserve in another planet. Probably it is accounted for by the accession of all the young of the night-feeding birds which are able to fly by the end of July. Night-jars are whirring and snapping everywhere on the Surrey heaths, and even up to the fringe of London. All the owls are abroad early, because the night is so short that they must make haste to feed before the early dawn. Moorhens, coots, ducks, and their kind are in constant flight, and there is certainly an early migration on these warm, still nights going on high up, so high that the sounds seem to come down from among the stars. The writer this week heard great flights of birds, among them ringed plover and perhaps redshanks, passing over the London river. What shores are they seeking, or what makes them waver? Or is it the mere wish to enjoy the use of their wings and the unequalled power it gives of entering another zone of temperature and cooler regions of air? It is known and seen that many birds fly by day for the mere pleasure of sailing in the skies. Possibly there are others that do so by night, and it is their voices that we hear.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—II.

LE PETIT PALAIS—THE HANDICRAFTS OF FRANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The taste which makes the Exhibition a garden of delight is the glory of modern France; the glory of ancient France shines most brilliantly within the walls of the Petit Palais. For there are gathered together the treasures of more than a thousand years,—treasures in all materials and of diverse workmanship, yet all fashioned within the boundaries of France. Nor, if we except the prehistoric and Græco-Roman collections, which after all have but an interest of curiosity, shall we detect any sign of decadence, any break in the continuous achievement. Another point to note is the absence of egoism: here are thousands of masterpieces, yet how many are signed? It seems as though the old artificers were satisfied with the perfection of their work, and cared not to court the favour of the people, so that, while we know that

each smallest object represents the brain and fancy of one man, the suppression of names yields the honour to the whole country.

The richest treasure is contributed by the churches of France. Images of gold and ivory, resplendent tapestries, reliquaries of rare design and dainty workmanship, statuettes cunningly carved in wood, prove the wealth and ingenuity of France. And though these masterpieces are the fruit of luxury, they were made to play their part in the service or adornment of the church. While the chalice and patine, fashioned in filigree, and enriched with rude gems and strange enamels, touched the ceremonial with splendour, the gorgeous hangings relieved the solemnity of many a sombre nave. And as the ecclesiastical handicrafts are the oldest, so they appear more barbarous to-day than the arts which enriched the palace. Yet it is wrong to speak of barbarity, for, if the design is sometimes superior to the workmanship, the images and reliquaries here exhibited derive a splendour from their very simplicity; and the rough-cut gems are (in a sense) more dignified than the later triumphs of the jeweller's skill. Look at the Sainte Foy, for instance, which comes from the Treasure of Conques. It belongs to the tenth century, to that period of supposed fog and imagined ignorance, when the world slept the sleep of sloth. Yet it is exquisite as well as magnificent. The gold face is set with eyes of white and blue enamel, the crown and the robe shine with simple stones and finely chiselled intaglios; nor do the later centuries furnish anything of nobler effect and larger style. But whatever their material be, whatever their purpose, the objects conform always to the style of their time. In France, as in Greece, the arts obey a law of unity. Gothic yields to the Renaissance, Louis XIII. gives way to Louis XIV., and the change is seen as easily in a chair or in an *étau* as in a cathedral or a castle. Thus it is not by accident that France has bestowed the nomenclature of her styles upon Europe; the nomenclature corresponds to a sincerity and inventiveness which have always been hers. Wherever you look, you will find masterpieces appropriate to their time and use. The splendid hangings from Angers, the delicate portraits of Chardin, the grandiose *commodes* of Louis XV., all display the same mark of style and epoch.

In the older masterpieces, then, the design sometimes appears superior to the workmanship. As the centuries pass the handicrafts are pursued with so fine an efficiency that design and workmanship go hand in hand. The little boxes, the *tabatières*, the *nécessaires* of the eighteenth century, are the perfection of dainty handling; they might have been made by the deft fingers of a Liliputian, while their gaiety of colour, their whimsicality of design, are precisely apt to a trivial purpose. While the church plate represents an austere magnificence, the *bijouterie* suggests the exquisite delicacy of a Court where Watteau was still remembered, and where grandeur was still symbolised by the elegances of a courtly life. So French art follows a line of progress which the history of Europe renders intelligible to us. After the Renaissance, which for France was but the recovery of her own genius, there was no going back; and since the classical spirit still breathed in the sculptors of Chartres and Reims, perhaps her genius hardly needed recovery. But when once the classical style was practised with knowledge, one epoch grew naturally out of another. France, at any rate, was never perplexed by a Preraphaelite movement. Her craftsmen never rose in sudden insolence and declared that the work of two or four centuries was contemptible, and that salvation lay only in the blotting out of history. In truth, until Napoleon's Empire, at which period the collection of the Petit Palais ends, the history of French handicraft is unbroken, and nowhere has the history been so eloquently written as in the wonderful treasure-house which is the real *clou* of the Exhibition.

With the arts of France we are sure of the period and certain of the style. But when we turn to the Japanese pavilion, in its fashion no less beautiful, a readjustment is necessary. The centuries of Europe do not run in far Cathay, and the time that was primitive in France had come to full fruition in Japan. Nothing is more astonishing than to find finished masterpieces of lacquer or metal work labelled "the seventh century." Yet that

astonishment awaits you in the pavilion of the Mikado. The collection is small, yet chosen with fine scrupulousness. The few specimens that are displayed come from the palace of Tokyo, or from the cabinets of great connoisseurs, and even those who know the Museum of South Kensington will be surprised at the masterpieces now exhibited in Paris. Above all, there is a chest in lacquer and mother-of-pearl whose noble design and rich colour will surprise enthusiasts, and everywhere may be observed the same mastery of material, the same miraculous finish. The arts of Europe are mellowed by time; the accident of years gives a mellowness to the masterpieces of France, for instance, which is incontestable. An undying freshness characterises the marvels of Japan; they at least owe nothing to accident; the intention of the artist has never been interfered with; the aspect of a lacquer-box or a sword-hilt betrays not its age. Yet the art of Japan did not follow a constant line of progress. It knew its periods of antiquarian rage, and under a sudden influence of China, darted back through many centuries. If we might judge by the eye, we might pronounce this or that box as indubitably primitive. But probably it belongs to the seventeenth century, was the result, no doubt, of Chinese influence, and looks unspeakably ancient beside a little box a thousand years its senior.

And what of to-day? While ancient France and ancient Japan show us what was achieved in the past, what do they promise in our own time? Little enough. France seems to have snapped the chain of tradition, and to be content with the manufacture of innumerable "specimens." The last real style that flourished in France, flourished under the Empire, and now we have mixtures of all the others, or impudent travesties of each and several. The workmanship, alas! is well enough; it is the design which is at fault, and while we cannot imagine that a craftsman under Louis XVI. mimicked the style of Louis XIII., we should be surprised if the workmen of to-day offered us a single object that was not a mimicry of the past. In the last century it was no disgrace to be modern; in the present it is the single disgrace which the artisan fears. Every booth displays to your notice the styles of all the Louises; does a single booth tempt you with the style of the Third Republic? No; it seems as though the handicrafts were dead. The so-called "fine" arts—a base distinction—will doubtless survive to give the millionaire another extravagance. But the delicate arts enshrined in the Petit Palais will never be practised with the sincerity and perfection of heretofore. And the vast Exhibition, which has gathered to itself all the industries of the modern world, tells us with too persuasive an eloquence that in the handicrafts at any rate ingenuity has made an easy conquest of beauty.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. W.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LORD DURHAM AND CANADIAN RECONSTRUCTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In an editorial note to Mr. Lambton's letter upon the above subject in the *Spectator* of July 21st you write: "An almost world-wide opinion, supported, as we happen to know, by family tradition, has assigned the actual authorship of the Report to Charles Buller." History is often fallacious because its exponents have, in default of facts, to place reliance upon traditions. There is more than a tradition, there is a cherished conviction in my family that Lord Durham took a very active personal part in the preparation of his Report. Lady Durham wrote in January, 1839: "Lambton has been very busy getting up his Reports." There is, amongst much other unpublished matter, in my possession a "Sketch of Lord Durham's Mission to Canada in 1838, Written by Mr. Charles Buller in 1840." Some extracts from it may be of interest:—

"A complete history of Lord Durham's Mission would be a work requiring much research. . . . Nor are the general bearings and results of what then occurred become yet sufficiently apparent for the world in general to appreciate in their full extent the magnitude and usefulness of the measures then adopted. It is still a matter of interest, of pique . . . to refuse to the memory of Lord Durham that justice which could not be granted without stripping them of the credit which they wish most unjustly to arrogate to themselves. We, whose first

purpose must be to secure him justice, have but to wait till time shall attain for us the object which we have at heart. True and lasting fame must almost always be earned as much by patience as by merit. It will probably not be long ere some of the individuals who decry Lord Durham will find policy as well as justice inducing them to vindicate for him the honour, which others seem inclined to usurp. My purpose in writing is to give a succinct view of and of the plans by which he purposed to put the government of the North American Colonies on a footing of permanent tranquillity, freedom, and progress. Every question of magnitude was referred to him. Among Lord Durham's labours during this period I must not forget the excellent Dispatch of the 9th of August. The views contained in this Dispatch are in fact the same as those subsequently given with much greater fulness in the Report; and the great value of the Dispatch consists in this coincidence between it and the Report, inasmuch as it proves that the views expressed in the latter were not taken up by Lord Durham after his return to England; but were in effect the same views as those which he had communicated to the Ministry, before the occurrence of the events which cut short his mission. Lord Durham, before leaving England prepared the outline of a plan for the future government. Soon after his arrival in Canada the scheme which Lord Durham proposed as the basis of discussion was one on the principle of a federative union of all the existing Colonies in North America. Our conferences with the deputations were harmonious our views (for it was not so only with Lord Durham, but with all of us) gradually took the shape in which they were embodied in the Report. I have already adverted to the practical reforms of every kind which Lord Durham effected or put in train the foundations of almost every reform were laid by the Commission of Inquiry and by their Reports contained in the appendix to his own, or by the suggestions in the Report itself. It has been the good fortune of Mr. Poulett Thompson, acting under the suggestions made to him by Lord Durham to achieve some great and useful reforms. If he has prepared a system of municipal institutions, it was Lord Durham who painted the mischiefs of the want of them, and marked out the means. He saw the defects: he devised the remedies: others have stepped in to appropriate the honour of the execution. This task remained to be performed when Lord Durham returned to England: and it has been completely performed in his Report. The praise of laborious inquiry, and of comprehensive thought has never yet been refused to this document. The Report did distinctly and earnestly urge the Legislative Union of the Two Canadas. I think I see in the Lower Provinces a tendency towards such an accession to the present Union as would realise Lord Durham's splendid scheme of a great British community in North America. If then the mission to Canada must ever be an object of mournful contemplation to us who loved Lord Durham we may regard the execution of this high and difficult task as among the noblest of the many noble memorials of his career. If he failed to obtain the results of immediate satisfaction and credit to himself, it was because he laboured for higher and more permanent objects was the first to advance towards wider and clearer views his foresight enabled him to base his policy on those principles on which the coming age of the world will be ruled. From after times he will receive a yet larger meed of justice. For, as coming events in their appointed course shall prove the sagacity with which he foresaw them so will shine forth with daily increasing brightness the character of that statesman who alone in his day rightly appreciated the worth of our Colonial Empire, and saw on what deep and sure foundations of freedom its prosperity might be reared. With us, then, that sorrow for his loss, which no time can efface, need be mingled with no vain and injurious regrets for the result of his labours, which will long survive in the bettered lot and grateful recollections of our Colonies, with none for a fame, which, instead of being laid in his untimely grave, will date from the hour of his death the commencement of a long and vigorous existence."—(CHARLES BULLER.)

I yield to none in my appreciation of Buller's talents and services, and have more cause than most to feel an affectionate regard for his memory, and can pay no higher tribute to his character than in submitting to the judgment of your readers these proofs of his love and respect for the man whom he so loyally served.—I am, Sir, &c.,

DURHAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondents, while doing full justice to Charles Buller and Lord Durham, have neglected the part played in the reconstruction of Canada by Edward Gibbon Wakefield. According to the epigram of the time, "Wakefield thought the Report, Buller wrote it, and Durham signed it." Nor did Durham himself minimise the influence of Wakefield. "I have never erred," he said, "except when I rejected Wakefield's advice." But Wakefield, unhappily for England, was then under a cloud, and his name might not be quoted in a State paper. It is not strange, therefore, that, honoured by his chief, he has been half-forgotten by the world. "Oh no, we never mention him," wrote Lord

Durham to his Government, "his name is never heard. Really if it were not very inconvenient, all this would be very ludicrous." After all, he who thinks and he who signs a Report deserve the greatest measure of credit. The hand that holds the pen is but an accident. And while Lord Durham proved his courage in choosing Wakefield for an adviser, Wakefield by his counsel amply justified the courage of his chief. Moreover, the *Spectator*, whose first editor allowed himself to be inspired by the author of "A Letter from Sydney," is in duty bound to take its share in rescuing from oblivion the farthest-sighted and most determined of our Colonial statesmen.—I am, Sir, &c.,

K.

COUNT MOURAVIEFF AND ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will "Emeritus" forgive me for saying that his letter in the *Spectator* of July 21st is, in my humble judgment, an excellent illustration of the fact that "professionals" are commonly the worst judges of matters belonging to their own profession? It is now hardly credible, but it is a fact, that in the first quarter of this century the whole legal profession, including all the Judges and legal Members of the House of Lords, opposed the abolition of the law which doomed to death any man, woman, or child who stole anything above the value of five shillings; and opposed it on the ground that the repeal of such a law would undermine the foundations of society. The great Lord Ellenborough declared that if that savage law were repealed "the people of this country would not be able to sleep in safety in their beds." The law was at last repealed because juries refused to convict. The "professionals" of the Army strenuously opposed short service and Cardwell's system of Reserves. Lord Wolseley was an exception; but Lord Roberts denounced the new system as portending the ruin of the Army. I should like to know where Lord Roberts would be now if his advice had prevailed over Lord Wolseley's. The English Episcopate, from Wesley's time to our own, has mismanaged all the great Church movements, and exhibited a singular lack of prevision. But, of all professions, commend me to the diplomatic for lack of foresight, and sometimes of knowledge that is common property. The permanent head of the British Foreign Office assured Lord Granville on the very eve of the Franco-German War that he never knew the political sky so free from any danger of war. The permanent Under-Secretary doubtless relied on the information supplied to him by "professionals" from abroad. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had in his day an extraordinary reputation for knowledge of Turkey. I have read, I believe, all his published despatches, and what strikes me is his stupendous ignorance of the whole system of government in Turkey,—an ignorance which he shared with most of our diplomatists. He really believed that the Turkish Government could reform in the sense of putting non-Mussulmans on an equality with Mussulmans before the law,—a thing which never happened, and never can happen under a Mussulman Government. The ignorance exhibited in "the great Eltchi's" despatches is truly pathetic. Yet he was a great "professional." And the tragedy which, I fear, has been enacted at Peking derives no small part of its pathos from the ignorance of the "professionals." They pooh-poohed the danger which outsiders plainly foresaw. I suppose one reason of this lack of knowledge on the part of the "professionals" is the fact that they are so intent on watching each other that they pay comparatively little attention to the affairs of the country to which they are accredited. Of course, there are eminent exceptions in diplomacy as in other professions. Just as there have been great soldiers, and lawyers, and Bishops who have been able to look beyond the narrow horizon of professional and traditional prejudices, so there have been diplomatists who have also been statesmen and men of discriminating observation,—men like Lord Dufferin and the late Lord Napier and Ettrick, whose wide knowledge and remarkable freedom from prejudice I learnt to appreciate in the course of a year spent under his roof in St. Petersburg during a severe and menacing crisis in foreign affairs. "Emeritus" says that "the knowledge of Russian methods possessed by" me "must be shallow indeed if I really believe that the Imperial opposition would be an absolute check to any scheme of Russian diplomacy." I will not presume to compare my "knowledge of Russian methods" with that of

"Emeritus," although there are perhaps few "professionals" who have studied them more carefully. But to say that the Czar's known opposition would not be a "check to any scheme of Russian diplomacy" seems to me too extravagant for serious discussion. Mouravieff, after all, was not a fool; and no Foreign Minister who was not a fool would gratuitously court humiliation, and probably dismissal, by a diplomatic enterprise which he knew his master would repudiate and resent. Russian diplomacy is supposed to be astute, and Mouravieff was a very clever man, yet "the large majority of members of the service throughout Europe" credit him, according to "Emeritus," with an act of abject stupidity. That I believe to be one of the severest things ever said of "the service."—I am, Sir, &c., MALCOLM MACCOLL.

THE SURRENDER OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The Queen at the time of the surrender of Mason and Slidell had no more to do with peace than you had. We had Mason and Slidell on board H.M.S. 'Nile' for three weeks. The latter occupied my cabin. The personal influence of Sir Alex. Milne, the Admiral, on Seward saved the situation. Seward was a great admirer of Milne. Slidell and Mason were surrendered in a quiet manner to Captain Hewitt, of the 'Rinaldo,' a small sloop. Admiral Milne saved this country from war with America.—I am, Sir, &c.,

85 Eaton Place.

J. S. TROTTER.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your pages have always accorded a hearty welcome to all that might further the interests of the Volunteer forces. And the service as a whole must gain in prestige by the high excellence of the work accomplished during the last few months by the City Imperial Volunteers,—a picked body certainly, but a representative one. Their march of over five hundred miles to Pretoria, with its rare and scanty halts, found a place in Lord Roberts's Complimentary Order of June 8th, and those of us who are receiving letters from the front know at what cost of strength and by what fine determination this march was accomplished. But it is to their fighting qualities that I would at this moment direct attention. At one time and another during the march the C.I.V.'s took part in twenty-six engagements; it was not, however, until the fight at Florida on May 29th that they found occasion to display their admirable system of cover-taking with marked and noteworthy results. Weakened by over a month's continuous marching on short rations, and having covered sixteen miles that morning, these men came into action steadier than on parade, chaffing each other and obeying orders with perfect promptness. They were ordered to advance across some open ground, to clear a stream running through it of the enemy, and to take a kopje on the farther side, on which the Boers were stationed with heavy guns. To the right and left of this kopje were two more hills held by the enemy and crowned by pom-poms. The Gordons and Derbys were to advance at the same time, the former to attack the kopje on the right, the Derbys that on the left. The latter were apparently sheltered by a wood through which their way lay. For five hours the C.I.V.'s pushed their way across the open ground with practically no cover whilst the air was thick with shells and bullets from a galling frontal and enfilading fire. It was a searching test of the training undergone by the men since their first detachment went into camp at Green Point. They advanced in short rushes, never more than one line being on its feet at the same time; halting at the word "cover," they instantly fell flat on their faces, taking advantage of every stone and tussock, and becoming to a great extent invisible at 700 yards, except on grass which had been burnt, of which unfortunately there was a good deal. And so bit by bit, firing as they went, the advance was made, until at dusk they charged and gained not only the hill on their direct front, but the kopje on the left, to attack which later orders had directed three companies to be detached. But the fact to which I would draw attention is that these long hours of exposure to a rain of bullets from front and side resulted in one officer and eleven men being wounded, whilst among the

Gordons, who succeeded about the same time and under the same hot fire in taking the third kopje, there were eighty-four casualties. But then, as my informant said, they marched forward as though on parade. This may be traditional in the British Army, but surely if this war is teaching us anything it is the economy of adapting methods to conditions in attaining success. The courage that remains cool and steady whilst pressing slowly forward during long hours of exposure to murderous fire is of no mean order. Both discipline and courage have met with hearty recognition from the generals at the front, and may account for the fact that General Ian Hamilton has kept by his express wish the C.I.V.'s in his division in spite of a different arrangement having been proposed after Pretoria was occupied.—I am, Sir, &c., E. D. S.

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE AND THE CRISIS IN THE CHURCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—You mistake the point at issue (*Spectator*, July 21st) when you speak of the "outrageous attacks and virulent abuse of men who neither know nor care what is the real attitude of the men they are seeking to coerce." What, I ask you, are those in my position, which is no uncommon one, to do, who are affronted by mimicry of Rome in doctrine and ritual in their parish church, with no Protestant church within several miles as an alternative? Are our children to grow accustomed to scarlet and lace upon acolytes, and gorgeous banners to the Queen of Heaven, and the other accessories of the Mass? We might as well implore brazen idols to help us as the Bishops. We have no choice but to fight with such weapons as we can procure, till we win our constitutional right to have the services reformed and the idolatrous ornaments removed.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. W. LUTYENS.

[We have always held that the Bishops should be specially careful to restrain an excessive ritual in village churches, as rural parishioners have not the option of attending another church. We cannot profess to judge whether in the case of our correspondent the ritual is excessive, and we must decline to enter upon any controversy on this point.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

THE ABERRATION PERIOD OF MIDDLE LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I am quite sure that if my meaning has been mistaken, or if my theory has been thought "of little worth," my own ambiguity has been to blame, and that only. Most undesirous of inflicting upon the readers of the *Spectator* anything of the nature of a professional dissertation, I would yet claim of your courtesy the privilege of briefly restating my views:—(1) That between the ages, in men, of fifty-seven and sixty-two years "errors of judgment," as they are called, are more common than before or after those periods. (2) That this period of partial eclipse is, in my belief, associated with a period of climacteric. (3) That though catastrophes may be fortunately rare as italicising this presumption, careful observation may yet find in the small and unrecorded matters of life such variations from the "usual" in individuals as justify comment where matters are unimportant, and reflection where some crisis has arisen in the imperious trial of which they may have failed or fallen short. (4) And finally, I think I may say that if a careful examination be made of the preventible disasters of the last twenty years, and of the ages of those who were held responsible by the verdict of mankind for such lamentable issues, there will be found a strange coincidence in the range of their ages, which may appear to, at least, favour a more natural theory as explanation than the constant and almost wearisome one of the epileptic possession or influence. I may say, Sir, that, rightly or wrongly, what I have thus made into a theory has been the product of observation. I hope not to ask of your kindness any further intrusion on your valuable space; controversy was not my object so much as suggestion.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Shanklin, I.W.

GEORGE H. R. DABBS, M.D.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I think "H. R. G." (*Spectator*, July 21st) is wrong in attributing the stranding of the 'Great Britain' (not the 'Great Eastern') to the temporary aberration of the

Captain. My father was at the time the ship's doctor, and has often told me the story of the accident. His version was as follows. Prior to starting this unlucky voyage the engines were overhauled, and some alterations made which gave an increase of speed. The ship left Liverpool and had a strong breeze in her favour, which, combined with the improved engines, made her travel at an increased speed of about three knots an hour above her previous speed. The weather was dirty, and there was a fine driving rain. In the afternoon, when my father was on deck, the mist rose for an instant, and he caught a glimpse of the land and shouted across the deck to the chief officer, "There is the Calf of Man." The Captain was standing close to the chief, and they both turned round, but the cloud had shut down again, and neither saw anything, nor did they believe it possible that they were anywhere near the Calf. In the evening Dundrum Bay light was sighted, and taken to be the light on the Isle of Man, and the vessel soon after ran ashore. My father always said the ship ran away with them, and that neither Captain nor crew had any idea she could go the pace. The Dundrum Bay light was not marked on the Captain's chart.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. C. PYCROFT.

Woodlea, Grassendale Road, Liverpool.

HELMINGHAM AND ITS MOATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The interesting article in the *Spectator* of July 14th entitled "To Improve the Gardens of Squares" contains a reference to the exquisite little garden of my old home. Your contributor is perhaps not understating the fact when he speaks of the garden itself as being "three hundred years old." But an earlier date must almost certainly be assigned to what may be called its frame. There is, in fact, a moat round the garden; and on its steep bank there grows a tree of such a size that my father concluded this garden-moat to be of great antiquity. He may also have been led to this conclusion by another path. The architecture of Helmingham Hall is early Tudor; but in making restorations my father found traces of an older house on the present site. The house has a moat of its own, which, indeed, is much broader than the garden-moat. It might fairly be presumed that this moat was approximately coeval with the older house, and perhaps, too, that the house-moat and the garden-moat were coeval with each other. The moat round the house is an indication of high antiquity, as such a defence would have been chiefly serviceable before firearms came into general use. But it should be explained that the house-moat and the garden-moat, with their respective enclosures, are quite separate from each other; so that the latter could never have been a protection to the house. What, then, was the object of this supplementary moat? On this perplexing question I will quote some remarks of my own forming part of a book which may hereafter be published:—

"The garden is not quite surrounded by its moat. Can this incomplete or, so to say, horseshoe moat have been a source of protection, or can the garden have ever needed such protection? No doubt in Catholic times ponds were required to supply the family with fish for fast-days. But there are plenty of *bonâ-fide* fish-ponds in the park which had no need of being supplemented by a garden-moat. Should not this moat that is not a moat (as an old Greek might have termed it) be considered as an elaborate ornament counterfeiting utility? And what view should be taken of counterfeits of that sort and on that scale? I own that such disproportionate and purposeless decorations make me think of the ring of the planet Saturn; for, however beautiful they are in themselves, they are symptoms of a low or rudimentary development. But, after all, this is the only make-believe of the kind into which, so far as I can remember, my forefathers were betrayed; and even this make-believe, as Horace would have said, has been hallowed by the Goddess of Death. Such a time-honoured blemish is transfigured into a charm."

The two drawbridges on the house-moat are even now raised every night, as they are said to have been for centuries. According to a persistent family tradition, the front drawbridge was crossed by Queen Elizabeth in 1561 on the occasion of her visit to Sir Lionel Tollemache, to whose child she had promised to stand godmother. The infant died, and (*proh pudor!*) fearing to disappoint the Queen, the parents caused the dead body to be baptised. The account of this over-loyal profanity (in which, alas! foreshortening it in the perspective of time, we feel an antiquarian satisfaction) claims support from an old picture, and indirectly from a lute which, said to

have been presented to Lady Tollemache by Elizabeth, is still kept as an heirloom; and, till quite lately, the family tradition was not called in question. But now the sorceress of modern scepticism is trying to take it, as she takes so many other old and odd things, in her withering grasp. Her unhallowed intrusion recalls (*mutatis mutandis*) what Goethe said of such legends as those of Horatius and of Scævola: "If the Romans were great enough to invent these tales, we ought to be great enough to believe them."—I am, Sir, &c.,

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

Hôtel Sonnenberg, Engelberg.

THE LACK OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Horsfall strikes the right note in the *Spectator* of July 21st. It is the increasing nobleness of the English people which makes men who would serve their generation faithfully shrink from the mechanical service of the Church of England, and devote time and energy more directly to the patriotic end of raising their fellow-countrymen to a higher conception of duty. They see that saving a man does not mean getting him within the walls of a church, that these walls are often walls of separation and strongholds of Pharisaism, and they have learnt more clearly that Pharisaism is and was the enemy of the faith. Who can doubt that the Jewish Church would have excommunicated our Lord if they had not feared the people, who counted him as a prophet? He was soon excluded from teaching in the synagogues, and his great discourses were delivered either on the mountain-side, or in the boat on the lake, or in the open courts of the Temple. He is emphatically the *teacher*, and many who would follow him closely take to teaching, as the fittest way of showing their allegiance. They teach, not what a man should believe, but what he should be; and they attack the problems of our social life with a conviction that saving a man means helping him to lead a sane and wholesome life, by advice, by example, by money, if needed, in the spirit of good-fellowship. Drunkenness is an appalling vice, but it is best met by the means of sound and liberal education, and by appeals to a man bringing home to him the horrible selfishness of vice. And those who most need this education are the owners of house property, and are content, some of them, to live like parasites on the misery of their fellow-men. Has the Church of England made any combined effort to reform them? Has it strained every nerve to bring home to such men their guilt in the eyes of God and of the community? Noble exceptions only prove the rule. A clergyman's time is too much taken up with serving tables to attend to these weightier matters of the law of God, not that serving tables is a mean part of that service, in which nothing is mean. But the main part of those who should be touched by Christian teaching if they go to church from habit, seldom hear the truth brought home to them, and their responsibilities enforced. Conventionalism has invaded the Church, and the world gags the preacher. But there are signs that this unreal state of things is passing away, and that the mind of Jesus is impressing itself more deeply on the present generation. The Church of England, as representing the nation, and no mere clique or ecclesiastical organisation, must, if it is to remain a vital and saving power, not only sympathise with, but lead this movement, and no longer, to the dismay of some, and the scorn of others, busy itself with matters of ceremonial of no more moment to the faith than the washing of brazen pots and vessels in the days of our Lord. The faith is no set of dogmatical assertions, but faith in One who told us that God is the common Father of mankind, and that we all are brothers, a faith far more mysterious and difficult to realise, making far greater demands on our patience, our consistency, our hopefulness, our self-denial, than any other truth announced by prophet or sage. To this faith Christianity stands committed; if it be incredible, then is Jesus not to be believed. If it demands superhuman effort, we fall back on His promise. It is humiliating to the pride of some of us, but humility is the strait gate which leads to the Way.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. D. STONE.

The Briary Cottage, Eton College, Windsor.

AFRICAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Regarding the otherwise fair and courteous enough review of my "African Nights' Entertainment" which appeared in your issue of July 21st, my complaint is not the usual literary one, but something a deal more urgent. The misapprehension under which your reviewer writes is one calculated to involve me in a very unpleasant and wholly undeserved personal difficulty; and I must earnestly beg that you will give my disclaimer the same publicity which, unfortunately, its cause has found. Your reviewer says:—"It is really not fair to take the actual title of a living English lady," &c. I cannot too emphatically state that I never have and never shall be guilty of any such offence, in whatever fiction I may write. Unfortunately, your reviewer's comments leave no room in the mind of one who knows Morocco for doubt as to the identity of the English lady whom he connects, so very wrongly, with a character in one of my stories. There is no question that he refers to a lady resident in Tangier whom I have the honour and pleasure of knowing, and whom I look forward to meeting again many times. In the "African Nights" I wrote, and not flatteringly, of a Shareefa of Ain Araish. Conceive my distress at seeing this mythical lady of my imagination publicly identified with a very real lady with whom I was conversing in a friend's house less than three months ago. There are thousands of Shareefas in Morocco. The lady of my story is not in the least degree akin to the other living personage with whom your reviewer connects her. Further, you have my word for it that I had not the remotest idea of writing a portrait. "Whose very title, we must repeat, he has taken." Pray permit me to repeat that I have done nothing of the sort, but have used a purely imaginary title. There, very possibly, may be a living Shareefa of Ain Araish; but if so, she is one whom no European has ever heard of or met. Thanking you in advance for righting me, as far as may be, with those who may have been misled by this unfortunate misstatement.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Constitutional Club.

A. J. DAWSON.

[Surely "The Shareefa" is a title, and it is a title borne by an English lady in Morocco at this moment. There may be thousands of Shareefas in Morocco, but there is only one who is an Englishwoman. We are of course quite sure that Mr. Dawson did not mean to write in a way which would be disagreeable to the lady in question, but our reviewer was quite right to protest strongly against the practice, now far too common, of taking picturesque incidents in the careers of living people, and then giving them a fictitious setting. The public does not distinguish the different portions of the blend, and so a confusion arises, often very unfair to the real person, though in fact that person has, as in the present case, only suggested a single episode in a story which is otherwise pure fiction.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE VOLUNTEERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have read with the greatest interest in the *Spectator* of July 21st your plea for a generous and enlightened treatment of our Volunteers. In the event of a foreign invasion the defence of this country must, even under the most favourable circumstances, depend mainly upon that force. Nothing more vitally concerns our national security than the equipment and training of a Home Army which can meet and repulse from our shores the regular troops of any foreign Power. The certain existence of such an army would prohibit even the contemplation of a sudden raid by the military advisers of France or any other country; the doubt of its existence renders possible not only an attempt, but a successful attempt. In considering the methods of training and equipping an army of defence we must, however, be very careful not to apply the lessons of our present war where in the nature of things they are inapplicable. All that you say as to the necessity of giving the Volunteers the best possible military equipment must be welcomed with delight by every one who is not a fanatical and unintelligent devotee of the blue-water school. But as to the training of the troops I think you will find opinion much less unanimous. We are all anxious to learn

whatever the military operations in South Africa can teach us, but I think we are in danger of over-emphasising some points and neglecting others, as well as in danger of applying those lessons wholesale to every occasion when shots are fired in anger. The public mind is so oppressed by the failures of Magersfontein and Colenso that it is apt to regard the entrenched irregular rifleman as the *ne plus ultra* of military science. We are overcome with the ideas of the impregnability of entrenched positions and the folly of frontal attacks, and the terrible losses which follow from such attacks delivered on such positions. As a matter of fact, so far as the present war proves anything it proves the very reverse of these theories. Entrenched positions have been carried by frontal attacks time after time in this war, at Talana Hill, at Elandslaagte, at Belmont, and at Graspan. Of the two great failures, one was a night attack; the other was complicated by the problem of crossing a river, by insufficient scouting, by the loss of the guns, and by the consequent reluctance of the commanding officer to press the attack when it was on the verge of probable success. The losses in such attacks have been amazingly small; so small as to cause M. de Bloch considerable searchings of heart. The line of the North Downs is not to be defended by a line of Volunteers snugly ensconced in their entrenchments and sniping at the French advance. The French (since it is usual to speak of them in this connection) will not shrink from frontal attacks, will not shrink from heavy losses, and will not advance in that widely extended order which deprives an attack of half its momentum and all its order. What our Volunteers need is not so much individual marksmanship, nor personal intelligence, but that discipline and training which give a force cohesion and courage to repulse a bayonet charge. A defensive force which relies, like the Boers, on the individual aim and address, is in a hopeless plight if the attack ever does "get in." Even supposing that the fire of our Volunteers can hold back the French attack, the French will not be beaten by such a repulse. As you very properly insisted, Colenso was not a reverse but a check. If we are to defeat the invading force and compel its surrender we must have troops capable of the counter-attack, a movement which makes the supreme call upon the military virtues, and has never yet—to our good fortune—been got out of any Boer, real or imitation. I do not in the least wish to depreciate the value of our Volunteers; but we must not be led away by the comfortable and benevolent delusion that good intention, personal intelligence, and patriotism are efficient substitutes for military training and discipline. The American Civil War is a good instance of the merits and demerits of the Volunteer. We cannot justly claim that we have either better material or keener patriotism than was possessed by the two sides in that war. Perhaps, from the nature of our national life, our material is not so good as that at the command of the Southern States. Yet Lord Wolseley is of the opinion that thirty thousand Regulars on either side would have settled the war outright. General McClellan spent six months organising his army before he would lead it into the field, and after that he was not satisfied with it. General Lee inspired an incomparable devotion in his troops, and yet he had to complain continually of straggling, of men absent without leave, of the impossibility of reducing to order his gallant but irregular battalions. If it be thought that this irregularity is shown by the achievements of the soldiers guilty of it to have no ill effect on their military value, a reference to his despatches and orders will show that General Lee had a very different opinion. For these reasons I am anxious that the Volunteers should be imitation Regulars, not in the petty minutiae of drill and dress, but in those broad points of training and discipline which constitute the value of the Regular. A Volunteer battalion should be an organic whole, and not a collection of independent units. If the latter were all that we need, the country might be saved by those rifle clubs the members of which are to run the risk of cold-blooded execution for the chance of sniping an occasional and unimportant Frenchman. They, or Volunteers trained like them, will affect the result of a battle about as much as the riflemen in the rigging affected the result of a naval engagement. For these reasons I think the War Office is right in urging that Volunteers should go under canvas for a fortnight every year. We need training more than numbers; if the Volunteers lose half their

recruits, the remaining half well organised and trained will be worth more than the original whole without unity, experience, or combination.—I am, Sir, &c., A. C. MEDD.

Crofts, Haslemere.

[We by no means think that Volunteers sitting in pits on the North Downs could alone stop a French advance, but we do hold that they could do a great deal to delay it, and to give our Regulars time to strike a flank blow, directed, say, from Aldershot, and so might play a great part. In spite, therefore, of our correspondent's able plea, we hold that it is better military economy to train the Volunteers to be sharpshooters than imitation Regulars. Marksmanship is better than blanco. There is time to teach them to shoot and dig, but not time to make them into real Regulars.—ED. *Spectator.*]

WHERE THE AMERICAN BOER RELIEF FUNDS WENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The enclosed paragraph from an American newspaper may be of interest to your readers, and certainly goes far to disprove the "solidity" of the pro-Boer sympathy in the United States. The smallness of the amount raised is indeed amazing,—my own city alone raised over £600 for the British Soldiers' Fund, and much greater sums were realised in the larger cities. The sympathy for the Boers was certainly a very cheap variety, even if they had been able to profit by the whole of it, instead of most of it being deflected into the channels herein indicated.—I am, Sir, &c.,

New Bedford, Mass., U.S.A.

CONSTANT READER.

"Contributors to the fund of \$1134.38 which was collected at various pro-Boer meetings held in this country during the visit of the Transvaal and Free State envoys, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of burghers who had fallen in the fight, will doubtless be gratified to hear that \$18 at least of the amount contributed will be forwarded to the intended beneficiaries. Some who subscribed (and paid) may be pained to hear that the word 'unpaid' appears opposite their names on the subscription list. The fraudulency of the gushing sympathy for the liberty-loving Afrikanders displayed by the Tammany politicians who engineered the pro-Boer demonstrations is clearly shown by the diversion of the greater part of the benefit fund to the purchase of fireworks and wine and the payment of hotel bills and hack hire."—*Philadelphia Record.*

HELP THE CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—For many years by the generosity of your readers our East London Unsectarian Voluntary Committee have given a day in the country to thousands of poor, and in many cases orphan, East-End children, who without such help would not have known a single day's country holiday during the whole year. We hope this season again to give a similar treat to the vast army of our poorest and most destitute East-End little ones, providing also in each case a substantial meal. The cost, including rail and meal, is under one shilling per head. We are likewise arranging to send delicate children for a fortnight's country holiday to convalescent or carefully selected cottage homes at a cost of ten shillings each for the fortnight. Will your readers kindly help us this season? A balance-sheet audited by chartered accountants will be sent to each donor. Every gift, great or small, promptly acknowledged as usual by me.—I am, Sir, &c., J. W. ATKINSON.

Claremont, Cawley Road, London, E.

POETRY.

WEST WIND.

THE years go by, though the days are long to a hungry heart.
I was feeling content last night before the wind arose,
A wind from the rainy West, tossing the wet, green boughs,
It called me and mocked me, it filled my soul with a thousand woes.

O wind from over the sea, voice from a dear land lost,
Why need you seek me here, waking the old-time pain?
Sure my life is hard enough, there is not much joy to spare,
My heart must break or follow if you call me like that again!

O wind from across the wave, wet with the wild sea spray,
Were I but free, like you, I never would ask to roam
From the darling land you left, and the scent of the heath-clad hills!

Did you come to break my heart, dear wind from the hills of home?

WINIFRED PATTON.

BOOKS.

THE CELTIC SPIRIT IN LITERATURE.*

WE have hitherto read Miss Macleod's books with a doubtful pleasure, and have regarded her as the possessor of a very pretty gift of phrasing and an emotional picturesqueness rather than any high creative powers. But this, her latest book, seems to show an advance in one clear direction, and at the same time her very real limitations. It contains two kinds of work: one, the symbolical presentation of a spiritual truth in a kind of romance; the other, the mere weaving together of legends with a romantic commentary. *The Divine Adventure* is a type of the first, and it seems to us to show Miss Macleod at her weakest. In a note she explains its purpose. It is not allegory, she declares, but "a symbolical presentment," which, as we understand it, means that the Soul, the Body, and the Will are not given fictitious names and an artificial existence, but are used as the *dramatis personæ* of a spiritual parable, which is put for the occasion in a corporeal setting. The distinction is merely one of degree; in each case the truth lies behind the symbol, and the degree of irrelevant physical realism with which the symbol is invested is scarcely of the first importance. The meaning of the parable is clear enough and in its way beautiful, but the telling is not art, as we understand it. The writer who would portray a spiritual truth in this mode must select his incidents not only for their illustrative value, but for their romantic inevitableness. There must be something of the ordinary romancer's gift, so that the reader may feel the drama of the thing as well as its spiritual truth. Let us take such an instance as Stevenson's fable of "The Touchstone," which Miss Macleod would probably condemn as allegory. There we have the sure invention weaving a romance which captures the fancy, and at the same time the reader has a double joy in each detail, for there is always the profound philosophic interest to illumine from within. But Miss Macleod's fancies are too common, her moral in general too obvious. She says too much, she breaks into little rhapsodies and sermons, and then at the end, feeling that the fable does not carry its own instant interpretation, she is driven to some terrible pseudo-scientific jargon by way of a moral. Could anything be worse than this passage which appears as the crowning thought in *The Divine Adventure*?—"Love, I am come to realise, is the supreme deflecting force. Love 'unloosens sins,' unites failures, disintegrates the act, not by an inconceivable conflict with the immutable law of consequence, but by deflection." To be sure, such words have meaning of a kind, but what a wordy, frothy ending to a parable!

For the remainder of the book we have nothing but praise. She writes of Iona, that little green Western island, as it has never to our knowledge been written of before. She shows us the old pagan back-world, when the sun-worshippers held the place, and she traces odd survivals far into Christian times. She writes of Columba and his followers with a wonderful imaginative sympathy, re-telling the old tale with the full comprehension of one who has lived long in that "metropolis of dreams." "None can understand it," she says, "who does not see it through its pagan light, its Christian light, its singular blending of paganism and romance and spiritual beauty. There is, too, an Iona that is more than Gaelic, that is more than a place rainbow-lit with the seven desires of the world, the Iona that, if we will it so, is a mirror of your heart and of mine." It is in this spiritual interpretation of Nature that Miss Macleod's real power lies, and if one were to distinguish an aspect of this power which she has in perfection it would be the gift of bringing out old mystery from the past and grafting it boldly upon our prosaic present. The story of the man on whom the sea-

* *The Divine Adventure; Iona; By Sundown Shores: Studies in Spiritual History.* By Fiona Macleod. London: Chapman and Hall. [6s.]

madness fell is an instance. "He went to the mainland, but could not see to plough, because the brown fallows became waves that splashed noisily about him. The same man went to Canada, and got work in a great warehouse; but among the bales of merchandise he heard always the singular note of the sandpiper, and every hour the sea-fowl confused him with their crying." There are many such tales, but finest of all is the story of Coll the fisherman, which Miss Macleod tells from her own experience. It is too long to quote, but we mention it because here Miss Macleod succeeds in the very form in which she seems to us to fail in *The Divine Adventure*, and because its closing words are an example of her skilful and melodious use of words:—

"He stands for the soul of a race. Below all the strife of lesser desires, below all that he has in common with other men, he has the livelong unquenchable thirst for the things of the spirit. This is the thirst that makes him turn so often from near securities and prosperities, and indeed all beside, setting his heart aflame with vain, because illimitable, desires. For him, the wisdom before which knowledge is a frosty breath: the beauty that is beyond what is beautiful. For, like Coll, the world itself has not enough to give him. And at the last, and above all, he is like Coll in this, that the sun and moon and stars themselves may become as trampled dust, for only a breast-feather of that Dove of the Eternal, which may have its birth in mortal love, but has its evening home where are the dews of immortality."

The best work in the book is to be found in the short studies at the end. "The Sea-Madness," from which we have already quoted, "Earth, Fire, and Water," and "Barabal," a sketch of an old Highland nurse, are all done with a simplicity and a clearness of outline which show what Miss Macleod can attain to when she banishes the rhetorical vagueness which is the fault of her temperament. For there is all the difference in the world between true mystery as it exists for art, and vagueness, which is a form of incapacity. The indefinable is not the incoherent, and nothing is easier to attain to than a glib dreaminess. That such has been the defect of the Celtic temperament Miss Macleod is quick to recognise. In the essay called "Celtic" she has some admirable common-sense. By "Celtic" we understand a material of myth and folk-tale, differing in character from other traditions, and a manner of presenting it suitable to its nature. It is not a peculiar inspiration, to which the old canons of art do not apply. "It is well that the people of the isles should love the isles above all else, and the people of the mountains love the mountains above all else, and the people of the plains love the plains above all else. But it is not well that because of the whistling of the wind in the heather one should imagine that nowhere else does the wind suddenly stir the reeds and the grasses in its incalculable hour." But in this Celtic culture we may find certain curious qualities, notably a passion for the soil of the homeland, an ever-present sense of the mystery of life, and a power of seeing in the changes of Nature a reflex of the soul's drama. It is because Miss Macleod has seized upon the fundamental truth of this fanciful world that her work at its best has an appeal beyond race-interests. She is the interpreter of her own people, but she is also an interpreter of our common nature. The book closes with a passage which seems to us both true and beautiful, the inward meaning of the forlorn Jacobite sentiment, which is one of the many impossible loyalties of her own land:—

"In a Highland cottage I heard some time ago a man singing a lament for 'Tearlach Og Aluinn,' Bonnie Prince Charlie; and when he ceased tears were on the face of each that was there, and in his own throat a sob. I asked him, later, was his heart really so full of the *Prionnsa Ban*, but he told me that it was not him he was thinking of, but of all the dead men and women of Scotland who had died for his sake, and of Scotland itself, and of the old days that would not come again. I did not ask what old days, for I knew that in his heart he lamented his own dead hopes and dreams, and that the Prince was but the image of his lost youth, and that the world was old and grey because of his own weariness and his own grief."

That is beautifully said, but after all may we not say, adapting Yoricke, 'I can read it as well in my Wordsworth'? Did not Wordsworth capture the authentic spirit of Celtic poetry once and for all in his—

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old forgotten far-off things,
And battles long ago?"

SEVEN GARDENS AND A PALACE.*

THIS is another garden book. They are the fashion just now, and contain much pretty writing about pretty places, enough information to make them acceptable to practical gardeners, and just enough of the human element to make them readable by the literal "man in the street." We are not speaking now about "Elizabeth." That charming lady chose to paint her own portrait out of doors, and expended much talent and pains on a well-subordinated landscape, but it is on her, and not on her German garden, that the spectator's interest is intended to centre. "E. B. V.," on the other hand, keeps herself entirely in the background. The reader is shown over the seven gardens and gossiped to about the inhabitants of the houses attached to them. One of the gardens, by the by, is an old churchyard,—a garden of the Lord." In this case the tombstones supply the human element. During these jaunts many practical hints are to be picked up, especially about trees and hedges. The reader is encouraged to plant by being assured that he may live to see the fruits of his labours, for trees come to perfection less slowly than is commonly supposed. One of the charming illustrations which help us to realise the seven gardens shows us a lawn intersected by splendid yew hedges. At first sight one would imagine them to have been planted in the last century; but no, they are only five-and-twenty years old. True, that is a long time to look forward, but no doubt they were beautiful long before they were perfect, and, as Evelyn says: "Yew is worth our patience, being preferable to any plant I have ever seen for beauty and a stiff defence." Besides, every good hedge must be waited for. Yews, we are told, do not grow slower than beeches, and much faster than holly. In writing of beeches this writer notices the curious fact that they are never struck by lightning. Perhaps they have some power of attracting nightingales. They come, it is said, at the end of their season in England, "to hold a last concert" among the trees at Burnham. In one of the chapters "E. B. V." describes "a forest tree just 13 in. high which came from Japan." The Japanese—alone, we have heard—possess the art of stunting trees, and produce, as it were, little models of big trees perfect in shape, but tiny in size. These dwarfs attain a great age, and the "little ancient" here described, which flourishes in a pie-dish, is said to be three hundred years old. This power of thus circumscribing Nature seems almost diabolical. Hampton Court is the "Palace" alluded to in the title. The author remembers it well—her grandmother, Lady Albinia Cumberland, lived there—before it assumed its present air of a "people's palace." It is a curious thing that a Cockney public have attracted and not frightened away the ghosts now said to inhabit its galleries. In the old quiet days no ghostly visitants were ever heard of, and some very large spiders, called "Cardinal Wolseys," were the only nocturnal terrors from which the inhabitants suffered. "E. B. V." naturally feels rather sadly the changed aspect of Hampton Court, where now none may enjoy, "as in the days that are no more, the deep refreshment of solitude." "Is it old-fashionedness," she asks, "or some yet more unworthy sentiment that leads one to resent this throwing open to all the world?" Still, on the whole, she admits the great changes she remembers, of which this change is only a very small symbol, to have been for the better.

What is it, we ask ourselves, which makes the reading public—the hard-working, excitement-loving "man in the street"—turn with so much pleasure to this new and peaceful style of garden literature? A short time ago such a man considered gardening to be something altogether outside his ken. Now he will read long books about it,—that is, if a few sketchy figures are introduced into the landscape to beguile him. The truth is, he is beginning to long for a garden and to count the cost of obtaining one. Naturally he likes to read about the thing he wants. A love of, almost a worship of, flowers has taken possession in the last few years of every grade of the social scale in London. There is now no neighbourhood so poor that it cannot encourage a flower barrow, and in the West End the streets are full. The uneducated are willing to sacrifice some of their few luxuries for the pleasure of seeing flowers, and the educated are beginning to sacrifice things of more import-

* *Seven Gardens and a Palace.* By E. B. V. London: John Lane. [5s.]

ance than luxury in order to have a garden. The last rays of local feeling, of what we may call "neighbourhood life," are being sacrificed to this passion. Years ago, when only people who did not work for their living afforded two houses, locomotion was not easy, and such people spent half their time in the country and half their time in town, making infrequent journeys between their different homes. Thus they belonged in some sense to two places at once,—at least they went to church in both, and were elements more or less prominent in some sort of parochial system. In those days the ambition of the London professional man was to have a good house, say in Bloomsbury, and, except in August or September, he never left it. Now his ambition is to have a jerry-built villa in Kensington and a cottage in a garden. He too will divide his time between his two homes, but he will cut his time up so small as to be practically a bird of passage in both places. He will seldom pass a Sunday in London except in the depths of winter or a week in the country except in the height of summer. He will not know his neighbours in the country or be known of them,—partly because "it is a pity to spend a fine Sunday in church," which is the time-honoured meeting place of "neighbours." And, of course, he will not know his neighbours in London because it has become one of the boasted attractions of London that you may live a lifetime next door to some one with whom you have never exchanged a word. Much is to be gained by this new plan, but something is surely lost. Health is no doubt improved, and the power to do more work than is possible without the recuperative influence of change is gained. The innocent and elevating pleasure of being out of doors among flowers is gained too. What is lost is the wholesome necessity of having intimate relations with those we should not choose for friends. Where no one is bound to know any one, like seeks like, and people live in sets. The mental horizon of what we may call the "set-dweller" is necessarily narrow. A parish, however small, contains most of the elements of which the world is made up, while a set, however large, contains very few. Most novels nowadays are pictures of life in sets; we no longer know, as George Eliot, for instance, knew, the geology of society, though we may be very learned about some of its component parts. We are thus prevented from judging of the direction in which the nation as a whole is mentally drifting. A set may trot on a cabbage-leaf quite as truly as a village. But to return to our gardens. "Better than all the so-called enjoyments of life," says "E. V. B.," "is a heartfelt love of Nature for Nature's self." Now, if by the "love of Nature for Nature's self" this writer means what Matthew Arnold showed when he wrote—

"Blow, ye winds! lift me with you.
I come to the wild.
Fold closely, O Nature,
Thine arms round thy child,—"

that love of Nature has very little to do with the love of a garden. It is essentially a love of the unenclosed—a passion, like the passion for music, and as rare—while the pleasure obtainable from a garden is as common and almost as universally felt as the pleasure obtainable from a simple tune. In this sense we do not believe the love of Nature to be greatly on the increase, and among the uneducated we think it is not on the increase at all. London poor people, who are unfeignedly delighted by the sight of a bunch of roses, have no desire to live in the country. A country visit, if prolonged beyond the "treat" period, is regarded by them in the light of convalescent treatment. They go in order to "get the air," and "feel the better." An old woman, known to the present writer, was boarded out in the country for a fortnight last year. She was active and rather fond of walking, but she confessed on her return that while on her holiday she had seldom ventured many steps from her lodging, "because when I got to where I could not see no one, I felt I must turn back." Company, not peace, is the desire of the working Londoner, however much he may love flowers. He experiences in the country the sensation of boredom that many of us feel in an express train which makes a sudden stop. We long to be off again and to see the objects out of the window fly past us once more. Want of space warns us to wander no longer round the "seven gardens" of this pretty book. The smallest of gardens is fruitful in subjects of meditation. The mental outlook from its walls stretches from rose culture to original sin.

THE HUNDRED DAYS.*

THERE is a peculiar difference between the positions occupied in history by the general and the statesman. An estimate of the statesman is based upon a consideration of the motives and principles which guided him, Cromwell does not command our reverence the less because he failed to solve the problem of England's government. On the other hand, it is upon his actual achievement that our praise or censure of the general mainly rests. The military critic who undertakes to prove that the victorious commander deserved to be beaten has a rather thankless task. In matters of war people care little for proof of faulty means; the fact that an army ought to have been destroyed fades into insignificance before the fact that it won a splendid triumph. For this reason the view has found some support that Napoleon cannot really have been a man of such wonderful genius, because on the only occasion when he was opposed in battle by a man of talent he was signally defeated. To superficial criticism of this sort M. Houssaye's account of the Hundred Days is a crushing reply. The volume entitled *1815: Waterloo* is one of a series of works in which he deals with the years 1814 and 1815, and tells the story of the struggles of an overpowering intellect and personality to master as great difficulties as have ever confronted a soldier-statesman, a story all the more tragic, from the merely personal point of view, when we see how nearly the Emperor was successful.

The position of Napoleon since his banishment to Elba had deteriorated in every way. France longed for peace which he could not give her, for all Europe united to make war upon the outcast from civilisation. In preparation for the conflict which loomed before him, Napoleon had to hurry through the reorganisation of his Army and his State. In both tasks his weakness became apparent. In the Army the leaders who had forsaken Louis lost their self-reverence and self-esteem, they enjoyed neither their own confidence nor that of the soldiers. The enthusiasm of the soldiers for their chief was, perhaps, more intense than ever, but it was inspired by a single individual, and lacked the stability afforded by a great cause or the tumultuous patriotic sense of France. In Napoleon's reorganisation of the State, Metternich noted with joy how many concessions the Emperor had to make to the Democrats, and felt still more assured of the downfall of his lifelong enemy.

The dubious state of public opinion compelled Napoleon to undertake the Waterloo Campaign, and in any case a brilliant offensive *coup* against Europe was more to his liking than a safer defensive war. Accordingly, he determined to strike suddenly at the centre of the allied forces in Belgium, to prevent their concentration, and to drive back the Prussians and defeat them if they gave him an opportunity. Brussels would then be at his mercy, and the British would have to retire to their ships to save themselves from a catastrophe. He succeeded in surprising the Allies, and on June 16th Blücher gave him a chance of annihilating the Prussian forces, but mainly owing to faults of Ney, Blücher merely suffered a severe defeat at Ligny. Nevertheless, the Prussians were thrown into disorder, and could be kept in check by a small part of Napoleon's army while the Emperor turned his attention to the British. On the morning of the 17th a large part of the British army at Quatre Bras was in Napoleon's power, but he delayed his attack and allowed Wellington to withdraw his troops to a strong position at Mont St. Jean. Night stopped Napoleon's pursuit. "I wish," said he, "that I had Joshua's power now to stop the sun." But the sun had been shining for fourteen hours, and Napoleon had not profited by its light. On the 18th he delayed no longer than was necessitated by the rain. The French attack at Waterloo was marred by a series of tactical blunders arising from the excessive eagerness of the French troops, and from mistakes of Ney, d'Erlon, and Reille. The Emperor retrieved as far as possible these errors, but being forced to devote himself to the advancing Prussians, to despatch against them the 6th Corps and the Young Guard, and to hold the Old Guard too long in reserve, his probable victory became an irreparable defeat.

From this brief survey of M. Houssaye's work it must not be inferred that he is a blind worshipper at the shrine of

* (1.) *1815: Waterloo*. By Henry Houssaye. Translated by Arthur Emile Mann. London: A. and C. Black. [10s. net.]—(2.) *The Campaign of 1815: Ligny, Quatre-Bras, and Waterloo*. By W. O'Connor Morris. London: Grant Richards. [12s. 6d. net.]

Napoleon after the manner of M. Thiers. The value of the book consists largely in the enormous mass of evidence M. Houssaye has collected and weighed. Many disputed points of fact he has finally settled, and there are few questions on which the boldest of critics would care to traverse his careful judgments. The difficulty of deciding between the conflicting statements made by actors in the events of this four days' campaign is enormous. From Napoleon and Wellington downwards almost all can be proved guilty of serious inaccuracies. A curious example of the variations of opinion to which the historian of this campaign is liable is to be found in the preface to the third edition of Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Wellington*. "For one error," writes Sir Herbert, "of which a new edition affords opportunity for correction, no excuse can be offered. It is the statement so often made by previous writers that after the flight of Napoleon from Waterloo Wellington and Blücher met and embraced at La Belle Alliance at 9 o'clock." He then gives the Duke's positive denial of the story. Yet M. Houssaye deliberately rejects the Duke's evidence in favour of what he considers weightier authority.

Such detailed evidence, however, M. Houssaye relegates to his notes, which form nearly one half of the book, and his narrative is in no way encumbered by his vast research. In mere historical accuracy we think his book more valuable than that of Mr. Ropes. In literary charm there is no comparison between the two writers. In arrangement, in lucidity of thought, in vigour and vivacity of expression, M. Houssaye's work is a masterpiece. He avoids dullness in his most statistical moments by keeping continually before the mind of the reader some strong human interest. The statements and actions of Napoleon are no more free from his criticism than those of Clausewitz or Ney, yet his personal admiration for the Emperor serves as a background to the whole picture he draws; the individuality of the man whose genius outsoars that of every opponent or comrade forms the theme which underlies the entire structure of M. Houssaye's work of art. He rightly appreciates the old warrior Blücher, whose fine determination and faithfulness to Wellington will always stand out foremost amid the gallantry of Waterloo. Perhaps the best comment on his marked antipathy to Wellington is the wise remark of Lord Roberts: "Wellington has been somewhat overrated as a man and greatly underrated as a commander." M. Houssaye gives a very vivid character sketch in his final paragraph on the French Army:—

"Such was the Army of 1815—impressionable, critical, without discipline, and without confidence in its leaders, haunted by a dread of treason and on that account, perhaps, liable to sudden fits of panic; it was nevertheless . . . more impetuous, more excited, more eager for the fray than any other Republican or Imperial army before or after it. Napoleon had never before handled an instrument of war which was at once so formidable and so fragile."

The translation, on the whole, is satisfactory. Such errors as the use of the word "infer" when "imply" is meant, and a misprint of Gérard for Girard should have been avoided. We prefer M. Houssaye's own method of placing his notes at the foot of the page to the method here adopted of collecting them in a body at the end of the book. In reading Gibbon it would be intolerable to have to search about for a note, and like those of Gibbon, M. Houssaye's notes often contain anecdotes and quotations too interesting to be hidden away. We have, however, little right to complain, and can only be grateful to Mr. A. E. Mann for putting before the English public the most masterly and brilliant work we know of on the campaign of Waterloo.

Judge Morris would probably be the first to admit that the value of his own book is considerably lessened by the appearance of this translation. In the course of his varied studies of the Napoleonic period Judge Morris was struck by the absence of any adequate account of the Waterloo Campaign, especially in the English language. He rightly considers the Wellingtonian bias that has only recently tended to disappear in this country even less true than the Napoleonic legend of some French historians. His *Campaign of 1815* is a very just and impartial relation of the story of the Hundred Days, built up largely on the foundations laid by M. Houssaye. He has, in truth, not much to add to or subtract from M. Houssaye's account. On Napoleon, Ney, d'Erlon, Grouchy, and Gérard their judgments are substantially the same. In

several respects, however, Judge Morris relates more fairly and fully the actions of the Allies. He refuses, for example, to picture Wellington's retreat from Quatre-Bras as a rout, and he accords to the English general greater praise for his tactics at Waterloo. On the other hand, we think his condemnation of the strategy of the Allies after Ligny a little too severe. The Prussian retreat to Wavre he stigmatises as a bad half-measure. To us it seems the least hopeless way out of a highly dangerous position, and a far better move than the north-westerly retirement Judge Morris would have had them undertake. If the Prussians had not separated themselves for a time from connection with Wellington they would not have compelled Napoleon to detach an important portion of his army from the main body, nor would they themselves have been in a state to render effective help to the English.

But Judge Morris's book provides what has long been wanted, a study of the campaign by one well qualified to sift evidence dispassionately. It lacks the fine literary merit of M. Houssaye's work, and Judge Morris's enthusiasm for particular truths leads his history to repeat itself too often, and to become at times a little tedious. His repetitions, however, deprive the reader of any excuse for misunderstanding the excellent views he puts forward.

MR. PAGE'S EDITION OF THE ÆNEID.*

It would be idle to dispute the unanimous verdict of Virgilian critics that asserts the superiority of the first over the second half of the *Æneid*. The third and the fifth books are, perhaps, the poorest of the whole twelve, but the average is more than made up by the brilliancy of the second, the pathos of the fourth, and the majesty of the sixth. But the great merits of VII.-XII. are seldom recognised as they should be. The story is artistically contrived and admirably told. Indeed, there is no epic poem which quite equals the *Æneid* in this respect. And then there is the singularly graphic drawing of character. Mr. Page very rightly calls the reader's attention, not only to the figures of Pallas and Evander, which, as he truly says, "have in all ages won unstinted admiration," but to Turnus and Mezentius. Of the latter he writes:—

"Hated he is justly by men and abhorred by gods; but, none the less, as he lies wounded and propped against a tree, with his great beard sweeping over his chest, while he sends messenger after messenger to bring tidings of his gallant son, the grim soldier is a pathetic figure, and the delineation of him (II. 856 seq.) as he mounts his old war-horse for the last time is unequalled in Latin, perhaps in any, literature."

With Turnus, who is as much more interesting than Æneas, as Hector is more interesting than Achilles, Mr. Page compares Esau. "It is with Esau, and not with Jacob, that the writer's human heart seems to beat in genuine sympathy." And we might add the Satan of *Paradise Lost*. It was shocking, doubtless, in Lord Thurlow to exclaim, "By God! I hope he'll win!" when he first made acquaintance with Milton's epic (the story goes that it was read to him by a companion on circuit who wished to escape his profane talk), but the exclamation represents a very common feeling. And then there is Lavinia. It is only a glimpse that we catch of her, but it is a glimpse which we seldom get in ancient literature. The classical heroines are wives (we except the incomparable Nausicaa and the purely tragical figure of Electra); the maiden is dismissed with the stock epithets, "καλλιόφυρος, εὐπλόκαμος, pulcherrima." Lavinia alone is alive. She does nothing, it is true, but blush. But the blush realises her. As Conington has it in one of his happiest passages:—

"Her mother's voice Lavinia hears,
And mingles blushes with her tears;
Deep crimson glows the sudden flame,
And dyes her tingling cheek with shame.
So blushes ivory's Indian grain,
When sullied with vermilion stain;
So lilies set in roseate bed
Enkindle with contagious red."

(There is a curious *lapsus calami* in Mr. Page's note. He has, "the blush on Amata's cheeks . . . the violence of Turnus colours Amata's face with scarlet.")

Mr. Page's Introduction is only too brief,—little over twenty pages. Let us hope that some day he will give us something more. There is room for another edition of Virgil on the

* *The Æneid of Virgil, Books VII.-XII.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by T. E. Page, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co. [5s.]

same scale as Conington's, and no man is better fitted for the task than Mr. Page.

The notes will be found to abound with a penetrating criticism and an exact scholarship, and where there is to be a choice of views the editor's judgment is generally sound. In the splendid battle-piece of Actium in the Shield of Æneas there is a very obscure line. Of Cleopatra the poet says:—

"necdum etiam geminos a tergo respicit angues."

One thinks, of course, of the asp, by whose bite she died. But why *gemini*? Conington does not help us by saying that "it is merely the numerical precision of an emblematic picture." "Precision" is exactly the quality that seems to be lacking. There was only *one* asp. Mr. Page, following Henry, who indeed is very seldom wrong, is inclined to the view that the two snakes are a general symbol of death. Two snakes destroy Laocoon and his sons; two are sent to slay the infant Hercules. There is a curious parallel, too, in the old ballad of Dives and Lazarus, when after Dives's death—

"There came two serpents out of hell
Thereto his soul to guide."

In VII. 10, "proxima Circaeae raduntur litora terrae," we think with Mr. Page that the less obvious "close" is better than "next." In the description of Camilla he properly defends the poet from the charge of exaggeration by remarking that "he does not say what Camilla did, but what she might do, what any one, seeing her run, might imagine her doing." In commenting on the famous "devictam Asiam subsedit adulter" (XI. 268) he remarks with much force:—

"Nearly all editors say that *devictam Asiam* is=*victorem Asiae*, but surely if Virgil wanted to write *victorem Asiae subsedit adulter*, he could have done so, and the line would be perfectly clear and good. His point, however, is not the person (though of course the person is implied), but the particular time for which the assassin waits. The very essence of tragedy often consists in the particular moment when the blow falls—'When haughty power mounts high, The watcher's axe is nigh'—and Virgil understood this, but his critics will not let him have his way."

This is the sort of criticism that really enlightens. We do not, indeed, always find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Page. On VII. 112-13,—

"vertere morsus
exiguam in Cererem penuria adegit edendi,"—

he remarks "*penuria edendi*, 'need of eating'; they needed to eat more. Beware of rendering 'want of something to eat,' for *edendi* cannot be passive, but is the gerund, used as a verbal noun." But it is by no means settled that the gerund cannot have a passive sense. Dr. Kennedy quotes Dr. A. F. Pott:—"I have long ago ceased to perplex myself with the question whether the gerund should be assigned to the active or to the passive form. It is neither of the two; it is both, like many other words, according to the difference of its position." And it is certainly forcing the meaning of *penuria* to say it is want in the sense of desire, or, as Conington, equal to the Homeric *ἐρεος ἰδέσθους*. Why not "lack in the matter of eating"? But it would be ungracious to dwell upon casual differences where there is so much that commands unhesitating assent.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

ALTHOUGH readers will not dash through *The Uttermost Farthing* at the break-neck and breathless speed with which they devoured his former book, *A Villain of Parts*, there is some very good reading in Mr. Neuman's new book. The scheme of the story is to show how impossible it is, from the mere force of circumstances, for a person of really high character to cherish a project of vengeance in a manner satisfactory to himself, or in this instance herself. The character of Nora Crofts is finely drawn. While she is still a very young girl her father, John Crofts, is started on the road to ruin by the failure of a speculation into which he has entered by advice of his friend, William Medlett. Medlett himself had sold his shares in time, but neglected to warn his friend, who was away on his holiday. The Crofts family go rapidly down hill, and Nora, who takes

command of the household, vows to be revenged on the man whose negligence gives her father his first shove downwards. Gradually, however, the passage of time softens her feelings, and the marriage of her favourite brother to Medlett's daughter can be borne with equanimity. At last, when her enemy, not as the result of any schemes of hers, but by a turn of fortune's wheel, is brought before her in circumstances to the full as humiliating and disgraceful as she could ever have desired, Nora finds that her shame at seeing so deplorable a sight and her pity for the man take the savour from the gratification she had in earlier years expected. We must leave to Mr. Neuman the task of telling how Nora, freed from the bondage of the evil desire of revenge, finds happiness and hope in love. But it must not be imagined that the interest of the book is sacrificed to the mere study of one character. The story, though devoid of thrilling adventures and blood-curdling incidents, is interesting and well written, and will repay being read with more attention than is usually vouchsafed to books supplied in a weekly box by the circulating library.

It seems an ungrateful thing to criticise an interesting book for being too long, but it is almost inevitable in the case of Mrs. Glasgow's new story, *The Voice of the People*. The book does not want shortening at the end, but a little compression at the beginning would be a decided improvement. Although the opening picture of life in a country town in Virginia—the story is American—is picturesque enough with its sleepiness, its negroes, and its Southern charm, still the author gives us at first no central figures on which to hang our interest. The man and woman on whom the story of the book is to hang are in the beginning only children, and the reader's interest is not sufficiently aroused by what is really merely a *mise-en-scène*. After reading the rest of the book, it would be worth while to re-read the opening and there study the beginnings and surroundings of the clever characters in whom the author has interested us in the later part of her book. But as it is, the first two books of the five into which the novel is divided are tedious. The fault, however, argues a painstaking quality in the author with which the reviewer should be the last to quarrel, and by its very nature shows that there is good stuff in the novel. From Book III. onwards all tediousness entirely disappears, and the story becomes thoroughly interesting. Nick Burr, the self-made man, is a fine creation, and his love idyll with Eugenia is painted with a delicacy of imagination which makes the reader grieve for its sudden ending. It is very like life for a charming woman to decline "on a lower range of feeling," and to be quite satisfied with an intolerable "bounder" like the fascinating Dudley Webb for a husband, after having in girlhood been loved by a man like Nick Burr. Still, though lifelike, Eugenia's conduct is unideal, and she herself is sufficiently living to make the reader regret the fate with which she is quite content. Readers who like a good long novel, and are interested by the study of America, will very much enjoy *The Voice of the People*.

For Britain's Soldiers is a collection of stories put together on the principle of the charity bazaar,—that is, for the benefit of people who like to get a tangible benefit to themselves from their charities. And the "value received" is in this instance considerable. All the best writers of short stories give a contribution to the book gratis, the publisher foregoes all profit, and we may hope that Britain's soldiers will benefit largely, for the writers have given generously and of their best. Mr. Kipling has searched deeply into the heart of a little child, and given in "The Son of his Father" an extraordinarily minute dissection of the mingled effect of heredity and of Indian up-bringing on the child's motives and actions. The father is "Strickland," whose name we all greet as that of an old friend. This suggests a most interesting field of entertainment for Mr. Kipling's readers, and we should be much obliged to him if he would give us, amongst others, a history of the daughters of the "Brushwood boy," and the sons of "William the Conqueror." Mr. Kipling will appreciate the reasons for this distinction in sex. Also, in the fulness of time, we should like to hear the story of Tod's children, who are surely reserved by destiny for the most remarkable adventures.—It is invidious to choose a favourite among the stories in the collection, but no one should on any account

* (1.) *The Uttermost Farthing*. By B. Paul-Neuman. London: W. Blackwood and Sons. [6s.]—(2.) *The Voice of the People*. By Ellen Glasgow. London: W. Heinemann. [6s.]—(3.) *For Britain's Soldiers*. Edited by Cutcliffe Hyne. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(4.) *Merciless Love*. By the Author of "For a God Dishonoured." London: John Long. [6s.]—(5.) *The Sin of Atlantis*. By Roy Horniman. London: John Macqueen. [6s.]—(6.) *For Right and England*. By Huine Nisbet. London: F. V. White. [3s. 6d.]—(7.) *A Diplomatic Woman*. By Huan Mee. London: Sands and Co. [3s. 6d.]—(8.) *The Crimson Cryptogram*. By Fergus Hume. London: John Long. [3s. 6d.]

miss Mr. Alden's "Peace Congress," or Mr. Hyne's "Renegade." These recommendations must, however, stop or they will become a mere copy of the index.

The plot of *Merciless Love* is certainly fantastic, which is not to be wondered at, as the book is written by the author of *For a God Dishonoured*. Olive, the heroine, who suffers the pangs of merciless love, is a fanatical anti-vivisectionist, and is on the eve of being engaged to Collins Bey (an attractive gentleman whose character is slightly tinged by long residence in the East). Unfortunately, just before he proposes she gets a letter from the solicitor of an old admirer, William Johnson, now defunct, saying that he leaves her £40,000 as long as she remains unmarried; should she marry, the money is to go to trustees "for the founding of a Pasteur Institute." To a girl of Olive's opinions this is like devoting the money to founding a new "Circle of Dante's Hell." She makes the mistake of not consulting Collins Bey, who is a sensible man, in the matter, but of saying that there is an insuperable obstacle between them. Finally, not being able to stand separation from her lover, she makes a will leaving the money (she has a specific right to dispose of it after her own death) to Mr. Johnson's relations, and arranges a mock suicide while she flies to the East, marries Collins Bey, and takes refuge in Oriental seclusion for fear of discovery. At last the villain of the piece, a great vivisectionist surgeon, appears in the neighbourhood. Olive knows that should he discover her fraud he will insist on the return of the money from the relations, and the founding of the Institute, and she takes poison, not reflecting that it is too late for this remedy, for as she has married, Sir Claude has as much right over the money after her death as if she remained alive. However, the curtain drops on the catastrophe, and we have no means of knowing whether Sir Claude gets hold of the fortune or not. The book is too much of an anti-vivisectionist tract to be a good novel, but people who hold those opinions will be in full sympathy with it.

Occultism and the transmigration of souls play a leading part in *The Sin of Atlantis*. A subtly worldly flavour is imparted by the principal character—the owner of the soul for which the good and bad influences are fighting—being a modern Duke. The author speaks of souls, their "planes," the clouds of light they dress in, their wishes, and their fate with a familiarity which is bewildering to the holder of the simple creed taught by Him to whom Mr. Roy Horniman alludes as "Carpenter Jesus Christ." Purely as a novel, the book is not an artistic creation, and as for the spiritual basis of the work one can read it as well in one's Bible.

"No case; please abuse plaintiff's attorney," was once endorsed on a hopeless brief. Mr. Hume Nisbet has an admirable case which he spoils in his book on the Boer War, *For Right and England*, by consistent outpourings of abuse of Mr. Kruger. The book is so extremely violent in tone that it entirely misses the effect it would have were its language more temperate. We should be sorry that any foreigner should judge the war from the account given by Mr. Nisbet. He would be sure to think England had something to conceal, and sought to hide the fact by bluster.

The lady who is the central figure in the stories called *A Diplomatic Woman* is supposed, to put it coarsely, to be a spy in the employment of the French Government. However, like the pioneers of the band in Stevenson's *Wreckers* who "pranced for the love of it," she spies gratis and for her own amusement. The stories of her effort are ingenious, the most amusing being, perhaps, the first, "The Russian Cipher."

The Crimson Cryptogram is an orthodox "murder" story, beginning with a crime in the first chapter. Mr. Fergus Hume is always ingenious at this sort of business, and the story is an average specimen of his work in this class.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

All the articles in the new *Edinburgh Review* are well worth reading. The first paper relates to Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Political History of the United Kingdom." This book, we are told, is not a history in the ordinary sense of the word, "it is a commentary—and a very admirable commentary—on the textbooks with which the lecturer's hearers were, as now the Professor's readers are, *ex hypothesi* familiar." Mr.

Goldwin Smith reverses a good many of the accepted verdicts of English history. For instance, the Norman Conquest was in his eyes a great misfortune, "forming the connection with France which led to the Hundred Years' War, severing from England the Saxon Lowlands of Scotland, and thus putting off the Union of Britain." The writer in the *Edinburgh* takes exception to many of Mr. Goldwin Smith's theories, particularly the one cited above, but gives him great credit for his power of historical character drawing. As is permissible in a commentator, the historian preaches his own doctrines freely, "Peace at any price by full concession to any demand, appears to be his ideal of statesmanship." By war, he says, "no one can really make trade flourish, since trade depends on wealth, which is destroyed by war." "Chevalier's History of the French Navy" is the subject of an interesting and suggestive article. The book is really a continuation of two others on the same subject by the same author. Together they form a connected account of the Navy of France for nearly a hundred years. The narrative "has a sustained interest with which naval historians rarely succeed in investing their writings." The latter part of the article deals with Captain Chevalier "as a naval strategist, if not as an anti-English pamphleteer." He devotes the final chapter of his history to a discussion of the best way of making war upon England, advocating "the system of warfare by surprise," and assuming throughout "that his country will have to carry on alone the naval struggle which he contemplates." A paper upon the South African War and its critics consists partly of a translation of an article which appeared last January in the *Berliner Local-Anzeiger* by a Major-General von Schmeling, an officer on the active list of the German Army. The text of the German article is "The cart sticks in the mud," which words the German writer attributes to Lord Kitchener. His object was to prove that it was practically impossible that the British cart should ever get out of the mud. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* attributes the fact that it is out of the mud to the genius of Lord Roberts—one more proof of the theory that "in war men are nothing, a man is everything"—and "to the element on which no foreigner could have counted,—the enthusiasm of the whole Empire." Among the lighter articles we may mention an entertaining criticism on "Some Recent Novels of Manners," as illustrated by Miss Cholmondeley and Miss Fowler, and one on "The New Movement in Art," as illustrated by the pictures in the Paris Exhibition. The writer of the latter paper is neither an apologist for the New Movement, nor a satirist of it. His object is "to characterise and explain" a certain tendency in art,—“the revolt against the domination of literature over painting.”

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

"The Conditions of Great Poetry" strikes us as the most remarkable article in an interesting number of the *Quarterly Review*. The writer endeavours to trace the causes of the present "cessation" of great poetry, and to show what were the conditions under which great poets produced their masterpieces. He believes strong and widely diffused religious belief to be a fertile parent of true poetry, and that "at the root of all great poetry there is some form or other of strenuous and impassioned optimism." The decline of the wave of "impassioned optimism" which produced the poets of the earlier part of the century may be traced in the later poems of Tennyson, in which we may see the "increasingly saddening impression made upon his mind by the recent developments of science." "The faith, the hopes, the aspirations of the present generation are not in a state of sufficient or sufficiently definite excitement to generate the emotional atmosphere which great poetry requires," he tells us. The idea of Imperialism is to-day "the single element in our national life which is for the time being in a state of exceptional vitality." The poetry of Mr. Rudyard Kipling embodies that idea, and "with the exception of Mr. Kipling, there is no one among the present generation of poets whose work even suggests greatness." There are two articles on South Africa,—one gives a clear and most useful outline of the third period of the war; the other, "Dr. Theal on South African History," is a refutation of the pro-Dutch chapters in Dr. Theal's last book, which, we are told, is regarded "as the first authority upon all questions relating to the early polity of the English and Dutch settlements." The article is apparently written by a Cape Colonist. He maintains, and we think proves in contradiction to Dr. Theal, that the real cause of the "Great Trek" was the Dutch objection to the freedom of slaves. "Japanese Literature" makes an interesting paper, but that literature as described and

quoted in the review strikes the reader as wearisome in the extreme. Japanese history hardly exists. Fiction abounds, but "their stories and romances are generally told with bald simplicity unadorned by wit or imagination, there is no elevation of sentiment, while to add to their defects little in the nature of connected plots is to be discovered." Among early Japanese writers many are women. As to poetry, Japanese poets betray, we are told, "a striking want of imagination, and are remarkably deficient in the higher qualities of the poetic art. Their choice of subjects is confined within an exceedingly narrow compass, their imagery is limited, and they never tire of repeating *ad nauseam* the same similes." Sermons preached by Buddhist clergy in the local temples seem a prominent feature in modern Japanese literature. These contain little of a distinctively Buddhist character. "Confucian platitudes interspersed with anecdotes not always decorous form the staple of their instructions, and in their general abhorrence of dogmatism they prefer to hold with Confucius that conduct and not doctrine is the all-important duty of man."

The Church Quarterly Review. July. (Spottiswoode and Co. 6s.)—The *Church Quarterly* points with legitimate satisfaction to the fact of its having completed its twenty-fifth year, the first number having appeared in October, 1875. We desire to add our congratulations and good wishes, which we can well do, without associating ourselves with all its views on doctrine, ecclesiastical politics, and criticisms. We are especially glad to see on this occasion an article on the Archbishops' decision on Reservation. We sincerely hope that it may influence those who may yet be wavering on the point.

Democracy and Empire: with Studies of their Psychological, Economic, and Moral Foundations. By Franklin Henry Giddings, Professor in Columbia University. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d.)—Mr. Giddings states in his preface that the collection of essays and addresses which make up his volume "are logically related parts of a whole." We have not been able to convince ourselves of this so completely as we could desire, and the volume is a large one which would gain by the diminution in bulk and the increase in lucidity if the chapters upon the "Ethical Motive," the "Psychology of Society," and the "Mind of the Many" were removed. We agree with his general statement of the principles which make Empire and democracy compatible,—namely, that States are held together now, not by the tie of blood, nor the tie of religion, but by an "ethical likemindedness"; and that the union can only be lasting if the central power confines itself practically to three things,—the Imperial defence, the suppression of conflict between one part of the Empire and another, and insistence that local administration shall come up to a certain standard in its protection of life and property and in its respect for enlightenment"; but we think the case might have been established in a terser and more readable manner. The chapter on "The Destinies of Democracy," which contains some acute criticism of Mr. Lecky's book on "Democracy and Liberty," is perhaps the best thing in the volume.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Famines in India. By Romesh C. Dutt. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 7s. 6d.)—Mr. Romesh Dutt thinks that if the Indian Revenue were more equitably assessed, and the Indian expenditure reduced, the occurrence of famine would be, if not altogether averted, yet diminished. He does not expressly say so, but he certainly gives his readers to understand that British rule is financially more oppressive than that exercised either by the Hindoo or by the Mahomedan dynasties of the past. "Greek and Chinese travellers who visited India between the fourth century B.C. and the seventh century A.D. attest to the mild and moderate land-tax of India, and the prosperity of the agricultural population." That is a very big statement to make without any references, especially when we contrast it with what is the general upshot of the book, that the present land-tax is immoderate and the agricultural population depressed. Mr. Romesh Dutt's expressed desire is to correct, not to overthrow, the present administration, but his arguments do not logically lead to this conclusion. Why not go back to the golden age which prevailed from 400 B.C. to 600 A.D.? Why not a revival of Hindoo rule, say with Mr. Naoroji, who has quite different views about British rule, for Premier, and Mr. Dutt for Chancellor of the Exchequer? Even Mahomedan rule would be preferable to the present. For did not Akbar con-

tent himself with what he could get? Admirable moderation! "The Mahomedan rulers of India realised what they could." The extortionate Briton can hardly do more. Some people say that he hardly does so much. Of course there are drawbacks to our rule. There is one which cannot be remedied, the great sums withdrawn from the country for pensions and the home establishment. Indigenous rulers spend the revenue where it is raised. And if we could find a strong and just native rule we ought to give place to it. Could the Congress party have their wish to-morrow, would they dare to carry it into action? Would Sikhs and Pathans and Ghorkas and Beloochees follow their lead? We do not think the worse of a Bengalee for thinking that he can rule as well as we can. The more frankly he says so, the more we respect him. But as to the fact we remain unconvinced. Mr. Dutt professes Indian history, we see. Does he consider the figures of the Ain-i-Akbari historical? He gives the militia of the eleven Subahs at 337,804 cavalry, and 3,946,705 infantry. What sort of burden was this? Akbar began to reckon his revenue after his army had been provided for.

Sports for Girls. Edited by Howard Spicer. (Andrew Melrose. 1s. net.)—The "sports" are eight in number, and may be enumerated: "Skating," "Hockey," "Swimming," "Golf," "Physical Training" (hardly a sport, though of importance that cannot be exaggerated), "Fencing," "Cricket," "Lawn Tennis," each of them being treated by an expert, as, for instance, golf, about which Miss Hezlet, the Lady Champion for 1899, gives some useful hints. We venture to doubt as to cricket whether the "real thing" in balls ought to be used. If one of our great wicket-keepers would allow his hands to be photographed it might be serviceable as an illustration. Generally, however, we find nothing to criticise in the volume, which should be as useful as a book of this kind can be.—With this may be mentioned a little volume on a not unrelated subject, *The Way to be Well*, by Mrs. Yorke Smith (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., 3d., 6d. cloth). It is full of good advice and within every one's reach.

Hierakonopolis, Part I. Plates of Discoveries by J. E. Quibell, B.A. With Notes by W. M. F. P. (Bernard Quaritch. 20s.)—The discoveries given in this volume include some of the most ancient in Egypt. King Nar-mer, for instance, probably comes before Mena himself, and carries us back to 4800 B.C. or thereabouts. Plate ii. is a limestone figure, life size; "the face is wide and coarse but seems to have elements other than the negro-Libyan." Elsewhere (vi.) we see the pure Libyan type. None of the plates are more interesting than xxvi. A. B. C., which have for their subject the exploits of the King who bore the sobriquet of "Scorpion." The limestone statue—"the earliest known"—figured as xxxix., is very remarkable.

AFRICAN BOOKS.—*Natal and the Boers*. By J. E. Rowell. (J. M. Dent and Co. 2s. 6d.)—Mr. Rowell tells us much about the subject of his book. He is enthusiastic about Natal; he does justice, to the best of his ability, to the Boers. It should be understood that the history which he tells is the history of the past. Recent events are dismissed in a sentence. But then the past is needed for the due appreciation of the present. The Boer record, as relates both to us and the native tribes, is certainly not a good one. Nothing is more strange than the praises bestowed on Boer morals viewed in the light of facts.—*The Boer Invasion of Natal*, by Clement H. Scott (S. W. Partridge and Co., 2s. 6d. net), takes up the story with the declaration of war in October last. Nothing could be more succinctly and plainly put than the following conspectus of Boer ideas:—(1) The Dutch nation was beginning to realise that numerically it was equal to, if not greater than, the British in South Africa; (2) in the South African Republic they owned the wealthiest portion of the whole of Africa south of the Zambesi, and this wealth alone would probably enable them to raise themselves to the position of a powerful nation; (3) in the Cape Colony the Dutch had gained the ascendancy in political matters by having placed in power the 'Bond Ministry'; and (4) the time was fast approaching for a decisive blow." The book is illustrated, and may be read with much interest and pleasure.—*Mines of the Transvaal, 1900*. By R. R. Masson. (The Statist Office. 10s. net.)—As may be supposed, this volume contains a number of highly interesting figures. The totals of capital, of output, in weight and value, the fluctuations of price, make a very remarkable record. One company, which, of course, we do not name, has a capital of £2,750,000, has already divided £100,000 more than its total capital, and in 1898 produced nearly £680,000 of gold. Its shares (£5 all paid) have varied in value from £11 10s. (in 1895) to £7 in this present year.—We are taken to another part of the "Dark Continent" in *British East Africa and Uganda*, by John B. Purvis (Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Purvis writes about the country, the climate, the native customs and character, the opportunities open to Europeans, the outfit which the traveller should have, and other matters. The book is illustrated by interesting photographs.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Old English Churches*, by George Clinch (L. Upcott Gill, 6s. 6d. net), contains an account of the various styles of architecture, from "Anglo-Saxon" to "Early Renaissance," a description of "Church Furniture and Accessories," from altars (a term which, we may observe in passing, is not strictly Anglican) onwards, "Decorations," and "Monuments." It is a treasury of information about the externals of Church matters, and is copiously illustrated.—*Our Cove*. By J. Henry Harris. (J. Pollard, Truro. 2s.)—These "Stories from a Cornish Fisher Village" are very graphic and powerful sketches, obviously drawn from life. The place is first described, though not in such a way as to be identified. Then come the people, and these, too, can hardly be located, for the fisher-folk are very much alike from north to south,—we are sometimes reminded by Mr. Harris of Charles Reade's "Christie Johnstone." The staple of the book consists of short stories, mostly sad, if not absolutely tragic, a character that sea stories are apt to have. This is a good piece of literary work, besides being a loyal offering from a dutiful son to the land of his birth.—In *Present Day Papers, Vol. III.*, edited by J. W. Rowntree (Headley Brothers, 6d. net), we have two thoughtful papers well worthy of attention,—*"Pauline Theology,"* by Professor A. S. Peake, and *"A Review of 'Stalker's Christology,'"* by Ed. Grubb, M.A.—Among the seasonable publications of the week is *Philip's Commercial Map of the East* (G. Philip and Son, 1s., and 2s. 6d. mounted). The map exhibits the "Trans-Siberian Railway," which has now been completed as far as Stretinsk, with a small interruption at the western end of Lake Baikal. Every region included, and it includes all the Old World north of 20 deg. south latitude, has its products and minerals marked upon it, and there are also indications of routes by land or sea, naval stations, coal-ing stations, British and foreign, &c. Warm-water ports are also marked, and "spheres of influence" distinguished by colours.

NEW EDITIONS.—In the "Temple Classics" (J. M. Dent and Co., 1s. 6d. net per volume), *William Caxton's Golden Legend*, Vols. III. and IV.—In the "Chiswick Shakespeare" (G. Bell and Sons, 1s. 6d. each net), with Introduction and Notes by John Dennis, and Illustrations by Byam Shaw, we have *Twelfth Night* and *King Richard II.*—In the "Author's Edition of Mark Twain's Works" (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d. each), Vols. XXI. (being the third of *Short Stories and Sketches*) and XXII. (*Literary Essays*), concluding with some "In Memoriam" verses to Olivia Susan Clemens, by S. L. C., and a "Biographical Sketch" of Mark Twain himself. This last contains the highly interesting account of Mr. Clemens's financial misfortunes, and of his most honourable and able recovery from them.—*Principles of Chess in Theory and Practice*. By James Mason. (Horace Cox. 2s. 6d. net.)—*The Law Relating to the Remuneration of Commission Agents*. By William Evans, B.A. Edited by W. de Bracy Herbert, M.A. (Same publisher.)

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Bearne (C.), <i>Pictures of the Old French Court</i> , cr 8vo	(Unwin)	10/6
Bell (F. W.), <i>The South African Conspiracy</i> , 8vo	(Heinemann)	5/0
Braithwaite's <i>Retrospect</i> , Vol. CXXI., 12mo	(Simpkin)	6/6
Calthrop (Rev. Gordon), <i>Megiddo: the Spanish Armada and other Sermons</i> , cr 8vo	(Thynne)	3/6
Dagnall (J. M.), <i>Love is in the Stomach, not the Heart</i> , 12mo	(Simpkin)	2/6
Denny (G. A.), <i>Diamond Drilling for Gold & other Minerals</i> , 8vo (Lockwood)		12/6
Egerton (H. E.), <i>Sir Stamford Raffles: England in the Far East</i> , (Unwin)		5/0
Elworthy (W. R.) and Campling (C. C.), <i>Book-keeping for Traders, Manufacturers, and Companies</i> , 8vo	(Jordan)	2/6
Gale (J. S.), <i>A Korean-English Dictionary</i> , Imp 8vo	(S. Low)	30/0
Gannon (J. P.), <i>A Review of Irish History in Relation to the Social Development of Ireland</i> , cr 8vo	(Unwin)	6/0
Gowing (Mrs. A.), <i>A Spider's Web</i> , cr 8vo	(Burleigh)	2/6
Green (J. R.), <i>An Introduction to Vegetable Physiology</i> , 8vo	(Churchill)	10/6
Greig (T. W.), <i>Ladies' Dress Shoes</i> , folio	(Douglas)	12/0
Hawthorne (C. O.), <i>Rheumatism, Rheumatoid, Anthritis, and Subcutaneous Nodules</i> , 8vo	(Churchill)	2/6
Hayes (M. H.), <i>Stable Management and Exercise</i> , 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	12/0
Hiscox (G. D.), <i>Horseless Vehicles: Automobiles & Motor Cycles</i> , 8vo (S. Low)		14/0
Jackson's <i>Cyclist's Guide to Yorkshire</i> , written & arranged by Tom Bradley, cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	2/6
James (Henry), <i>The Soft Side</i> , cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Krisch (W.), <i>The Technical School French Grammar</i> , cr 8vo	(J. Murray)	2/6
Lewes (V. B.), <i>Acetylene: a Hand Book for the Student and Manufacturer</i> , cr 8vo	(Constable)	31/6
McCarthy (James), <i>Surveying and Exploring in Siam</i> , 8vo	(J. Murray)	10/6
Minchin (G. M.), <i>The Student's Dynamics</i> , cr 8vo	(Bell)	3/6
Powell (Lt.-Gen. R. S. S. Baden-), <i>Sport in War</i> , cr 8vo	(Heinemann)	3/6
Rogers (W. M.), <i>Handbook of British Rubi</i> , 8vo	(Duckworth)	5/0
Rowell (T.), <i>Natal and the Boers: the Birth of a Colony</i> , cr 8vo	(Dent)	2/6
Smith (A. C.), <i>The Monk and the Dancer</i> , cr 8vo	(Downey)	3/6
Smith (P. Horton-), <i>The Goulstonian Lectures on the Typhoid Bacillus and Typhoid Fever</i> , 8vo	(Churchill)	2/6
Sykes (Lady), <i>Side Lights on the War</i> , cr 8vo	(Unwin)	3/6
West (Julian), <i>My Afterdream</i> , cr 8vo	(Unwin)	6/0
Wharton (Edith), <i>A Gift from the Grave</i> , cr 8vo	(J. Murray)	2/6
Wills (C. T.) and Burchett (G.), <i>The Dean's Apron</i> , cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	3/6

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

EUROPE has been greatly surprised this week, and also relieved. The Ambassadors, though besieged in Peking, are all alive with the exception of the German, who was murdered under the eyes of his secretary, Herr Cordes, by an Imperial officer. The attack on the Legations, though continuous, was always slack, the Empress-Regent wishing to preserve the Ministers as hostages. The defence was most ably and gallantly managed, and on July 16th, when some sixty of the defenders had fallen, an armistice was proclaimed. These facts rest on the authority of letters from Sir Claude Macdonald, whose despatch is curiously hurried and brief, from the German and Belgian Legations, from the Japanese Secretary of Legation, and from Dr. Morrison, the able *Times* correspondent, whose obituary has appeared in that paper. All the published messages, even Dr. Morrison's, leave on us an impression of having been edited, or written under some promise of secrecy as to certain facts; but besieged persons rarely transmit the connected narrative for which outsiders long. There is no evidence whatever that attack may not be renewed, or that the besieged trust any promises made them, and no explanation of the long failure to send messages through. The general feeling in the Embassies was that they could hold out till August 1st, but that they must be relieved from outside. Their danger, however, was failure of ammunition, which, if the armistice lasted, may have been postponed.

It appears to be certain that a double movement on Peking has actually commenced. A Japanese *corps d'armée* supposed to be fifteen thousand strong, but probably larger, is advancing from Shan-hei-kwan on the coast by a route its leaders know; while a force probably of twelve thousand men, chiefly composed of Indians and Americans, left Tientsin on August 1st for Peking. It is supposed that it will reach the capital about the 10th inst. The attempt, which is due to American insistence and General Gaselee's Indian conviction that audacity is all in war, is most chivalric, but there are reasons for grave anxiety. The transport is imperfect; the Peiho has been blocked by sinking barges laden with stone, and the force, unless strongly supported from the rear, must at last leave communications to take care of themselves. It is certain, moreover, that it does not know with any accuracy by what numbers, or in what place, or in what way it will be resisted. It is reported that the bulk of the troops besieging the Embassies have left to

resist the advance, that General Sung with ten thousand men is at some point on the route, and that a large body of troops is on the flank of General Gaselee's force; but all this information is vague. No one knows, for example, if the three "armies" reported as moving to Peking from the interior will arrive in time to assist the Empress. All that is certain is that the Peiho is blocked, that masses of armed men bar the road to Peking, and that the Chinese generals command any amount of labour and transport. It seems clear that the reluctance of the Russians, Germans, and French to sanction the advance arises from their idea—probably true—that the state of preparedness does not satisfy scientific requirements.

The preparations for the flight of the Chinese Court from Peking to Segan, of which we spoke at length last week, are said to be advancing. The Chinese have even repaired the railroad from Peking to Paotingfu, which extends for the first part of the journey, and are pushing waggons laden with treasures from the Palace along the rails. The Viceroy speaks publicly of the transfer, to which there appears to be no objection of local sentiment. We would beg our readers to watch all telegrams on the subject, for it is the key of the situation. Peking will not be abandoned if it can be held, but if it is abandoned the war will be waged *à outrance*, and the Court, posted at so great a distance from the coast, in a nearly inaccessible city, will be beyond the reach of any ordinary European pressure. The Powers, too, are not unlikely to differ greatly over the guardianship of Peking, which carries with it rule over the invaluable province of Pechili.

The latest Russian accounts report that the Chinese consider themselves at war with Russia, and include masses of details as to fighting all along the Amur, at various places in Manchuria, and at Kalgan in Mongolia, at Mukden, and at Newchang. Nowhere have the Russians achieved decided success, nowhere have they saved the railway, while everywhere there is proof that the people are against them. The total drift of the evidence, which, of course, comes from Russian sources only, is that the strength of Russia in Eastern Siberia and Manchuria has been absurdly overrated; that St. Petersburg, probably for reasons of economy, has trusted to the terror of the Russian name rather than to force; and that the Czar will be compelled to employ a large army in the reconquest of the road to the Pacific. His Majesty probably perceived this early, and hence his anger with Count Mouravieff and his reluctance to break formally with the Chinese Court. There are whispers, too, of insurrections among the Kalmucks and other Tartar tribes, and altogether the situation of Russia in China is, except as regards trade, more dangerous than that of Great Britain. She can, of course, in time move up adequate force, but the marching must be on foot and the expense will be very great.

The week has been marked by a great crime. The Anarchists have murdered the King of Italy, a Monarch against whom there is no allegation, even among Republicans. Late in the evening of Sunday last King Humbert was attending some fête of an athletic society at Monza, when as he entered his carriage to return a man fired three shots from a revolver at him, one of which pierced his heart. He said, "It is nothing," and either died instantly, or while being driven to the Palace for medical attendance. The assassin is a silk weaver named Gaetano Bresci, and he avows himself an Anarchist. He has lived in America, and it is believed that he executed the "sentence" of a secret Italian club in New Jersey. Other accounts, however, locate the club in Paris. He refuses to denounce his confederates, but it seems

certain that he had one accomplice on the spot, and that some hint of the intended crime had reached the police, who took precautions which the King resented. The crime has horrified Italy, and the Prince of Naples, who is already King as Victor Emanuel III., has received unequivocal evidences of loyalty. A report is circulated, no one knows whence, that four other Monarchs have been "sentenced," first among them being the German Emperor, whom the warning will, we hope, render safer.

As we have pointed out elsewhere, the crime will probably have few political consequences, but this insecurity of the Kings, Presidents, and prominent statesmen is a most serious political evil. It makes them all distrust liberal ideas, and feel as if they were officers resisting a siege. It increases also a certain tendency to savage "repression," even cool men like Lord Salisbury saying publicly that such crimes are treated too leniently. We agree so far that we demand for them, even when only attempted, the inexorable penalty of death; but how are we to go further? If we execute the suspected, we give up justice; if we torture the guilty, we depart from Christianity; if we let the mob work its will, which would be the effective deterrent, we step back in civilisation. We entirely agree that killing a King or a necessary statesman is more than murder, is an effort, in fact, to kill a community; but what can we do within the moral law that is not done? We greatly fear the only preventive, though they hate it so cordially, is greater precaution on the part of the Kings.

The aged Queen has received another severe blow in the death of her second son, Prince Alfred, reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, at the age of fifty-four. A sailor by profession, and, it is said, a competent Admiral, the Prince was much absent from England, and in 1893 he succeeded, by the death of his uncle, to the little but well-known principality of Coburg. Great annoyance was expressed in Germany at his accession because he was an Englishman, but he appears to have lived it down, and to have been at least as popular as any other German Prince. He had been for some time in bad health, when in last month the physicians discovered symptoms of cancer in the tongue and larynx, and advised him to remain in the Castle of Rosenau. He died there of paralysis of the heart, still in ignorance of his real complaint, on July 30th. The Duke of Connaught and his son having renounced the succession, the late Duke is succeeded by the Duke of Albany, son of the English Prince Leopold, a lad of fifteen, the Regency being entrusted for six years to the late Duke's son-in-law, Prince Hohenzollern-Langenberg. The Duke of Albany will be entirely a German, and is already a Lieutenant in the Prussian Service.

The German Emperor has made a grave mistake. Addressing the troops which left Bremerhaven on Friday week for China, his Majesty ordered them to give no quarter and take no prisoners, but use their weapons so that, like the Huns under Attila, they might be remembered in history, and that for a thousand years no Chinaman should dare to look a German in the face. The imprudence of the words struck his Ministers, who made efforts to suppress them, but there seems no doubt that they were uttered. They have elicited strong remonstrances even in Germany, on the ground that such teaching is un-Christian and uncivilised. It is both, and it is also unwise. The modern rule against refusing quarter has two justifications in policy, one that men refused quarter wear down the fighting strength of those who refuse it, and the other that soldiers so encouraged to display ferocity grow impatient of discipline and ultimately disobedient. The object of war is submission, not slaughter, and the "Scourge of God," as Attila called himself, was defeated in his greatest battle, and left behind him nothing but the name of the greatest foe that had ever threatened civilisation. It is not for Europe to remove Mongol cruelty by becoming as merciless as the Mongol.

Good news from South Africa has come even quicker than we hoped, and we are often accused of being too optimistic. On Saturday last Lord Roberts was able to report that 5,000 Boers had been hemmed in by Generals Hunter and Rundle

in the north-east corner of the Orange Colony (*i.e.*, between Bethlehem and Basutoland), and that their leader, General Prinsloo, had agreed to an unconditional surrender of all the men in his command. Unfortunately, however, the whole force did not come in at once, but only a portion,—Commandant Olivier and five guns and about 1,000 men managing to break through the cordon. Since then, however, the Boers have been surrendering in large parties, and by Thursday the figures were as follows:—Surrendered on July 30th, 986 men, 1,432 horses, 955 rifles, and one Krupp 9-pounder; on July 31st, 1,200 men. A further number, the total of which is not reported, surrendered to General Bruce Hamilton, giving up 1,200 rifles, 650 ponies, and one Armstrong gun, and on Friday afternoon comes the news of the surrender of yet another 700. Thus about 4,000 men have already surrendered with 2,000 or more horses and two pieces of cannon. That is a capital haul, and we have no doubt that before long we shall hear of Olivier's capture, though he will probably have hidden his five big guns. It must be remembered that the Boers who have surrendered are not broken, exhausted, and half-starved troopers, but fighting men in the pink of condition, and with horses in an equally good state. They were not hunted to death but fairly cornered by superior generalship. In all probability we shall be able next week to chronicle the surrender of De Wet. After that the war will be confined to the Lydenburg district. It is true that this tract of mountains is extremely unhealthy, but in spite of that the Boers will be driven from it. Nevertheless, we must not shout before we are out of the wood, but must set our teeth, and also accept "minor disasters" without hysterics.

The way in which sensational crimes always produce imitators was illustrated this week by the attack made on the Shah, who is now visiting the Paris Exhibition. As he was driving in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne in an open carriage at 9 o'clock on Thursday morning, a man in artisan dress pushed through the police, jumped on the step of the carriage, and pointed a revolver at the Shah's breast. Fortunately, the man hesitated to fire, the Shah and the Grand Vizier had time to seize him, the latter knocking the revolver out of his grasp. The would-be assassin was then knocked down by a detective and secured. The Shah pluckily continued his expedition to visit the Sèvres factory. The criminal appears to be a Southern Frenchman of about twenty-five, but will make no statement as to himself. His revolver had six barrels, all loaded. In all probability he is merely a crypto-lunatic. We do not imagine that the regular Anarchists would conspire to kill the ruler of Persia. It is curious, however, that the Shah received a warning letter professing to be written from Naples, though posted in Paris. It is said that the Shah has abandoned his visit to England, which is unnecessary, as we believe he would be safer here than in any other country. Sir E. Bradford and the London police have a better knowledge of, and a firmer hold on, the Anarchists than the police of any other nation.

In the House of Lords on Friday, July 27th, Lord Wemyss again mentioned the opinion of the British Military Attaché unnamed who had declared that it was all-important that the country "should be strong and unassailable in the month of November next," and asked the Prime Minister whether he was satisfied with the state of the national defences. Lord Salisbury refused to take the question seriously, and characteristically declared that the shooting stars were the only peculiarity which as far as he knew was to be apprehended in November. As far as he could tell, our defences were in a satisfactory state, but he protested against an increase in our means of defence being taken as a proof that they had been inadequate, as development was, of course, necessary. He did not believe in the possibility of invasion. He refused to declare that we had the best pattern of rifle or gun, as that was not his business but that of the experts. He had taken his part "by recommending an adequate and thoroughly trustworthy head of the War Office for the defence of the country."

Lord Rosebery followed in a very pessimistic, nay, alarmist, speech, in which he declared *à propos* of Lord Salisbury's remarks as to failure of past schemes of invasion: "Unhappy

is the nation that relies for its security on its past history." Where, he went on, are the experts? Why did not the Commander-in-Chief give an assurance as to our safety? "A few reassuring words founded on expert knowledge with regard to our preparedness for the eventualities which may occur this year or the next would be a profound consolation." This strange appeal for oratorical soothing-syrup administered by an expert called forth from Lord Lansdowne the best speech he has made during the war. We were not, he declared, in the denuded condition supposed by Lord Wemyss and Lord Rosebery. We had at this moment fifty thousand more men under arms than we had barrack accommodation for. To ask the Commander-in-Chief to come down to the House and defend Government measures would be to make him a partisan. Lord Kimberley, who wound up the debate, very strongly opposed the notion of having the experts giving their views in the House. His whole speech was moderate and sensible, and in strong contrast to Lord Rosebery's excitable harangue.

Taking the debate as a whole, we greatly regret that Lord Wemyss and Lord Rosebery should have placed the discussion on the lines they did. We strongly object to the system of calling men alarmists, panicmongers, or old women because they take a serious view of the state of the national defences, and insist on calling attention to them, and we hold that it is the duty of Members of Parliament in both Houses to deal with all such matters in the most serious spirit. But unfortunately Lord Wemyss and Lord Rosebery both failed to come to close quarters with their subject. They only raised a vague and general suspicion as to our want of preparation, and made no suggestions which could be called in the least helpful. The one definite proposal—namely, that the experts should come into the House of Lords and give their views—was, as we have tried to show elsewhere, a very mischievous one.

In the Commons on Monday the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a statement as to the raising of the money required for the supplementary estimates. The previous borrowings by Treasury bills and the war loan had amounted to £37,550,000. But the deficit had only been £36,423,000, so he had £1,127,000 over in respect of this transaction. But the supplementary estimates required for South Africa £8,500,000, for China £3,000,000, for Ashanti £200,000, and for extra naval expenditure £1,250,000,—in all £13,000,000. He had to meet this the £1,130,000 just named, and an unexhausted right in the borrowing already sanctioned of £5,000,000. Therefore, strictly speaking, he only required about £7,000,000 more. He should, however, ask for power to borrow another £13,000,000, and also ask to have a free hand in regard to the placing of the loan. The loan would be earmarked as a temporary loan, so that the duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the matter of redemption should be automatically pointed out to him. The proposal seems to us a perfectly sound one. It is far better than rushing into new taxation in a hurry. Next year the whole financial situation can be reviewed, and the incidence of the war expenditure finally decided.

On Wednesday Sir William Harcourt reappeared in the House of Commons, and, we are glad to say, "like a giant refreshed." We do not agree with his speech, and even think much of it wrong-headed and unfair, but there is no disputing its vigour and width of view. It was also conceived in the true tradition of Parliamentary opposition, a tradition of which we have seen far too little of late, but which, nevertheless, is the antiseptic of our Parliamentary system. One may not agree with Sir William Harcourt, but no one who cares for the efficiency of the House of Commons could possibly regret seeing him lead a vigorous and united Opposition. Let us hope that we may soon see him doing so. On Wednesday Sir William Harcourt's chief object was to criticise the financial proposals of the Government, and also the general conduct of the war. He ended what was in truth a rattling party speech by some excellent general propositions directed against exaggerated Imperialism and in favour of peace. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply, answered the party portion of Sir William Harcourt's speech very effectively. He pointed out that Sir William entirely begged the

question of the origin of the war, and assumed that we began it. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach ended by refusing to commit himself to any statement as to the amount of burden to be placed on the gold mines. That was wise. The gold mines must pay their fair share, but the new State to be founded in the Transvaal must not be overburdened. To discover the equitable amount is a task which must take time and consideration.

In the Commons on Thursday Mr. Brodrick made a statement as to our policy and position in China which is, on the whole, very satisfactory, and shows that the Government have no notion of being hounded by the Jingoism into any wild and foolish action in the Far East. The Government set its face resolutely against partition, and had no reason whatever, judging from the negotiations which have taken place between ourselves and foreign Powers, to believe that there was any variance of opinion in this respect. It was probable that recent events had acted as a salutary lesson on those who, whether private individuals or Governments, had cherished an opposite view. "Whatever government is to be the prevailing government in China after this, whether the central seat of government remains where it is, whether the dynasty remains what it is, whether the government which has been in name at Peking remains so in fact, or whether it be more widely diffused amongst those Viceroys who have now in many respects so independent a position, that government must be, in the first place, by Chinese for the Chinese. We are not prepared ourselves to undertake, nor are we prepared to assist other Powers in undertaking, to Indianise China." That is all excellent if it is carried out, as we hope it may be, in a reasonable spirit. Our only fear is lest the principles here laid down may be worked in a Jingo spirit, and we may drift into the intolerable position of defending "the integrity and independence" of the Chinese Empire against all comers after the manner of our old policy in Turkey. Rather than that we would take our sphere, and exercise over it a modified protectorate by means of patrolling the waterways. However, if we are reasonable in regard to Russia's longings for her *damnosa hereditas* in North China, and do not indulge in panics of jealousy and alarm, we do not think it need come to this.

The South African Hospitals Inquiry continues its course, the balance of evidence being, on the whole, on the side of the efficiency of the hospitals. The examination of the patients at Netley produced some excellent replies. One man had fought in the Indian Mutiny, China, and Abyssinia, and left New Zealand as a Volunteer, paying his own expenses. His evidence was short and vigorous. "Wounded in the spine at Paardeberg. Never was more surprised in his life than when he went down to the field hospital and found the comfort provided for the sick and wounded. Only one in a hundred made any complaint, and those ought to take their mothers with them wherever they went." Mr. Kipling, who gave evidence on Wednesday, admitted the serious sufferings, but thought that on the whole the cause lay in circumstances beyond the control of the Royal Army Medical Corps. He declared that there was everywhere "a quiet complaint about the exceeding slowness of getting anything from the stores," and the nurses were very glad to accept pyjamas and pillow-slips privately from Mr. Kipling. He also said that "there was no enthusiasm about nursing enterics,—they were long and troublesome, and not as interesting as the wounded." All this is perfectly natural, but in no way implies a failure of duty. The nurses were terribly overworked, and we can well understand that they undertook the nursing of enteric patients without enthusiasm; and in the matter of supplies, there must always be delay when they can only be got through the medium of an office. The moral is, break red-tape bonds without compunction, as Mr. Kipling did, when you find they are killing men. Florence Nightingale ordered the sentry to break in the door of a drug and store cupboard with the butt-end of his musket, and no one ever dared to court-martial that sentry. Officials who break rules wisely and fearlessly will not experience any want of protection.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
New Consols (2½) were on Friday 97½.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE OFFICE OF PRIME MINISTER AND THE POSITION OF THE EXPERT IN OUR ADMINISTRATIVE SYSTEM.

ADDRESSING the House of Lords on Friday week, Lord Salisbury used words which imply that his duties and responsibilities in regard to national defence stop at the selection of the best man possible for the office of Secretary of State for War. After repudiating, and rightly enough, the suggestion that he could do the work of experts and go into minute details, he went on as follows:—"I should rather refer, and I hold it to be my duty to refer, in the first instance to the great precaution which I have had a share in taking for protecting this country, and that is by recommending an adequate and thoroughly trustworthy head of the War Office." If Lord Salisbury really meant what these words imply, then we must say, with all due deference to his great intellectual powers and equally great experience, that he has not grasped the true position and does not understand the duties of the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister's duties do not end in finding out the ideal War Minister and keeping him at his post. Of course the duty of choosing the appropriate man for the post is of vast importance, but when that is done the Prime Minister's duties in regard to the great Departments of State have only just begun. It is the Premier's function not only to harness the horse best suited to the work to the particular cart, but to see that the horse does his work well. It cannot be too often asserted that the special and peculiar work of the Prime Minister, the work which is his *raison d'être* in the Constitution, is to act as foreman of the gang of workmen who compose the Cabinet. His business is to keep his gang together, to see that each one is doing the work he is best fitted to do, to prevent them from getting in each other's way, to consult with and advise the individual worker if a sudden strain or difficulty arises, and to pass up and down the line, as it were, giving help and support and that outside criticism and stimulus which can only be given by a man who is not working at the special job himself, but is overlooking and superintending the work as a whole. The worker in a gang which has an efficient foreman feels that he has a partner in every part of his work, and that partner is the foreman. So it should be in a Cabinet. Every head of a Department should feel that the Prime Minister is in the final resort and in the great acts of his office a co-worker. The Prime Minister must not, of course, be always worrying his colleagues or snatching the spade or pick or bar out of this or that man's hands, but he must feel that he shares the responsibility in every Department.

It cannot be said that this view of the office of Prime Minister is absurd and unpractical, because we have had Prime Ministers who were in the closest sense foremen of their Cabinets. Sir Robert Peel saw every important member of his Cabinet every day, and discussed with him whatever of special significance was moving in the office. Thus he kept in his hands all the threads of the Administration and was responsible for the whole of the work of government. No doubt Lord Rosebery has assured us that this ideal state of things can never occur again because of the vast complexity of modern affairs, but we do not think he was well advised when he committed himself to this view. If we remember rightly, he once complained in public that a Prime Minister in the House of Lords who had no Department had nothing to do. If that was so, it was only so because the Prime Minister was neglecting his special and proper function of superintendence and overlooking. The work of overlooking is not too great for human powers if the Prime Minister acquires the art of selecting essentials, and does not share the work and responsibility or give advice to his colleagues except in cases of real importance. But, of course, in order to be a Prime Minister of this kind, and, as we hold, of the true kind—of the only kind compatible with administrative vigour and efficiency—the Prime Minister must hold a purely nominal office, and not control a burdensome Department like that of the Foreign Office. No man can be both

Foreign Secretary and a Premier of the Peel type. As a proof that it is not physically impossible for one man to inform himself in regard to the big and essential questions, and give a decision in regard to them, we may quote not merely the example of the Indian Viceroy, but of Monarchs like the German and Austrian Emperors. If they can make their influence felt in all the great Departments of State, so can a Prime Minister. A Prime Minister of the Peel type plays the part that an able and active Monarch plays in a Constitution in which real power and authority still centre in the throne. The danger that we run by accepting Lord Salisbury's theory that when a War Minister is selected the Prime Minister's duty is done is shown in the history of the past nine months. Had Lord Salisbury not been immersed in the details of his own arduous office, but had been able to bring his great and comprehensive intellect, for such it is, to deal with the various problems that arise at the War Office, we believe that many of our mistakes might have been avoided. Certain proposals could never have stood the test of being explained to the Prime Minister day by day. For example, we cannot but believe that if Lord Salisbury had been daily in touch with the Department a good many of the nominations for high command would not have proved sustainable. The Department again might, and probably would, have found it impossible to maintain to a man of his common-sense their contention that this was going to be an infantry war, and that unmounted Colonial troops were to be preferred to mounted. Again, we do not doubt that under the circumstances we are contemplating it would have occurred to the Department, not this year but four years ago, that it was dangerous to have no reserve of ammunition or other essential stores, and that more guns were badly wanted. We do not, however, want to labour these points of detail. What we are sure of is that the country will not accept the notion of War Office autonomy. Whatever Lord Salisbury may believe is, or ought to be, the custom of the Constitution, the nation still thinks that the Prime Minister is a foreman of the works, and expects him to see that the War Office is up to the mark. In fact, they hold the Prime Minister to be ultimately responsible for all his colleagues as long as he supports them and maintains them in power. That the Prime Minister does not part company with a colleague is taken as a sign that the Prime Minister has satisfied himself that the Minister in question is doing all that can be done in his Department. The sooner, in our opinion, that we make the practice coincide with popular belief the better. Let us have a Prime Minister who is the foreman of his Cabinet. If possible let that Prime Minister be Lord Salisbury, but Lord Salisbury not overburdened with the vast weight of the Foreign Office. To lose his wise and moderating hand in the direct conduct of foreign affairs would no doubt be *per se* an evil, but not so great an evil as having no real Prime Minister, no Ministerial foreman, which is the present state of affairs.

Before we leave the subject of Ministerial responsibility we must say a word upon the astonishing proposal that the expert advisers of the War Office or Admiralty should come down to the House of Lords when they happen to be Members and explain and defend, or possibly criticise and condemn, the policy of the Government. Those who make this proposal would seem to have no understanding whatever of our system of government. It could have no end but to place a General on the active list in the Cabinet as Minister of War. If any one thinks such a plan would add to the efficiency of the Army, he is utterly mistaken. The General at the head of the Army would not have the power of the purse. He must, therefore, be dependent upon the Treasury for the means of making his Army. But it may be said that whatever money was allotted by the Treasury he would have the spending of. Very likely, but this is by no means the same thing as saying that it would be well spent. It is not the soldiers who have proved the best Army reformers, and at this moment we believe that the best things in our military system are due, not to soldiers, but to civilians. When, for example, the history of the present war comes to be written, we believe it will turn out that the failures were due, not to civilian interference, but to the military bureaucracy of Pall Mall. But be that as it may, we shall not be able to do away

with our system of a civilian Secretary of State for War. What we ought to do is to put our most efficient administrator at the War Office,—i.e., a man who, while taking immense trouble to get the best expert advice, will also use his own common-sense. We ought also to be able to feel that the Prime Minister is concerning himself with all the essentials in the problem of national defence, and that thus the chain of responsibility is complete. If such a system is worked properly and by good men, and if public opinion remains sound and vigilant, we shall not be able to improve on it while we remain the limited Monarchy or crowned Republic that we are.

THE SURPRISE FROM CHINA.

THE intelligence of the week from China is a great relief to Europe, and also a cause of great bewilderment. Communications from the British, German, and Japanese Legations in Peking, besides one from the *Times* correspondent, have at last been permitted to pass, and prove beyond question, unless we assume an incredible adroitness in forgery on the part of the Chinese, that the European, American, and Japanese Ministers were, with the exception of Baron von Ketteler, alive up to July 22nd. The Legations were attacked on June 20th, and the firing was kept up continuously to July 16th, the Europeans fighting desperately, and, whether assisted or not by any Chinese guards, inflicting great loss upon their enemies. On that date, for unknown reasons, an armistice was agreed to and the attack suspended, though the Legations were watched on each side by a cordon of Chinese "troops"—not "Boxers"—apparently under regular authority. At all events, they stopped firing when they were bidden. At the same time, communications from the Ministers were allowed to be forwarded to Tientsin, apparently under some agreement or coercion as to their nature, for they are of the baldest kind, contain no details of the attack beyond a statement as to officers killed or wounded, and supply no hints as to the essential fact of the situation,—namely, the existence or otherwise in Peking of a regular Government. Sir Claude Macdonald does not even state whether he wishes a relief force to advance or no. The letters, which are as brief as if they had been smuggled through, leave it doubtful whether the attack is expected to continue, and are in truth little more than evidences that the Ministers are alive. No explanation is suggested of the reasons which induced the Chinese first to circulate reports of a massacre, reports full of apparently unconscious proofs of the tragedy, then to prevent all communication between Peking and the outer world, and then to allow numerous though carefully guarded messages to get through. The only coherent explanation we can suggest, therefore, is that the Empress-Regent is still in possession of power sufficient to regulate general policy, that she called China to arms against the foreigner—this, we think, is demonstrated by the despatches to St. Petersburg from Manchuria—but that, while giving way to anti-foreign pressure, or to her own malice, she retained cunning enough to keep open loopholes for her own personal escape. These loopholes were to be the seizure of the Ministers as hostages, and the transfer of the capital to Segan. The slackness of the attack, which many of the writers in the regular European fashion attribute to cowardice, was due to stringent orders from the Palace, which even Prince Tuan did not venture wholly to disobey, though on the 7th inst. he made the bombardment so furious that Chinese who were not soldiers imagined it irresistible, and described its success as a fact instead of an anticipation. The Empress, who can storm the Legations still left standing at will, adheres to this idea, and her mouthpiece, Li Hung Chang, continually repeats at Shanghai that the advance of an army to Peking will be the signal for the Ambassadors' death, and that they are kept as hostages for the safety of the Empress, who, again, realising the possibility that her iniquitous threat may be disregarded, has prepared for a retreat along the western road. This theory is at least consistent with the admitted facts, the more so as after Tientsin had fallen and an advance on Peking seemed imminent, it became necessary to prove that the Ministers were alive. Nobody, the Viceroy reported to Peking, believed unsupported Chinese state-

ments, and you cannot threaten profitably to kill dead men, nor are corpses of great value as materials for a bargain. Europe, it was understood in the Palace, demanded letters, Europe has received them, and now, in the judgment of all Chinese officials, negotiation can comfortably commence.

The Powers have been placed by this new situation in a painful predicament. The theory is that if they advance on Peking the Empress will order a general massacre, in which the Ambassadors will be included, and which may extend even to the Southern cities. We do not believe that she will order it, as the Chinese mind loves loopholes, and the Empress has not the disregard of personal danger which those who are born to thrones seldom fail to display. We rather imagine that she will carry her prisoners with her to Segan, hoping to make some bargain there, and postponing to the last minute the costly luxury of putting them to death. The other, however, is the theory accepted in all capitals, and it throws upon the Courts the responsibility of choosing between the lives of their most important servants and the interests of their States. It seems hard to condemn innocent civilians of eminence to what may possibly prove a painful death in order to safeguard a political principle; but, on the other hand, that principle is not of temporary or even local importance. The inviolability of Ambassadors is worth many lives. If any concession whatever is made to the Empress-Regent in order to save the Ministers' lives, and especially if the concession is an exemption of the guilty from personal penalties, Europeans may as well abandon all hope of maintaining relations or pursuing a safe commerce with Asia. Not only the Emperor of China, but any Asiatic Sovereign will be able to commit any atrocity he pleases, and then, seizing the Ministers, to bargain for impunity and his own terms. He will not be able, it is true, to massacre the Embassies accredited to him as a first step, but he will be able to make them prisoners, to defy attempts to rescue them, and to conduct negotiations with an invaluable *quid pro quo* safely deposited in his hands. There is, indeed, no reason why he should not ask from Europe compensation for his trouble in seizing its representatives. It will not be for the safety any more than the dignity of Europe to establish such a precedent, and the Powers must march to Peking as resolutely as if the Chinese had already completed their crime against civilisation and humanity. The reason for the march is technically as good as ever, the shelling of the Legations being as much an outrage on the law of nations as the murder of the Ambassadors would have been, while the late hesitation of the Imperial Court, which will be patent to every Chinese Viceroy, will probably make the task to be performed a little easier. They will cease to feel that compromise is impossible, and probably cease in some degree to dread the terrible woman who, even while fighting, has laid astute plans for a safe retreat. At present they are nearly all obeying the order to forward their armies to Peking. Fortunately, the responsibility for the Ministers' lives is not as pressing as it looks. The German Emperor has no Minister to save, and is certain to march on Peking, whatever the consequences to his neighbours; the Russians will accompany him to give themselves a position of vantage in the struggle for Manchuria and the railway, which so far have been lost to civilisation; and the French are impelled in the same direction by their position as protectors of Roman Catholicism in the East. The suspense as to the Ambassadors has concentrated attention upon them, but the fate of the Christian converts throughout the Empire has been even more deplorable. They have been murdered in thousands, often with horrible tortures, merely because they have been disciples of the foreigner, and France, which conquered Tonquin to avenge the Annamese Christians, can hardly allow Christianity to be extirpated in China without exacting a reparation. Three Powers, therefore, must march on Peking; the British, according to Mr. Brodrick, will march with them, and the Americans, though they only claim reparation for the arrest of their own Minister, will not be behind. The Army of Retribution will commence its march in the first week of August—indeed, has already commenced it, the British, Americans, and Japanese leaving the others behind—and when it reaches Peking the political prospect will be a little clearer. We shall then know whether China has an

organised Government or not, whether the Chinese troops will or will not resist European soldiers, whether any of the Powers have separate ideas, and whether it is possible to construct a Government which will secure safety for Europeans in the future. For the moment there is nothing to be done except to march from Tientsin to the capital—seventy miles—as rapidly as possible, with as few jealousies as may be, and without more slaughter of the enemy than is necessary to drive him out of the path. We should have heartily welcomed the report that the General-in-Chief is to be a German—Lieutenant-General von Lesselen—but for the Emperor's speech; but if no quarter is to be granted, we shall only reach Peking after weeks of fighting, to find that the most dangerous mob in Asia expects a massacre, and will fight as its countrymen fought at Tientsin.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY.

THE murder of King Humbert, though a most deplorable event, as increasing the uneasiness, and therefore the severity, of all ruling persons, will not, we think, produce any grave political consequences. It appears to have been ordered by a club of Italian Anarchists in America, probably as an act of vengeance for the rather savage repression evoked by the recent insurrection in Milan. That repression was not due to the King, but as he officially sanctioned it, and was the most conspicuous figure in his Government, the murderers selected him as their victim, and finding, as they very rarely find, an agent who was indifferent to his own fate, they carried out their iniquitous purpose with unusual success. Any man who will give his own life can take that of any other, and Gaetano Bresci seems to belong to the type of men, now common, in whom convictions or passions are so strong as to dominate the usual regard for self. There is no reason to suspect any hand behind that of the Anarchists, for, so far at least as we can see, no party, or State, or Church can derive the smallest benefit from the disappearance of the King. The Anarchists themselves do not benefit, for society, which they hope to dissolve, is not even shaken, and the watchfulness of the police will be stimulated not only by a new zeal among their superiors, but by that general horror and disposition to condemn the guardians of order which is provoked by any great instance of their failure to protect life. A universal disposition to hunt Anarchists down cannot be an advantage to men of Anarchist opinions, and that desire is always strengthened, as we have often pointed out, by any murder of the eminent. The more extreme Liberals of Italy, again, cannot benefit, for every assassination makes thousands of Conservatives, and Humbert I. was not one of the Sovereigns upon whose lives dynasties depend. He was a constitutional ruler who had no wish to be a despot, and who took little interest in administration except as regarded foreign policy and the discipline of the Army. He would probably have made a great cavalry officer, but except an unusual degree of fearlessness, which he showed not only in the field, but in visiting cholera-hospitals and defying the threats of assassins, he had no qualities striking enough to prevent the growth of Republicanism, which under his reign was very marked. There have been Kings whose existence of itself justified Monarchy, but Humbert of Italy, though a good King enough, could not be counted in the list. The revolutionary party, therefore, does not gain by the King's death, and, indeed, will lose, it being an instinct of the human mind—as Lord Beaconsfield once pointed out—to hope all things, and especially all social improvements, from a new Sovereign. Little is known of the young King; but he springs from the house of Savoy, which has held its own for a thousand years; he will have as able advisers as his father, and he will in all human probability pursue the same policy, especially in external affairs. The new Queen, no doubt, was a Princess of Montenegro, and the Montenegrin house is Russian in feeling and in alliances; but Queens Consort have either little influence, or they have ideas which they do not bring with them from their homes. Victor Emanuel III. is little likely to break the Triple Alliance, which protects him alike from France and from the Papacy, and it is only by seceding from that Alliance that Italy can greatly affect the general

current of events. Her liking for England in particular does not depend on any individual, but on the fact that the friendship of this country helped greatly to secure her liberation, and now protects her from dangers which might at any moment become serious in the Mediterranean. No individual is precisely like another, and Victor Emanuel III. may choose Foreign Ministers whom his father would have found unacceptable, but the main lines of his foreign policy are fixed for him by the situation.

As for the Church, it is hard to see that its chances increase with the disappearance of King Humbert. Though the present King has no children, he is young, and in any case the dynasty, which is no doubt the keystone of Italian unity, is in no danger of extinction. Extreme organs of the Clerical party may conceivably point out that excommunicated Sovereigns do not die old men; but the spiritual menaces which were faced by Victor Emanuel, who was a sincere believer, anxious on account of his irregular life that the Church should not utterly condemn him, are not likely to appal his grandson. Victor Emanuel III., even if he is a fervent Catholic, which is most improbable, as he selected a bride from a house of the Greek faith, has no power whatever to surrender Rome, and it is the surrender of Rome to the Papacy, if not of the Roman States, which is the object of the group of irreconcilables who now direct the policy of the Church. They want the temporal power, which no King of Italy can give, and the Quirinal must therefore remain in antagonism to the Vatican. The struggle between the clericals and Italy, which lies at the bottom of many of the designs which make up European politics, must continue under conditions which are very little changed. It may grow a little fiercer, for the young are imprudent, and King Humbert, who hated no one, probably acted as a moderating influence; but it is really based on ideas which are unchangeable, and which cannot lose, except through the slow passing away of generations, their driving force. The desire of Italy for unity will not die away, nor the desire of the Roman Church for sovereignty in Rome; or if either change does occur, it will be due to causes but little affected by the personality of the Italian Sovereign.

The Anarchists have, in fact, only added one more to their long list of absolutely useless crimes; they have committed a murder, which is a vulgar offence open to anybody without a conscience and with a revolver, but they have not shaken either society or the world. We hope that the fact will speedily be perceived, and that we shall hear little more of those cries for exceptional and terrible vengeance which only serve to justify the fanatical enemies of society in their own eyes. It is folly and worse to propose the arrest and sentence of all Anarchists, the torture of the guilty, or the expulsion of all suspects from every country. Anarchists who commit or order murder deserve death, and we, at least, believe that of all deterrents ignominious death is the most effectual, but they are as much entitled to justice—that is, to fair trial and full identification, and to an opportunity of being heard—as any other criminals. Nothing is gained by driving them to desperation, and there is this lost, that the natural and instinctive fear of the consequences which will follow if they transmute opinions and resolutions into acts at once loses all its force. They become like men to whom quarter has been refused, and whose only hope, therefore, is to secure all the satisfying vengeance they can before they die. To make a public profession of Anarchical opinions an offence is only to make the Anarchist clubs more secret than ever, and to strengthen their resolution to regard every member who betrays them or who resists their commands as a traitor to the brotherhood, well worthy of the only punishment they are able to inflict. As for threatening torture, what is the gain to the world if Gaetano Bresci the moment he has shot a King passes the supreme sentence on himself, and dies by his own hand? Anarchists should not be given up to a Holy Inquisition, but hunted, tried, and executed like any other murderers. You will not suppress fanatical hatred of society by proving that society when alarmed is careless of those first principles of ordinary justice which when it is not alarmed it professes to hold so sacred that rather than violate them it constantly acquits the notoriously guilty.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE military situation in South Africa has very greatly improved during the past week. General Prinsloo's large commando in the north-east of the Orange Colony has surrendered, already some two thousand five hundred men, with horses and guns, are prisoners in our hands, and at any moment we may hear of the surrender of De Wet. This does not, of course, actually end hostilities, but it is certain to take the heart out of the resistance of those Boer forces which still keep the field. We do not suppose that Botha will at once surrender because De Wet has shown him the way, but he and his men will doubtless be much depressed by the event, and will be less and less inclined to desperate measures of resistance. But in truth none of the Boers are inclined for such measures. They fight bravely and cleverly enough, but, as one of their generals remarked, they are willing to surrender whenever they are placed in a position from which they cannot escape. They are not the kind of troops who fight hardest when they get their backs to the wall. On the contrary, they will only go on fighting when they have open country behind them. The moment they find they have no retreat they surrender. Those who are inclined to be pessimistic about the terrible things which the Boers are going to do in the Lydenburg district, and who dread the Boers obliging us to shoot them down while they stand and "roll the psalm to wintry skies," may make themselves quite happy. There will be no last stand of that kind, and no butchery. What will happen in the case of the Transvaalers in the Lydenburg district is just what has happened in the Bethlehem district in the case of the Orange Free Staters. They will manœuvre and raid, and dodge and twist and turn, like the splendid moss-troopers they are, but the moment they are fairly cornered it will be a case of "Don't shoot, Colonel; I'll come down."

But though we think that we shall be forced to play the same game in the Lydenburg district that we have been playing in the north-east of the Orange Colony, we by no means anticipate that the struggle will be so long drawn out. In the first place, the Boers will not be very numerous; they are dwindling every day. Next, they will be depressed by thinking of the results of Prinsloo's attempts to hold out. Then, too, the force we shall have at our disposal in order to do the work of "cornering" will be very much larger. We shall practically be able to employ double the numbers we have used in the Orange Colony. Again, we shall have a better base. There was no line of railway available near Bethlehem. The Lydenburg district borders on the Delagoa Bay Railway, which will soon be in our hands. Lastly, the Lydenburg district is full of natives, and though the Boers will no doubt make them very fine promises, and we shall of course do all we can to restrain the natives, the Boers directly they begin to get the worst of things will not feel easy. Remember, too, that the Lydenburg district is geographically by no means favourably placed. We already hold the west, and very soon shall hold the south, while the east is Portuguese territory. Now in theory no doubt the Boers could easily raid across the border and start a new Republic in Portuguese territory, but this they will not attempt, as such an armed incursion would force the Portuguese to go to war with the Boers, and so not only cut off the supplies they still get from Delagoa Bay, but enable us to use that port as a place from which to despatch troops. In fact, nothing would suit us better than for the Boers to invade Portuguese territory and so enable us to act from the east. There remains the north into which the Boers could retreat. Fortunately, however, this is also closed to them. The large force of mounted men which was sent *viâ* the Beira Railway into Rhodesia should by now be in a position entirely to close the north against a final trek. The military problem, then, will be simply to prevent the Boers from wandering up and down the Lydenburg district raiding and seeking what they may devour in the way of convoys and detached posts, and gradually to "round them up" into a place from which there is no escape, after the method pursued by Hunter and Rundle. How long this process will take it is, of course, impossible to say. It may be finished in two months, or it may take four or six, but that it will be

finished by the end of October is our firm belief. We have always believed that the Boers would accomplish their doom within a year from the time when, drunk with power and insolence, like so many oligarchies before them, they hurled their defiance against the British Empire and the principles of free government. We see nothing in recent events to make us alter our opinion. But though we are so strongly optimistic about the final result of the operations in the Lydenburg country, we must warn our readers to prepare themselves for minor defeats. In order to accomplish his end Lord Roberts will no doubt have to divide his force into flying columns, and to send those columns to penetrate the passes of the mountainous district which the Boers have chosen for their last campaign. To do this is the only way of ending the war. But in order to do this a certain number of risks will have to be run, and with a foe so capable in the matter of mountain warfare, and so nimble in action, it is impossible not to expect that bodies of troops will occasionally be isolated and cut up. It is quite conceivable that there will be another "regrettable incident" on a big scale. It is almost certain that there will be one or two minor surprises and ambushes. We would ask the public to remember this, and not to take such matters too much to heart, or to imagine that they portend an endless war. They will not in reality affect the final result in the very least. We do not, of course, want the nation to be indifferent to disasters. That would be to go much too far in the opposite direction, and would encourage indifference and carelessness in our officers. We want to see men responsible for bad blunders punished with the utmost severity, but we do not want to see our follies used to exaggerate the strength of the Boers.

It is probable that in the course of the next month we shall take a great many prisoners, and among them many prominent Boers. Very likely the public will begin to wonder whether it is worth while to transport these men to St. Helena or Ceylon, and it will be suggested that it would be better to keep them in Natal or at the Cape. Now, we have no desire to be vindictive, but in the case of all the leaders, at any rate, we hope that the policy of sending them out of South Africa will be pursued. Our reason is this. The Boer artillery is being hidden, and hidden very ingeniously. But the country will not be really pacified or safe until every gun, whether a hundred-pounder or a "pom-pom," has been given up. We should therefore let it be known that unless and until the buried cannon are accounted for the Boer leaders must remain beyond sea. This will be a perfectly fair arrangement, for the Boer leaders know where the cannon of their own commandos have been hidden, or else can find out. We shall not be asking them to betray any one, but merely to say in what places the guns are concealed. When the tale of guns is complete it will be possible to settle the conditions under which the Boer prisoners will be able to return to their homes. That the Boers will return from overseas better men than they went we cannot doubt. They will have learnt something of the world, and they will also have learnt that the "rooinek" is not so black as he has been habitually painted by Mr. Steyn and Mr. Kruger. Finally, we wish it might prove possible to imitate Chatham's great piece of policy in regard to the pacification of the Highlands, and raise a couple of regiments or so of Boer mounted sharpshooters for frontier service in various parts of the Empire. Such a body of men might prove of immense use in China, or Nigeria, or the West Coast. We are afraid, however, that the Boer is not adventurous enough for such service, and would not like to quit South Africa even for a five years' enlistment. We are not able, in his case, to please him by the offer of being allowed to wear his national dress, for a national dress he does not possess. We fear, then, that the notion of using Boer marksmanship in the service of the Empire must be abandoned. Later on, however, when the Boer settles down, we shall not be surprised to find him enlisting freely in the local frontier forces.

THE KINSHIP OF THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BARS.

ON the Friday evening of last week a banquet was given in the Middle Temple Hall by members of the Bench and Bar of England to the representatives of

the Bench and Bar of the United States of America. The Judge of the Supreme Court of Errors, Connecticut, in responding to the principal toast with the eloquence we have learned to expect from the great American lawyer, spoke some words which we hope will be always remembered by the profession. "What binds together the lawyers and Judges of the two countries," said Judge Baldwin, "is the common law. England has always been the Mecca for American lawyers. . . . The legal ancestry of the representatives of both countries is the same. . . . Wherever the English tongue has gone the English law has gone, and in loving devotion to all that makes the English law really what it is Americans and Englishmen are one, standing, as it were, under the same flag, not the flag of a country, but of a law." The history of the friendship between the two Bars is a very old one, for on no side is the English tradition and the sense of a common inheritance so much appreciated in the States as on the legal. The basis of law is the same in both countries, and the English common law is a joint possession. And, apart from the practical aspect, there has been a feeling of kindliness, even for trivial legal forms, which has made the American Courts preserve certain quaint English archaisms. Sir Frederick Pollock in the dedication of his "Law of Torts" to Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes tells of the experiences of an English lawyer, travelling overland from Montreal to Boston. He leaves Quebec, where the flag is his own but the law is the Code Napoleon, for a country where he has no longer the rights of a natural-born subject. But "when his eye is caught, in the everyday advertisements of the first Boston newspaper he takes up, by these words: 'Commonwealth of Massachusetts: Suffolk to wit,'—no amount of political geography will convince him that he has gone into foreign parts and has not rather come home." And in addition to this joint possession of the English common law, the two Bars are united by their respect for judicial precedents. In no other system of jurisprudence in the world is such force given to judicial decisions, an attitude which is responsible in the eyes of a Continental jurist for making English and American law an unfeared wilderness. For a time, it is true, the American method tended to approach the Continental, and some lawyers began to treat the common law as an "ideal system," to quote Sir Frederick Pollock again, "to be worked out with speculative freedom and little regard for positive authority." But of late years the current seems to have turned, and we have the testimony of a distinguished American lawyer, Professor Dillon, that the danger has passed. The great works of Kent and Story and Marshall are to be found in every good English legal library, and a great lawyer in England or the Colonies or the United States writes not only for the use of his own Bar, but for the benefit of all English-speaking peoples. The English law reports are bought by American lawyers, though it is a common complaint that they have become less useful since the number of decisions upon the construction of statutes has so greatly increased. As Professor Dillon, speaking from the American point of view, has said:—"In our law libraries we find the learning and labours of Judges administering the system in law reports from India, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the West Indies. We have the same legal literature in which we behold Hale and Marshall, Hardwicke and Story, Blackstone and Kent, Erskine and Webster."

The value of this bond of union is much increased by the large part which the profession of law plays, and has always played, in American life. As many of Blackstone's Commentaries were sold on publication in America as in England, and Burke long ago declared that "in no country, perhaps in the world, is the law so general a study." It has even coloured the popular vocabulary, and throughout the United States the merest layman will habitually refer to land as "real estate." The speech of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew at the dinner we have spoken of emphasised this pre-eminence. The Government of the United States, he said, was a lawyers' Government. There have been twenty-one Presidents, of whom seventeen have been lawyers, and of Cabinet Ministers four-fifths have been lawyers. The Constitution was made by lawyers, the Government institutions of every kind were built up by lawyers, and in the formation of the Government they have created a

judicial power, the Supreme Court, which is superior to the sovereignty of the nation. It is true that this excessive political importance may react unfavourably upon the value of the administration of justice, but it at least proves that the profession of the law is at the very centre of national activity. The American Bar, to be sure, has a few superficial differences from our own. The professions of solicitor and counsel, for example, are not separated, but the same is true of most of our Colonies, and any serious effects of the division are nullified by the habit of forming legal partnerships. If, then, we have in the United States a Bar essentially like our own, professing a law the same in origin as ours and closely related in substance, and at the same time exerting a great influence upon every domain of politics, we have a common interest more strong than any sudden gust of racial sentiment or half-hearted diplomatic alliance.

We have thought it right to call attention to this sign of friendship, partly because it is in itself so desirable, and partly because it illustrates what we should be glad to see carried still further,—the decentralisation of English law. The law of England is a civilising agent second only to Christianity, and an Imperial bond of union as strong as any commercial interests. It has gone forth to the ends of the earth, and, in spite of its parochial origin, has won conquests as great as any Roman system which was born in the purple. What we desire to see is not the lessening of the importance of the central Courts, but the fostering of legal schools among new conditions and stranger peoples. It is a significant fact that the work on the Government of England by Professor Hearn, of Melbourne, is authoritative on the subject,—a book written by a Professor in a Colonial University far from the traditions of law and government which dwell in Westminster. We should be glad to see the freest and friendliest relations of mutual respect between all the Bars of all the English-speaking peoples, and in particular we should be glad to see American common-law judgments referred to in English arguments as English cases are cited in New York and Washington. For recent experience has shown that English law is no delicate plant which flourishes best among the surroundings which gave it birth.

THE CONTEMPT OF ASIA FOR EUROPE.

THE contempt of Asiatics for Europeans is a little difficult to understand and most difficult to explain. Their hatred is natural enough, for the European is usually a conqueror, and always an intruder who threatens to disturb the mode of life which they think at once obligatory and delightful; but their contempt seems unreasonable or even absurd. It does not spring from want of respect as we commonly understand that word. The Asiatic usually acknowledges the European to be his superior, and this not only in physical power, but in many departments of life which require thought. He does not question, for instance, that the white man is his superior in science, or in the military art, or in medicine, or in those branches of knowledge which require, like astronomy for example, careful observation. He never dreams of rivalling him as a mechanician, and has doubts, only doubts, of his own comparative capacity as an engineer. He will even allow that he is a thinker of a sort, and has virtues of a kind, and can rule in a way, especially as regards taxation, to which he himself makes no pretension. Nevertheless, he regards the European as a barbarian, wanting in the essentials of civilisation, and inferior to himself from sheer deficiency of brain-power. This feeling is the more remarkable because it is not based, like the scorn of the Greek for the Roman, which in some degree resembled it, upon any actual superiority. In all but the capacity of ruling—of course, a magnificent exception—in thought, in poetry, in art, in all the faculties which might ultimately have developed scientific attainment, the Roman was the inferior of the Greek, and knew it so well that the more cultivated he grew the more he became "Grecised," until in the Western Empire he merged his own civilisation in that of his subject, and became in all essentials a Greek. It is probable, too, that the surrender improved him, and that during the first six centuries of its existence Constantinople was more civilised, in the modern sense, than old Rome ever became. The Asiatic has not that justification for his

scorn, yet no one who has penetrated even a little into the true life of the East doubts that he feels it, and this so strongly as to make of his own submissiveness a source of self-contempt which gives energy and edge to his vengeance when he has once risen in revolt. He holds his master, in fact, to be a dense person who, as a rule, cannot be resisted, but who can always be outwitted, deceived, guided into a path on which he does not wish to tread. Why is that? Why, for instance, does the Hindoo or the Chinaman, or in a lesser degree the Turk, always fancy that he can lie to the European without detection and without consequences, that if force is eliminated from the struggle he will not only win, but win with a certain ease and absence of exertion?

We believe that the serious answer to the question is the one which the European, judging as he always does by the concrete results, never will accept. The Asiatic has of the two the brighter intelligence. He is the more quickwitted, especially in reading character, he anticipates his interlocutor's thought more rapidly, he invents with far more ingenuity, and he is more capable of purely abstract reasoning. He, not the white man, thought out and founded all the successful creeds. When he condescends to discuss, or dares discuss frankly, which is very seldom, he is the philosopher talking with the average and slightly stupid man. He perceives this himself, all the more keenly because the perception is of little use to him, and he has usually to give way. He is like a clever woman talking to an ordinary man, arriving at conclusions by intuition rather than thought, seeing before the man has begun to open his eyes, and as a result indulging in a thin scorn which does not produce resistance, but does produce a bitterness, gentle enough in the woman if she is womanly, but not gentle in the Asiatic. This is the main cause of the contempt, the underlying root from which it springs, but there are other subsidiary causes of much efficacy. One is that the manners of the European always strike the Asiatic as plebeian. He expects in an equal or superior a kind of smoothness which few Europeans possess, and which they never display in their intercourse with the coloured races, whose want of frankness, and tendency to be deferential, and general failure to secure the results which Europe desires, slightly irritate them. The Asiatic thinks that want of frankness essential to politeness, is always reserved unless he intends to be insolent, and looks upon familiarity, especially if there is any difference of grade, as offensive, presuming, and, in a word, rude. Very few Europeans appear to him to be gentlemen, and those few only when they are not familiar. The European's laugh, in especial, is to him as disagreeable as the laugh of the uncultivated is to the refined European, and European "chaff," persiflage, humour, is to him absolutely unendurable. It is, he thinks, the very quintessence of vulgarity, and reminds him perpetually that he is being civil or submissive to one who is essentially, when the mask is off, a barbarian. This feeling, which is universal and incurable, greatly increases his sense of his opponent's stupidity, which again is deepened by his perception that the opponent is fettered in using his intellect by all manner of non-intellectual restrictions, is apt, for example, to resent a cruel or immoral suggestion, does not employ falsehood when falsehood clearly would be convenient, and does not detect falsehood if it is plausible as a quickwitted man should. Long observation has convinced us that the Asiatic who lies to the European despises the European so much for accepting the falsehood that he often out of sheer contempt makes his falsehood less artistic than he could. Anything, he thinks, will do for a mind so dense as that. He is vexed, too, when his lie is too roughly exposed, vexed not, as an ordinary European is, because he has been detected, but as a diplomatist is vexed when his smooth arguments are not put aside as smoothly. He ought not to be told that he is lying, but only to be shown as lightly as may be that the falsehood has not succeeded. Any other conduct he classes as the result of ill-mannered, not to say brutal, stupidity, and despises in his heart as the gentleman despises the scolding of the rough. So likewise he despises the European's liability to "lose his temper" without getting into a rage. The Asiatic can feel rage, and display it too, but "bad temper," which is much commoner among Europeans than they think, disgusts and offends him as a mark of barbarian want of

self-control. If the bad temper lasts, and induces the European, as it often does, to take the bit in his teeth and act in defiance of remonstrance, the Asiatic "bows low before the blast," but it is verily "in patient, deep disdain," as of a diplomatist who is dealing with some half-savage whom he cannot for the moment control. Talleyrand always regarded Napoleon in that light.

Behind all these feelings there remains the mutual unintelligibility, which produces contempt in the Asiatic as it produces it also in the European. We are all apt to despise what we do not understand, and some invisible but impassable barrier arrests perfect comprehension between the East and West. The European familiar with the East always recognises this source of error in himself, and sometimes tries to overcome it, declaring with a sigh that the Eastern is always a sealed book, but he seldom recognises also that for the same reason the Asiatic despises him. His innate pride, and that supreme self-confidence which Asia has lost in the ages, but which modern Europe is still too young to lose—we were tattooed savages when the East was just beginning to decay from age—prevents the thought from growing into a conviction, but nevertheless it is well founded. The Asiatic often watches the "antics" of the European as we watch those of animals, with a sense of amusement which has no other explanation than that he does not understand. How can he, when to each other the two are so nearly dumb? The clearness of the European's brain never tells him when the revolt of the Asiatic is near at hand, and all the subtlety of the Asiatic never tells him when a threat will make the European halt, and when it will pass him like the idle wind. Nothing, to use the best known illustration, will ever convince the average European that the religion of the Asiatic, which governs the habits of his life, though not his whole conduct, is anything but tomfoolery; and nothing will convince the average Asiatic that a European has any religion at all worthy of the name. The one despises the other as a fool, the other despises the one as a barbarian too dense to believe a creed. The difference is that the European perceives his own contempt but never dreams of attributing it to his rival, while the rival, fully aware of his own feeling, is only too conscious that it is reciprocated to the full. "What a fool he really is," says the European of the Asiatic; and "How can God have created a thing like that?" says the Asiatic of the European. As the European has never to obey, his contempt is often kindly; as the Asiatic has always to yield, his contempt is often vitriolic.

THE EXCESS OF ORATORY.

SOME writer has been advocating in the Press the establishment here of schools of oratory as they have them in America. John Bull, it is well known, is no great speaker, and it must be admitted that at international gatherings where speeches are the order of the day he does not shine. There are exceptions, however, to all rules, and the present writer once saw a Parisian audience electrified by the eloquent speech of a delegate from England. But this delegate had something to say in which he profoundly believed; he spoke simply from his heart without trick or attitude, and he made therefore an impression which could never have been produced by the most elaborate rhetoric ever uttered. In point of finish, of form, of elegance, there was not a Frenchman, possibly not a single foreigner, present who was not his superior; but "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and this man's heart was full of a native power not manufactured in the schools, but born of a glowing conviction.

What is the real end of oratory? It is not like poetry which inspires men centuries after it was born in the poet's teeming imagination. It is true that we read Demosthenes and Cicero now as we read Homer and Virgil, but we read them rather as essential elements in Greek and Latin literature than as oratory pure and simple. The like is true of Burke, whose speeches emptied the House of Commons, but appeal with irresistible power to all who can appreciate the depth and magnificence of the English language. But turn to the finest speeches which at one time moved the House of Commons, and one yet remains cold. Macaulay has written of the rushing torrent of speech on the Oczakow Convention in which Charles James Fox almost foamed at the mouth,

overcome by his own exuberant language. But we read it now without the slightest emotion, whereas one simple line of Burns, composed at the same period, moves us to tears. Who would really compare the stately Ciceronian rhetoric with the more vital poetry of Virgil? Or who would say that the whole of the oratory of Demosthenes took hold of him as did a single line of Sophocles or a single sentence of Plato? No, oratory does not endure, it is not intended to endure. What it is intended to do is to produce an immediate and powerful impression which will persuade hearers to action. As has been said of Demosthenes, his object was not to make people say, "What a fine orator Demosthenes is!" but to make them exclaim, "Let us march against Philip!" And it may be said generally that if oratory does not produce that instant result of persuading to action, it is merely an artificial product and is a failure. True oratory has always in it something of the unpremeditated. Cromwell said with truth that man never soared so high as when he knew not whither he was going; and his own speeches as Carlyle has preserved them for us, broken, rugged ejaculations as they mostly are, have yet a higher pretension to rank as literature than the elegant but dead eloquence of a Halifax, a Pulteney, or a Bolingbroke. One would rather be condemned to read the very thinnest poetry and comedy of the Restoration than the great speeches on the Exclusion Bill. And it is not only the average man who feels so; his taste is shared by the highest intellects.

There is, perhaps, one exception to this rule, and it is when a man of genius speaks, not as an orator to a critical assembly, but as a man to men. That great speech of Pericles reported by Thucydides, a speech dedicated to the glory and genius of Athens, moves us still. Luther's "Hier stehe ich; ich Kann nicht anders" is of a piece with Nature herself. So is that noble and impressive utterance of Lincoln's on the field of Gettysburg; and so, though on a somewhat lower level, are some of the powerful speeches of Danton. These will live in history because they are the outspoken feelings of the human heart, without tricks, without artifice. But in general, oratory is among the evanescent arts. We can no more reanimate the oratory of Mr. Gladstone than we can the singing of Jenny Lind. Each remains a great memory for those who were so fortunate as to hear it, but nothing more. So it must be in the nature of things,—the orator, like the singer, is essentially the man. Take away his personality, his magnetic charm, and oratory, like song, like great acting, becomes a more or less defunct tradition.

Here, then, is the reason why oratory can never be learned, and why, therefore, a school of oratory can never produce orators. A school of oratory, we say, not a school of elocution. The latter may be very useful as a means of training to the proper command of his voice and figure one who has already the oratorical gift. A school of elocution may be made as useful to the developing orator as a school of art to the developing painter, but it can go no further. For, after all, the school of art can do nothing beyond lending a little temporary aid, and perhaps suggesting an initial start. Was it Haydon who, when asked what he mixed his colours with, replied: "With my brains, Sir!" Yes, to mix one's art with one's brains is the secret of success. To communicate with the mere words one uses that fine but powerful essence which we call personality,—that is the secret of the orator, and that cannot be taught by any school or by any living being. But the art of public speaking, cannot that be taught? And is it not desirable that it should be taught, so that our after-dinner speeches may be less portentously dull than they are, and that Englishmen could open their lips with more credit to themselves?

Well, without sharing Carlyle's depreciation of Sir Jabesh Windbag and his kind, we think there is some truth in the Golden Gospel of Silence which may be taken to heart by this generation. It was said of the poet Gray that, while his mind was so well stored, he "did not speak out." It might be complained of too many of our fellow-creatures now that, with very ill-stored minds, they are only too ready to speak out. The two essential conditions of oratory are that the orator should have something to say, and next that he should be animated by a deep conviction. But so many of our speakers have little to say, and we live in an age of weak convictions. So many subjects have been worked over and over again that only a slender residuum of rinsings

is left; so many metaphors and illustrations have been handled that we are obstinately deaf to the voice of the would-be charmer unless his personality moves us. Political speaking has manifestly far less effect than it had. A short, businesslike statement is called for; the rest is listened to with impatience. No wonder, since the faculty of audible speech in a public assembly is growing at such an alarming rate. To quote Carlyle once more, how gladly would one see many worthy people dismount from their tubs and take refuge inside them, Diogenes-like, to meditate for awhile! Who, amid the distracting noises of the time, does not sigh for a brief space of silence? When Goethe was asked by a young author for his advice as to publishing a book, the sage replied: "Do not, unless you are absolutely compelled to it." So we might advise the budding speaker to hold his tongue for awhile unless the inner genius obliges him to speak out. Then he will be a true orator, and we shall all listen; but meanwhile we shall know that we hear nothing but sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

We cannot, therefore, favour the idea of the school of oratory, which, like so many American schools of oratory, would, we fear, end in empty declamation. We entertain a half-conviction, too, that a nation never succeeds in attempting to run athwart the manifest current of its own genius. We have had great orators in England as we have had great painters and fair composers; but England, as a whole, is no more a country of oratory than of high art. Nature designed the English as a people for practical action, not for elegant speaking, and we shall do better to stick to our particular task rather than endeavour to shine where we are more likely doomed to failure. Let our faulty habits of speaking (due partly to shyness or to lack of mental nimbleness) be corrected, by all means. But schools of oratory would mean increase of artificiality; as not a few of our restaurants give us a fourth-rate imitation of a French dinner instead of the less varied but substantial and original English fare.

BIRDS IN SURREY.

THE county of Surrey has been highly favoured by Nature. Although the industry of man has sadly disfigured large portions near London, others, nearer the borders of Sussex and Hampshire, retain a surprising and agreeable wildness. Surrey contains for its size more uncultivated land than any other English county; through its centre runs a range of chalk downs which command a series of noble prospects to the north and south; next comes a sandy region with extensive heaths and pine woods; and, lastly, there is a tract of wealden clay well covered with fine oak woods. So varied a country lacks nothing but a sea border to make it a very paradise for the whole of the feathered world; and such, but for the intrusion of mankind, it doubtless might be. In a recently published book, "The Birds of Surrey," by John A. Bucknill (R. H. Porter, 21s. net), on the ornithology of the county may be found a most interesting account of the bird-life of Surrey. Mr. Bucknill, the author, has left no source of information unexplored, and he may be congratulated on the care and industry which he has devoted to the subject. His book is a welcome contribution to the literature of our birds. It is inevitable that much of such a book should be sad reading; the destruction of rare stragglers is, doubtless, not to be avoided, but the steady extermination of inoffensive species which once bred in the county is very deplorable.

We would, however, rather turn from this melancholy aspect of the subject and congratulate ourselves upon the numbers of birds as well as the numbers of different species which regularly frequent the county at this present day. Of the smaller land birds there is an abundance; and, if they are small enough to be considered harmless by the gamekeeper, there is little danger of their being destroyed yet awhile. The ring-ouzel, which nested on Hindhead in the "twenties," is now only a bird of passage. The furze-warbler, thanks to its shy demeanour, still breeds and remains all the year on several gorse-covered commons. The golden oriole, though regularly shot on its arrival, has not yet ceased coming nearly every spring. Strange to say, although the jay is very abundant, the wary magpie is almost extinct. The shy hawfinch and

the elegant goldfinch nest in several localities. Busy flocks of crossbills come to the pine woods every winter; and some pairs remain through the summer. The curl bunting, a rare bird very like a yellow hammer, is probably as common in Surrey as in any county of England. The grey wagtail's nest has been found at Wimbledon and at Barnes within the last few years. The birds of prey include the barn owl and the brown owl, which are not uncommon; and it seems the same may be said of the long-eared owl about Farnham, where there is a fine tract of wild country; the northern parts of which have, however, been sadly devastated by the operations of the military from Aldershot. Among the falcons only two breed in the county,—the kestrel and sparrowhawk. The buzzard resided there in the earlier half of this century, and would most likely nest, if it could be tolerated, even in these days. Nearly all the rarer hawks are recorded from different places as stragglers, who meet with the usual fate. An osprey was shot at Cobham (by a miscreant who, unfortunately, has not received the punishment he deserves) only last October; but several others have recently visited different ponds and have escaped unharmed. There are still at least three flourishing heronries in Surrey,—one in Richmond Park (which was nearly put an end to by wood-cutting officials a few years ago); a second at Waverley Abbey in high Scotch firs; and a third in Lord Middleton's park at Peperharow. Three others are also mentioned by Mr. Bucknill as having been deserted within the last forty years or so. The mallard and the teal are the only members of the duck family which still nest in Surrey; and the teals are probably confined to a very few pairs.

Passing on to the game-birds, the black grouse claims the most attention; for the history of this noble species in Surrey is full of interest. It is with sincere satisfaction that we accept Mr. Bucknill's assurance that the black-game are not yet totally extinct. How many years longer the species can hold out we may well wonder. The black-game have always confined themselves to two heather-covered localities, of which Leith Hill is the centre of one and Hindhead of the other. In both districts the birds have gradually declined in numbers, partly from being too freely shot, partly from the increase of human population, poachers, and egg-stealers; for the game-preservers do not seem to have devoted much attention to the black-game. Yet in the Leith Hill district Mr. Borrer, a Sussex ornithologist, remembered seeing twenty cocks in one pack about the year of the Reform Bill; and till 1870 they were abundant, some six brace being upon occasions shot in a day. Then came a period of rapid disappearance, and about ten years ago the Leith Hill colony was exterminated. About Hindhead the black-game still survive, but the pairs which rear their broods cannot hold the balance against the exterminating forces. In the hunting season they are occasionally dislodged from some secluded copses, and pedestrians who traverse "that vast mountainous heath on the Portsmouth road" may still, though rarely, flush a solitary bird. Efforts have been made to introduce fresh blood so long ago as 1815—and they have been continued at intervals—but the destroying march of civilisation is now too rapid to contend against. The late Duke of Gloucester and a certain Colonel Chaloner turned out some red grouse in the vicinity of Bagshot and Cobham at the beginning of this century, but the experiment was not rewarded. Quails sometimes nest in the county, and frequently come as autumn visitors. Mr. Bucknill declares there is one locality (which he rightly keeps to himself) where the stone-curlews may be seen every summer. This is good news, for the bird is a rare species near London, and a lover of extensive solitudes and open downs. But more surprising is the mention of a pair of curlews which all the summer of 1893 were noticed near Frensham, and are supposed to have had a nest on the heath.

The River Thames affords a waterway from the sea by which many strange stragglers, gulls, terns, waders, guillemots, and similar sea-fowl, have made their way into the county, and so have been converted into Surrey specimens. From the local bird-stuffers the records of many extraordinary species may be obtained. A heavy gale, too, from the south blows exhausted puffins and petrels from the Channel, across Sussex, over the Surrey border. All these are included and swell the catalogue; but such stragglers are of very inferior interest compared with the residents and

regular visitors to the county. Our account of Surrey birds would, however, be very imperfect if we omitted all mention of the Siberian thrush; for the only specimen known to have visited the British Islands was killed between Guildford and Godalming in the winter of 1860. It is an Asiatic species, which has occasionally travelled as far west as Europe, but succumbs before it crosses the English Channel. It is a pleasure to end with the mention of two fine birds which appear to be increasing in numbers. The kingfisher and the great crested grebe are both commoner in Surrey than they were; and we are glad to find Mr. Bucknill's remarks agree with our personal observations in the county. The kingfisher may be seen on almost every stream in Surrey by those who have the patience to wait. The great crested grebe has nested lately on at least five pieces of water in the county, and we have little doubt that other unrecorded spots might be added to these.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A FIT OF HOMESICKNESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I am in Canada writing in a huge Western hotel, within earshot of a big public "banquet," and am earnestly endeavouring to realise the sensations of Cinderella before the arrival of the fairy godmother. But it will not work. The distant inarticulate hum of the great dining-room only calls to my mind two very small boys seated on the last stair but one, and waiting hungrily for the appearance of the butler with the bread-sauce. The game they reject with scorn, but the bread-sauce is a feast to dream of. And after that there will be meringues, and, we are nearly sure, ice-cream. Then the wicked old witch will appear at the next landing in the shape of the nurse, and the two small boys will promptly vanish, with the aid of the sympathetic butler. They have two hiding-places. One is behind the door that leads to the kitchen steps. But that is very dark, and they feel safer when both together. It is crowded too, for the presence of an old-fashioned filter, which drips monotonously into a tin pan, makes the least movement dangerous. The other is infinitely more perilous of approach, but a true city of refuge when once reached. There is a big screen in the dining-room itself, near the door, and it is possible, by careful skirmishing on all fours, to reach its friendly shelter unseen. Once here, we are safe; we can even make faces at the servants, and pinch their legs, and reduce them to a state of nervous prostration from suppressed laughter without fear of betrayal. On one memorable occasion a small sister, driven by a feminine thirst for knowledge, managed to find her way unobserved under the dinner table itself. There she enjoyed herself hugely for a time, and carried on an animated conversation by the aid of a code of signals with the corner of the screen. However, like her elders, she found that it was easier to get into a scrape than to get out of it, and a rearrangement of seats, caused by the rest of her sex leaving the room, cut off all hopes of retreat. Being of a philosophical turn of mind, and not realising her unexampled opportunity of finding out what the men talk about when the women have left the room, she curled herself up in a knot and went to sleep. Her absence from bed—for she was in her dream-gown all the time—was not discovered till her mother went into the nursery to kiss her good-night. Then there was a hue-and-cry. There was another advantage about the lurking-place in the dining-room. If a small head was seen suddenly peering round the corner, or if a startled servant gave vent to a wild scream, the result of an unexpected nip, the guests were sure to beg you off. Not only that, but they insisted on helping you to peaches, and nectarines, and almonds and raisins, and giving you just one sip of claret, which always looked so much nicer than it tasted. But to-day, alas! one of the small boys is rejoicing that he is not at the dinner party. If the fairy godmother appeared and told him that his dress clothes were all ready and his studs in his shirt, that she would tie his necktie herself and pin in his button-hole, he would argue the case politely. He would urge that he didn't want to sit for three or four hours in a hot room, and wake up the next morning with a swollen head and a contrite heart. That he is particularly anxious to interview his godmother on certain events of great interest to him that are now going

on in Fairyland, and that this can be done so much better tête-à-tête over a cigarette. He has no objection whatever to fairy godmothers smoking fairy cigarettes and blowing fairy rings; indeed he likes to watch them doing it. Surely the politics of Fairyland are more interesting than those of the Great West, or even of South Africa. There are times when we would rather watch the small fleet of mother-of-pearl drawn by tiny sea-horses, and see overhead the great gulls hover, their white wings faintly flushed with pink from the dying sunset, than strain after a couple of racing machines in a frantic mob of smoky excursion steamers. For good fairy godmothers show you these pictures sometimes, aye, even in mid-prairie; when you come of the Island-race, and have not seen the sea for seven years. I know a man who keeps hidden in a drawer, not a lock of woman's hair, but a piece of seaweed. Sometimes, when he is alone, he damps it and presses it close to his face, and his fairy godmother comes to him and whispers in his ear words that sound like the ripple and wash and splash of salt water in rocky pools. And she shows him sea-anemones that are more lovely in his eyes than all the flowers of earth, and small crabs who pause, and leer at him knowingly, as at an old friend. And I know another man, an Irishman this, who keeps a bit of peat, about half the size of a brick, a genuine sod from far-off Connemara. Once or twice a year he breaks off a little piece, as big as a lump of sugar, and sets it alight, and locks the door of his room. Then a little godmother appears quickly, dressed all in green, with shamrock in her hair, and she shows him a wide waste of bog, and brown water, and marsh plants that tremble and quiver when the lightest step draws near. Only this, and just a peep of the Atlantic, and Achill Island rising like a great blue cloud in the distance. But she smiles him good-night—a smile of perfect understanding, and a little humour, and all the sadness of life—and vanishes, taking her toll with her. What she has taken he does not know, only he feels that something is gone from him, something that perhaps will be repaid with usury when he enters Fairyland himself. Meanwhile he laughs a little, and sets to work to clean his gun for to-morrow's shoot, or mend his game-bag, or do anything that will keep him from thinking. For to be too long with fairy godmothers is not good for a man.—I am, Sir, &c.,
Canada.

C. H. W.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LACK OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Stone in the *Spectator* of July 28th expresses the opinion that the "increasing nobleness" of the English people leads them to abstain from taking Holy Orders, because the clergy take no lead in dealing with social problems. May I, with some intensity of feeling, express a different conviction,—a conviction which a somewhat bitter experience has forced upon some of us? Both in England and in America a great body of clergy are doing their best to make men feel that the social question is the greatest of Church questions. But on both sides of the Atlantic they find the laity hang back. The Bishops of the Anglican Communion at the last Lambeth Conference gave a magnificent lead. The Christian Social Union has laboured hard. But for the most part it is clergymen and ladies who are left to do the work. Where are the laity? we are continually asking. There are magnificent exceptions to the painfully general rule, but the general rule is that the laity are very slow to respond to any appeal to stand out for social righteousness. I am quite sure that what Professor Ely has said of America is what those who have most experience in England would also be obliged to say,—that where the clergy give the lead the (male) laity are sadly slack to respond, and especially the well-to-do laity.—I am, Sir, &c.,

CHARLES GORE.

Westminster Abbey.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Stone's letter in the *Spectator* of July 23th, though I do not think it goes to the root of this matter, which is at bottom, I believe, the extraordinary indifference of the average English layman to the fact that clergymen must live, is yet exceedingly interesting, both for the opinions it expresses and for one alleged fact which it communicates by

the way. The fact is this. Mr. Stone tells us that earnest men nowadays, scouting the Church as mechanical, take to teaching instead of preaching; and they teach, he tells us, "not what a man should believe, but what he should be." Now to those of us who regard this as a false antithesis, perceiving that the cardinal doctrine of the Christian faith, the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, is a "dogmatical assertion" which, if held at all, must be held in the teeth of a good deal of evidence, but if held will make an untold difference to the character that holds it, the prospect of earnest laymen teaching in our schools a morality without foundations as a substitute for the Christian religion is not at all reassuring. I, for one, hope that Mr. Stone is making his induction from a very small number of instances. Mr. Stone speaks of the "mechanical service of the Church of England"; he speaks of the walls of a church as often "strongholds of Pharisaism"; and he blames the clergy for not giving their attention to social questions, but giving it instead to details of ceremonial. The charge seems a little deficient in actuality. If Mr. Stone will look into the matter, he will find, I believe, that the Church party most identified with zeal for ritual is also the party from which the Christian Social Union is most largely recruited. If that is so, his parallel between the Ritualists and the Pharisees fails; and it is really unworthy of a scholar like Mr. Stone. I suspect he has borrowed it, without enough reflection, from a book many of us have been reading, called "*Pro Christo et Ecclesia*," because I see he has borrowed from that book, without enough reflection, an explanation of the "strait gate" as the gate of humility,—a piece of exegesis which is equally indefensible. May I remind Mr. Stone of St. Paul's old-fashioned antithesis between faith and works? By depreciating worship and magnifying philanthropy he is repeating St. Paul's antithesis, only he is putting the emphasis on what St. Paul passionately maintained to be the wrong term.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. C. BEECHING.

Lincoln's Inn.

COUNT MOURAVIEFF AND ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Canon MacColl having devoted a long letter to the endeavour to prove the "ignorance" of diplomatists in general, and of those belonging to the British Service in particular, winds up by asserting that my statement of the belief of diplomatists throughout Europe as to Count Mouravieff's active policy against England is "one of the hardest things ever said of the Service"! He is also of opinion that Count Mouravieff was "a very clever man." General foreign criticism at the time of the Count's death hardly went to this length; but journalists are often nearly as ignorant as diplomatists. Being no dialectician, and not being desirous of following the Canon into side issues which seem to me not to affect the facts of a case in which conjecture is opposed to knowledge, I hope that I may be forgiven for carrying the controversy no further. I have no commission to take up the cudgels for the much-abused "Service" in which your correspondent has discovered only two exceptions to the general incapacity. Although I consider him hardly an impartial judge of that Service as a whole, I share his great admiration for the Marquess of Dufferin and for Lord Napier and Ettrick. Perhaps if he had had the same opportunity of knowing other *chefs de mission* as intimately as Lord Napier, he would not refuse to admit a few of them into the number of his "Select."—I am, Sir, &c.,
EMERITUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—My letters may possibly give the impression that I am an apologist for Mouravieff. Will you therefore allow me to say that he was far from being a favourite of mine? I thought him an unscrupulous politician. I regarded his conduct to Greece on the Cretan question as equally brutal and shortsighted, and I have written against him on more than one occasion, but he was ambitious, and was not likely to commit his master to a policy which, once accepted by the Powers consulted, would involve a war with England, or his instant dismissal from office. I may say that I know that the Czar knew nothing of Mouravieff's alleged scheme. What is probable is that the Count sounded some of the Powers as to the possibility of arbitration before the South African War broke out. This

might easily have been perverted, by chance or by design, into the current version of the story. Your readers will remember how the Minister of a Great Power assured Lord Odo Russell that Russia's denunciation of the Black Sea clause of the Treaty of Paris took him completely by surprise; the fact being that Russia acted very reluctantly on that Minister's urgent and repeated advice. Lord Odo Russell never again accepted any important statement of that Minister without independent confirmation. "Emeritus" implies, by his signature, that he is no longer in active service. If I may venture a guess as to his identity, I will say that my opinion of his ability is such that if he had been in office at the time of the Mouravieff incident he would not, I believe, have accepted the story from any one, however exalted, without verification.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Flower Lilies, Windley, Derby.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

CAPTAIN YOUNGHUSBAND ON THE CHINESE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I be permitted the use of your columns to dispel an illusion which has prevailed for many years, and which evidently still obtains? In the *Spectator* of June 9th you refer to the conquest of Kashgar as indicating that the Chinese possessed military qualities which the result of the Japanese War had made us think they lacked, and you speak of the people the Chinese defeated in Kashgar as the bravest and fiercest Mahomedans in the world. I had the good fortune to be able to visit Kashgar a decade after the conquest, having travelled thither from Peking, through the length of Turkestan. I also lived for about eight months in the town of Kashgar in 1890-91. On p. 185 of my book, "Among the Celestials," I give an account by an eye-witness of the Chinese entry into Kashgar:—

"There was practically no fighting. Yakub Beg had died or been poisoned away westward some weeks before, and he being dead there was no one to lead the defence, and the people of the country were absolutely apathetic. What soldiers there were, when they heard the Chinese were close to the town hastily threw aside their uniforms, and assuming the dress of cultivators, walked about the fields in a lamb-like and innocent manner."

Again, on p. 194 I describe the people of Turkestan (Kashgar) as—

"The essence of imperturbable mediocrity. Revolutions have occurred, but they have generally been carried out by foreigners. Yakub Beg was a foreigner, and most of the officials under him were the same; so that even when their hereditary rulers, the Chinese, were driven out for a time the people of Chinese Turkestan did not govern themselves. On the contrary, in all these changes they appear to have looked on with indifference. Such a people are not, as might naturally be inferred, a fighting race. They are a race of cultivators and small shop-keepers, and nothing more."

The reconquest of this people cannot be taken as an indication that the Chinese possess military aptitude. We have to thank you for reminding us that the Chinese are not so absolutely and totally impotent as many of us had got to imagine. But this particular incident in their history merely gives evidence of the pertinacity of their character, and cannot, in my opinion, be taken to prove that they possess any military quality which the Japanese War showed them to lack.—I am, Sir, &c.,

FRANCIS EDWARD YOUNGHUSBAND.

The Agency, Deoli, Rajputana.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—There is much in your article on the Volunteers that must command assent; but is imitation of the Boers the best ideal to set before that branch of the national forces? The Boer generals never attempted a counterstroke to convert our repulses into routs, and they failed dismally and discredibly, though aided by famine and by pestilence, by superior artillery and by superior numbers, to capture either Ladysmith, Kimberley, or Mafeking. According to one correspondent, they ascribe their want of success to the inability of their generals to handle large bodies of men. Certainly their officers seem over and over again to have failed to make the most of the good fighting material which they commanded, possibly because the men would only fight in one way. The

Boer officers cannot be blamed for this, as they never had the chance of learning better; but we should surely make a great mistake if we concentrated our attention in future on musketry to the neglect of tactical training. Moreover, though it would not be difficult to make our men as good shots as the Boers—even if they are not that already—the building up in townsfolk of the outdoor instinct which makes the untrained Boer a dangerous antagonist is a very different matter, and one which cannot be accomplished on the range only. I have used the word "townsfolk" advisedly, because it has been forgotten in these discussions how small a proportion of our forces, whether Regulars or Volunteers, are men who live an outdoor life. Even in the Yeomanry townsmen are numerous; even in country Volunteers corps they are often a majority. I cannot think that salvation is to be found in unwieldy multitudes of semi-efficient, semi-disciplined men. The more you have of them the more difficult it will be to find a sufficiency of officers fit to make use of them. "Stupidity" among the officers is the way in which we account for our disasters, and it seems more than probable that the Boers may truly ascribe theirs to the same fault—i.e., want of training among their leaders—the responsibility in each case lying not with the officers but with the State they serve. I believe that the Volunteers of all descriptions would be a much greater source of strength to the country if they were half as numerous but twice as well trained.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Exmoor, South Molton, Devon.

EBBRINGTON.

A VOLUNTEER COMPASSIONATE FUND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I wish to call your attention to a scheme, started in Salford by the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers, which, I think, if taken up in a sympathetic and energetic manner, will be of great use to our territorial family, and also of value as a precedent to other regiments. The officers of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion have raised a fund called "The Lancashire Fusiliers' (Salford) Compassionate Fund," and from that fund they have subscribed a sum of money as a foundation for a central fund to be called the Lancashire Fusiliers' Compassionate Fund. The central fund will be worked from the dépôt at Bury, and it is hoped that it will be maintained by all the battalions of the regiment and their friends. At the present time there are nine battalions, —four Line, two Militia, and three Volunteer. Of these there are in South Africa two battalions—one Line and one Militia—of which the former was nearly cut to pieces at Spion Kop, and there is a battalion at Crete, and another at Malta, —in other words, there are four battalions out of the country. Those that remain in the country are a newly raised Line battalion, a Militia battalion, and three Volunteer battalions. I consider it to be the duty of the battalions at home to look after the interests of the battalions abroad, and if each of these nine battalions will raise, directly or indirectly, £100 per annum, there will be for our central fund an annual income, for investment or distribution, of the useful sum of £900. Let me illustrate my case from a letter received a few days ago from an old soldier. The man wrote:—

"I would not trouble you now, but for having to come to the workhouse. I have left the Army for twenty years, and people will not employ an old man. I have had hard work since 1878. I am near done up; but, Sir, the workhouse is a terrible place to have to die in. I had nearly nineteen years' service, and nearly fourteen of it in India. I was invalided home to Canterbury and got bad health there. An order came out that any one of eighteen years' service could get their discharge on a modified pension. I took mine, and they gave me 10½d.—6½d. for service and 4d. for good-conduct badges."

The man mentioned his late commanding officer, and I applied to him and sent him the discharge certificate, which he returned to me as "all right." But I could not get any assistance for the man, even from his old regiment; whereas if that regiment had raised such a fund as I have described he might have been, at all events temporarily, helped,—for the case was genuine and the old man had received good-conduct badges. Perhaps our scheme in Salford for the benefit of Lancashire Fusiliers may be of value to other regiments, as I have suggested, and also help to bind together, as they ought to be bound, the Line, the Militia, and the Volunteer battalions of territorial families; and for these reasons I write to you, and at the same time I enclose a copy of our resolutions

and proposed rules, to which you may like to call the attention of your readers.—I am, Sir, &c.,

LEES KNOWLES,

Hon. Colonel 3rd V.B. Lancashire Fusiliers.

House of Commons.

[The plan seems in every way excellent and worthy of imitation. Anything that binds together the various battalions—Regular, Militia, and Volunteer—is most useful, and especially when it also provides machinery for helping old soldiers.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE AND THE CRISIS IN THE CHURCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I read with no little interest your article bearing this title, but while, as a Broad Churchman, I agree with all that you say in support of comprehension, it appears to me that both you and the Archbishop have missed the main factor in the consideration—*i.e.*, the interests of the great majority which form "the Church," the patient and almost silent, but not unobservant, laity—and I entreat a little space to plead their cause. No one could more heartily endorse the plea of the Archbishop that, "whatever we do, we must take care we do not narrow the Church of England"; but this wide tolerance is one that affects the laity rather than the clergy, and for this reason. We laymen can, without severing ourselves from the national Church, exercise with absolute freedom the right of private judgment, for, as the Archbishop truly remarked, "it is based upon the assumption that men shall think for themselves." But ordination imposes limitations. Every ordained deacon or priest has taken a solemn oath that "he will minister the Doctrine and Sacraments as the Church and Realm hath received the same," and will also "reverently obey the ordinary and other chief minister to whom is committed the charge of government over him." The Archbishop may hope by gentle means and persuasive courses to secure that these vows of conformity and submission to authority shall no longer be openly disregarded by an increasing number of the clergy, but while the Bishops wait the people of England have to suffer and endure, and in these considerations the first and essential factor must be the protection of the laity from the manifest effort of the clergy to regain the "priestly power" which they lost at the Reformation, to arrogate superhuman authority, and to drag us down again to the lower level of semi-superstitious ceremonial from which our forefathers had so nobly emancipated us. As a Broad Churchman I would not for one moment desire to fetter the private judgment of any man. Those who hold what are called "advanced" opinions (though "retrograde" would be the truer title) are in many cases men of elevated enthusiasm, penetrated by a religious sentiment which results in lives of pure and noble devotion. I must, however, confess that many of these "advanced" clerics are merely the camp-followers of their more gifted leaders, who have learnt their passwords but are apparently destitute of their higher qualities. Be this as it may, they have, of course, a perfect right to hold and embrace whatever opinions seem to them "the truth," but in justice to the laity and to their ordination vows they must be compelled to teach only "as the Church and Realm hath received the same,"—*i.e.*, as has been or shall be decided by the State-appointed Court of Appeal. We now come to the real issue, which is this. As honest men can only teach what they hold to be true, the only straightforward course open to those who despise the "Erastian" Law Courts, and disregard the authority of "their ordinary," is to resign a position which is manifestly untenable,—for they cannot in simple honesty take the pay of the State and resist its laws. There would be nothing new in thus showing that they have the courage of their opinions, for the same course was adopted by hundreds of our clergy in the reign of William and Mary, when Archbishop Sancroft, eight Bishops, and certainly not less than four hundred priests resigned their livings, choosing poverty rather than to be dishonest to their own convictions. The simple fact is that these earnest but contumacious persons are Nonconformists, and as such enjoy the perfect liberty of Englishmen; but it is impossible to be and not to be at the same time, and, like all other Dissenters, they may use their liberty to establish whatever form of ritual they choose, but they

cannot pose as belonging to the national Church unless they conform to the ruling of the secular (State) Courts. However, the point I wish to emphasise is the protection of the great mass of Englishmen who form the real "Church of England," so that while the officers are in revolt against their Commander-in-Chief, the rank-and-file should be protected from the whims and fancies of a, not very small number, as the Archbishop assumes, but of a considerable proportion of both rural and urban clergy who, while assuming superhuman authority, are able to reconcile their consciences to take the pay of the Church while they defy its laws. The Archbishop is perhaps not aware of the extent of the wide and deep undercurrent of dissatisfaction felt by the majority of patient Englishmen towards the "advanced" clergy who have taken possession of parish and pulpit without any regard to the feelings and opinions of their long-suffering parishioners. One thing is certain, which is that a great many Churchmen are driven to seek refuge in Dissenting chapels. Of this I have seen many instances, both in populous towns of five thousand to ten thousand inhabitants, where the chapels overflow, while not ten working men can be counted at the morning service in their parish church; and in tiny villages, where the farmers say "Where be us to go? Us can't stand they Romish doings." If Archbishop Temple thinks he can by gentle means repress the revolt of the clergy, well and good, but the reformation must be soon. The average Englishman demands protection both from clerical assumption and from Romanising tendencies. He will wait a little longer, but even his patience has its limits.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A BROAD CHURCHMAN.

MR. PAGE'S EDITION OF THE ÆNEID.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May not the line—

"necdum etiam geminos a tergo respicit angues,"

quoted in your review of Mr. Page's *Æneid*, VII.-XII., in your issue of July 28th, refer to the twin snakes twined round the Caduceus of Mercury, who with it conducted the souls of the dead to the infernal regions (*vide* *Æneid*, IV. 242)?—

"Tum virgam capit; hæc animas ille
Pallentes sub tristia Tartara mittit."

Death is often represented as approaching "from behind."—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. F.

THE STAFFING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I venture to point out to you the importance of substituting an entire British staff on all the railways in the Orange River Colony and Transvaal. At present there is a doubt as to this being done. The advantage of having British officials at every small station is obvious, and we know from experience how little the Hollander or any other can be relied on. In Natal we frequently had men buying their discharge to go on the Natal railways and earn to begin with £8 a month. In the Transvaal their pay would probably be still larger, and their use as loyal subjects would be alone worth securing, and they would form a respectable nucleus at every place on the line.—I am, Sir, &c.,

X.

Volksrust, July 5th.

WANTED, A LIBERAL LEADER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The recent discussion on the Colonial Estimates brings prominently into notice the fact that the Liberal party, as such, are without a leader, and the inconvenience of such a fact is felt very powerfully by the Government, the Opposition, and the country. There is no King in Israel, and every man does that which is right in his own eyes. The fact of this inconvenience I need not labour to establish; it must be obvious to every man. Even the opponents of the Opposition must wish to know with whom they are fighting. Since the death of Mr. Gladstone no one has yet shown a capacity fully to fill the place he occupied up to his retirement from office, and the choice must therefore, *pro tem.*, fall between men inferior to him. Of course, his equal may arise, and the day shall declare it; suffice it to say he has not arisen yet, and in the meantime her Majesty's Opposition has to be

carried on. The tangle would appear to have begun not only at the time of Mr. Gladstone's retirement, but in its method. No doubt that method was thought best at the time, and I have no desire to impeach the motives of those who engineered that method, but I submit that beyond all question experience has shown it to have been wrong. In the first place, an impression was created in the rank-and-file of the Liberal party, no doubt unjustly, that the promotion of Lord Rosebery was the result of an intrigue, and the result of this is shown not only in the subsequent conduct of public affairs, but to some extent at least in the 1895 Election. Now by far the most eminent members of the late Cabinet were the Earl of Kimberley and Sir William Harcourt, and of these the former was by all tokens the most experienced, as well as Ministerially the senior. He had been an Ambassador, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had filled the principal secondary positions in the State, and Sir William Harcourt would have been willing to serve under him. With him as Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery as Foreign Secretary, and Sir William Harcourt as Chancellor of the Exchequer an exceptionally strong basis for a Liberal Cabinet would have existed. Why was this most obvious arrangement not made? I can suppose only one reason, that Lord Kimberley's previous record had made him unacceptable to the Irish allies of the Liberal party. If so, the fatuity of the reasoning must by this time be apparent, for much good have the Irish allies of the Liberal party done them! Is it too late, whether from a Liberal or Liberal Unionist standpoint, to revert to such an arrangement, which would at least substitute order for chaos? It is unusual to drag the Sovereign into discussions on such subjects, but even her Majesty would feel relief at knowing *whom* to send for in the event of a change of Government, and both Ministry and nation would know where they were. Of course, it is pleaded that the Royal choice must not be restricted, but we all know what that means. In the meantime the Opposition in both Houses of Parliament want leaders in whom they can be expected to confide. I have nothing to say against Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, for whom I have considerable admiration, unless it be that he is somewhat too much of an opportunist, and, further, appears to regard himself as only a stop-gap. In any case, no Liberal Administration could do without him in a high and responsible position; but it does not follow from that that he would make an ideal Premier any more than that Lord Rosebery would, although all Englishmen, and probably all foreigners, look to him as the Foreign Secretary of days to come.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. W. S.

UNOCCUPIED COAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Many will be prompted by your article in the *Spectator* of July 21st on "Unoccupied Coast" to wish that owners of property on the coast line of our islands could be persuaded to dedicate some portion of it to the nation, whether through the agency of the National Trust, or by other means. If the "development" of seaside watering-places, especially on the East Coast, continues at its present rate, it will before long be everywhere as difficult to find a quiet spot as it now is at Yarmouth or Margate. If the next generation is to know the value of the perfect repose given by an uninterrupted expanse of cliff and coombe, shore and sea, sacrifices must be made in the present generation. It may seem hard to ask land-owners to forego the chance of gain offered them by land development companies, light railway promoters, and others, but in their willingness to do so lies the country's chief hope. To purchase land for this purpose is difficult; for a public body like the National Trust almost impossible. Subscription lists and auctioneers' prices increase in the same ratio.—I am, Sir, &c.,

HUGH BLAKISTON, Secretary.

*The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest
or Natural Beauty, 1 Great College Street, Westminster.*

TO IMPROVE THE GARDENS OF SQUARES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your article in the *Spectator* of July 14th on the improvement of square gardens is so interesting to the London gardener, and draws such stimulating pictures of what might be, that having practical experience of gardening in London

for eight or nine years, I am tempted to offer a few remarks and perhaps venture to reply to some of the criticisms of the writer. I have been, with a small committee, manager of a garden for the last nine years, and know something of the difficulties with which a London gardener has to contend, and whilst I feel the truth of the writer's remarks as to the large number of square gardens left uncared for to the custody of cats, still I fear the monotony of idea he complains of is not entirely due to the conservatism and ignorance of gardeners. After all, you have to grow in London what London will grow, and unless you can afford the very considerable expense of constantly replenishing your plants as is done in the parks, you find that the best show for your money is made by the old-fashioned geranium, calceolaria, lobelia, &c., which are complained of as so common. They are the survival of the fittest, and are there because nothing else does so well. Still, as the writer says, a great deal more might be done in the way of variety with trouble and intelligence, and a very little extra expense. Seeds are unsatisfactory, and they require more attention than can be got out of the very ordinary labourer who is dignified with the name of "the gardener" in London. I have in a small garden of my own made a good effect with seedling annuals grown in the greenhouse of a friend and pricked out early in May, but these, again, require more care than can be given in a public garden. Perennials in London are, with a few exceptions, perennial only in name, and for the most part decline to try conclusion with a second London summer, and, like many of the seedlings, flower too late to be used in a garden where the owners of houses are all gone by the end of July. Your correspondent says: "Paths might be bordered by low trellises and masses of sweet peas, climbing roses" and suggests that "pink and sulphur Canterbury bells, blue larkspurs, gorgeous lilies, pinks, and sweet williams" should be grown. I think any one with experience will agree with me that sweet peas and roses are quite impossible to grow in London, and I have had very poor success with campanulas and sweet williams, which flower very grudgingly, if at all. Some of the commoner lilies do remarkably well, and might be more used than they are, and I have found all the lupins grow like a weed, flowering generously, and, moreover, come up year after year really as if they did not mind the dust and draughts and cats of a square garden. These, after all, are our great enemies and are insuperable, but there is another enemy which is not insuperable, though one is tempted to think so, and which your article may go far to defeat, and that is the indifference of those most concerned, the owners and occupants of the houses. Beyond a little criticism and an angry letter here and there about what are considered irksome rules, I have never found residents take the smallest interest in the garden, no one ever attends the annual meeting, and any co-operation in protecting the plants from the ravages of pet dogs and cats is impossible to get. To keep the garden-rate as low as possible seems the only thing desired, and it is to this indifference of the real owners of gardens that are due the ugliness and monotony of many of these cat-haunted regions.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F. E. P.

POSTAL DELAYS AND THE DISTRICT MESSENGER QUESTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have a small country house, less than thirty miles from London and within two and a half miles of the Eden Bridge Station on the South-Eastern line, and of Eden Bridge Town Station on the Brighton line. I look forward to reading the *Spectator* when in the country for the week-end. It is supplied by a newsagent in Kensington, who invariably posts it—as appears by the postmark—at 9.15 a.m. on Saturdays. Letters are delivered in my hamlet (Four Elms) on Saturday evening, and occasionally the *Spectator* arrives by that post; but more commonly it does not, but comes by a post of which the mark is 4.15 on Sunday morning at Eden Bridge, and as there is no Sunday delivery at Four Elms I receive the *Spectator* on Monday morning just as I am returning to London. I have written to the Post Office people about this until I am tired. I receive civil answers and expressions of regret, and on the last occasion when I wrote the paper for some weeks subsequently came at the proper time, but then the Saturday non-delivery recurred, and I never now get it until the Monday. I enclose the wrapper which I received

last Monday morning. As I have said, I am tired of writing to the Post Office, and in the hope of doing better I write to you. Is it not too bad that at a hamlet within thirty miles of London, having numerous trains on two railways to a village about two miles off, a paper posted at 9.15 a.m. cannot be delivered (by the Post Office) at 7 p.m.? Ten hours for thirty miles. A District Messenger could walk it in the time. *A propos* of the District Messenger question. On what possible grounds are the Post Office people entitled to extract 10 per cent. of the gross receipts of this unhappy company? I presume my servant, whom I engage by the month, is entitled to carry letters for me, if I so choose to employ him. I should imagine if I hired him by the day, I am equally entitled to employ him in cleaning my plate, or in going messages, bearing parcels or letters. I also suppose a House Brigade boy might be used by me for blacking boots or for carrying a letter; if these things be so, then why, if I hire a District Messenger for a quarter of an hour, is he not for that period my servant, and why am I forbidden to use him in any way that is most convenient to me? When I was a boy, now, alas! some seventy years ago, I lived in Finch Lane, Cornhill, and I used to see seated on a bench at the north-east corner of the old Royal Exchange a number of men known as ticket porters. These were absolutely trustworthy men, and were employed by the bankers and merchants to deliver letters or parcels, and were hired for the job just as a District Messenger is hired, and I never heard it suggested that they needed a Post Office license. I suppose the title of the company, "*District Messenger*," excited the attention and the cupidity of the Post Office. The company should have called themselves the "*Short Service Supply Company*," or the "*Temporary Help League*," or some such title suggestive of the letting-out of servants, and not of delivering messages or letters.—I am, Sir, &c.,

FREDERICK BRAMWELL.

5 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.

[We are extremely sorry that Sir Frederick Bramwell should have such difficulty with the delivery of his paper, though we regret to say we are helpless in the matter. We agree generally with what he says as to the District Messenger question. Public Departments seem incapable of bearing anything in the nature of competition, however slight. Yet, in truth, what they want is more, not less, rivalry, to render them efficient in serving public needs.—ED. *Spectator*.]

BIRD STORIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The faculty of imitating sounds and songs not their own must be more frequent in blackbirds than is generally supposed. I remember in the spring of 1879, in the little copse on the side of the Frauenberg at Fulda, hearing several blackbirds sing a fragment of the well-known "*Du bist verrückt mein kind*." They all sang the same first few notes, breaking off with exactly the same quavering, hesitating sound, beginning over and over again. I tried to find out how they had acquired this addition to their usual natural *répertoire*, but could not, until an old lady explained to me that the blackbirds on the Frauenberg must have learnt the air from a tame bird belonging to a soldier, which had been taught by him to warble this tune. I saw this blackbird in a cage hanging over the cottage-door, but I did not hear it sing. I have observed another instance of this faculty of acquisition this year in the Parc de Montsouris in Paris. We have been interested in noticing one particularly good-voiced bird singing quite differently from his fellows. It seemed sometimes as we listened in the quiet of the early dawn or late evening as if the bird were trying to invent a new song; it may be he was only imitating. Anyhow, our attention was called to the performance of this particular bird by the difference from the usual blackbird's song.—I am Sir, &c.,

Rue Gazan, Paris.

JEANNE E. SCHMAHL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Last year, coming from Tunis to Marseilles in the early spring, we were delighted at dinner-time to see six swallows all in a row sitting on a bar above the saloon dining-table. They remained quiet all the evening and flew away in the morning. Did their instinct tell them we were travelling north before they took a free passage on our steamer?

Recently a partridge hatched off fifteen eggs close by this house. I had been carefully watching this nest for ten days. On examining the nest I found six of the shells neatly packed one inside the other, making a string on one side of the nest, while two doubles were fitted inside one another on the other side. The remaining eggs were broken in smaller pieces and lying around. Is this a common practice of the old birds?—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. TROTTER.

Warwell Farm, Pinner.

ANTIQUATED ARTILLERY AND NATIONAL DEFENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I was considerably surprised to notice in the speech of Lord Lansdowne in Friday week's debate in the House of Lords his authoritative assurances as to the satisfactory state of the country's defences, and in particular the following statements:—

- (1) That it is a fact that there are at this moment in the country under arms about fifty thousand more men than we have barrack accommodation for in the United Kingdom. Then we have raised emergency battalions. Then there is in this country a great force of embodied Militia.
- (2) Measures have been taken to increase the efficiency of the Volunteer forces, of whom a very large number are going into special camps for special instruction altogether different from that which they have received in ordinary years. In addition to all that, we have for some time past been engaged upon the task of rearming our defences.

Upon the first of these points I can only say that the state of the barracks in my own town is at distinct variance with the noble Lord's statement. The Sheffield barracks are capable of accommodating some fifteen hundred men, whereas for the last three months their only occupants have consisted of two skeleton batteries of field artillery in course of formation, and numbering some hundred and sixty men all told. As to the second point, the brigade of Sheffield Volunteer Artillery is armed with the old 16-pounder muzzle-loading guns which were discarded by the Army as obsolete some fifteen years ago. Not only are these guns absolutely useless, both from their ineffectiveness, their limited range, and their being fired with black powder, but they are upwards of thirty years old, and when discharged are undoubtedly more dangerous to the gunners themselves than to an enemy. The Sheffield Volunteer Artillery have recently returned from an eight days' camp in Chatsworth Park, which was placed at their disposal by the kindness of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire,—himself a member of the Committee of National Defence. I have visited the camp and seen the brigade at drill, and I can personally testify that the whole of the time and labour devoted to the week's training has been upon the practice of these antiquated and practically useless weapons. This branch of the Service has been specially invited to make additional sacrifices this year for the purpose of improving their efficiency, and have readily responded. The public are paying for these services on Army scale. The Sheffield men are about to go to camp on Salisbury Plain for the purpose of the "special instruction altogether different from that received in ordinary years" which Lord Lansdowne alluded to, and yet both their labour and the public money are being expended upon a knowledge of an antique weapon which would be utterly valueless for the defence of the country. Does Lord Lansdowne invite us to suppose that he and the War Office experts who are his advisers are so ignorant of the actual facts as to be unaware of this state of affairs, or is it a deliberate attempt to hoodwink the public? It will no doubt be said by the War Office that to arm the whole of the Auxiliary Forces with modern artillery is a matter of time, but I should like to know what chance there is of this result being accomplished in the next ten years as long as the War Office confine their orders to Woolwich Arsenal and two or three isolated firms who are already full of work for other countries. It is some six months ago since the country was promised the rearmament of the Volunteer Artillery with 4.7 and 15-pounder breech-loading guns. I challenge Lord Lansdowne to name a single instance of either of these guns having been provided. How long is this preposterous attitude of the War Office to continue? The resources of this country for the production of guns and armament are unlimited. There are fifty firms with the requisite machinery and capital at their disposal who are

willing and ready to-morrow to enter upon the manufacture if encouraged by the War Office to do so. So long, however, as the authorities depend upon the resources of Woolwich Arsenal, which are nearly as antiquated as the guns to which I have already alluded, in my opinion the defence forces of the nation will never be adequate to resist a determined invasion should our Fleet fail us. I write this letter as an individual member of the public, without any technical knowledge of military matters, but I undertake to say the views I have enunciated are shared by nine-tenths of the thinking men in this country. Lord Lansdowne invites some indication as to the defects in the measures which he is pleased to state he has taken for the national defence. I have humbly endeavoured to give it as regards the one important branch of the Service which has fallen under my own observation.—I am, Sir, &c., JOSEPH BRINKFORD.

Burnt Stones, Sandgate, near Sheffield.

[We agree with our correspondent that the arming of the Volunteer Artillery with what Mr. Winston Churchill calls "antiquated toys" is a national disgrace. It cannot be said, however, that we have only discovered this lack of artillery after the war, and that Lord Lansdowne could not be expected to know what was ignored by other people,—namely, that we were numerically weak in good guns. In the year 1897 we pointed out, *à propos* of military reform, that though we could not get unlimited men, as we had no conscription, there was one thing of which we could and ought to have a practically unlimited supply, and that was good modern artillery, because its provision was a matter of money and forethought. Here at least the "man in the street" may claim not to have neglected his duty of prompting the War Office. This is what we wrote on September 4th, 1897:—

"In regard to artillery, the deficiencies have been, and are still, we fear, very serious. . . . We have not enough artillery for the purposes of our Empire. We believe, indeed, that we are right in saying that our proportion of guns to troops is smaller than that of any army in the world. In the matter of artillery, then, we are clearly making a capital blunder. New regiments we may not be able to get, but nobody denies that we can forge as many guns as we choose, buy the horses to drag them, and enlist the men to serve them. . . . In the matter of artillery, then, we fear we are neglecting the teachings of common sense, and not providing a force which, take the dreariest view you like of a voluntary army, can admittedly be provided under our present system."

—Ed. *Spectator*.]

POETRY.

ISOLATION.

THE moon is large, the heavens are clear:

Above the trees that crown the height

Two stars are shining, two so near,

It seems their shimmering rays unite.

But she who holds the master-key

Of knowledge looks with smiling face.

"Between those gleaming sparks you see

Are stretched the myriad miles of space."

I turn unto the close-at-hand,

The world where distance cheats us not;

How close her thronging peoples stand,

All brethren of a common lot.

Nay, the immeasurable sea

Wherein the shining planets roll

Is small to that immensity

Encircling every human soul.

Grieve not that man must stand apart,

Whose lonely spirit, he shall find,

Is closer to the Eternal Heart

Than to the nearest of his kind.

B. PAUL NEUMAN.

BOOKS.

THE FUTURE OF THE FAR EAST.*

MR. COLQUHOUN has written a book which will be read with profound attention by all who are interested in the problems

* *The Overland to China*. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. London: Harper and Brothers. [16s.]

of the Far East. He appears in two characters, as a narrator and as a critic, and though many may dissent from his conclusions, every one must respect the experience and knowledge on which they are based. He has the gift of a vivid and masculine style. He writes without temper or prejudice, and he has a keen and affectionate sympathy for the countries and peoples he has travelled among. And in addition, he has the merit of a long prior experience of Chinese affairs and a strong interest in political questions. The book is nominally a record of a journey on the new Trans-Siberian line as far as it is open, and then a prolongation of his travels through Manchuria to South and South-Western China. The itinerary includes a historical sketch of each locality, so that the volume is virtually a compact handbook to the history, topography, and politics of Eastern Asia.

His view of Siberia is different from the accepted commonplaces of most Englishmen. He claims to have travelled without the usual aids from Russian officialdom which beguile a traveller, like the American Mr. Bookwalter, into a roseate view of the charms of Russian administration. But he is far from blind to the remarkable achievements of recent years. For three centuries Russia has been advancing to a fixed goal, and since the days of Mouravieff Amurski she has travelled with astonishing rapidity. The colonisation of Siberia was much on the Anglo-Saxon plan. First went the free-lance and set up his flag; "Government then approved, confirmed, and developed; scientific expeditions set the final seal." In the years of the Crimean War the first Mouravieff, as Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, navigated the Amur and concluded a treaty with China for the cession of the north bank of the river. Then came a period of compulsory colonisation, a form of tyranny which in this case seems to have been fortunate in its results. But now, says Mr. Colquhoun, "since the opening of the railway, immigrants have poured in at the rate of a quarter of a million souls a year, and what has till lately been regarded as a cesspool is rapidly becoming the reservoir." Siberia can support such an influx, for she has enormous stores of mineral and vegetable wealth, which only await the appliances of civilisation. But the author's attention is chiefly directed to the great railway, which is to prove the strategic and commercial backbone of the new Russia. It originated in the Imperial Rescript of March 17th, 1891, and, in the wise Russian manner, its full scheme was not given to the world at first, so that by innocently changing details in the process of making all foreign jealousy might be avoided. For example, the short cut across Northern Manchuria to Vladivostock, which would have startled the world in 1891, was mildly received in 1895; and Mr. Colquhoun shows cause for believing that this had always been the route decided on. No foreigners are employed in its construction, that it may be genuinely "a Russian railway, made by Russian engineers, for Russia." In the Manchurian section of the line only Russians and Chinese are allowed to become shareholders, but the terms of contract are so framed that China is a very insignificant partner and easy to be got rid of. A scheme is on foot for connecting the two great lines, the Trans-Caspian and the Trans-Siberian, and Mr. Colquhoun is convinced of the power of these iron roads thoroughly to Russianise Asia. The achievement is indeed remarkable, though we think that on many points the author is apt to magnify it. The report of foreign engineers who have inspected the line is that its rapid construction has left serious defects. The track is narrow and ill made, the sleepers are frail, and the rails are much too light. The gradients and curves have been badly managed; the luxury of travel, which Mr. Colquhoun insists on, would seem to be still to seek; and it has been calculated that it will take some twenty additional millions before it can be considered a safe and permanent piece of work. As a strategic railway it has the drawback of a single line, great slowness, and a serious delay at Lake Baikal. Indeed, it is rather as a project than as an achievement that the Trans-Siberian Railway deserves our admiration. But there is no doubt about the magnitude of the intention.

From Siberia Mr. Colquhoun passes to Peking, as he knew it in the old days before the Powers grew nervous, and the Embassies were still a pleasant family party. It is a charming picture which he gives of the life there:—

"The epigram of a late German plenipotentiary is no less true for being witty: 'You approach Peking in tears, but you leave it weeping!' . . . Life is there one continual exhilaration;

the floods of light pour a tonic into the blood, the keen air braces the nerves until mere movement is a joy. After the summer heats and steamy downpours who shall describe the great crisp breath from the north—the whispered message of autumn from the steppes? Or who forget the sweet Æolian melody of the wheeling pigeons; the almost motionless wings of the great brown hawks poised against the blue; the sparkling frosted hills when snow has fallen and every outline shines clear in the luminous air; the tinkle of distant camel bells; or, indeed, any of the hundred nothings that make up the unique and indescribable Peking atmosphere?"

In those days Peking was indeed a lotus-eaters' paradise, though Mr. Colquhoun maintains that two Embassies, the Russian and the Japanese, were always on the alert, working out their own ends. Meanwhile, there was the dark background of native fanaticism and hate. "It is, one feels, only the ever-present fear of bodily chastisement that restrains the populace to an attitude of sullen dislike, or, at very best, of polite indifference." As it stands, says Mr. Colquhoun, Russia may at any moment lay hands upon the capital to which she has drawn so near, and so fulfil the prophecy of Gordon in 1880. "China is our India" is the Russian creed in the Far East, and the second Mouravieff is spoken of, on the analogy of his great namesake, as Mouravieff Pekingi. In his chapters on Manchuria the author sums up the faults he has to find with British policy. We have allowed ourselves to be hoodwinked by Russian diplomats, we have no efficient Asiatic service as Russia has, we have refused to encourage the Reform party, we have by our slackness lost our reputation as the special protecting foreign Power in China, and we have allowed the railway exploitation of Manchuria, and especially of its coal-fields, which was originally a suggestion of the Scotch missionary Williamson, to slip through our hands.

The fascinating chapter on Eastern Mongolia is entirely descriptive, but in the last quarter of the book Mr. Colquhoun returns to politics. We have still a valuable asset in China, the Yangtse Valley, and the consequent command of the north-east route to India. But the value of the field, says the author, "lies not in exclusive legal possession, but in effective occupation." In these provinces there is a different race, peaceful and industrious, out of sympathy with the central Government, and ready to be won to our side, provided we give them peace and security. But France and Germany and Russia are already our rivals even here. "Peking and the Tsungli Yamen being Russian, body and soul, Britain's best remaining chance of establishing her influence in the Empire is in these provinces, which, after all, count for two-thirds of what is known as China. The provincial authorities are as yet pro-British, because they see that Britain is a less evil than Russia; but Britain is neglecting these provincials while expending her forces against the blank walls of the Imperial palace."

Since Mr. Colquhoun wrote his book the thing most feared has happened, and for a moment all diplomatic schemes are obscured in a general anarchy. The result is that we may be compelled to abandon our old policy of the "open door," and be forced, however unwillingly, to claim a "sphere of influence." In the main our interests coincide with those of the United States, and in some definite and resolutely followed common scheme lies any hope of future safety. Mr. Colquhoun would have us definitely control and develop the Yangtse basin, and decide on some common plan with the United States; and we are compelled to admit that some such policy, much though we dislike it, is becoming more probable, if not more palatable, every day. If China is to be Russia's India, part of it may be destined to become for us a second Egypt.

Mr. Colquhoun's book is full of useful lessons, but perhaps the most useful of all is one that is given quite unconsciously. It is that we must not assume that because Russia has a magnificent dream of conquest in Northern China that that dream is as good as accomplished. The history of the past month shows how feeble is Russia's hold on Manchuria, and how difficult and dangerous the task she has set herself. Nothing is more foolish than a jealous dread of Russia's designs in the Far East. They are far more likely to prove a source of weakness than a source of strength.

A NEW CROQUET-BOOK.*

THE editor of the handsome volume entitled *Croquet Up to Date* is to be congratulated upon the attainment of an object well-nigh essential to literary success at the moment. He has succeeded in securely hitching on his subject to the great and overpowering topic of the moment,—the war in South Africa. And he has done this by the publication of a fact which, we will wager any reasonable odds, was and is unknown alike to the most learned military expert and to the most constant newspaper reader of the last six months. This fact, which we should like to communicate in adequately large type, is that *President Kruger plays croquet*. Croquet, to put the matter in a less dazing way, is or was recently played by the President of the Transvaal Republic. This priceless piece of "copy," to give credit where credit is due, was confided to Mr. Lillie by Messrs. Ayres, the well-known racquet and club makers, who report that one of the last sets of scientific croquet (four-inch hoops, heavy mallets, &c.) despatched from these shores in 1899 was addressed to "President Kruger, Pretoria."

We can well imagine that cynical critics who detest the slowest and most artful of outdoor games will declare that this simple and somewhat belated announcement throws a flood of light upon the character and conduct, the (supposed) obstinacy and (alleged) shiftiness, of the right honourable gentleman referred to. And it certainly does suggest a crowd of interesting socio-political questions. Where, for example, is that particular croquet set at this moment? Is it among the numerous paraphernalia which the Boers have so uniformly succeeded in whisking away from under the very noses of our pursuing generals, even while the latter were employed in cutting the railway behind them? Was it left in the care of Mrs. Kruger with instructions that the balls should be repainted khaki colour in order to prevent Lords Roberts and Kitchener enjoying a quiet game in leisure moments? Did the President carry off the actual "set" in his extremely mobile saloon carriage, or merely the box labelled "croquet" and filled with bar gold? If the former, is there any level plateau in the Lydenburg district where the same could be played? It is not merely that the narrowness of the modern 4 in. hoop seems somehow connected with the "slimness" attributed to the Boers; but that there is so much of orthodox and up-to-date croquet tactics, as any one can see from the volume before us, in what has been familiarly called "President Kruger's little game." Has not his "finesse" been sufficiently remarkable? Is he not now engaged in "cornering,"—precisely what the experts here recommend us to do when temporarily "out of" the game, and while another person (Lord Roberts, for example) is making a long "break"?

If any reader, after this, should question the established popularity of the "new croquet," let him know further that—by a reasonable estimate—some fifteen thousand *rubber ended* croquet mallets were sold last season. The rubber mallet being chiefly used by lady players, we may safely add to this another fifteen or twenty thousand of honest timber (the rubber end, it has been unkindly said, is chiefly useful for the erasure or obliteration of "foul strokes"), and we have the striking total of a sale of some thirty or forty thousand clubs per annum, which should mean (as it has continued for some years) the existence of some hundred thousand or more systematic croquet players. Their exact numbers may be as difficult to calculate exactly as those of the Boer forces, and, for a similar reason, their mobility. But all that they do, think, and feel should be abundantly apparent to the careful reader of Messrs. Longmans' portly, well-printed, and fairly illustrated volume. From the mildest and vaguest suggestion of "etiquette" to a complete (suggested) redraft of the laws of croquet, everything, we should think, is comprised somewhere or other in the book. Possibly it will be no matter of vital importance to any reader to unearth any particular fact, reflection, or suggestion, nor can we think the work a sufficiently serious one to require an index. The croquet enthusiast may, perhaps, read it all, especially the passages concerning himself and friends. The casual inquirer may gaze ahead, turning from the character sketch of one particular player or stylist to the question of rubble or grass courts, from the

* *Croquet Up to Date*. Edited by Arthur Lillie. With illustrations. London: Longmans and Co. [10s. 6d. net.]

subject of "Cowardly Tactics, by Aunt Emma" (a highly humorous account of the prudence so often preferable to valour, containing much useful advice) to the somewhat pointless examination paper headed "Up-to-date Ideas." The utter fatuity of these latter inquiries, addressed as they are by the hopeful editor to a number of more or less reluctant celebrities whose capacity of self-expression is probably at best inferior to their play, may be illustrated by No. 3—Do you look at your own ball last in shooting, or at the object ball?—and No. 10—Are you in favour of letting all burning questions go to sleep?—a conundrum which seems to tend vaguely towards the humorous Irish "bull" without quite arriving. We do not think, moreover, that the method on which *Croquet Up to Date* has been constructed, or rather compiled, is a sound one. It is true that valuable histories are now written (as, presumably, all histories will have to be written in future) in subdivisions allocated to different authors. But here the subjects are not allocated, and the result is a vast amount of repetition both of matter proper to the book and of the merest gossip.

In an exposition of the game of croquet there are two departments of the subject, and perhaps only two, really calculated to provide a chapter of useful matter apiece. One of these is "openings" (of which a word later), the other the "four-ball break," which has been often described of late years, and is here fully expounded once more by Miss Gower, the present lady champion of England, and, we suspect, the most genuinely gifted proficient (of any such game) ever seen. This essay will interest the number of readers who fondly hope that some of the writer's genius may leak out through her pen, but, alas! the really interesting secret of "How I do it" is one the most generous celebrity cannot confide. Of the "four-ball break," indeed, and its mechanical routine (not that Miss Gower is hampered by it) we have, perhaps, heard too much. A player must be able, as she reminds us, to pick up the thread of the game anywhere. In fact, the first virtue of "fighting croquet" is to be able, at a glance round, to seize and make the most of existing materials. Indeed, we believe this element in it to be one of the best tests of ready ability. As to the orthodox break and its materials, Mr. W. W. Bruce (a champion distinguished for the boldness and freedom of his play) records with justifiable pride a fourteen-point turn made with a single ball.

We are disposed to consider Mr. C. D. Locock's essay on "the openings" in scientific croquet as the best and most practical in the book. Mr. Locock considers, in order due, all possible policies for the player who, belated by losing the toss, finds what is *primâ facie* the best *terrain* occupied by his enemy, and has to choose between a purely negative recourse to distant safety (though, of course, it is not safety) in the "next best" corner, and the actively hostile policy of lying in your opponent's path—clinging about his legs, as it were, in the hope of confusing his common-form progress—or of tempting him astray by a carefully-laid "tice," which, in fact as often as not does quite upset the balance of the game. On these dilemmas there is really a good deal to be said. The feebleness of the titles, and the rather too obvious exhaustion of the authors of various other chapters, exhibit the palpable thinness of minor croquet "shop." The photographic illustrations of the book are of no particular distinction except, in some cases, that pertaining to antiquity. They include passable portraits of the best-known players, including one of the London champion of 1900, Mr. John Austin, of Maidstone, crouching behind the shelter of his famous "scythe-handled mallet," an instrument of almost as terrible an originality as the chariot of Boadicea.

A propos of the history of the game, and apart from its connection with the Caroline pastime of "Pall Mall," as described by Strutt, it appears that the early English croquet of the "fifties" came from Ireland, and that it invaded Ireland from Northern France, where a Mr. (or Miss) Macnaghten saw the game played by peasantry as early as 1830, with bent willow-boughs for hoops. In 1851 the game which was then, according to the famous Dr. Prior, of some ten years' standing in Ireland, was first imported to these shores. Shortly afterwards, it would seem, the popular game with round arches of 18 in. width and a central cage was in full swing; while in the "sixties," at any rate, a scientific game, with hoops of

4 in.—even of 3½ in.—was being developed by a few experts, who have handed on the torch to our own days. But these idle reflections will, we fancy, have scarcely diverted the impatient reader's attention from the croquet question of the moment. Thus, in the words of the American minister-poet—

"I end with it as I begin
Who got"

that oblong box labelled Pretoria? Also may we not ask, recalling historic presents of tennis-balls and the like, sent to potentates of earlier date, with ironic or bellicose significance, who sent it?

SOME BOOKS ON THEOLOGY.*

MR. INGE complains in the opening sentence of his first lecture of the loose way in which the word "mysticism" is used. It is made to cover a wide variety of thinkers, as well as of persons who do not profess to be thinkers, and would even pointedly disclaim any such title, for to some the ideal of the mystic condition is not to think but to contemplate. Appendix A is devoted to a *catalogue raisonné* of definitions of mysticism. Of these there are twenty-seven in all. They fall naturally into two classes,—the friendly and the hostile. Of the hostile definers the best known is R. A. Vaughan, author of *Hours with the Mystics*, a book which is still read. Vaughan describes mysticism as "a form of error which mistakes for a Divine Manifestation the operations of a merely human faculty." Of friendly definitions we may quote Pfleiderer's: "Mysticism is the immediate feeling of the unity of the self with God the religious life at its very heart and centre." To be a mystic, then, one might think, is all that can be desired. Not so. "The truth," according to the same authority, "is only possessed in the quite undeveloped, simple, and bare form of monotonous feeling." Mysticism, indeed, is regarded with dislike both by those who hold by an historical, non-miraculous Christianity, and by those who find their ideal in the intellectual appreciation of dogma. But mystics are themselves divided into two widely separated camps. There is the modern Roman Catholic school, of which Ribet is the best-known exponent, in which supernatural phenomena are, if not of the essence of the condition, at the least inseparable accidents. A travesty of these beliefs or practices, if indeed it is a travesty, is to be found in theosophy and occultism. Ribet himself admits the existence of what he calls *Contrefaçons diaboliques*, and states the necessity of distinguishing between these and the genuine manifestations of a divine working. On the other side, there is the school of which Mr. Inge himself is a representative in the present, and which we find in the past when we go back to the Cambridge Platonists and to William Law. These lectures, delivered this year from the Oxford University pulpit on the foundation of Canon Bampton, are an admirable exposition of the views of this school, while they give a survey of systems which, with more or less right, have described themselves, or been described by others, by the same name. We shall not attempt to estimate them, contenting ourselves with calling the attention of our readers to them, while we testify in the strongest terms to the interest, we would even say the entrancing interest, which they will be found to arouse. But we must quote a few sentences from the passage in which the lecturer sums up his conclusions:—

"It is not claimed that mysticism, even in its widest sense, is, or can ever be, the whole of Christianity. Every religion must have an institutional as well as a mystical element. . . . Still, at the present time, the greatest need seems to be that we should return to the fundamentals of spiritual religion. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that both the old seats of authority—the infallible Church and the book—are fiercely assailed, and that our faith needs reinforcements. These can only come from the depths of the religious consciousness itself the 'impregnable rock' is neither an institution nor a book, but a life and an experience."

And mysticism claims to be Christian experience and life in their very highest form.

* (1.) *Christian Mysticism: Bampton Lectures, 1899.* By William Ralph Inge, M.A. London: Methuen and Co. [12s.]—(2.) *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.* By William Law, A.M. With Introduction by Charles Bigg, D.D. London: Methuen and Co. [2s.]—(3.) *The Ascent through Christ.* By E. Griffith-Jones, B.A. London: James Bowden. [7s 6d.]—(4.) *The Moral Order of the World.* By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. [7s 6d.]—(5.) *The Hard Sayings of Jesus Christ.* By William Leighton Grane, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co. [5s.]—(6.) *Eschatology: Hebrew, Jewish, and Christian.* By R. H. Charles, D.D. London: A. and C. Black. [15s.]

A book on mysticism cannot be better followed up than by the best-known work of the best-known of English mystics, the *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* of William Law. Dr. Bigg, who has supplied an introduction, is here on ground familiar to him. He has studied profoundly Alexandrian thought, Christian and non-Christian, and this closely touches mysticism, both in its genuine and in its bastard forms. Dr. Bigg would not, we take it, define mysticism in exactly the same terms that Mr. Inge would use. The latter would, we think, put a higher value than the former on Jacob Böhme (Behmen), and would not describe him as a "type of the false and bastard mystic." But to mediate would take us too far. Law certainly illustrates one of Mr. Inge's remarks that the mystic may be, and often is, a man of practical knowledge of affairs. Where could we find a closer knowledge of one side of worldly life than in the account of the training which Matilda gave to her daughters?

The symbolism of Nature has always been to many minds the most attractive aspect of mysticism. Mr. Inge quotes a striking passage from Charles Kingsley in which he dwells on the emotions caused by the conviction that "all symmetrical natural objects are types of some spiritual truth or existence." From this it is not a long step to the subject which Mr. Griffith-Jones discusses in his reconciliation of Christian belief with the theory of evolution. It is not evolution pure and simple, it is evolution that identifies itself with Pantheism, that Christian faith cannot accept. That some mystics have gone dangerously near to Pantheism cannot be denied, but it is not involved in their theory. "It is a pitfall," to use Mr. Inge's expression, "for them to avoid, not an error involved in their first principles." But there is a non-Pantheistic as there is a Pantheistic evolution. The essential ideas of creation and purpose are consistent with the most rigidly scientific statement of the doctrine, though we have to go a long way from the six-days cosmogony which contented our fathers or grandfathers, and have to thoroughly recast the old theory of final causes. Mr. Griffith-Jones has attempted the task, which is not less useful than laborious, of drawing out this truth in detail. That he has said the last word on the subject he would not himself affirm. Neither science nor theology has attained finality in a domain as obscure as it is vast, but we recognise a valuable contribution to the ultimate result in this volume.

Professor A. B. Bruce, whose death in the fulness of his power is a great loss to the theological world, has followed up in a second series of "Gifford Lectures" the subject treated in his *Providential Order of the World*. The new title extends the scope of his inquiry. "The Moral Order," as he says in his preface, "is impersonal"; it can be accepted by thinkers who cannot, in any proper sense of the term, be described as Theists. Hence he naturally begins with an historical survey of the subject. The first lecture is on Buddha; the second on Zoroaster and Dualism, the author returning to the second half of this subject in Lecture X., which bears the title of "Modern Dualism." The creed of Zoroaster is practically extinct, but the causes which called it into being are as active as ever, and have had in our own days a similar outcome. The account of this phenomenon, as Professor Bruce presents it to us, is highly interesting. He sees traces of modern Dualism in John Stuart Mill, who threw out the idea—we must not put any more stress than this on his remarks—of a Creator whose power for beneficent action was limited. The theory has been more definitely stated in a work entitled *Evil and Evolution*, and it is to a criticism of this book that Professor Bruce devotes the greater part of his lecture. This criticism we cannot pretend to epitomise, but the upshot of it is that the theory raises problems more insoluble than those with which it claims to deal. From Zoroaster we go on to Greek tragedy. The treatment here is not altogether satisfactory. The lecturer, for instance, seems to give up the attempt to interpret the *Prometheus Vincetus*. But surely the key to the puzzle is to be found in the distinction which he has himself formulated between the terms "providential" and "moral." The Greeks were not Theists. They held by the independent existence of a moral law, as enunciated by Sophocles in the famous passage of the *Antigone*. But they did not recognise in the gods the unfaltering, unchanging exponents of this law. Zeus, according to Æschylus, is a formidable power outside the moral law, but he too, and that

as the result of his own foibles, will be brought under its operation. A chapter on "The Stoics" follows that on "Greek Tragedy," and this again is succeeded by an interesting lecture on "Divination," the belief in which was included in the Stoic creed. This should be read in close connection with that which follows on the "Hebrew Prophets." The difference between prediction and prophecy goes very deep indeed. The prophet enunciates the principles of a moral order, but it is not his function to foretell. We may even say that there is nothing which he can foretell, for there can be no fixed future, if the will of man is free to do good or evil.

Mr. Grane has essayed a task humbler than those of the writers already mentioned, but not less useful, and certainly not less difficult. The "hard sayings of Christ," as they recur in our own reading or in the services of the Church, create an uneasy sense that either He preached a law which it is impossible to obey, or that our obedience falls sadly short of our duty. It is not much comfort to be told that we must "deorientalise" these utterances, or that we may relegate them to the region of the unpractical as "counsels of perfection." Mr. Grane grapples with the difficulties that these sayings present frankly and courageously. He does not give—no one can suppose that he would give—easy answers compressed into half-a-dozen sentences. He allows that these sayings are of the paradoxical kind, but then, as he puts it, "if Christ had been content with platitudes . . . no Christian Church would have been alive to-day to justify that word, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'" We cannot give our readers any sample of Mr. Grane's treatment of his subjects; it must suffice to commend his book to their attention.

The space at our command does not permit us to do more than to describe Professor Charles's book on *Eschatology* as the outcome of research, carried on in the frankest and most courageous spirit.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

THE prayer for protection "for all that travel by land or by water" might well be used on behalf of all the characters in Mr. Morgan Robertson's collection of *Spun-Yarn* sea-stories. For it would be difficult to conceive of an awkward predicament by sea or land into which some of them have not been placed. The stories are exceptionally clever, and they give the reader many vivid glimpses of the romance of the tropics and of the blue water. The story of the naval battle in "The Brain of the Battleship" is extremely good reading. The present writer does not pretend to sufficient technical knowledge to say whether the details of the fight are accurate, but at any rate they are convincing. The way in which two modern fleets would manœuvre round each other has never been more vividly imagined. The action of the dipsomaniac seaman Finnegan, who falls into the conning-tower on a Gatling gun, and, the Captain being killed by the gun aforesaid, commands the ship in a drunken ecstasy and wins the fight, is, as the First Lieutenant says, "immortal." In another vein the story of the yacht sailor who falls "from the royal-yard down" is excellent; it reminds the reader of the Eastern story of the man who put his head under water for a minute and lived through an adventurous life in his mind during the time of immersion. John Owen lives through a long vision while falling, and thinks that he is about to clasp his sweetheart in his arms, but finds that his arms really encircle the mizzentopgallant-yard. It is impossible to enumerate all the stories in the book, but we must not fail to recommend the yarn of the derelict 'Neptune' as one of the most delightful. It contains that climax of delightful sea-adventure, the exploration of a long-abandoned ship by two men who casually find her. It is the blue rose of many a landsman to explore an abandoned ship. Think of the intoxicating excitement of climbing down the forsaken companion into the dusty and deserted cabin. Think of the joy of perhaps finding the log, and living again through the story of the crew, some

* (1.) *Spun-Yarn: Sea Stories*. By Morgan Robertson. London: Grant Richards. [6s.]—(2.) *The Banker and the Bear*. By Henry Kitchell Webster. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *The Descent of the Duchess*. By Morley Roberts. London: Sands and Co. [3s. 6d.]—(4.) *My Afterdream*. By Julian West. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [6s.]—(5.) *A Prince of Swindlers*. By Guy Boothby. London: Ward, Lock, and Co. [5s.]—(6.) *Juggling Fortune*. By T. W. Speight. London: John Long. [3s. 6d.]—(7.) *Ada Vernham, Actress*. By Richard Marsh. London: John Long. [6s.]—(8.) *Native Born*. By William Sylvester Walker ("Coo-ee"). London: John Long. [6s.]

of whom are probably at the very moment reigning delightfully over a tropical desert island. Lest the envious landsman should give too loose a rein to his imagination, Mr. Morgan Robertson's two adventurers have some very disconcerting discoveries to make on board the 'Neptune.' It is a melancholy fact that safety is hardly compatible with the exploration of derelicts. The good advice given to the guardians of children in the nursery song, "If you would have them safe abroad, Pray keep them safe at home," is perhaps not inappropriate here, for it is undoubtedly more prudent and nearly as exciting to remain quietly on dry land and read of adventures in Mr. Morgan Robertson's pages, than to start in quest of them oneself; and to the former course we most heartily recommend our readers.

No one who remembers *The Short Line War*, by H. K. Webster and S. Merwin, will fail to get hold of *The Banker and the Bear*, by the first-named of these two collaborators. Nor will any reader who liked the first book fail to be interested in the second. At the time of an American agitation on the subject of margarine an orator, of course of that nation, wound up an impassioned address by asking, "Shall the dead hog compete with the living cow?" Whether or no poor dead piggie has yet succeeded in his unequal fight, he has at any rate provided Mr. Webster with a good subject for a "business" novel, for *The Banker and the Bear* is the story of a "corner" in lard. Of course in this case lard is merely a figure-head, as it were; for a "corner" in any other commodity would have given the Bear his opportunity for a good trial of strength with his quondam friend, the Banker. The book is very lively and exciting reading, and if the minutest details of the combat are not quite clear to the lay mind—in the last scene, for instance, the necessity for the physical removal of the Bear by arrest is not quite clear to the reader who does not indulge in "bulling" and "bearing" himself—still, quite enough can be "understood of the people" to make the story very entertaining. The love interest is so well managed as to be really a necessary and integral part of the story, and the *jeune premier*—the distinction is necessary as the Banker, and not Jack Dorlin, is the hero—and the heroine are both very attractive and delightful young people. If, as said above, it is safer to go through one's wildest adventures in fiction than in real life, the same caution may perhaps be given even more profitably in the case of business gambling. It is far safer to read *The Banker and the Bear* than to have "a little flutter" on one's own account.

Mr. Morley Roberts has ventured into the regions of extravaganza in his new story, *The Descent of the Duchess*. Therefore it would be unfair not to give him the license of extravaganza, and the captious critic had better refrain from objecting to the extreme unlikelihood of a person (be she Duchess or commoner) being caught in the awning of a Mississippi flat-boat on falling out of a private sleeping-car. However, the Duchess did it, and the relation of her subsequent adventures gives Mr. Morley Roberts the opportunity for some good fooling. The story would be improved if the author had remembered rather less of the methods of Mr. Le Gallienne's school of writing when describing the Duchess's night attire. The description of what, we believe, is technically known as *lingerie* is best left to the artist who compiles the catalogues of the "Ladies' Outfitting Department." Otherwise the little sketch is harmless enough and lively, though it is impossible to help feeling that every now and then the liveliness is a little forced.

If we remember rightly, Julian West was the name of the hero of Mr. Bellamy's romance, *Looking Backward*. The author of *My Afterdream* has taken the name and assumed it as his own for the purposes of his story, in which he takes the world in the year 2000 as Mr. Bellamy found it, and proceeds to point out the various drawbacks to Mr. Bellamy's ideal state of society. We confess to not remembering enough of the minutiae of Mr. Bellamy's book to be competent to say whether the present author's criticisms of what may be termed the mechanism of life are sufficiently accurate to be fair. As to the social question, he certainly makes out a good case as to the deadening effects of the benignant rule of the State. The system of practically deciding life and professions by school records is quite sufficiently exploited nowadays when its bad effects are to a certain extent modified by

outside considerations. But the examination must always be an imperfect human instrument, and there is a good deal in "Julian West's" criticism of the effects of the selection of professions by the persons who are the best examinees, and also the best at the statutory three years' labour, and the leaving of the disagreeable tasks to any luckless people who do not shine at examinations. Certainly the book tends to show that Mr. Bellamy failed to discover a remedy for the inequalities and injustice of human life, but unfortunately the author gives us no hint of any better solution of the problem.

In a series of stories, linked together by the identity of the hero, Mr. Guy Boothby gives us the portrait of a magnificent impostor, who unites the salient points of Messrs. Lecoq, Sherlock Holmes, and Charles Peace, the whole seen through a powerful magnifying glass. Mr. Simon Carne, the adventurer in question, moves in the very highest circles, and his robberies are on a truly grandiose scale. The stories are ingenious if not very convincing, and readers who like sensationalism and plenty of it will very likely be amused by *A Prince of Swindlers*.

Mr. Speight's new novel, *Juggling Fortune*, does not, as the sub-title tells us, pretend to be more than an everyday romance, so that people who go to it for wild adventure will have no right to be disappointed. Of course conversions are not unknown things in real life, but whether even misfortune could change the nature of a person who had given way so consistently to the most vulgar selfishness as Mrs. Roding is rather a moot point. The book is a fairly readable quiet story, but not remarkable in any way.

Anxious mothers who are worried by stage-struck daughters will find Mr. Marsh's new story, *Ada Vernham, Actress*, a very useful book. It would be admirably calculated to act as an awful warning were it not for the circumstance that Ada Vernham was a remarkably bad actress, and therefore the young ladies in question would be quite certain that her misfortunes could by no means become theirs. Except for what may be called these medicinal purposes, there is no reason why any one should depress themselves by reading *Ada Vernham*. But although it is a disagreeable and unsatisfactory story, readers who do not mind being made melancholy will find that it is well told.

Mr. W. S. Walker ("Coo-ee") has done better work than *Native Born*. For some reason, although the individual scenes in the book are good, the novel as a whole fails to chain the reader's attention. However, lovers of Australia will find themselves in their favourite surroundings, and of course "Coo-ee" is thoroughly at home in his descriptions of the bush and the bushrangers, &c. There are the most irritating italics scattered over the text,—indeed, a page opened at random looks like the letter of an early Victorian lady.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for August is a heavy number, with more than its usual share of articles of limited interest. The editor publishes a long list of businesslike people who want to see affairs of State conducted upon "ordinary business principles and methods." Sir James Blyth, Sir Wemyss Reid, and others explain what ordinary business principles really mean. "Personal responsibility, payment by results, and promotion by merit" are the keynotes of the scheme, and without doubt, as the numerous writers point out, they are the essentials of success in business. But it is all very well to state a problem; it is quite another matter to apply a set of admirable principles from one sphere of labour to another where they are not in the nature of things strictly applicable. So long as Government is popular, responsibility will remain infinitely divided, and it would be as easy to make governing an ordinary business concern as a humanitarian society. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth offers the suggestion that "the condition of some of our Government departments is typical of the growing disinclination of the English mind to move with the times," and he compares us unfavourably with Germany and the United States. We should like to know, however, how much the United States realise the ideal of "personal responsibility, payment by results, and promotion by merit" in their Government.—Mr. Arnold Ward has a very able

and statesmanlike article on "Missionaries in Egypt," in which he pleads for a little improvement in the training, organisation, and method of the ordinary English missionary. He has the fullest sympathy with the honest intentions and genuine self-denial of many of the class, but he points out that of recent years their rashness and ignorance have often seriously complicated the task of the English administrators and at the same time delayed the progress of the cause which they have at heart. "The English missionary," he says, "is placed at an initial disadvantage in competing with his rivals from Southern Europe. The sacrifices made by the Italian are of a kind which appeal more forcibly to the Eastern mind. . . . The habits of an English missionary are—superficially, at least—less distinguishable from those of ordinary men. For this he can only compensate by showing superior education and superior ability."—In "An American View of the Boer War" Mr. Edward J. Hodgson shows how Britain is entitled to the gratitude of the United States and her support, unless she has deliberately flown in the face of justice. He then goes over the twice-told tale of the origin of the war, and decides that there can be no sympathy between the true Republicanism of his own land, and the bastard Republicanism which concealed a tyrannous oligarchy.—The articles on the Chinese question are written by Mr. Frederick Greenwood and Mr. Edward Dicey, and consist of little more than a statement of the difficulties of the question. Mr. Dicey professes to have no more specialist knowledge than the "man in the street," and Mr. Greenwood shows his credentials in the form of some prophecies he made in 1891. The latter very rightly protests against the "Government-and-rebel error, the mistake that China is spiritless, effete, incapable of union and organisation even under stress of the commonest and fiercest passions of mankind." Beyond this he has no suggestions to offer. To point out that partition is undesirable, and that there will be jealousies in any Concert of the Powers, is a task so easy and at the same time so valueless that we had scarcely thought it worth Mr. Greenwood's while.—Of the remaining articles, there is a charming study of "The Byeways of Rural Ireland" by Mr. Michael MacDonagh, and an interesting paper on "How to Breed Horses for War" by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. Lord Northbrook also contributes a very short but very well thought-out paper on the Militia. We cannot deal with it at length, but with all he says in regard to the Militia Reserve we are in hearty agreement.

The *Contemporary* for this month is full of personal studies. Mr. Edmund Garrett contributes a long account of Sir Alfred Milner and his work in South Africa, wherein he replies to many of the attacks of the pro-Boer Press. It is, to our mind, a very complete defence, temperate, well-informed, and admirably written. Mr. Arthur Symonds has a study of Eleonora Duse and her art, in which a certain amount of sound and ingenious criticism is spoilt for us by the simpering affectations of his manner. "Civilis" in "A Progressive Viceroy" contributes a witty and audacious appreciation of Lord Curzon. "Chiefly to be noted," he says, "is his possession, in an exceptional degree, of the admirable quality of the expected."—There are three papers on the China crisis, in the first of which Mr. Emerson Bainbridge writes of China and the Powers, and advocates an alliance with the reform party among the Chinese. Mr. Josiah Quincy discusses the question of the United States in China. If the central Government is to be maintained, he says, under the diplomatic control of the Powers, then the United States must have a share in such control; if there is to be a division into "spheres of influence," then "they will ask for an assurance that the 'open door' will be preserved by the Powers concerned." Mr. D. C. Boulger, who is abroad this month in the magazines, gives a collection of useful short biographies of the chief Chinese figures.—Of the other articles, Mr. Robert Donald's paper on "Municipal Trading" is a sufficient reply to Lord Avebury, but does not seem to us to touch the very important question of safeguards. No one denies the importance and necessity of some degree of municipal trading; the only question concerns its organisation and its limits.—Sir Walter Foster's article on "Hospital Scandals in South Africa" insists upon the fact that the Government had ample warning of the certainty of an epidemic of fever.

The *Fortnightly* groans under the problems of foreign policy. It gives the place of honour to Mr. J. H. Muirhead's article on the meaning of Imperialism. The gift of order, discipline, administration, education, and social reconstruction to inferior races is his answer to the question, which he supports with a number of ethical and sociological illustrations. It is all very good common-sense, but a little obvious.—Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger's "Pekin—and After" is disfigured in its early pages with unnecessary fulminations about vengeance, but he has a clear perception of the nature of the crisis, and his suggestions are worth consideration. He believes in the partition of China, but he sees hope in the prospect, and he is indignant at our suspicions of the Japanese. He would give to Russia Manchuria and Mongolia, to Japan, Korea and Fuhkien, and to America Chekiang. "The destruction of Peking," he says, "will be followed by an international conference, the seat of which we must be careful to insist shall be in London." He wishes to "enter a protest against the rooted belief that China must be one single and independent State," for the "partition of China does not necessarily imply its conquest."—Mr. J. D. Whelpley reveals an extraordinary "secret chapter in the diplomatic history of the United States." Four years ago the Russian Ambassador proposed to the American Secretary of State that Russia and the United States should "enter into a combine to corner the surplus wheat of the world for the purpose of raising the price 100 per cent." The proposal was declined, but M. de Witte, from whom it probably emanated, is still prepared to revive it. The theory underlying the scheme was that all the wheat of the world is now needed for food. Such a scheme, if carried out, would upset all present alliances, as Mr. Whelpley points out, and would ally the wheat-importing against the wheat-producing countries.—Mr. H. A. Bryden writes hopefully, perhaps a little too hopefully, about the future of settlers in South Africa. He is in favour of a comprehensive scheme of State immigration, and proposes to spend half a million in acquiring the right kind of rural colonist.—The most striking article in the number is the historical survey by "Diplomaticus" of our dealings with China. He searches the history of our diplomacy in vain to find any consistent policy. After the Japanese War he thinks that we were given the chance of arriving at a friendly understanding with Russia, but that Lord Rosebery, by refusing Prince Lobanoff's request to join in checking the cessions to Japan, virtually flung away his cards. But things being as they are, the writer thinks that a British Protectorate of what will remain of China, with Nankin as capital, will be the best solution.—Of the other articles, Judge O'Connor Morris's "Contemporary Ireland," and Sir J. C. R. Colomb's "Naval Arrangements in the Other Hemisphere," are worthy of attention.

The most important articles in this month's *National Review* are the two papers on military reform. Lord Newton in "A Case of Paternal Desertion" gives an account of the procedure of the Government on the Militia Ballot Bill, which was introduced by Lord Lansdowne on July 7th, 1899, and postponed to the next Session. Then the war broke out, and when the subject of Army reform was raised the old scheme was neglected, and the substance of its proposals was repudiated by Mr. Wyndham. So Lord Wemyss adopted the derelict Bill, and the Government, and notably the Secretary for War, took every means to secure its defeat. Lord Newton makes out his charge of inconsistency with much skill, and there is wisdom in his closing words:—"Let us recognise that the experience of the Boer War has proved that improvised masses of irregular troops cannot in the long run stand up against disciplined armies, and that close at hand there are millions of trained soldiers at the disposal of unfriendly Governments."—The article, "Having Eyes, They See Not," by "An Englishman," is written in a tone of extreme pessimism, but, though we think that the case is overstated, the facts which he produces are enough to make us pause. He points out that at the present moment there is a French fleet in the Channel equal to our fighting strength in home waters, and a French army of two hundred thousand men mobilised at Chartres. On the other hand, within a year from the date of enlistment of the special Volunteer forces, our army at the seat of war will dwindle down to sixty thousand men.

All our talk about Army reform, he says, is vain while the War Office will not provide rifles and ranges, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer will not exempt those who equip themselves with their own rifles from the Gun-tax, and while the Workman's Compensation Act does not apply to those engaged in the most dangerous of all trades. We dare not make the training too strict lest we should deter loafers from enlisting, and as for our Volunteers, "if we have been able at a moment's notice to raise for service in South Africa troops in England or the Colonies who compare favourably with our trained regulars, that is rather a reflection on our training than a testimony to the value of the amateur." We think the writer's conclusions too strong for his premises, but there is no question about the gravity of many of the facts he cites.—Mr. Rollo Graham-Campbell has an interesting article on the working of the Judicature Acts. He thinks that the famous fusion of law and equity might have been accomplished with less sacrifice of old institutions, and in particular he regrets the abolition of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He wishes to see such reforms as a stronger Bench of Puisne Judges, and the restoration of the Lord Chief Justice to a position in which his abilities will have proper scope; and he points out that while a Mansfield and a Cockburn left their mark upon English law, the Lord Chief Justice of to-day seems to be "degenerating into a mere machine for presiding over special juries." He provides an elaborate scheme of reform, which he illustrates by tables.—The Military Critic of the *Westminster Gazette* in an able and sensible article tabulates the lessons to be learned from the Boer War, and defends Lord Kitchener warmly against certain charges which have recently been brought against him.—Of the other papers the most important are a statement of the *prima-facie* case against the field hospitals by the Hon. Arthur Stanley; a study of Bagehot by Mr. Leslie Stephen; and "The Pious Pilgrimage," a charming narrative by the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, in which the wit is more apparent than the piety.

Perhaps the most interesting article in any of the August magazines is the first instalment in *Blackwood* of Captain Haldane's account of his escape from Pretoria. He writes more in detail than Mr. Winston Churchill, and with an equally brilliant pen. On the whole, he has many good words for his captors, and he pays a generous tribute to Dr. Gunning and to his fellow-prisoner, the Rev. Adrian Hofmeyer, whose "kindly words and encouraging discourses went far to mitigate the trials of confinement." For long he and Lieutenant Le Mesurier meditated escape, but after Mr. Churchill went they found their chances fewer. Every one knows the ingenious scheme which they ultimately devised, but Captain Haldane's narrative makes one realise very vividly the miseries of their underground chamber, where they played "patience," and all but suffocated themselves by upsetting a candle. It is as exciting a narrative as anything in Dumas.—Mr. W. J. Hardy writes a pleasant account of Ballycastle and the redoubtable Sorley Boy who tyrannised over the glens of Antrim.—Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Smith in his "More about Retrievers" returns to a former subject, and makes a good defence of his favourite breed of dogs, interspersed with one or two excellent Scots stories.—Mr. Wilfrid Sparrow has a striking article on the Zillu's-Sultan, the "elder brother of the Shah," in which he protests against Britain's negligence in Persia, as compared with the vigour of the Russian Consul. The Russian policy, says Mr. Sparrow, is to hasten the decadence of Persia, while our salvation lies in preserving the territorial integrity of the country. He wishes us to remember that there rules as Governor-General of Isfahan a Persian Imperial Prince whose policy is progressive and pro-British, and that it is our duty to support him and not bully him at the instance of Russia. We cannot argue the Persian question here, but we would warn our readers against too easy an acceptance of these views, which are based on the belief that Russia is the essential enemy of this country.—There are the usual articles on current topics,—a clear and temperate review of the operations in South Africa; a paper on "Distracted China," which condemns our past policy, but considers that the talk about the partition of China is premature and unwise; and an article, "Their Sixth Session," which appeals to

the country to return the present Government a second time, as at least the milder of two evils.—A clever short story by Mr. G. W. Hartley, and an instalment of Mr. Conrad's "Lord Jim," conclude an excellent number.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE KINGDOM OF THE YELLOW ROBE.

The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe. By Ernest Young. (Archibald Constable and Co. 6s.)—This book opens with a lively description of Bangkok,—the Venice of the East. It is a comparatively new city, and was not the capital of Siam till about 1767. Of late years European civilisation has greatly affected the appearance of the town, but the customs of the inhabitants remain Eastern. "The busy streets of Siam's capital present a never-ending procession of curious and picturesque scenes. With the first faint glimmer of light in the East the life of the city begins. The approach of day is heralded with the sonorous voices of the huge gongs that are being vigorously beaten by the official welcomer of the dawn." The streets are full of traffic; electric tramways, omnibuses, and bicycles fly along side by side with "gharries" from India and rickshaws from Japan. The Chinese—who according to this writer make nearly half the population of Siam—do all the manual labour; no Siamese would draw a rickshaw. The richer streets of Bangkok are lighted by electricity, and European brick houses alternate with the quaint gables and double and triple roofs of the native buildings. The poorer quarters of the town are still lit by oil lamps placed at irregular intervals. Little "cholera lamps" on long poles warn the passers-by of possible infection, "while round the city itself the cocoanut-oil lamps burn with a lurid glare, sending forth at the same time dense clouds of yellow pungent smoke." Mr. Young goes on to describe the manners and customs of the Siamese, their amusements, and their religious ceremonies. Every man in Siam, we are told, enters the Buddhist priesthood for at least three months of his life—usually between the ages of twenty and twenty-one—during which time he is supported by the voluntary offerings of the people. This curious system of religious conscription makes the difference between priests and laymen very slight; either may become the other at will; the monastic vow is not binding for life. We gather from Mr. Young's interesting pages that the priesthood in Siam is very corrupt, and the form of Buddhism there professed is terribly overlaid with superstition. Yet his account of the rules and injunctions laid upon every priest when he is ordained leads us to suppose that under the accumulated rubbish of ages there remains enough of lofty sentiment to purify not only the priesthood, but the whole nation if they would obey their own moral law as well as listening to their superstitious fables.

AN INTRODUCTION TO POLITICS.

An Introduction to English Politics. By John M. Robertson. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.)—Mr. Robertson's laborious work is a good instance of the merits and demerits of the naturalist attitude towards history. His main contention is that "race theories are a survival of primitive pseudo-science, that culture stage and not . . . hereditary character are the clues to the development of all nations," and that to talk about race-character as determining history without analysing that character is to be guilty of the old fallacy of including the thing defined in the definition. He seems to us to prove his point to the full, but, like all controversialists, he carries his criticism too far, and will not admit that this inexact mode of speech may have a real meaning in an historical narrative which does not pretend to be merely analytical. A certain general race-character is a useful and correct explanation of many phenomena, provided we do not forget that this explanation is itself capable of further analysis. In pursuit of his main contention, Mr. Robertson makes a rough survey of the greater part of the world's political history. He has a mania for intellect, and is apt to confine the word to mere ratiocination. Hence the elements in any culture which he considers non-rational—patriotic and religious feeling—he treats with much contempt. It is the fault of his school, but it gravely limits the value of his work. For not to recognise the immense part which such "un-reasoned impulses" continue to play in the most advanced culture-stages is to shrink from facts, a crime which naturalists habitually impute to their opponents. For the rest, we are grateful to Mr. Robertson for much brilliant criticism, some admirable character-sketches, notably of Cromwell and Shaftesbury, and five concluding pages of eloquent and catholic philosophy. But he is an irritating writer often, and not always the safest of

guides. He does not trouble sometimes to find out the exact meaning of dogmas which he criticises, and on Greek and Roman questions he writes like one who has laboriously got up a subject in which he is not quite at home. His erudition is very great, but the parade of bibliographical knowledge which he makes sometimes reveals the limitations of his learning. The book is crammed with hideous hybrid words, false formations, and false constructions. His arrogance is a little burdensome, for it prevents him from doing justice to an opponent's view and it drives him into a bitterness which suggests the minor Freethinking Press. He invents for Imperialism a megalomania which never existed, and, of course, easily knocks it down. What man in his senses ever believed that quantity was more important than quality in empire? He habitually sneers at all forms of nationalism, but he can be enthusiastic for the rights of small nationalities, and he can admire the Irishmen who stood up for their "race-ideals and their religion" (p. 454). The fact seems to be that Mr. Robertson, being possessed of an orderly mind, and having read a very large number of books, has fallen into the vice of torturing history into the bonds of a narrow creed, which he is pleased to call scientific. It is the highest compliment we can pay the book to say that the man who dislikes the author's attitude can yet find it stimulating and instructive. But when we read the closing pages and remember some of Mr. Robertson's earlier essays, we could wish that of his two confessions of faith he would confine himself to the more generous.

A SPORTSWOMAN IN INDIA.

A Sportswoman in India: Personal Adventures in Known and Unknown India. By Isabel Savory. (Hutchinson and Co. 16s.)—Miss Savory defines a sportswoman as "a fair shot, considering others, and never doing an unsportsmanlike action, preferring quality to quantity in a bag, a keen observer of all animals, and a real lover of Nature," and we are bound to admit that she has lived up to every letter of her definition. In her short visit to India she had a taste of pig-sticking in the plains, a fox-hunt in the Punjab, mountaineering and bear-shooting in Kashmir, tiger-hunting in the Deccan, and she was present at an entrapping of wild elephants in a *kheddah*. It would be a poor compliment to say that she writes of her experiences like a good sportsman, for a man would be a very good sportsman indeed with half the courage, and humour, and high spirits which Miss Savory shows on every page of her book. She carries with her into the jungle an artist's eye for landscape, and the narrative is studded with many sane and humorous comments on the ways of the world. She touches on the life of the hill stations and Anglo-Indian society, only to wish herself back to the wilds again. Not that there are no pictures of civilisation, for the romance of the gorgeous Eastern cities is told with much picturesqueness, but the author is far more at home in the lonely hill-camp or beating in the jungle. To any one who wishes to live for some hours in a fascinating world of sport and adventure nothing could be better than this gallant and light-hearted book.

TWO ESSAYISTS.

Travels in England. By Richard Le Gallienne. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—*A Scot's Wanderjahre.* By David Lowe. (Wilson and Co., Glasgow. 2s. 6d. net.)—Both of the books before us are variants upon the old evergreen theme of going a journey, and the travels are happily confined to our own island. In work of this sort Mr. Le Gallienne is shown at his best. He has no temptation to faults of taste, and his real gift for pretty descriptive writing finds a proper field for its exercise. He travels to no out-of-the-way places, but carries his sentimental eye to Salisbury and Stratford, and Winchester and Stonehenge, and gives us pictures, and moralisings, and wayside accidents, all with a very pretty literary flavour. He has the gift of a tender, imaginative kind of landscape painting, which sometimes is simpering and mannered, but has often truth and insight as well as elegance. The little conceits with which the book is studded are generally charming, particularly the one about Lord Pembroke's antechamber at Wilton. We confess to having read the book with much pleasure, in spite of the Kelmscott chapter, which seems to us a return to the author's worst manner. The rhymed epilogue is a pleasant and simple piece of verse, which fitly closes an attractive little book. Mr. Lowe is a different type of essayist. He travels chiefly in the Scots Lowlands, and the name of Burns is writ large in the pages. He has none of Mr. Le Gallienne's art of clearness, for he is full of Carlylese and distorted sentences. Youth is apparent in the complacent philosophy and the occasional spasmodic vivacity. But for all that he has the true stuff of the essayist in him. When he forgets his affectations he can

bring the bleak Scots moors and the crooked town streets and the Lowland villages very vividly before the reader. He is altogether of a rougher and more masculine cast than the conventional essayist. He postures, but he never simpers, and his worst affectation is that of the minor prophet. Whether he writes of Burns or Annandale shepherds, he shows an appreciation of country humour and an eye for character which give a lively human interest to his wanderings. And the first essay, on "The Pleasures of Decay," is as clever a *fantasia* as we have seen for some time.

OUR GREAT CITY.

Our Great City. By H. O. Arnold-Forster. (Cassell and Co. 1s. 9d.)—"A book of three hundred pages," says Mr. Arnold-Forster, "cannot pretend to do more than give brief extracts from the great volume of the ideal book which has perhaps yet to be written." His book is something more than a compilation of extracts from books on the various aspects of London—its topography, its history, its government, its educational and other social activities—which are already published. It is a freshly and lucidly written, well-compacted, and admirably illustrated monograph—at once a guide-book and a manual of what may be termed Municipal Imperialism—from the pen of a man who has strong convictions and many useful enthusiasms, and the courage of both. Mr. Arnold-Forster's little book is stimulating as well as informing, and is calculated to inspire boys and adults as well, with pride in the consciousness of belonging to "no mean city." One of the most interesting chapters is the last, on "London as it might be" if it were "arcaded," and if in a hundred other ways it were (as it might be) rendered much more beautiful than it is. Altogether this is a work to be most heartily commended to schools and fathers of families.

GREAT BOOKS AS LIFE-TEACHERS.

Great Books as Life-Teachers. By Newell Dwight Hillis. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, Edinburgh. 3s. 6d.)—The fact that the author of this volume has been the hero—the somewhat hysterical, if not histrionic, hero, it must be allowed—of a heresy case in America will give it a special value in many eyes. It is, indeed, beyond doubt that Mr. Hillis's volume, which deals with very many remarkable books and not a few remarkable men, with George Eliot's "Romola," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," with Henry Drummond and David Livingstone and Mr. Gladstone, is after a fashion eminently readable. But that fashion is too sensational, and recalls Dr. Talmage too readily. Mr. Hillis is too prone to declarations like "God is a seed, not a dying leaf. God is a rosy dawn, not a falling star. God is a flaming sun, not the astronomy that describes it. God is a living voice, not the creed that explains Him. God is flaming eternal truth, not the manuscripts in which some sage once wrote." This persistent use of the word "God" recalls Mr. Rathbone Greg's animadversion on a similar practice by the author of "Alton Locke" as "Mr. Kingsley's mode of swearing." But in spite of errors in taste, and of a too pronounced tendency to flamboyant writing and impressionist thinking, Mr. Hillis's studies, especially of men like Livingstone and Mr. Gladstone, will be found ethically stimulating. In its way—though perhaps its too rhetorical way—it is a vigorous protest against a purely materialistic conception of life.

Outlines of Equity. By Sydney E. Williams. (Stevens and Sons. 5s.)—To compress even the merest outlines of equity into less than two hundred pages of large print is no easy business, and Mr. S. Williams has done the task which he set before himself as well as is possible. The subject is well arranged, and the matter is clearly expressed. The statements of the author are supported by many references to the most recent cases. The book will certainly be useful to the law student, but it is too slight to be of much service to the barrister in practice.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Map to Illustrate the Chinese Question. (W. and A. K. Johnston. 1s.; 2s. on cloth in case.)—The sheet contains "China

and Japan," "Asia," "China," "The World," "From Taku to Peking," "Port Arthur, Kin Chau, and Ta-Lien Wan Bay," "Kiao-Chau Harbour," and "The Environs of Peking, Port Arthur, Wei-Hai-Wei, and Kiao-Chau." We do not find fault with the publishers, who have doubtless done their best, but we could have done without "The World" and one of the Chinas to have the local maps on a large scale, or, say, a plan of Peking, with the various cities.

Surveying and Exploring in Siam. By James McCarthy. (John Murray. 10s. 6d.)—Mr. McCarthy, who is now "Director-General of the Siamese Government Surveys," tells us the story of his work during the years 1881-1893 in collecting material for a map of Siam. This was before the days of Siam reform; and the pioneer's life was not a happy one. It would not be easy to say which was his worst enemy, the robber, or the official, or the fever. Our author tells his story with plenty of quiet humour. He has to embark, for instance, on a steamer commanded by a Malay from Cambodia, who professed absolute ignorance of the waters which he had to navigate, but, by way of compensation, had an Admiralty chart of the coast of Nova Scotia. Indeed, the oddities of the people are innumerable. Possession by an evil spirit, who must be satisfied with copious draughts of alcoholic liquors, is a common malady; but we know something of that here. The Siamese, however, has many good points; the Chinaman does not appear to advantage. He is a man of business, but that is pretty nearly all the good that can be said of him. One curious fact mentioned by Mr. McCarthy is the encouragement given by the authorities to the secret societies of these Chinese as counter-balances to the growth of foreign influence. In one instance he knew of a society that had been so favoured out of fear of Christian (Roman Catholic) propagandism. This finds a strange confirmation in what we have lately heard in China, where the temporal ambition of the Roman Church has done much to endanger the peace.

The English Historical Review. Edited by S. R. Gardiner, D.C.L., and Reginald L. Poole, M.A. (Longmans and Co. 5s.)—We are inclined to express a preference, among the four longer articles, for Mr. Arthur Tilley's "Humanism under Francis I." We turn aside from Nationalism, under which may be classed Mr. E. S. Rait's continuation of his "Scottish Parliament before the Union of the Crowns," and foreign politics (of the England of Robert Walpole), also a continuation by Mr. Basil Williams, and the labour question (Miss Ellen A. MacArthur on the "Regulation of Wages in the Sixteenth Century"), to make acquaintance with a company of scholars. Some of them are old friends, Etienne Dolet, for instance, and Robert Stephens, and Maturin Cordier, but of most the average reader will barely have heard the names. Among the shorter notices we observe one of special interest, relating to the action of Pius IV. at the critical time when the attitude of Rome to the Anglican Church had to be settled. The English Roman Catholics applied to the Pope through the Spanish Ambassador to know whether they might lawfully be present at "common prayers." "Yes," was the answer desired, for they exaggerated the penalty of recusancy from a twelve-penny fine to death, and spoke of the prayers as "containing no impiety or false doctrine." But the Pope's answer was most uncompromising,—"Eorum psalmis, lectionibus et concionibus interesse non licet."

MISCELLANEOUS.—Of books of devotion we have *Green Pastures and Golden Gates*, by the Rev. Charles A. Fox (Marshall Brothers, 6d.), and from the same publishers, *The Christian in Complete Armour*, by W. Gurnall, 1616-1676, Selections arranged by Katherine Blyth, with a Preface by Professor Handley C. G. Moule (1s.) (W. Gurnall was the Anglican minister of Lavenham, in Suffolk, and his book, which has been here considerably abridged, was greatly admired by John Newton); and "*Face to Face*," by Mrs. Penn-Davis, described as "Glimpses into the Hidden Life of Man."—With these we may mention the second edition of *Advice to 20th Century Business Juniors, &c.*, by Phi-Rho-Chi (Horace Marshall and Son, 3d.)—*The Elements of Inorganic Chemistry, for Use in Schools and Colleges*, by W. A. Shenstone, F.R.S. (E. Arnold, 4s. 6d.), essays a difficult task;—to provide a text-book of chemistry which shall not lend itself to cram. "Questions set to test the work done should be unseen." "Summaries of chapters . . . constitute a strong temptation to unsound work." These are good maxims for the guiding of the scientific teaching.—We have received Fascicules 29-32 of *Dictionnaire Général de la Langue Française*, par MM. Adolphe Hatzfeld et Arsène Darmesteter, avec le concours de M. Antoine Thomas (Ch. Delagrave, Paris).—*Fortune Telling.* By Cicely McDonnell. (Dean and Son. 1s.)

—This is, oddly enough, included in a series of "Practical Guide Books." But whither does it guide? We may tell fortunes *gratis*, whether by cards, or crystal, or "Napoleon's Book of Fate," but if you ask a fee, the guidance will be prison-ward. If the practice is unlawful, how about the text-book?—*Paton's List of Schools and Tutors* (J. and J. Paton, 1s.) appears in its "Third Annual Edition."—We have received new editions of *Lorna Doone: a Romance of Exmoor*, by R. D. Blackmore (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., 2s. net), a very handy edition, on India paper; and *Aylwin*, by Theodore Watts-Dunton (Hurst and Blackett, 6d.)

MAGAZINES AND SERIAL PUBLICATIONS.—We have received the following for August:—*The Century*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Humanitarian*, the *Review of Reviews*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *Knowledge*, the *Girl's Realm*, the *Wide World Magazine*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the *Artist*, the *Strand Magazine*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Temple Bar*, *Harper's Magazine*, the *Quiver*, the *Magazine of Art*, the *Expositor*, the *Captain*, the *Geographical Journal*, the *Windsor Magazine*, the *Public School Magazine*, the *Architectural Review*, the *Bookman*, *Nature Notes*, the *Month*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Girl's Own Paper*, the *North American Review*, the *Boy's Own Paper*, the *Harmsworth Magazine*, the *Argosy*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, the *Lady's Realm*, *Cassier's Magazine*, the *Badminton Magazine*, the *Journal of Education*, *Cassell's Magazine*, the *Expository Times*, the *Sunday Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Sunday at Home*, *Celebrities of the Army*, the *United Service Magazine*, the *Forum*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Monist*, the *Critic*, *Outing*, the *Universal Magazine*, the *Anglican Church Magazine*, *Ainslee's Magazine*, *Good Words*, the *Sun Children's Budget*, the *Book-Buyer*, the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, the *Ladies' League Gazette*, the *Traveller*, *China of To-Day*, *Vectis*.

(For Publications of the Week see page 154.)

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Banning (Capt. S. T.), Regimental Duties made Easy, cr 8vo (Gale & Polden)		5/0
Bodkin (M. McDonnell, Q.C.), Lord Edward Fitzgerald, cr 8vo (Ward & Lock)		2/0
Cambridge (Ada), Path and Goal, cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Cartwright (T.), Domestic Science, cr 8vo	(Nelson)	2/0
Cleero (The Letters of), translated by E. S. Shuckburgh (Bohn's Classical Library), Vol. III, B.C. 48-44, 12mo	(Bell)	5/0
Dewar (G. A. B.), Vaughan (John), and others, Hampshire, with the Isle of Wight (Dent's County Guides), 12mo	(Dent)	4/6
Downer (A. R.), Running Recollections and How to Train: being an Auto-biography, cr 8vo	(Gale & Polden)	2/6
Doyle (Mina) (Mrs. C. W. Young), On Parole, cr 8vo	(Long)	3/6
Helne (Von H.), Buch der Lieder, 12mo	(Dent)	3/6
Hirst (F. W.), Murray (Gilbert), and Hammond (J. L.), Liberalism and the Empire (Three Essays), cr 8vo	(Brimley Johnson)	3/6
Hornung (E. W.), The Belle of Toorak, cr 8vo	(G. Richards)	3/6
Oxenham (J.), A Princess of Vascony, cr 8vo	(Bousfield)	6/0
Practical Compounding of Oils, Tallow, and Grease for Lubrication, &c., by an Expert Oil Refiner, 8vo	(Scott Greenwood)	7/6
Proceedings of the London Mathematical Society, Vol. XXXI., April, 1899, to December, 1899, 8vo	(Hodgson)	20/0
Rehman (The Life of), Vizir of Upper Egypt under Thothmes III. and Amenhotep II. (circa B.C. 1471-1448), by P. E. Newberry, 4to ..	(Constable)	21/0
Rhymes from the Book of Life and from Life, by M. O. W., cr 8vo (Simpkin)		3/6
Shenstone (W. A.), The Elements of Inorganic Chemistry, cr 8vo (E. Arnold)		4/6
Siege of Ladysmith in 120 Pictures from Photographs by H. Kisch, Introduction and Notes by H. St. J. Tugman (<i>Edition de Luxe</i>), obl 4to (Newnes)		21/0
Walkers of Southgate: a Famous Brotherhood of Cricketers, by W. A. Bettesworth, edited by E. T. Sachs, 8vo	(Methuen)	15/0

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neutrality, which expressly states that any contravention is liable to punishment under martial law.” The night of the 7th inst. (Tuesday) was the day fixed on for the execution of the scheme.

One must of course await further details before pronouncing any opinion on the incident—remembering always that in nothing do people exaggerate more than in regard to the details of alleged plots—but *prima facie* there is nothing very improbable in the story. Such events always happen at the end of wars and great convulsions. It will be remembered that the conspiracy which resulted in the murder of Mr. Lincoln included also the murder of his Cabinet, and that the houses of two of them were actually entered by the conspirators and one of the Secretaries of State was seriously injured. If the facts are as alleged the conspirators deserve severe punishment, but it will be time enough to talk of that when we know the facts. We must not confuse accusation and proof.

The news of the week from China is of rather doubtful import. A telegram has, it is true, been received from Sir Claude Macdonald dated August 5th, which assures us that on that date all the Ambassadors except the German were still alive, that they are exposed only to “intermittent” rifle firing, that the fortifications have been strengthened, and that of all persons collected in the British Legation—probably seven hundred, including, Sir Claude says, two hundred women and children—only one hundred and ten have been killed and wounded. On the other hand, Li-Ping-Feng, a successful soldier-bandit, and a “fanatic” devotee of the anti-foreign ideas, has arrived in Pekin with his army, and has caused the Empress to execute two of her highest Councillors because they were in favour of compromise. This has greatly alarmed Li Hung Chang and other Southern Viceroy, and has hastened the march of fresh “armies” to the defence of Pekin. The Empress is as resolute as ever, and while ordering an attempt to recover the Taku forts she continues the preparations for the removal of the capital to Segan. It is to be noted also that she presses strongly, as Mr. Conger reports, the departure of the Embassies for Tientsin, the idea being, as is believed in the Legations, that they can be comfortably murdered *en route* without the avowed complicity of the Chinese Government.

The actual march to Pekin has begun. An army of twelve thousand Indians, Japanese, and Americans, under the command of three Generals, started on the 4th inst. from Tientsin, and on Sunday cleared away a Chinese force at Peitsang, ten miles on the road. The Chinese were entrenched, the fighting was sharp for five hours, and according to rather confused accounts the Allies lost some five hundred men in killed and wounded, of whom sixty-five were Indians in British service. No guns were taken, nor were the Chinese pursued, and another engagement took place at Yangtsun next day. This town, according to General Chaffee’s telegram to Washington published on Friday, was taken on Monday. That is, no doubt, an event of importance, but as the country has been flooded movement must be slow, and the most serious fighting is expected further on at Lang-fang, where Admiral Seymour turned, and at Tung, where a Japanese column of fifteen thousand men advancing from Shan-hai-kwan is expected to join the direct attack. The plan seems well laid, but the foreign critics at Tientsin say that the force is inadequate, that transport is imperfect, and that the country has been turned into a nearly impracticable morass. We fear there is ground for these criticisms, and for this other, that the proportion of white men in the force is unprecedentedly low.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE war news during the week has been both good and bad. In our last issue, while announcing General Hunter’s great haul of over four thousand prisoners and nearly four thousand horses, and pointing out how much nearer this capture brought the end of the war, we warned our readers that they must still expect minor defeats, that “regrettable incidents” on a big scale were quite conceivable, and that it was “almost certain there would be one or two minor surprises and ambushes.” Our words were verified sooner than we expected, for on Thursday a report was received from Lord Roberts that an isolated garrison of about three hundred Bushmen and Rhodesian troopers stationed at Elands River had been forced to surrender by Delarey. This is, of course, very annoying, but when set against Hunter’s great capture of prisoners, who, we are glad to see, are already on their way to Ceylon, it sinks into insignificance. Other items of news are that General Hamilton has relieved Rustenburg, where General Baden-Powell was temporarily isolated, and has withdrawn the garrison, and that Lord Kitchener and Lord Methuen are still in hot pursuit of De Wet. Part of his force is said to have slipped away, but it is being pursued, and the remainder seems to be in imminent danger of capture. Meantime Sir Redvers Buller has been pushing up north, driving the enemy before him in a successful action. It is difficult to bring all the various items of news into their true relation, owing to the calculated scantiness and dimness of the official telegrams, but it is evident that the military situation is slowly developing, and always in essentials for the better.

Friday afternoon’s papers and the *Daily News* in its ordinary morning edition publish a Reuter’s telegram giving an account of a plot that has been discovered at Pretoria, made for the purpose of murdering the British officers in the town and kidnapping Lord Roberts. Ten of the ring-leaders in the conspiracy are, it is stated, already under arrest. The plan, it is alleged, was to set fire to two large houses at the western end of the town. While the troops were gathered to put out the flames and the town was in confusion, the houses occupied by the principal officers would have been entered and the officers murdered. “Several conspirators were to be told off to secure the person of Lord Roberts, and hurry with the Commander-in-Chief to the nearest commando, horses being kept in readiness for that purpose.” Everything, we are told, was prepared for the execution of the plot, and it was only at the last moment that the authorities learned what was going on. All the conspirators “had taken the oath of

The force now advancing on Pekin has no officer in general command, but it appears that the German Emperor has appointed Marshal Count von Waldersee, the head of his Staff, to command the ten thousand Germans now afloat, and that the British, Russian, French, and Japanese forces have agreed to regard him as Generalissimo. He is sixty-eight years of age, has great experience both of battle and organisation, and is specially trusted by the Emperor. He would, in fact, have commanded the German armies in any great European war. The appointment of this great officer, who has an American wife, is most satisfactory in itself, but it indicates that William II. means to take the lead in the war with China, that he regards the affair as a *very* great one, and that he will be compelled to secure advantages for his country commensurate with its effort. "Do, ut des," is not only Bismarck's saying, but a maxim of German statecraft. Marshal von Waldersee, it will be noted, cannot arrive on the scene for six weeks, at the end of which Pekin will be either in foreign hands, or all China will be aflame because the Relief Expedition has been repulsed. Note that with a German Generalissimo entire German regiments will volunteer for the war.

The murder of King Humbert, followed by the attempt on Thursday week to murder the Shah, has revived the Continental suspicion that the Anarchists of the world again contemplate action, this time the murder of every reigning Prince accessible to their revolvers. Arrests of suspected persons are going on all over Southern Europe, the cause of arrest being usually some expression of delight at the murder uttered by the accused. The Italian, French, and American police are acting together, and the general result of their efforts is that the Anarchists are "active," that a man named Malatesta has given them fresh energy by his speeches, and that their general idea is to strike at Sovereigns. There is no evidence that we see of what is usually known as a plot, but much of a common impulse, produced in part, we fancy, by the extreme prominence now allowed to Sovereigns and Princes in the Press. New proposals have been circulated for international action against the sect, but it is generally felt that the laws are strong enough, and that only watchfulness will avail for Princes' protection. Everywhere the acquittal of Sipido, in the face of his own admissions, is lamented by the police, and unproved rumours are circulated that the Belgian authorities were terrorised into letting him go free. The Anarchists are certainly without a head or a ruling committee, but there seems to be a fund somewhere upon which an Anarchist resolved on "action" is entitled to draw. He can always get good weapons and good food.

There is reason to believe that the fancy which has spread through all Europe as to the weakness of the new King of Italy is based on a mistake. He is said by those who know him to be a man of firm will and clear understanding, and though so frail-looking to be a healthy man, likely, if he is not murdered, to live long. Certainly his first proclamation, which was issued at Monza on the 3rd inst., and which he must have sanctioned if he did not write it, bears no trace of weakness. He pledges himself to maintain the institutions "made sacred to me by the traditions of my house"—Charles Albert rejected a most tempting offer from Austria to guarantee his throne if he would abolish his Parliament—promises to guard liberty and the Monarchy with equal zeal, and accepts as his motto "Roma intangibile, symbol of greatness, and pledge of Italy's integrity." That does not look much like a concession to the clerical claims of temporal power. All observers report that the death of King Humbert has produced a recrudescence of loyalty to the Monarchy, and that the house of Savoy is rooted more firmly than ever in the popular conviction of its necessity. In Italy, as in most monarchical countries, the Republicans are the most audible, but not the most numerous, party.

King Alexander of Serbia was married on Sunday to Madame Maschin with the stateliest ceremonial possible in Belgrade. To the surprise of the Courts the Czar approved the marriage, and even sent a representative to be the King's best man, and after that no Minister ventured to stay away. The determination of the King, too, who has

dispensed with every disapproving Minister or remonstrating officer, has had a great effect, increased by the fact that the Radicals, who take their cue from Russia, are all abstaining from criticism. The ex-Premier of the party, M. Tauschanovitch, who was imprisoned for disloyalty, has also received a full pardon. Opposition, therefore, has died away, and there is a new Queen-Consort in Europe, now the only one sprung from the people. The King's conduct shows him in a new light as a man with a strong will, but nevertheless he has, as his father told him, missed a great opportunity of consolidating his dynasty, and securing powerful friends for Serbia, which may in a near future greatly need them.

Mr. Bryan, the candidate of the Democrats for the American Presidency, evidently thinks that Anti-Imperialism is the surest card to play. He refuses to conceal his personal conviction that silver ought to be made by law exchangeable with gold at a ratio of 1 to 16, but he declares that his immediate purpose is to combat Imperialism as a policy. That is to say, he will, if elected, convene Congress and request the Houses to declare that as soon as a stable government can be established in the Philippines the Filipinos shall be declared independent, as the Cubans also must be. Both will be protected by America "while they are working out their destiny," as Central and South America are protected under the Monroe doctrine. This programme, which is fairly definite, is said to be highly popular, but then those with whom a doctrine is unpopular remain silent until election day. It is very unlikely that any territory for which they have fought will be surrendered by America, and very unlike Americans to acknowledge that a task is too hard for them. It is, moreover, impossible for Mr. Bryan to win without the gold Democrats, and they have not forgotten the speech about the "cross of gold." Should the Democrats by any chance succeed they will find that protecting a Republic and governing a Republic are very much the same thing.

On the Motion for the second reading of the Appropriation Bill on Monday, Mr. Burdett-Coutts repeated his regrets that the South African Commission had not been given compulsory powers, and charged Mr. Balfour and the Government with a certain lack of sympathy and seriousness in the matter. In his reply Mr. Balfour somewhat lost his temper, and was guilty of a roughness towards Mr. Burdett-Coutts which his conduct did not deserve. It is so easy to make sledge-hammer retorts to that unfortunate gentleman that Mr. Balfour, in yielding to the temptation, goes far to assist his opponent's case. We have always believed that the charges, made in all sincerity, were exaggerated, but we have insisted upon the need of a full and fair investigation, and Mr. Burdett-Coutts's criticisms upon the Commission, made in the interests of its effectiveness, are worthy at least of a courteous hearing. It is so rarely that Mr. Balfour errs in this respect that the fault of temper and policy is the more noticeable.

Parliament was prorogued on Wednesday. Before, however, the House separated, there was a scene of some violence in regard to the letters alleged to have been written by Members of Parliament which were found at Pretoria. Sir Wilfrid Lawson contended that the Colonial Secretary ought not to withhold these letters from publication, as until they were disclosed every member of the Radical party would be the subject of suspicion. Mr. Chamberlain indignantly denied that he was holding the letters back for political purposes. Considering the possibility of forgery, and also of the writers being able to explain them, he had determined to send copies to the alleged writers, and he was awaiting their replies. When the replies had been obtained the Government would decide whether to publish them or not. That seems to us a perfectly proper course. The alleged writers, if the letters are forgeries, can say so at once. If they are not, Sir Wilfrid Lawson should appeal to them to publish at once, as of course the Colonial Office cannot forbid a man to publish his own letters. As long as the Government show the letters to the alleged writers, there can be no suppression and no grievance.

In the course of Wednesday's discussion Mr. Chamberlain was also attacked by Mr. Lloyd-George because "the Report

of the War Office Contracts Committee showed that favouritism had been shown to a Birmingham firm." To this Mr. Chamberlain replied by declaring that the innuendo was, of course, that the Colonial Secretary was in some way or another connected with the matter. "Now, I wish to say," added Mr. Chamberlain, "that I have no interest, direct or indirect, in Kynoch's or in any other firm manufacturing war materials. I have never interfered directly, or indirectly, with the distribution of these contracts, and I have never spoken to any one in the War Office about them. The hon. gentleman has just stated what is public property,—namely, that my brother is chairman of the company to which he referred. That is perfectly true, but I have never discussed the matter with my brother. I have nothing whatever to do with his private concerns any more than he has anything to do with my public concerns, and it is a gross abuse to attack a publicman through his relatives for whom he is not responsible." That is clearly a complete answer as far as Mr. Chamberlain is concerned, but we cannot help regretting that Mr. Arthur Chamberlain should have cared to become chairman of a company which is necessarily in business relations with the Government. The Colonial Secretary cannot, of course, order his brother out of Kynoch's, and it is grossly unjust to talk as if he could, but it seems to us that it is not expecting too much of Mr. Arthur Chamberlain to say that while his brother is in the Cabinet he should refrain from taking an active part in any company which has large commercial dealings with the Government.

The Queen's Speech proroguing Parliament was of unusual length. The passage dealing with South Africa announces that the Orange Free State has been annexed to the Empire, and states that the continued political independence of the two Republics would be a constant danger to the peace of South Africa. People have been wondering why only the Orange Free State has been annexed. The reason, however, is quite obvious. The Transvaal cannot be annexed because it is already, and has been since 1877, part of the British Empire. After the Boer War the Act of Annexation was never rescinded, and the Boers were by the two Conventions merely granted certain very large rights of self-government within territories forming part of the Empire. Speaking with a strict regard to law, as one must in a Queen's Speech, we could no more annex the Transvaal than we could annex Mysore,—an almost exact parallel. The passage referring to China is not of importance, except that it dwells with special emphasis on the need for "worthy punishment for the authors of this unexampled crime." The Speech has in some quarters been regarded as an electioneering document, but we cannot, we confess, see any proof of that in its wording. It is fuller and more weighty than usual because public events during the past Session have been of unusual gravity.

The *Times* publishes a remarkable letter to the Sultan from the Turkish Consul-General at Brussels. It appears that the Court of Constantinople has been fascinated by a project for constructing a railway from Damascus to Mecca, and in order to push on the works which are to bind Arabia to the Sultanet, is squeezing all officials. The Diplomatic Service, for example, has not been paid for six months. The Consul-General therefore tells his Majesty that his magnificent attempt to run a railway through unpeopled deserts will either fail or will never pay, besides being an object of permanent hostility to the Bedouins; that the Turkish workshops on which he relies produce no rails; that Syria does not contain the trees needed for sleepers; that even the manufacture of stuffs has died away, "so that, but for Europe, we should be obliged to drape ourselves in the garments of Paradise." The project "will expose the Khalifat to the discredit of all Islam." Asiatic Monarchs are often strangely tolerant of free speech from their employés, but then they must have asked for it, and the Consul-General, knowing his master, will not, after this denunciation of his pet project, return to Constantinople. The letter, however, is curious evidence that some Turks can reason, and that the adoption of a project by the Sultan is not in their eyes final evidence of its wisdom.

The Report of the Select Committee of the House of

Commons on War Office Contracts is not a very satisfactory document, for it shows that though the Committee could not put their hands on any very definite abuse, they were aware of an unwholesome atmosphere in the matter of Army contracts. As regards cordite, they say:—"Your Committee are satisfied that the orders were allocated with the single object of securing the best results to the public service. Your Committee, however, consider that in any case in which it might be thought desirable to allow a tender to be modified, a like opportunity should be afforded to all the firms tendering." As regards the general question of bribery, they say that they have received evidence of some cases in which bribes were offered in connection with War Office contracts, and have heard of a few cases in which bribes may have been accepted. "Your Committee," they add, "have learned from many quarters that there is a widespread belief in the existence of such bribery, and having regard to this fact and to the acknowledged prevalence of secret commissions in private commerce, they think there is ground for suspicion that such cases may occur also in the public service, and they have some doubt whether the system under which detailed inspection takes place gives complete security against it." They end by declaring that they consider it undesirable "that negotiations for contracts should be conducted personally between Members of Parliament and the Departmental officials." That is sound, and indicates the real cure. Every one, from Members of Parliament to officials, should be taught that there must be the utmost scrupulosity and extreme rigour of conscientiousness in all dealings with Government contracts. But the matter cannot rest with the present Report. There must next year be a far more thorough and complete investigation into the whole question. We trust that candidates will be universally asked to pledge themselves to such an inquiry.

We are delighted to learn that Mr. Arnold-Forster has been appointed to preside over a Departmental Committee of the Colonial Office—he has actually started for the Cape—to inquire into the best way of placing soldier-settlers on the land in the Transvaal and Orange Colony. Mr. Chamberlain's choice is a wise one, and we have no doubt that Mr. Arnold-Forster's power of hard work and thoroughness in detail will stand him in good stead. We trust, however, that he and his colleagues will not take a narrow view of their duties, and act on the assumption that only settlement on the land and as farmers is to be encouraged. Soldiers who know a trade, or who for any other reason are inclined to stop and try their luck, and who wish to grow up with the country, ought equally to be encouraged. We have no doubt that those who will ply "the homely shepherd's slighted trade" and the allied agricultural vocations are most desirable, but the men who do not want to go on the land must not be treated as of no account. Encouragement must be given to every kind of soldier-settler, rural or urban. The essential thing is to keep so desirable a class of emigrants as the soldier-settlers in the country.

A highly valued correspondent in Switzerland sends us an extract from the *Gazette de Lausanne* giving a very inaccurate and unfair account of Lord Roberts's removal of the Boer women from Pretoria. A large number of Boer women in the town were found to be in constant communication with their husbands. At the same time our army was suffering from want of food, while the Boers had plenty in their lines. Lord Roberts accordingly put these Boer women and children (it would have been inhuman not to send the children with their mothers) into railway carriages, provided them with plenty of food for their journey, and sent them into the Boer lines, where they were received by their friends and relations. To talk as if the women and children had been driven out to starve on the veldt in mid-winter is preposterous rubbish. We are obliged to our correspondent for calling attention so promptly to the accusation of barbarity, founded on a garbled version of a perfectly legitimate action. He and other friends of England on the Continent may rest assured that Lord Roberts is absolutely incapable of ordering any act which could be justly described as barbarous and inhuman. If he errs, it is on the side of kindness, not of harshness.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
New Consols (2 $\frac{3}{4}$) were on Friday 97 $\frac{1}{2}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE COUNTRY.

THE end of the Session, possibly of the Parliament, affords a useful opportunity for considering the attitude of the country towards the Government. We do not think it can be described as one of satisfaction. Rightly or wrongly, the nation is dissatisfied with the Government, and does not feel that it has had as efficient a Government as it ought to have, considering the capacity and devotion to public interests of individual members of the Cabinet. We do not doubt, indeed, that if the Opposition were capable of taking up a strong and united attitude they could get the support of the country. If they would frankly and decidedly announce that they had finally broken with the Irish Nationalists and had abandoned all idea of Home-rule, and that they intended in South Africa to adopt and carry out firmly the policy of their predecessors, but then went on to say that the present Government had not proved itself efficient as an Administration, and that they offered the country a sound and thoroughly efficient Administration, the nation would, we believe, give them the opportunity to see what they could do. The voters would argue:—‘The present men are stale and the other men fresh. As they promise not to reverse the policy we approve, and to abandon their Home-rule nonsense, and merely intend to give us a businesslike Government, by all means let them have their innings. As new brooms they will sweep clean and give a thorough overhauling to the War Office and the Admiralty, and generally put public affairs on an efficient basis.’ But, unfortunately, for we believe that a strong Opposition is the salt of Parliamentary government, there is not, and the country knows there is not, the slightest chance of the other side adopting this attitude. Instead of being united in offering the country a businesslike Administration—the old policy, but much better done: sane Imperialism and administrative efficiency—the Opposition is as torn and rent as Cæsar’s mantle. A large number of the members, perhaps the majority, still insist on giving a Parliament to Ireland and desire to maintain the Irish alliance. Others declare that the Boer Republics must not be included within the Empire, but must have their independence restored to them, and apparently with it the right to treat the Outlanders once more as they choose. Another and a very important body take an exactly opposite view. They want formally to abandon Home-rule, and they are as determined as any Unionist that the Boer Republics shall remain within the Empire. Again, while some members of the Opposition are all for a strong Army and Navy, there are others who hate what they very unfairly call “militarism” and “bloated armaments,” and think that what is wanted is not an increase but a decrease in our armed forces. These regard the name of “Little Englanders” not as a reproach but the reverse. Thus there is practically no chance of the Opposition being able to unite in offering the country to carry out the policy of the present Government as regards the Empire and national defence, but to do it much better. Any such proposal would blow the Opposition to pieces. That being the fact, and a fact, in our opinion, to be deeply regretted, the country has in truth no alternative but to keep the present Ministry in office. They may be “stale,” they may lack the controlling hand of a Prime Minister whose prime business is leading, but at any rate it is a great deal better to keep them in power than to entrust the welfare of the nation to a body of politicians who are in a condition of hopeless confusion and antagonism on all public questions. At least the present Ministry are agreed as to their policy.

In our opinion, then, the country must make up its mind to endowing the present Government with a new lease of power and to foregoing the generally excellent practice of giving the other men a turn. That being so, the only practical thing is to consider what is the best way of reinvigorating the present Government and of ensuring, not that their principles shall be sound, for in that matter there is no cause of complaint, but that the public administration shall be vigorous and effective. To secure that, we hold that the first thing is to obtain a Prime Minister who shall really be a Prime Minister, and not

merely the hard-worked head of a Department of State who presides at Cabinet Councils. The first essential of administrative efficiency is a foreman-of-the-works Premier. Another essential is that there should be, if not an all-round change among Ministers, at least a change in the most important offices. No man can manage such an office as the War Office or the Admiralty for over five years without getting “stale.” What is wanted especially at those offices is vigour and freshness of view and the power of adapting old machinery to new needs. But these are the very things that men weary with five years of responsibility cannot do and ought not to be expected to do. No one wants to drive Lord Lansdowne or Mr. Goschen from public life, but we believe that we are expressing an opinion very widely held when we say that the nation would feel relieved to hear that they had asked to be translated to other Departments of State. As to their successors. We should like to see Mr. Chamberlain take the War Office and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach the Admiralty,—Mr. Goschen might return to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and Sir Alfred Milner might possibly be recalled from South Africa, made a Peer, and given the office of Colonial Secretary. Mr. Chamberlain is, we believe, one of the few men possessed of sufficient energy and fearlessness to put the Army on a sound footing, for he is not afraid of responsibility or of acting on his own initiative, and yet there never was a man who was better able to use expert advice. In spite of his strong character Mr. Chamberlain has always won the loyal devotion and absolute confidence of the great officials who work under him. After he had been six months in Pall Mall Mr. Chamberlain would, we believe, have all sound military opinion solidly with him, and he would be able to carry out reforms with the goodwill of the entire Service. Besides, he knows how to choose men, and this is a matter of immense importance. Certainly the task is one well worthy of his acceptance, and if he were able after three or four years’ work to put the Army on a really efficient basis the nation would owe him a deep debt of gratitude. We fully realise, of course, the splendid work he has done at the Colonial Office; but at present the essential office for our ablest administrator is the War Office. That Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would do the like good service for the Navy, and would show that efficiency and economy are not merely not antagonistic but actually complementary qualities we do not doubt. No better man could be found to make contractors deliver their material without delay, or settle such burning problems as those connected with the Belleville boilers and the status of the engineer officers. These men would go to their new offices, not with the idea of merely “carrying on,” but with the knowledge that they must satisfy themselves whether all was well with our land and sea forces, and if not, must make good each and every deficiency. If, then, the nation could manage to insist upon these two points—*i.e.*, that we should have a real Premier, and that the great offices of national defence should be held by men who would come to them with fresh minds, determined to put them on a sound basis whatever the cost—we believe that administrative efficiency might be reached without a change of Ministry.

But the Unionist elector who agrees with us will probably say:—‘That is all very well, but how am I to obtain this? I clearly cannot get it by voting against the Unionist candidate in my constituency, nor do I see how I can get it by abstaining or by voting for him. I appear to be absolutely helpless. I shall, I suppose, be forced to give the Ministry a new lease of life without being able to make any conditions.’ No doubt in theory the Unionist elector, and even the Unionist private Member, seems helpless, but in practice he can do a good deal to bring about the end he desires. Let some Unionist in each constituency ask the Unionist candidate whether he approves of the system of a foreman-of-the-works Prime Minister. If he say he does, he then can be asked to pledge himself generally to do his best to obtain a Government in which the Premier shall not hold a great administrative office. Next, as to a rearrangement of offices, and the placing of the Army and Navy in the hands of men specially commissioned to inquire into their working and to reorganise them. In all probability there would be no sort of difficulty in getting candidates to accept the view we have ex-

pressed. The difficulty, indeed, would more likely be to find men with different views, though they might not all be willing to express them. But if a sufficient number of candidates had expressed these views and were pledged to them, or even if these views had been everywhere ventilated and approved in the constituencies, it would be extremely difficult for the Government to ignore them and to go on as before without any change. They would be obliged to act on them if they had been widely discussed and endorsed in the constituencies. But "obliged" is not the word. Rather, we should say, they would have a good excuse for acting on the opinions expressed by the constituencies, for we do not imagine that the members of the present Cabinet would at heart object to anything we have written. Of course, if asked their opinion about an article like the present they would feel bound to give a constitutional lesson to 'journalists who know more about Cabinets than Ministers themselves,' but further than obeying the very human impulse to say "Mind your own business" we do not think that they would go. Cabinets, like men, wait for orders, and are inclined to lounge till they get their orders. When they get them, however, they are pleased rather than angry. We want this Cabinet to get an order from the country, and we want the order to run in this form,— "Have a real foreman in your gang, and give a change of work to your chief men."

THE ADVANCE ON PEKIN.

THERE is nothing in the news of the week to dispel the impression that the conflict with China will involve, even for coalesced Europe, a most serious, possibly even an exhausting, effort. There is, to begin with, no sign that China is anxious for peace. She will accept it readily if the foreigners forego any march to Peking, resign Kiao-chow, Wei-hai-wei, and Port Arthur, and promise henceforward to ask neither cessions nor concessions, contenting themselves when injured with promises of amendment; but if they decide on war, China is at war, formally with Russia, informally with the rest of the Powers, and will struggle on to the end. The reactionary forces in Peking have indeed received an accession of strength from the arrival of Li-Ping-Feng, who, the French say, is the officer, half general, half bandit, who defeated them at Lang-son, on the border of Yunnan, and so caused the fall of M. Jules Ferry. Li-Ping-Feng brought with him an army which may be from ten to thirty thousand strong, and so great was his influence that on his demand the Empress-Regent, immediately on arrival, ordered two Councillors of high official rank to be executed for having advised conciliation. It is even stated, on Chinese authority, that the execution was carried out by an ancient method considered to involve the deepest disgrace, the wretched men not being decapitated but sawn in two. That circumstance of horror may be true or false, Chinese being as capable of inventing the tale as of sanctioning the torture, but it is certain that the sentence, whatever it was, has terrified the Southern Viceroy, and has deepened the conviction of all Chinese that the Court is resolute and must be obeyed. As it is the upheaval of all China that we have to dread, and as Europe has an idea that the Southern Viceroy can be played off against the throne, the incident is of high importance. For ourselves we doubt whether there are so "many Chinas" as some of the experts report, preferring to believe the testimony of history, which shows that for centuries upon centuries China, though constantly invaded, and frequently full of civil war, has always tended to be one, and has always emerged from any period of anarchy with a Son of Heaven exacting obedience from all who use the Chinese character. At all events, at present disobedience to the throne strikes even men like Li Hung Chang and Sheng, the lying Prefect of Shanghai, as involving frightful risks, while the throne orders the execution of the Viceroy of Nankin as calmly as that of any suspected intriguer within the Palace. For all political purposes we have China as well as its Court to reduce to political submission.

It will not be easy work, even if the Empress-Regent, who is steadily sending treasure from the Imperial Palace to Segun, should feel at the last moment unable to

abandon the only home she has known. In spite of all efforts, the Powers have only as yet accumulated twenty-five thousand men at Tientsin, men of three colours, with no Commander-in-Chief and insufficient cavalry and transport, and of these ten thousand must be left to guard Tientsin itself, which is threatened from without by a Chinese army, and from within by a populace, nearly a million in number, irritated to madness by looting, and, we fear, by needless executions. The need of relieving the Embassies is, however, peremptory, and according to many accounts, one of which is official, the advance has begun, some twelve thousand men attacking on Sunday, the 5th inst., an "army" of Chinese of uncertain number entrenched at Pietsang, some ten miles on the road to Peking. The Chinese were so disposed, their left being protected by a swamp, and their right by the river, that it was necessary to attack in front in order to drive them from their trenches. This was done after a combat of five hours, waged with splendid gallantry and success; but the Chinese were unpursued, the country being flooded, and the Allies lost, according to different accounts, from four hundred to eight hundred men. The enemy are expected to renew the battle some eight miles off, and then again at Langfang, and then again at Tung, the Chinese Aldershot, and finally at some point within sight of the capital. This means that the resistance will be as desperate as it ever is in Asia, that the Chinese are relying on their numbers, and that the advancing force will suffer terribly from attrition and the necessary care of the wounded. No estimate of any value is given of Chinese numbers, and there is even a doubt, which however does not signify much, whether the battle was fought by the advancing force to clear the way, or only as a reconnoissance to ascertain the position and intentions of the enemy. In any case, the victory was imperfect, and it is reasonable to expect renewed fighting all the way to Peking. It is possible, of course, that the imaginative effect of defeat may be felt in China as it would have been in India, but as the Court can in any case secure its own retreat, and slaughter is of no importance to Chinamen, that will probably not be the result. The little army of invasion, far too weak for its work, even if it is joined at Tung by fifteen thousand Japanese who are advancing from Shan-hai-kwan along a route parallel with the Great Wall, will, we fear, have to fight its way through by daring, energy, and a continuous endurance of loss. We confess that under the circumstances as recorded we cannot blame those of the Allies who, without experience of Asiatic warfare, thought it more expedient to wait for reinforcements, and especially for more and more perfectly equipped means of transport.

Have there been any causes of dissension other than differences of professional judgment? We fear there have been, or the superior officers on the spot, without waiting for orders from home, would have elected the temporary Commander-in-Chief, whose presence is so urgently required, if only to insist on a lenient treatment of the civil population, without which there will certainly be no local supplies. There is evidence, too, if not of divergent interests, at least of divergent views. The English, who do not want to be burdened with Chinese territory, have protested energetically, through Mr. Brodrick, against any policy of partition; and the Germans, who have no notion of fighting in order to win nothing, are highly irritated at the declaration, which, indeed, seems to them so foolish that they suspect us of preparing to keep a supremacy in the Yangtse Valley, while keeping all other Europeans out of "their share." The Americans agree heartily with us as to the end, but are most unwilling to engage in a costly and indefinite war unless it is strictly limited to the rescue of the Embassies, which, be it noted, their Minister in Peking presses this week with sharper and sharper urgency. The French obviously dislike the whole business, fearing from it, if we may judge by their journals, a great rising in Indo-China, though for the time they are in agreement with Great Britain, being bound to avenge the massacre of Chinese Christians. And lastly, the Russians, though quite willing to relieve the pressure on themselves by helping the general movement, are evidently embarrassed to exasperation by

the necessity. Not only is it a vexation to the Czar, who recently summoned the world together to condemn war, but their strength in Farther Asia has been reduced to a degree which suggests that the old practice of falsifying the number of the soldiers in order to embezzle their pay has lingered in provinces remote from observation. The movement of reinforcements, moreover, which seems to some of our contemporaries so simple that they talk of Russia "throwing" half a million of men upon China, has already so disorganised the finances that M. de Witte is trying in all capitals to raise a loan, and, avowedly because of the extreme need of the Treasury, has raised the taxes on imports by 10 per cent. on necessities, 20 per cent. on pleasant things, and 50 per cent. on pure luxuries. Altogether, Russia will, if she can, avoid an energetic war, and is even ready, we strongly suspect, to compromise with the Empress-Regent. This difference of views need not create dissensions on the spot before Pekin has been entered, but it tends to relax energy, to make the Powers shy in dealing with each other, and to cause their generals to welcome plausible excuses for delay. A knife can always go through cheese, but it will not go unless it is driven, and it is the absence of the driving power which one seems regretfully to perceive at Tientsin. Europe is very lucky, and all may go right, but she has entered on a formidable undertaking with little willingness and in a spiritless way, which does not promise any dramatic success.

CYCLIST RIFLEMEN AND THEIR PLACE IN A SCHEME OF NATIONAL DEFENCE.

THE experiment in the use of cyclist riflemen for purposes of national defence conducted by General Maurice last Saturday to Monday is well worth the attention not only of all soldiers, but of the whole nation. General Maurice holds that if the country possessed a body of one hundred thousand cycle-mounted riflemen they could in case of invasion be used to pervade all the roads by which the enemy must move, and so delay his advance till the regular troops, horse, foot, and artillery, were ready to strike a crushing blow. The idea of the operations of last Saturday to Monday was that the enemy had landed between Brighton and Shoreham and were marching on London. In order to delay them bodies of cyclists were placed on all the roads on their front,—i.e., all the roads which run north and south towards the piece of coast in their possession, and also on all the roads to the east and to the west. Thus up every road along which a direct advance must be made the invader would find cyclist sharpshooters ready to "snipe" him, and if he tried to sweep round either to his left or his right he would be met by similar swarms of waspish riflemen, who, though they would never be able to make a stand against a determined attack, would only fall back to begin sniping from new positions. In other words, the place of landing would be marked out and isolated by a chain of cyclist riflemen pricking out like lance-points in every road. There are forty roads up which an advance could be made, north, east, or west, from the piece of coast supposed on Monday to be in the possession of the enemy. It was assumed that in war there would be two thousand cyclists operating on each of these roads, and that they would hold the enemy in the following way. The force on each road would be divided into six watches of three hundred men (two hundred men would be left over for special duties), and each three hundred would have four hours of duty at the front of the road, and be relieved after their watch and sent back four or five miles up the road for rest and food. Thus during the whole twenty-four hours, and by night as well as by day, the invader could be worried by a cloud of snipers enveloping his advance at every point. The snipers would not, of course, stick to their roads. As soon as they had reached road-head—i.e., the place where they came in touch with the enemy's most advanced posts—they would spread out into the fields and hedgerows, and take up positions along hillsides, or lateral roads, or in villages, destroying at the same time all bridges, and felling trees, and making obstructions in all the roads in front of them, and doing the same as they fell back. The road behind them would, of course, be their link with their fellows, and up this they would gradually retreat if and when they were hard pressed. The knowledge that if they

were getting the worst of things they could always mount their cycles, and in twenty minutes be three or four miles up their road and ready to begin again, would give them great confidence in their worrying tactics. No doubt that is not the temper in which great battles are won, but it is a very excellent frame of mind for men whose object is not to conquer but to worry and delay,—to play the part of a swarm of wasps, not of a herd of charging buffaloes.

General Maurice could not, of course, illustrate his tactics of delay by putting two thousand men on each of his forty roads. He had only some two thousand men in all. All he could do was to put a few men on each road to represent a complete column, and on the Monday to draw them all on to one road, and then to assume that the rest of the roads in his scheme were equally strongly held. The road he took was a road ending at Hurstpierpoint, which place was his road-head. From it the cyclists seized a commanding hill (Woolstonbury Hill), and showed how they could have checked the force under Colonel Simpson, which represented the invader marching from the coast. We cannot find space to describe further in detail what happened on Monday, nor have we been able to notice the very interesting plan under which the northern cyclists were on Sunday stretched along the line of road which runs east and west from Billingshurst to Cuckfield. We can only say generally that Sir Frederick Maurice's experiment worked most satisfactorily, and that though the conditions of wind and weather and road surface were well-nigh as bad as possible, he was able to do what he set out to do. The operations, indeed, reflect no little credit on all concerned, from the General, who exhibited a wonderful topographical, or, to coin a word, vialogical, instinct in the development of his scheme, to the humblest cyclist rifleman, whether Volunteer or pure civilian (there were a good many members of ordinary cycle clubs who had slung a rifle to their mounts for the occasion), who skirmished up and down the sodden and hilly Sussex roads wet to the skin, and splashed with mud from head to foot. They show, in our opinion, beyond a doubt that if we possessed a hundred thousand cyclist riflemen, and used them properly, we could make the advance of an invader, even though his force were very large, one of extreme difficulty, and, what is more important, one of great slowness. As soon as the wasps had been driven back up their roads they would be swarming back as ready to sting as ever.

But, granted that a hundred thousand cyclist riflemen would be of very great use, how are we to get them? We believe that the answer is to be found in inducing the cycle clubs throughout the length and breadth of the country to become rifle clubs also, and in encouraging the village and other rifle clubs to mount themselves. That the thing is not impossible was illustrated in General Maurice's experiment. Captain Barclay, an officer who was unfortunately prevented from joining the manoeuvres at the last moment by a bad cycle accident, had persuaded some of the Woolwich cycle clubs to join in the scheme, and they were present in Sussex, and did as good work as any one. But though we desire to see the cycling clubs induced to become rifle clubs also, we do not think it necessary that the Government should spend much money on the movement. All that need be done is that the Government should issue on loan rifles to recognised clubs, should give all such clubs facilities in regard to the use of ranges, should sell them ammunition at cheap rates, and should call them out from time to time to take part in operations. These cycling rifle clubs should, however, remain purely voluntary organisations, and no attempt should be made to force them into the Volunteer movement. That is, they should not be made to drill on foot, though the Government should provide the clubs with military instruction of a useful and appropriate kind. For example, military club runs should be organised. An officer or non-commissioned officer should be detailed to take out a club and show them how to seize a hill or other position some six or seven miles off, and there to construct field entrenchments and prepare the ground for defensive purposes.

But perhaps these details had better be discussed at some other time. The thing that now most wants insisting on is that the Government and the nation

should recognise the value of cyclist riflemen, and should try to bring the cyclists and the rifles together. In our opinion, the Government should appoint a Commission—but, remember, a Commission not to report, but to act—to which should be confided the work of encouraging, organising, and developing rifle clubs, and especially village rifle clubs, and to this Commission might be given the further duty of linking the cycle clubs and the rifle clubs. What is wanted is a body to whom men who want to form a village rifle club can apply for help. That body should be able to send down an inspector who, after judging of the local conditions, should be able to say:—‘The best plan here will be to have such-and-such a type of range. That field, or old chalk-pit, or quarry will be the best place for the butts. I will endeavour to obtain its use from the owner if the villagers will agree to erect a suitable target, and can form a club with at least twenty members. The Commission will supply you with a couple of rifles for practice, will sell you or hire you out others at a reduced rate, and will give you a license exempting members from any penalties which might otherwise have been incurred by carrying arms without a license.’ Such direction and help would, we believe, have a very great effect in stimulating the growth of clubs, and we should soon see what we ought to see,—a rifle club in every village. This ideal, as is shown in another column, is by no means an absurd one. If people will only be content with a Morris tube range, there is not a village in England which cannot be provided with one now and at once. And when we have got the village rifle clubs let us make them as far as possible mobile organisations by means of the cycle. To sum up, the cyclist rifleman has, in our opinion, a great future in any well-devised scheme of national defence. But to get the cycle-mounted rifleman you must have village rifle clubs with butts at which men can easily learn to shoot. If once these village butts were established everywhere, the town cyclist would have no difficulty in using them. The town cycle clubs could make arrangements for the use of village butts, and thus their members might learn the use of the rifle in connection with their country rides. Bring the rifle and the cycle together, that is the essential thing.

Before we leave the subject we must say a word as to the use of the motor-car in connection with cyclist riflemen. A fast motor-car is essential to the officer commanding a large and scattered body of cyclists. General Maurice on Sunday and Monday was using a fast little voiturette of English manufacture—an ‘Ariel’—and he was thus enabled to keep in personal touch with men scattered over a very long line. Without his ‘Ariel’ he could not possibly have covered the ground he did, for no relays of horses would have sufficed. The motor-car has undoubtedly a great future in the field, and never more than when a large body of cyclists are under arms. Their extraordinary mobility demands a corresponding mobility in their commander. The man who commands infantry must have a horse, and to control the movements of cyclists a fast motor-car is a necessity.

THE SERVIAN MARRIAGE.

WE do not quite understand the sudden change of opinion in this country about the Servian marriage. It was at first universally condemned as the wilful act of a young man intent on obtaining domestic peace or happiness at any cost to his country. Now, however, that King Alexander has lost the support of his father’s popularity with the Army, and has dismissed his Ministers because they remonstrated, and that the Russian Court has approved the match, and that the Servian Radicals, who are all pro-Russian, have consequently ceased from murmuring, the marriage is suddenly recognised as a highly praiseworthy arrangement. The King, it is said, has shown character, which is true; has broken through a hampering etiquette; and has followed his own fancy, as a manly man should do, in his choice of a bride. All the censures are retracted, and the strongest condemnation endorsed is that the wedding must be classed among the romantic, which in England, where every one has a sleeping kindness for romance, is equivalent to praise. It seems to be wholly forgotten, even by consistent democrats, that the marriages of Kings affect the fate of their subjects, and that Kings ought to live for

them rather than for themselves. King Alexander in obeying his own wishes may have secured for himself the best of wives, and doubtless thinks he has done so, but he has thrown away a great opportunity of consolidating his throne, and thereby of increasing the security of his subjects against revolution, invasion, and that kind of contempt among the great which helps so much to make small States liable to misfortune. It may be said that he has shown qualities which counterbalance this, Servia needing a ruler who is firm to obstinacy; but his marriage cannot have altered his character, but only displayed it. He must have been a firm man before, though no accident had given him an opportunity of revealing that side of his personality. Or it may be said that the value of admission among the reigning houses is an illusion; but there is no truth in the contention. Whether it ought to be so is another question, but as a matter of fact the great Courts do think of their members as a supreme European caste, do regard that caste as entitled to certain privileges, and do hesitate to perform certain acts of oppression because those who would suffer belong to their own order. The execution of the Emperor of Mexico, for example, struck them with a kind of horror which if he had been a son of Iturbide they would not have felt, and the refusal to save his life is to this day recorded as among the misdeeds of the United States in their treatment of Europe. Alexander of Bulgaria would never have been kidnapped had the Battenbergs been counted among the Royal houses. The dynasty of Bernadotte has stood, and to all appearance will stand, because, among many other signs of the strong sense which distinguishes that house, it has sought and found admittance into the reigning clan; while the little State of Denmark is one of the safest in the world because, among other reasons, its dynasty, besides being old, is closely linked by ties of blood with those families which can move armies. King Alexander of Servia, though sprung, like the great house of Anjou, from the soil, is an acknowledged King, and might have found in Berlin, or London, or St. Petersburg a bride who would have brought to the little State a consideration which in practical politics is worth much. Every diplomatist in Belgrade would have regarded its Court with different eyes, and a hundred intrigues which may develop great results would have been nipped in the bud by the consideration that the really powerful of Europe would regard them with disfavour, and that one house would register them as affronts to be remembered. We would just ask any who think this statement unfounded whether they believe that any Spanish lady without birth could have protected the throne of Alfonso XIII. as the Queen-Regent has done. We entirely admit that the Queen is a person of ability and unusual steadfastness of purpose, but her capacities and virtues did not, after the defeat in Cuba, shelter her, and therefore her son, half so much as the fact that, owing to her birth, her expulsion would have annoyed the Hapsburgs, and therefore their allies the Hohenzollerns and the house of Savoy.

It is very difficult, indeed impossible, to estimate with precision the degree to which dynastic feeling, dynastic ambition, and dynastic fears still influence the actual politics of Europe, but that they do influence it, sometimes very strongly, no diplomatist of experience doubts. It is not probable, or indeed possible, that a family compact should exist like that between the French and Spanish branches of the Bourbons, which Sir John Seeley believed to be the key to so much of the policy of the eighteenth century; but every house likes the advancement of its members, dislikes to see them ruined, and will within strict limitations lend them a helping hand. The French politicians were not so entirely unwise in dreading and resisting the accession of a Catholic Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain, nor are the Russian diplomatists idiots because they witnessed with aversion the sudden, almost secret, election of Charles of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen to the kingship of Roumania. A man of no birth and no dynastic support would have suited them much better at Bucharest, and we are not sure that even now they are not welcoming Madame Maschin as Queen with such effusive warmth *because* the alliance brings no support to King Alexander’s throne. It is pleasant to them to be bordered on the South by

weak little States, and anything which makes those States strong; or tends to persuade them to a strong alliance, rouses an instinctive aversion. The King will have Russian support perhaps, but Russian support is usually purchased at the price of strict obedience to Russia, and is in no way a guarantee of the continued existence and separate life of the State.

But surely, we shall be told, if the King married for love only, he must have done a right thing, and ought to be commended? We are not quite so sure. Some degree of wisdom and ordinary sense ought, we fancy, to enter into all marriages, and especially into those which affect directly the future of great communities. Even the English, who maintain the more romantic view so strongly, rarely or never approve a *mésalliance* when it is the lady who stoops from her rank, and a King is under much the same restrictions as a woman. He has, that is, to think of things other than his own will or even his own happiness, one of them being that derogation injures others than himself. King Milan married, we presume, for love, and his marriage certainly brought no prosperity to Servia, none, at all events, comparable with that which has come to the small States like Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Roumania, and even Greece, where the Kings have obeyed more ordinary and more prudent rules in selecting brides. Whatever those States may suffer from—and they suffer less on the whole than the great States—it is not aggravated by their rulers being regarded and treated as outside what the Emperor Nicholas once described as “the European family.” Napoleon III. of all who have tried the experiment made perhaps the best selection. Yet it is more than probable that had he waited a little, and married among the dynasts, his son would be at this moment Emperor of the French. A Lady of Burleigh is always possible, but Royal *mésalliances* seldom prosper.

“WALTER v. LANE.”

WE should not have been surprised if the judgment of the House of Lords in “Walter v. Lane” had gone the other way. Substantial injustice would thus have been done, but that is not an uncommon consequence of an action at law. New circumstances arise to which it is sought to adapt the words of a statute designed for a different purpose. Sometimes, as in the present instance, the Judges recognise the real identity of the cases which are admittedly within the Act and the case which comes before them for the first time. Sometimes they feel that this would be to give the existing law too extensive a meaning, and to do for the Legislature what the Legislature ought to be left to do for itself. This is evidently what Lord Robertson holds to be the fault of the judgment in “Walter v. Lane.” In his very ingenious argument he leaves the *Times* altogether out of consideration, and he has the Court of Appeal on his side. He looks at nothing but the shorthand writer taking down, it may be for his own pleasure, the actual words that fall from a speaker’s lips. That speaker’s thoughts are “untinctured [in the report] by the slightest trace or colour of the reporter’s mind.” He adds nothing; consequently, how can any claim to copyright arise? You might as well, says Lord Robertson, claim copyright in a speech taken down from a phonograph. Copyright belongs to an author, and the man who simply writes down the words of another, whether directly or from a phonograph, is not an author in any sense contemplated by the Copyright Act. This is colourably true, to say the least, and it is because it is colourably true that we should not have been surprised if the judgment of the House of Lords had been the same as that of the Court of Appeal.

Happily the majority of the Court has saved Parliament the trouble of amending the Copyright Act in this particular. In their opinion, a reporter is not a young shorthand writer out for the day and amusing himself by taking stenographic snap-shots at any one he happens to hear speaking. They take into account the whole system of which he is a part. They inquire whether the report which is the product of that system has cost money, and by whom that money has been paid. When Mr. Lane was moved to publish a volume of Lord Rosebery’s speeches, the first question he must have asked himself was how he was to become possessed of them. He had

not, as might have been the case, had the forethought to have the words taken down at the time of delivery. Had he done this, his course would have been perfectly clear, at all events as regards the *Times*. Failing this, he might, of course, have gone to Lord Rosebery, and asked him to repeat for the purpose of publication the speeches he had made on various occasions. This last, however, is an expedient to which it is not wonderful that Mr. Lane did not think it worth while to resort. These methods of providing the subject matter of the contemplated book had the common feature of costing money. There remained a third method, which was the one Mr. Lane adopted. It was to reprint the speeches he wanted from the *Times*. This method, it will be seen, involved, equally with the other two, the expenditure of money. The difference was that in the first two cases the money would have come out of Mr. Lane’s pocket, whereas in the third case it had come out of the *Times*’ pocket. It was the *Times* that had sent a reporter to take down Lord Rosebery’s words. It was the *Times* that had set up the machine by which the words written down by the reporter had been given to the world in print. As regards Mr. Lane, therefore, the *Times* was the owner of the speech for the reporting and printing of which they had paid, and the common-sense of the matter is that the *Times* should be as much protected by the Copyright Act as the owner of any other form of printed matter. Looked at in this way, Lord Robertson’s *reductio ad absurdum* loses all its value. Let us suppose the proprietors of the *Times* to have come to the conclusion that the best way of reporting Parliamentary debates is to put up phonographs within reach of every speaker, and to print the speeches from the sounds subsequently given out by these instruments. We cannot see that the adoption of this plan would make the slightest difference in the ownership of the reports. Phonographs are not provided for nothing, neither does the reproduction in type of the words given out by the phonograph cost nothing. Whatever be the means by which a speech ceases to be so much sound beating the air and becomes a printed sheet, they all involve expense, and those on whom that expense falls have a moral right to be protected against the appropriation of that which they have produced at their own cost.

The House of Lords, however, had to do more than give a decision which should be in harmony with sense and justice. They had also to show that their decision was not in conflict with the words of the statute. The difficulty here was that the Copyright Act speaks of an author, and that it would not be true to say that the *Times* is the author of the speeches in the volume published by Mr. Lane. They are Lord Rosebery’s speeches; why, then, should the statute be construed as referring to any authorship but Lord Rosebery’s? Lord Davey’s answer to this question is that copyright in a speech does not come into being so long as it remains a speech and nothing more. Copyright begins after publication; why then should not the right belong to the persons who have incurred the cost of publication? In this instance the persons in question are the proprietors of the *Times*. Mr. Lane “has admittedly copied and republished for his own benefit certain sheets of letterpress forming part of the *Times* newspaper. . . . *Prima facie*, therefore, the respondent has infringed the appellants’ copyright in their newspaper.” The argument that Lord Rosebery, and Lord Rosebery alone, is the author of Lord Rosebery’s speeches “would be cogent if the *Times* were claiming a property in the speech itself.” But their claim is of a much more modest description. What the *Times* asks to have protected is not any alleged property of theirs in a speech of Lord Rosebery’s. “They seek only to prevent the respondent from multiplying copies of their own report of that speech, and availing himself, for his own profit, of the skill, labour, and expense by means of which that report was printed and published.” It was open to any number of other newspapers or publishers to spend money in taking down Lord Rosebery’s words, and in printing them from the notes of the reporter who took them down. Each one of these newspapers or publishers would have had precisely the same right in its report that the *Times* has, —the right, that is, of saying that a man who has spent nothing at all in this way shall not come in and appropriate

the result of another man's expenditure. Or, as the Lord Chancellor put it, "a man goes along a street, collects the names, addresses, and occupations of each dweller therein," and then publishes them in a book of which the law gives him the copyright. Where is the difference between the man who does this and the man who goes into a room, takes down the words of somebody who is speaking on a platform, and then publishes them in a newspaper? The only difference is that in the latter case the rights of the man who is speaking may conceivably have to be considered. But from the point of view of copyright this is not the case. There is no copyright in a speech until it has been printed and published; why then should not the copyright belong to the reporter—and of course to the person who employs and pays such reporter—just as much as to the collector of names and addresses, and to the person who employs and pays such collector? Or, to quote Lord Brampton, "a speech and the report of it are two different things, and the author of the one and the author of the other are presumably two different persons. The author of a speech is the author of language orally uttered by himself. The author of a report of a speech is the author of a writing containing the substance or the exact words of that speech." In the "language orally uttered" there is no copyright, but, happily for the public interest, it is now settled law that there is copyright in the printed matter which reproduces that language.

MR. BALFOUR ON THE FUTURE OF THOUGHT.

IT is much to be regretted that the greater English politicians, and especially those who, like Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Goschen, have read much and reflected much, do not more frequently give us their thoughts upon subjects which are not political. They would delight the community, and especially that section of it which thinks, much more than, to judge from their practice, they appear to imagine. The interest in abstract subjects never was more keen, and those who feel it would feel also a deep pleasure in knowing how the trend of thought strikes men of great practical experience, the men, in fact, who govern; what they expect from the rapid developments of the present time, and what is their counsel as to the pursuit of truth. The last half of Mr. Balfour's speech at Cambridge, for instance, to the summer meeting of the University Extension students, will be read and remembered by thousands who will forget nearly all that has been said in Parliament this Session,—no doubt a Session singularly poverty-stricken in good debating. The speech was far too short, and much of it wasted on a question of little moment, namely, the comparative claims of the last and the present centuries to interest those who reflect—a question which must, after all, be decided by taste rather than reason—but towards the end the First Lord of the Treasury began to think aloud, and the audience strained their ears to listen to every word. After stating that in his opinion the characteristic note of the century has been its fertility "in the products of scientific research, to which no other period offers a precedent or a parallel," he proceeded to discuss in a terribly condensed form the effects which this research, successful as it has been, will have upon the direction of human thought. Those effects, he maintained, have been manifold and immense. "No century has seen so great a change in our intellectual appreciation of the world in which we live." The "universe presents itself in a wholly changed perspective." "We not only see more, but we see differently." Things once believed to be things are now known to be movements, and the minds of physicists are stretching towards a theory which will "reduce the physical universe, with its infinite variety, its glory of colour and of form, its significance and its sublimity, to one homogeneous medium in which there are no distinctions to be discovered but distinction of movement or of stress." A change so vast in the standpoint of the mind must affect all its products, literature, art, and even religion. It is characteristic of Mr. Balfour that as to the effect on literature he gave no opinion, and as to art, only hinted that exposing the wheelwork of the world scarcely tended to the more vivid presentation of sensuous external facts, but that on religion he offered what he modestly called "a conjecture," but what we suppose to be his inmost belief. He did not believe that the probable approaching completeness, or, as it

were, roundness, of scientific thought, under which "there would be only one natural science, namely, physics, and only one kind of explanation, namely, the dynamic," would lead to "a new and more refined materialism." On the contrary, he considered that the absence of apparent room for spirit would lead to a conviction of the inadequacy of science to explain all things, with the result that, in some way as yet unguessed, a path of reconciliation would be discovered between science and religion. "That, in some way or other, future generations will, each in its own way, find a practical *modus vivendi* between the natural and the spiritual I do not doubt at all; and if a hundred years hence some lecturer whose parents are not yet born shall discourse in this place on the twentieth century, it may be that he will note the fact that, unlike their forefathers, men of his generation were no longer disquieted by the controversies once suggested by the well-known phrase 'conflict between science and religion.'" That is, at all events, a great thought, and its impact will be deepened by the fact that it was expressed, not by a professed philosopher musing in his library, but by a statesman immersed in great affairs, and tormented by an almost daily necessity of meeting new problems of the most concrete kind. The man who dreams thus went back from Cambridge to help to provide against the Yellow Peril, or to settle the programme for a democratic election, and it is because of those material occupations that his dreams, apart from their own value, have such an intellectual interest. Our thinking is done for us too much by men who live in the closet, and who are too widely separated from the actual facts of life to be fully in sympathy with movement. They are apt to perceive everything about the forces around them except that they are modes of motion.

We may be allowed to doubt whether the reconciliation of which Mr. Balfour speaks will come quite so soon, for as yet there are minds which seem to be incapable of seeing anything not material and minds which appear spiritual in their very structure, and between those minds the bridge is hard to build; but that the progress of science will not impair, much less kill, the eagerness of the desire to search further into the things of the spirit we, with Mr. Balfour, heartily believe. Indeed, we are told that the younger of this generation, the much younger we mean, reject materialism by a sort of instinct. Unless some awful misfortune, such, for instance, as the conquest of the white races by the yellow, throws man back for a thousand years, and deadens in him hope till mental energy, which cannot live without hope, rapidly decays, we should look forward to the coming century as one in which men, satisfied, it may be even satiated, with their triumphs over the forces of Nature, would turn eagerly to discern more clearly those spiritual forces from which they have as yet extracted so few convictions. They will seek further demonstration of the truth that if all forces are but manifestations of one force, motion must be imparted to that one by a compelling Mind. Conscious how short life is, even for investigation, they will become more anxious than ever to be sure that there is a life beyond this of which at least the duration will be infinitely greater. The want of satisfaction with concrete things, of which men are conscious in proportion to their powers, will become indefinitely greater, and will produce a new ardour to discover an adequate object for existence, and a rule of conduct more obviously imperative than any one yet accepted by the mass. So far from looking forward to an increase of secularism, we should expect religious revivals of almost unprecedented vigour, possibly led by men of equally unprecedented insight, the very battle with Nature tending to enlarge both the reasoning and the perceptive powers. We should expect to see many men turning from the wearisome pursuit of material knowledge to lead lives of fruitful meditation, such as must in the end produce a new perception of light. That has been the result in the East, and the West would bring to its research into the laws of spirit a greater vigour, and a trust which the East has never felt in the great method of induction. Perhaps, too, there may be new aids. It would be vain to expect a new revelation, though we know of nothing in the old one which makes that hopelessly impossible, but men may yet discover by assiduous and persistent inquiry concrete evidence of a future life, may yet learn from fuller evidence how certain it is that Christ taught a wisdom not of His own devising, but committed to Him to teach, may

yet arrive at new convictions as to the place of men in the universe around them. Communication with another planet is, we fear, physically impossible, but it is not difficult to conceive of discoveries which would prove past all question that sentient beings exist and work in other worlds, and in proving it modify every conception man has formed of the purpose of the Creator in placing on an insignificant orb in a remote corner of space short-lived beings who yet are capable of thoughts which might seem to belong to spirits greater than themselves. It is only dreaming, all this, perhaps, but who in the middle of the nineteenth century would have dreamed that physicists hoped to obtain, and in a limited degree have obtained, the power of seeing through opaque matter, or that they would be able to prove past question the constituent nature of bodies separated from them by millions of miles of space? The widening of thought of which the poet spoke must be accompanied, or at least may be accompanied, by a new clarification of thought, and in that new clearness more of the true nature of spiritual force must necessarily be discerned. And we will venture to finish with this prophecy, that if ever science and faith are reconciled, if the physicists believe, there will have been no belief so intense, we had almost written so bigoted, as theirs. Great is the faith and the harshness of a Torquemada, yet he hardly scorned the unbeliever in Roman Catholicism with a fuller or more bitter contempt than the mathematician feels for the man who questions the axiom that two parallel lines will never meet.

GERMANY AND HEINE.

"THE Spirit of the World," said Matthew Arnold in his poem on "Heine's Grave," "beholding the absurdities of men," let for one brief moment a sardonic smile play on his face, and "that smile was Heine." An excellent epigrammatic characterisation, like so many of Arnold's, but also, like his, only partially true. If, without irreverence, we can think of the Divine Being as not only grieved at man's wickedness, but amused at his folly (and the Hebrew prophets could so think), doubtless few writers since literature began have been better able to hint at that side of the Infinite Mind than Heine. But the present volume before us, the "Buch der Lieder," just issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. in the original German, reminds us of the many-sidedness of Heine's nature. This brilliant mocker could be tender as a child, this wonderful force in European literature could dissolve in hot tears. Arnold, misunderstanding a reference of Goethe's, seemed to think that Heine lacked the spirit of love. It was an error, as truly so as to make the charge against Goethe himself,—and we know that that charge has been made. Here, in this little volume, are songs of sorrow and yearning, songs of romance from one who knew not a little of the intricate labyrinths of the heart, lyrics, songs of Nature from the Harz and by the North Sea. The subtle intertwining of human emotion and of sentiments born of the idealising of Nature is as striking as in the poetry of Shelley.

Heine was as truly a *wunder-kind* and a *welt-kind* as Goethe. These two are the great cosmopolitan intellectual forces of Germany. Lessing, the true founder of modern German literature, though so well acquainted with French and English work, was national. So was Schiller, so were the lesser lights, Klopstock, Gellert, Körner, Uhland. But Goethe and Heine, like Shakespeare and Molière, belong to mankind, and can never be enclosed in any national ring-fence. Still, they were German, one wholly, the other in part, and the conditions of German life under which each was born helped to make him what he was, while in turn each bequeathed to Germany a rich legacy. While Goethe came from the old, peaceful Germany of the eighteenth century, classical, somewhat frigid, but with a new sentimentalism, to burst out in the *sturm und drang* passion, simple, and even poor, but with a rich historical tradition and a great Gothic inheritance, Heine was of the nineteenth century, with its vehement democratic energy, its spirit of rebellion, its sceptical questioning strangely blended with spiritual yearning after faith and peace. Prophet and poet of intellectual and political liberty, champion of modern ideas, we might even say *révolté*, Heine could yet stand in rapture before the sculptured portals of Rheims Cathedral and declare that no such noble embodiment of human aspiration could be born

but in an age of faith. How curiously fascinating were the seemingly unassimilable elements which yet were blended in this man's personality. The keen intellect of the Jew with the tender sentiment of the Teuton; the fierce contempt for all the absurdities of the old European lumber-house of worn-out antiquities; the intense convictions of the modern democrat with the high intellectual scorn for the mediocrity and *bourgeois* instincts which democracy has up to the present evolved,—all these conflicting tendencies were fighting within the perplexed soul and diseased body of this extraordinary man during the troubled fever of his earthly life. Had Byron been endowed with greater intellectual power he would have been perhaps the nearest analogue of Heine in our own literary history. But Byron, as Goethe said, was a mere child when it came to reflection. Heine *felt* with the intense passion of Byron, but he had a power of intellectual analysis, a capacity for viewing the world, which Byron, with all his genius, sincerity, and strength, never knew.

If we dissociate Heine from literature pure and simple, and connect him with the world-movement of his time, we must think of him as the unique figure around whom cluster the hopes, fears, aspirations of 1848, just as we must think of his brilliant compatriot Lassalle as the pioneer of the more material and practical democracy of a later era. It is justly urged against the movement of 1848 that it was crude, premature, sentimental, and in some respects anarchic. But that "brief but bright awakening," as Mr. Bryce calls it, must not be altogether judged by the clumsy tests of mere political analysis. It was a movement of the insurgent human spirit even more than a political movement, it was idealistic, and in the thought of many of its votaries, religious. To Heine it was essentially so, and he was its intellectual interpreter to Germany. Rightly or wrongly, he saw a new Germany, a new Europe, not that which Bismarckian diplomacy has created, but a kingdom of the spirit. Surely something of that old prophetic insight of his Hebrew ancestors had fallen on him. His politics were ideal. He loved the people, but the people to him, as to all who share his spirit, was also ideal. For the actual mob he had no love, he could not surround it with an aureole. "If a King shook my hand I would cut it off," said an uncompromising democrat to Heine. "And I," replied the poet, "if King Mob shook my hand—I should wash it." He shared with Byron, Shelley, and Lamennais the bright vision of an ideal democracy, scarcely of this earth; and in that he truly represented the German Democratic movement of 1848, with its high aims, its inspired dreams, its hope and enthusiasm—and its wide removal from the actual situation. Heine is the watermark to which German idealism in practical affairs rose, while he himself not only represented, but inspired, that idealism.

From the literary point of view Heine may be said to have imparted entirely new elements to German literature, and elements of the highest value. Apart from Goethe's writings, German literature before Heine lacked brilliancy, *esprit*, the note of high and rare distinction. It was solid, interesting, in many ways noble, in every respect useful for the German people in the stage of growth they had reached. But, as Goethe said to Eckermann, it was homely, provincial; it had scarcely attained recognition in the high court of European literary arbitrament. Goethe and Heine changed all that, and in a few powerful strides German literature took its place as a spiritual force admitted by mankind. What music their songs have inspired! How their poems have stimulated the mind, satisfied the æsthetic sense, and touched the heart! If we get from Heine the sardonic spirit referred to by Arnold, we also get that untranslatable *stimmung* which the German feels in the purple twilight under the mystery of the stars. If on one side the elfish spirit of satire is predominant, on the other side we scent the most delicate spiritual perfume, we feel the deep underlying religious instinct of the "Knight of the Holy Spirit." To this German-Hebrew mind was revealed not a little of the inner essence of Christianity as well as the ancient spirit of Greek art. Heine, in fact, lived as few have done, in many worlds, at many ages, and he was thus able to inspire the German world of letters with a new element of world-feeling which it hardly knew before. The general European debt to him is great, the specific German debt almost incalculable.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE DOWNS.

IT was remarked a short time ago by a Wessex farmer to the writer that, though plenty of sheep may be reared nowadays, shepherds are dying out, and paradoxical as the statement at first sight appears, it nevertheless contains a measure of truth. There can be little doubt that as a type, distinguished by definite characteristics, this, like many another class of farm-servants, is being educated out of existence. The external signs of the shepherd's calling have long since disappeared,—the short blue or white linen jacket commonly worn by working men has replaced his smock; the long frieze coat, in appearance not unlike his charges' woolly fleece, wherewith till recent years he defied the stern breezes of the Downs, has been doffed for—significant sign of the times—a military greatcoat. His crook, at once the symbol of his profession and the instrument by means of which, according to popular belief, he “taught” the laggard and checked the forward members of his flock, has shrunk to a mere ash-plant, an insignificant walking-stick used to support his steps during his frequent journeys from the fireside to the fold, when he is leading his flock across the fields to pastures new, or driving them, unwilling victims, to the neighbouring market. But for his dog trotting meekly, with drooping tail, at his heels, he is indistinguishable from his unskilled fellow-labourers. Happily, however, a remnant of the past generation still survives, whom the present progressive age has been powerless to modernise save in externals. The greater portion of these men's lives has been passed in solitude; for weeks at a time they have been absent from their homes and families, sleeping in a tiny cot, which was moved from place to place as the requirements of the land or the supply of fodder on the ground necessitated the presence of sheep. An occasional trip to the nearest village for provisions alone broke the monotony of their existence during this enforced seclusion, when “you med goo fur days wi'out seein' arra-one to sp'ake to, 'ceptin' 'twur yer pooer dog or the ship.” As may be imagined, they are for the most part a taciturn class, slow of speech, illiterate, incredibly ignorant of the world outside their own limited circuit. One such hermit of the Downs lately mentioned to his employer the fact that he had never been in a train, though he had more than once “sin 'e a-runnin' along.” The master, with the kindest intentions, not only gave him a holiday, but supplied the funds for an excursion to a distant town. “The shuckettin' an' hollerin'” of the locomotive, however, proved too much for the shepherd's nerves: he “wur that frowtened,” to quote his words, that on the first available opportunity he descended to *terra firma*, swearing by all his gods that never again would he commit himself to an undertaking fraught with such peril as a railway journey. That despite their ignorance these old fellows can on occasion display a shrewd mother-wit, the following anecdote will show. “When I wur livin' down in the Vale,” quoth one, who may be regarded as a typical specimen, “some folks attackted ma an' med game on ma, 'cause I wur a shepherd. ‘Shepherds be a pooer lot o' iggerants,’ ‘um sez, tryin' to put ma in the dark; ‘they dwun't know nothen 'cept about their few ship.’ ‘Have you read your Bible?’ sez I to ‘um, ‘‘cause I have, from Genesis to Revelation, an' I can't see as shepherds be sa wonnerful little thought on sence the beginnin' o' the worruld. There's Jacob an' Moses an' David as wur shepherds: they sims to be spoke of ree-speckful anuff in the Bible by what I can mek out. An' ther's one thing as I'd like to ax 'ee. Ha' you iver yeard tell o' a carter or a fogger bein' med King like David wur?’ Bless 'ee, all them carters an' foggers gin up tarrifyin' ma fur bein' a shepherd arter that.” How the hero of this story acquired his Biblical lore is a mystery, for he has since confessed to the writer that he is “no scholerd.” He comes of a race of shepherds; in fact it was a tradition in his native place that for more than a hundred years one of his family had taken part in the annnal shearing on a certain farm. Like his father and grandfather before him, he began to learn his trade at the early age of seven, which did not leave much time for the acquisition of head knowledge. Tiring of the peaceful monotony of the fold, he exchanged his crook for a sword and took the Queen's shilling. W thin a few years, however, he reverted to the occupation of his youth, and came back light in pocket—having bought himself out at his wife's entreaty—but rich in that valuable com-

modity,—experience. Part of his brief period of service with the colours, which has conferred distinction upon him for the remainder of his life, was spent in Ireland, and it was his turn on finding himself once more among his old associates to gibe at whilom scoffers, for “pooer fullish critturs what thinks England be pretty nigh the whole o' the worruld, an' the Irish be black men.” At times he is assailed by poignant regret that he did not follow the example of a friend, learn to read and write, make the Army his home, and attain finally to the dignity of a sergeant, with a pension of 14s. a week. These pangs of blighted ambition are apt to become particularly sharp throughout the lambing season, when he not seldom has to leave his bed two and three times during the night—be there rain, frost, or snow outside—to attend to the yeening ewes. The present war fired him with renewed martial ardour; he has “heard say as they Bores be a-comin' over year to pull the Queen off her throne an' shut her up in a little island. But afoor things got to that, I reckon I should putt on my red jackut agen an' goo out to strike a blow fur she,—blessed if I 'udn't!”

It must be remembered that to shepherds all days are alike. Every seven years they complete one of working Sundays, and a favourite method of calculating the length of their professional career is by these Sabbatical milestones. Seven such is considered a creditable record, but the writer knows shepherds who have put in eight and even nine years of Sundays. Holidays have been few and far between—a day in a decade perhaps—illnesses even rarer. One splendid veteran, with clear-cut features, a complexion like a polished rosy apple, and eyes that seemed to have absorbed something of the sky's blueness, who laid aside his crook, not from any infirmity of age, but because he had had “anuff o' messin' about wi' ship,” could show a clean bill of health throughout his seventy-one years, with the exception of a slight attack of rheumatism, brought on by sleeping in his cot during a lengthened spell of bad weather. If the authority of one of their number is to be trusted, shepherds stand third on the list in respect of longevity, and this notwithstanding the exposure to all weathers they necessarily undergo, and the onerous nature of their duties, for “you've allus got summat on your mind; measter leaves everythink to 'ee, an' if anythink goos wrong you jest about ketches it,” plaintively remarked one of the profession. Occasionally, however, it is the master who “ketches it,” as in one case, when the man, irritated by what he considered unjust censure on the quality of his lambs, engaged his employer in fair fight and drove him ignominiously from the fold, the other taking his thrashing with meekness from a servant too valuable to be dismissed.

The two following anecdotes, for the authenticity of which the writer can vouch, give some idea of the ignorance and simplicity of these shepherds of the Downs. One of them while tending his sheep was approached by a candidate for the County Council, and was asked for the promise of his vote. “Vote?” inquired the man of flocks, removing his hat to stimulate the flow of his ideas, “vote? What be that, h'wever?” “Do you take no interest in politics, that you don't know what a vote is?” retorted the other. A ray of comprehension pierced the shepherd's brain: “I knaws the or'nary sort of tick, but I've niver yeard o' these polly-uns afoor. I s'p'wose 'tis a fresh kind.” Here is the second. A doctor, well known in the district, was riding across a lonely stretch of down, when he came upon a fold, and stopped to exchange a few remarks with its guardian. Eliciting the information that the latter inhabited a desolate cottage far from any other dwelling, he inquired how he and his family managed to obtain medical assistance in time of illness. “Why, Sir,” replied the shepherd in all good faith, “we dwun't ha' no doctor; we just dies a nat'ral death.”

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW TO FORM A VILLAGE RIFLE CLUB.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE “SPECTATOR.”]

SIR,—It may interest your readers to learn how I formed a village rifle club, for though the undertaking is not nearly so arduous a one as it sounds, one is always glad to know “how to set about it.” How I set about it was as follows. I felt con-

vinced, to begin with, that it would be wise not to aim too high or to try to set up an imitation Bisley. I determined, therefore, to establish a Morris tube range. The Morris tube, it may be remarked parenthetically, is an arrangement patented by the Morris Tube Company, 11 Haymarket, by which a steel tube is placed in the barrel of the Service rifle, and the rifle is thereby converted from a weapon carrying two miles or more, to one with a range of some 200 yards, and firing a small bullet like that in a rook rifle. No doubt a full range and regular Service ammunition is best, but you can learn with the Morris tube arrangement to get a steady hand and accurate eye and to handle your weapon, and when you come to fire at a long range with regular ammunition you very soon accommodate yourself to the new conditions. Also by using the Morris tube you can be sure you will not kill your neighbours with stray shots. Accordingly, I bought from the Morris Tube Company two of their targets, each 7 ft. by 3 ft., which placed together made a target—they are boiler-plate, faced with $\frac{1}{4}$ in. board—of 7 ft. by 6 ft. I then arranged with a neighbouring farmer to let me place this double target in the middle of one of his fields. In front of the target there are 100 yards of clear grass field, and behind another 100 yards of grass. Then comes a hedge, and then about 400 yards or more of open arable. Thus even if a novice were to fail to hit the target the bullet could do no harm. I then bought two ordinary Lee-Enfield rifles fitted with the Morris Tube and some ammunition, and we were ready to begin. The enrolment of members was the simplest and easiest part of the whole business. I began with the male members of my household, and they brought their friends, and though I live on the top of a hill, nearly two miles from the nearest village, we had twenty or thirty applications for membership at once, and since then we have had to consider not how to get members, but how to keep our numbers down to our very limited and primitive accommodation in the matter of butts, for only two men can shoot at once. We could at the most take eighty to a hundred members, and that number we shall get, I have no doubt, but if more than thirty turn up on any given evening we shall find it difficult to give each man his turn. The interest taken in the shooting is very great, though we have no great store of prizes to shoot for. Saturday afternoon is, of course, the time when the range most is used, though it is also open on Wednesdays, and can be used for practice at other times. We are trying to get affiliated to the National Rifle Association, as if we are affiliated there will be no risk of men who have not got gun licenses being prosecuted. Members of affiliated clubs are excused the license. Though we applied some weeks ago, and deposited our rules, and asked to have our range inspected, we have not yet had our range visited. Our range seems to us absolutely safe for Morris tube ammunition, but we do not know whether it will seem so to the inspector. However, we have not waited for the slow-moving wheels of the National Rifle Association, but have begun our practice, feeling sure that those of our members who have not got licenses will not be prosecuted for firing a gun without a license. It is notorious that the officers of the Inland Revenue do not post men outside the saloons or rifle booths at a fair and prosecute all who shoot, and after the Prime Minister's appeal to the nation to form rifle clubs it is incredible that Somerset House would prosecute the members of a *bonâ-fide* rifle club. At any rate we mean to risk it, if the National Rifle Association will not allow us to be affiliated. I give our rules below, which are as simple as possible, and which, though they could be easily improved on, may serve as a model. Before I do so, however, I should like to say a word in answer to the objection sure to be made:—"What is the use of such childish proceedings as these you are describing, and they are obviously quite valueless from the point of view of national defence?" My answer is, that though we are not teaching men to be marksmen in the highest sense, we are teaching them to handle the rifle, to understand its mechanism and the meaning of the sights and so forth, and are training in a certain degree both eye and hand. I do not want to put it higher than that, or to dwell upon the immense pleasure which the men get out of shooting at even such short ranges as twenty-five yards or fifty yards. We only claim to be a humble little infants' school, but we think that infants' schools are useful, nay, necessary, things. To say that we imagine we are making ourselves a valuable military force, or deluding ourselves into

thinking that we and our fellows could repel the invader, is nonsense. I find not a symptom of any such belief among our members. We have no imitation Cronjes and De Wets. Again, the notion that rifle clubs like ours will injure volunteering is a complete mistake. On the contrary, we shall act as a recruiting ground for the Volunteers, though many of our members, by reason of their employments, could not volunteer. I notice already a tendency among our members to look with great interest on the Volunteers. They are looked on, and very properly, as in every way our superiors.

I do not wish to labour the point unnecessarily, but I am most anxious to say once more that people must not imagine that it is a terrible undertaking to found a Morris tube rifle club. I am only a humble villa resident, and yet I was able to surmount the difficulties. A country gentleman with a park and an estate would find it the easiest thing in the world. Every village in the country ought, in truth, to have its rifle club, and as near the centre of the village as possible. All that is wanted for a beginning is a big field, a target, and a couple of rifles with Morris tubes. These things will enable any village club to be the means of teaching the lads and men of the village to handle the rifle. Let no one be afraid that they will not want to join, or will mind paying for their ammunition,—which, by the way, can be retailed to them about three shots a penny. In my opinion, the landlords of England have a great opportunity. If they will say: "No village in England should be without its rifle club," and will take the lead in establishing them, they will confer a great benefit on the country. It is not necessary that they should incur any great expense. A couple of the Morris tube targets can be got for £6, and two Lee-Enfields fitted with Morris tubes cost about £7 10s. each. That makes £21 in all, but no doubt a target as good as the Morris Tube Company's target could be made in the country with the wood provided by the estate timber yard, while the boiler-plates could be produced by the local blacksmith, at a lower figure. This £21 need not, again, be provided by the squire. It should be raised by subscription, and all the inhabitants should give in proportion to their means, except, perhaps, the innkeeper. He could hardly be expected to do so, for when once a village rifle club is established many a sixpence which would have been expended in the bar goes in ammunition. But I must not be drawn into the social aspects of village rifle clubs, though much might be written on the subject, and all in their praise. Below are the rules of our club, which, as I have said above, are by no means perfect, in fact they are very rude and imperfect, but they may act as a rough model.—I am, Sir, &c., X.

— RIFLE CLUB.

Rules.

- (1) The Club shall be called the — RIFLE CLUB, and its object shall be to encourage Rifle Shooting.
- (2) The Members shall be elected by the Committee.
- (3) The Officers of the Club, who must be Members, will be elected annually in the month of July, and will be President, Honorary Secretary, Honorary Treasurer, and three Committee Men.
- (4) There will be an Annual General Meeting in the month of July in each year; five to form a quorum, and a Special General Meeting can be called at any time on the requisition of any four Members being made to the President.
- (5) The Secretary, or the Treasurer, or one of the Committee appointed in his absence, shall have the entire charge of the Range during practice, and will be held responsible for the well-conducting of the same. Any Member disobeying the orders of the Officer in charge of the Range will be liable to a fine not exceeding Five Shillings (5s.), subject to the approval of the Committee.
- (6) In case the Secretary or none of the Committee can be present, the Members on the Range will elect one of themselves to officiate in charge of the Range.
- (7) The Subscription shall be — per annum.
- (8) The Committee shall consist of the Officers of the Club and three Committee Men, the President having the casting vote; three to form a quorum.
- (9) Only Morris Tube Ammunition, or Ammunition of equivalent power, shall be used on the Range.
- (10) The Committee shall make rules for the regulation, opening, and safe use of the Range.
- (11) The Colours of the Club shall be —.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE SURRENDER OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I find in the *Spectator* of July 28th a letter from Lieutenant J. S. Trotter, R.N., relating to the episode above-named, and ascribing the happy escape of England from war with the United States over this matter to the influence of Admiral Milne on Mr. Seward. As I understand the argument in this letter, Mr. Trotter obtained his information, at least partially, from Mr. Slidell. If this inference is not correct, I do not perceive the relevance of the statement that Mr. Slidell occupied the Lieutenant's cabin on board H.M.S. 'Nile' for three weeks. I cannot, of course, tell what Mr. Slidell may have said on the subject to Lieutenant Trotter, but I hardly think it likely that during his incarceration at Boston he could have learned much of the influences brought to bear upon Mr. Seward. In view of the correspondence which I have recently noticed in your columns, and in which I see that the Service to which I have the honour to belong has been somewhat roughly handled, I hardly venture to claim any credit for my old chief, Lord Lyons, whose private secretary I was for several years of his residence at Washington. But as I am one of the very few living who were completely behind the scenes during the progress of the negotiations, I think it my duty to his memory to state that, although he was in constant private correspondence with Sir Alexander Milne as long as the Admiral continued to be Commander-in-Chief on the North Atlantic station (that correspondence being conducted on the intimate and confidential terms natural as between two old friends), there was never any question of interference, private or official, on the part of Sir Alexander in a negotiation with which he personally had no concern. Indeed, the Admiral himself had far too accurate a sense of his own responsibility, and of the extent of his professional duties and functions, to intrude upon those of H.M. diplomatic representative at Washington. If any one individual on the side of Great Britain can be said to have chiefly contributed to the maintenance of peace at that crisis, the credit can hardly be denied to Lord Lyons. I would ask Mr. Trotter to be so good as to refer to the published official correspondence contained in Vol. LV. of the "State Papers," p. 602 *et seq.* I would especially call his attention to No. 25 (Lord Lyons to Lord Russell, December 27th, 1862) on pp. 640-41; as also to No. 29 (Lord Russell to Lord Lyons), p. 645. But in my opinion, and I know that it was Lord Lyons's also, the happy result of the negotiation was principally due to Mr. Seward, who was almost alone in the American Cabinet in seeing that it was not only good policy, but consistent with the principles always held by the United States, to concede the demand of Great Britain. At this distance of time it can do no harm for me to state that that demand as formulated by Lord Russell was delivered to Mr. Seward privately by me, Lord Lyons having charged me after his first interview with Mr. Seward to go at once to the State Department and place a copy of Lord Russell's despatch in the hands of the Secretary of State for his unofficial perusal.—I am, Sir, &c.,

EDMUND MONSON.

St. Germain en Laye.

OUR MEDICAL DEPARTMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I send you by this mail a copy of the *Advertiser* containing a "Volunteer's Experience" of the "Seamy Side of War." This may appear to you a highly coloured and probably exaggerated statement of the condition of things medical at the seat of war, especially after the strongly favourable utterances of several eminent surgeons and medical men. To us Colonists, however, who have been but too familiar with this "seamy side of war," they do not so appear. These items of the indictment have been fully sustained, viz.:—

- (1) The incompetence of a very considerable number of the Army doctors.
- (2) The brutality of the medical orderlies.
- (3) The criminal lack (at the front) of invalid-accessories,—such as changes of clothes, restoratives, convalescent comforts, &c.

- (4) The great difference between the attentions paid to the men by the Army medical officers and the civilian doctors,—not at all in favour of the former.

With reference to Nos. 1 and 4 (which should go together), it would seem as if the "system"—which is obviously a cast-iron obsolete one—is more at fault than the men. The civilian doctors frequently succeeded because they were free to use (at their own expense) remedies that were not permitted to the Army doctor,—as, for instance, when a dose of brandy was urgent, and unprocurable because the party whose signature was imperative was not just then accessible. Of the second count in the indictment, the brutality of the orderlies, evidence will have to be carefully sifted, lest a whole class suffer through the *laches* of a few. With regard to the third, it is sufficient to state that more than a thousand suits of pyjamas were made by the ladies of Durban and forwarded at the urgent request of the medical officer at the front for use of the wounded, who but for this timely assistance would have had to remain in their blood-soiled clothes, while the needed changes were hopelessly mixed up with other supplies at the Point. Instances of this sort of thing have been common talk, and if the Commission are honestly desirous of getting at the truth evidence enough will be forthcoming to convince the most sceptical. It will not, however, be obtained from "Tommy Atkins." You might just as easily get an Eton boy to name the culprit as to get from "Thomas Atkins" a complaint of any kind. He would be a marked man in his regiment if it once got out. Neither will evidence of any considerable weight be got from the Army medical officer, and this for reasons apparent. The best evidence obtainable will be, first, from such of the Colonists as have been through or in the hospital—especially of those hospitals which are attached to the base of the army in action—not base hospitals, they are generally pretty fair, but their different attachments and offshoots. Second, from such civil medicos as have been requested from time to time to render such services as leave of absence would permit. Thirdly, from *qualified* nurses and attendants on voluntary ambulance associations. From either of these sources and from all, independent, unbiassed testimony will be obtained; testimony, too, of a condition of things that the great doctors who have been sent out to report have had no opportunity of noticing. Questions, too, will have to be put, as, *e.g.*, If for a period of nearly two years it had been decided that Ladysmith was to have been the principal base up country in case of hostilities, why was not the proportion of medical supplies and comforts made to approximate to those of ammunition and food, especially considering the presence of enteric amongst the military stationed at Ladysmith for nearly a twelvemonth prior to declaration of hostilities? Instead of which the investment caught the Army Medical Corps almost without supplies, and as the siege went on hundreds of our gallant men died of enteric whose lives might have been saved had there been a sufficient supply of Swiss milk. Then, again, the question should be asked, Is there no provision for a convalescent condition of things, with its attendant demand for a more generous diet than would be allowed to invalids, and more suitable than the regular rations? It would be interesting as well as important to ascertain how many deaths in any given hospital, say from enteric, were cases of relapse. Unless the evidence brought to our notice here in Durban is very unreliable, the diet allowed "Tommy" when discharged from the overcrowded enteric ward of the hospital has been such as to ensure his return at the earliest possible moment, and for such cases there is no recovery, because of the perforations resulting from the unsuitable diet. Time does not permit me to go further into details, but of the careless way in which things are conducted even at the hospital ships the following will suffice. An officer, who had, during the earlier part of the war, been an inmate of the Durban (Government) Hospital, stepped over from the hospital, where he was now an inmate, to the Durban Hospital, which is very near, to see his old friend, the Medical Superintendent. "You are not looking so well as when you left us," said the Medical Superintendent. "No," was the reply; "I have now been about eight days under treatment, and am certainly no better than when I went in." "Have they taken your temperature?" said the Medical Superintendent. "Not once since I went in," was the reply; "but on my complaining that I was not making much progress they changed my medicine

once, and lest my cabin companion should feel slighted they changed his too"! This is very mild compared with many of the kind that I have heard, but it has the merit of being authentic.—I am, Sir, &c.,

T. W. D. EDMONDS,

Hon. Sec. Durban (Government) Hospital.

[We gladly publish our correspondent's letter. He may rest assured that the Commission will do its duty. Lord Justice Romer's presidency is a guarantee not merely that there will be no hushing up, but that the evidence will be given its proper weight, and that all allegations made will be thoroughly tested and examined.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

SEVEN GARDENS AND A PALACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your issue of July 28th, in a review of "Seven Gardens and a Palace" occurs the following passage:—"In writing of beeches this writer notices the curious fact that they are never struck by lightning." Close to the roadside within a very few yards of this house stands a beech which was struck by lightning on Sunday, July 29th. A piece of bark was stripped from the east side of the trunk, and the course of the current is marked by ruptured wood fibre for a distance of three or four feet. I have just removed the accompanying piece of bark from the tree, the rough edge of which is the result of the electric current. That there may be no mistake I send with it a twig from the same tree bearing a beech-nut. I am staying here for a short holiday, and give you the date of the occurrence on the authority of my hostess, Mrs. Smith.—I am, Sir, &c.,

New Walk, Beverley.

J. A. RIDGWAY.

THE LACK OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I expressed the opinion that one of the causes of the failure of the young men who are best fitted to make good clergymen to take Holy Orders is that the leaders of the Church of England do not use their influence as fully as they ought to do for the purpose of getting those evils—ignorance, drunkenness, betting, for instance—which make healthy life impossible for hundreds of thousands of English people, removed or diminished. Mr. Stone is of the same opinion, but applies the term "leaders" to the clergy of the Church of England, while I used it only of the Bishops. Canon Gore expresses an opinion which differs greatly from Mr. Stone's and from mine. Canon Gore holds that the failure of the Church of England to deal with social problems is due to the langing back of the male laity, and "especially the well-to-do laity." If, for any reason, it were desirable that all living things should pass through "a needle's eye," and there were a general failure to get through, would Canon Gore think that we had got far towards the removal of the cause if we were to hold up to blame the reluctance of the mammalia, and especially the camels, to force themselves through? If the laity were not by nature very ready to hang back from the fulfilment of their duty to God and their fellow-men, there would be little need for the existence of Bishops; and if soldiers habitually hang back, part, at least, of the reason must be that they have not been accustomed to be led valiantly. Canon Gore seems, indeed, to imply that the leading we receive is not generally of a valour-promoting kind, by telling us that on one occasion it was good, and that "the Bishops of the Anglican Communion at the last Lambeth Conference gave a magnificent lead." That the Bishops in England daily give us all a magnificent lead by the unwearied doing of most wearying work, by scorning delights and living laborious days, not from desire for fame, but from a deep sense of duty, no one knows better than I do; and that some Bishops show a high degree of Christian heroism by adding to the almost intolerable load of their routine duties the disagreeable work involved in efforts to obtain social reforms, no layman who has watched the Bishop of Chester's efforts to reform the public-house system, or the efforts of the Bishops of Durham and Manchester to effect a reform of our system of elementary education, can be ignorant. But does Canon Gore deny that the life of the members of the Church of England and that of the whole nation is kept down at a very low level by grave sins of omission, in which nearly all the Bishops take part? What does Canon Gore think,

for instance, of the position taken by the two Archbishops and the Bishops with regard to the thoroughly un-Christian relation with which we members of the Church of England stand to the Nonconformists in respect of the religious instruction of their children in many of our national schools, and of the Bishops' position with regard to the inefficiency of our national schools, an inefficiency which is unquestionably one of the causes of the commonness of drunkenness and poverty? These are two evils to which the two Archbishops or any half-dozen Bishops could soon put an end, and to which, unless the Archbishops or a few Bishops attack them, an end cannot be put so long as our Unionist party is in power. Obvious as it is that the evils exist, that much most serious harm is done by them, and that for the removal of them only the courageous action of a few Bishops is needed, no action is taken either by any group of Bishops or by the Archbishops.—I am, Sir, &c.,

T. C. HORSFALL.

Swanscoe Park, near Macclesfield.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIAL UNION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—With reference to Canon Gore's complaint in your last issue of the reluctance of laymen to join the Christian Social Union, I venture to ask, with all diffidence, whether such reluctance may not be due, at least in part, to the exclusive character of this Society? With a title so grand that it might describe, on one side at least, the Universal Church itself, it is limited, I believe, to members of the Church of England or other Anglican Communion. There was no such limitation of membership attached to the Society of Christian Socialists in the middle of the century, and associated with the names of Maurice and of Kingsley, of which Mr. Ludlow still survives. In the case of the Charity Organisation Society, established thirty years ago, its rule has ever been to enlist not only Christians, but those also who stand outside all Christian Communion, in the endeavour to apply Christian principles to the relations between rich and poor. If its sphere is more limited, on the theoretical side, than that of the Christian Social Union, it has found no lack of practical workers, both male and female, lay and clerical. Again, one may point to the Co-operative movement and to the Labour Association in connection with it, which endeavour to realise truer Christian ideals in the respective spheres of distribution and of production. These recognise no distinctions of religious profession in their members. Yet neither the Charity Organisation Society, nor any of these voluntary associations, would ever have existed apart from Christianity, as neither would constitutional government itself, or the Poor-law, or our public and legal institutions generally. Whatever justification may be held for the application of a religious test to the members of the Christian Social Union, it would seem to be inconsistent with the title of the Society, except on the assumption that none but Anglicans are Christians. Unless it is prepared to assert this position, the Union should surely either repeal its exclusive rule, or should change its title to that of the Anglican Christian Social Union?—I am, Sir, &c.,

HENRY F. MALLET.

Eastbourne.

A TRIAL OF BOER REBELS IN NATAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The following extract from a private letter written by a resident in Zululand may interest your readers.—I am, Sir, &c.,

X.

"Eshowe, Zululand."

We have been rather excited here over the trial of two Dutchmen for treason. The Attorney-General of Natal prosecuted,—very fairly, I thought. The Court was made up of three local Magistrates. The presiding Magistrate came from Nongorna, up in the North. Most of the witnesses for the prosecution were natives employed on the accused's farm. They gave their evidence through an interpreter, intelligently and truthfully, I thought; at least counsel for the defence could not shake it at all. The witnesses for the defence were mostly Zululand Boers. They all assumed an air of stolidity which would have shamed the veriest rustic. They admitted knowing there was a war, and that was about all. Did they talk about it? Very seldom. Had they any sentiments against the British Government? Had no sentiments about the matter at all, and so on. I must say they gave one the impression of being utter humbugs; and, indeed, the commandant of police told me that they were most of them

rank rebels as bad as the prisoner, only that he had been unable to hold his tongue. In the end the elder prisoner was fined £100 or six months, his son £50. They paid up cheerfully, relieved apparently to get off so lightly. Physically they were fine men, but dirty in the extreme."

RAILWAY STRIKES: HOW TO AVOID THEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Could not strikes be avoided if the servants of railways and other companies during the time of their service were treated as shareholders, their wages depending on the prosperity of the companies they serve? For example, the wages of a man receiving, say, £40 per annum would represent a capital of £1,000 at 4 per cent. Should the company be in a flourishing condition this would produce 5 or 6 per cent. to each servant, whilst if the company were in a depressed condition he would get only his minimum wage of 4 per cent. It would thus be to the advantage of the servants to help instead of to hinder the working of their companies.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A HUMBLE SUGGESTOR.

THE WAR DEBATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—As one of the so-called Pro-Boers, I should like to thank you for the courtesy and fairness shown in your article to those who differ from you on this matter. Such fair treatment is at present unhappily rarely shown either by Press or public to those who take the unpopular side and hold that the present war is unjust. It is therefore greatly appreciated when found. Those who think their country wrong show greater patriotism in protesting against the wrong course of action than in concealing their opinions and shouting with the mob. In your article the statement is made that we are waging war to obtain the right of self-government for our fellow-countrymen. With regard to that statement, would you allow me to ask the following questions?—

- (1) Was not the demand of Sir Alfred Milner at the Bloemfontein Conference a seven years' retrospective franchise and a Joint Commission to inquire into the working of the Franchise Law?
- (2) Was not this demand subsequently pressed by Mr. Chamberlain?
- (3) Was not this demand granted previous to the despatch of the fifty thousand men from England, the Franchise Law being passed and the Joint Commission accepted?
- (4) Is not, therefore, the immediate cause of war that President Kruger would not grant unconditionally a five years' franchise which he offered conditionally and without previous demand from our Government?

If these statements are in the main correct, how can we be said to be fighting to secure self-government for our fellow-countrymen when all our original demands on that matter were granted? If, on the other hand, these statements are incorrect, a great part of the case of the Pro-Boers as usually stated falls to the ground. If Mr. Chamberlain had knowledge that the Franchise Law as passed was useless and that in that case the Commission was not required, it was for him to demand modifications in that law, not to bring forward an entirely new demand for a five years' franchise, and on its refusal to break off negotiations and despatch fifty thousand troops, a course which practically amounted to a declaration of war. It would seem that if it was not the intention of the Government to force war on the Transvaal, and so destroy its independence for ever, at least the course of the negotiations point to that as the most probable conclusion.—I am Sir, &c.,
Bilton Grange, Harrogate.

H. S. SHELTON.

[We cannot reargue here the question as to the origin of the war, but we must state the fact that our correspondent's very ingenious interrogatory pleadings in no way represent the true course of the negotiations. If President Kruger, even at the last moment, had granted a *bonâ-fide* five-year franchise there would have been no war.—ED. *Spectator*.]

A BIRD-STORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Here is another bird-story if you think it worth having. I have a raven which is kept in an enclosed yard. Into this yard a fox-terrier is turned at times, and when she wants to come in she barks and whines at a door. The raven has taken to imitate this, barking and whining so

exactly that it is almost impossible to tell the difference; it seems to deceive other dogs I have. The raven will whine and bark apparently for its own pleasure, and not always at the same time as the dog.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Hethe Rectory, Bicester, Oxon.

A. R. PRICE.

DIPLOMATISTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have received so many kindnesses from British diplomatists in different parts of the world that I hope you will kindly give me space to explain my careless reference to them in my first letter. All I meant, and partly said, though badly, was that all professions, my own included, are apt to have their judgment obscured on particular subjects by traditional prejudices. Against such prejudices intellectual ability, knowledge, and integrity are no safeguard. In all professions there are men who rise superior to such prejudices and view all questions that come before them with an unclouded view. But they are generally the minority. Ever since the Crimean War, the "antiquated superstition"—as Lord Salisbury called it—of Russophobia has been, in my humble opinion, the bane of our diplomacy. "Emeritus" is, I believe, not one of its victims. But how many men are there, not only in our Diplomatic Service, but in our public life also, who do not believe that the one consuming desire of Russia is to invade and annex India? How many of our Russophobists have ever paused to ask themselves the question whether Russia would accept India as a free gift if it were offered to her? I am sure that she would not. I am afraid the time will come when the possession of India may prove one of the most serious problems of our statesmanship. I was much struck by a speech made by Lord Lansdowne soon after his return from India, in which he said that during his Viceroyalty he and Lord Wenlock made a census of British India alone, and the increase of population during the previous decade was thirty-three millions. Famines are threatening already to become chronic in India. How will it be at the end of another generation, at the present rate of increase of population? And yet some men, and on all other subjects very able men, believe that Russia would take the risks of a great war for the possession of a country which her statesmen are far-seeing enough to see might eventually be a burden to her. Already Russia has more territory, sparsely peopled and full of virgin wealth, than she can develop for many years to come. She has therefore no temptation to run such a tremendous risk as the invasion of India would involve. Apart from the question of population, Russia, if she took India, would be separated from it by ranges of most formidable mountains, and populations which would require a huge army to control. It was this which I had in my mind when I made that reference to diplomacy of which "Emeritus" has justly complained. I hope he will now see that what I said about diplomatists is just as applicable to other professions,—to my own not least. I admit that I exposed myself to the interpretation which he has put upon my language, and I am sorry for it. I assure him that I had no intention to attempt anything so impertinent as to "prove the ignorance of diplomatists."—I am, Sir, &c.,

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

[We cannot publish any more letters on this subject.—ED. *Spectator*.]

TO IMPROVE THE GARDENS OF SQUARES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I venture to suggest that your contributor (*Spectator*, July 14th) who is so anxious to improve the London squares should look at Portman Square, where a great deal has already been done that he recommends? It has been laid out by one of the first landscape gardeners. Great care is bestowed upon the cultivation of the various plants which will live in the middle of London smoke, and of which there are not a few. Much remains still to be done, but the results are highly satisfactory, and a few years will, we trust, see it as full of brightness and beauty as a country garden.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ONE OF THE RESIDENTS IN THE SQUARE.

THE CONTEMPT OF ASIA FOR EUROPE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I should like to offer some comments, from an Asiatic's point of view, on the article with the above title which ap-

peared in your issue of August 4th. You assume perhaps too much in speaking of the contempt of the European by the Asiatic as general. Closer observation will show that those Asiatics who, though they have never even visited Europe, have made themselves familiar by education with the thought and life of the West, have the sincerest admiration for the European. It is this admiration which makes Asiatics anxious to secure, where it is possible, an English public-school and University education for their children. In seeking such an education for his children, the Asiatic lays stress not only on its merely educational value, but on its value in the formation of character. If the Asiatic in general regards "the European as a barbarian," he would hardly think association with such a man the best equipment for life for his children. Additional evidence of this admiration of educated Asiatics for Europeans may be gathered from the fact that the most loyal subjects of the English Government in India are found among the better educated classes, while the outbursts of sedition occur among the lower classes of the population in Indian cities. I agree with you so far as to admit that when we take the rank-and-file among Asiatic populations a contempt for the European is almost universal. It remains to inquire how such a division exists in the feeling of Asiatics for Europeans. The lower classes of Asiatics see European life only from a distance, and not on its best side, and judge it, not from the life and character of exceptional men among Europeans, but from the manner of life of the mass. What is the picture of European life in the East presented to the Asiatic mind, which does not know how to discriminate, may be gathered from the circumstance that generally speaking European life in the East lacks, on the one side, the sweetness and purity which child-life can give to it, and, on the other, the restraints and gravity which old age can impose on it. The lack of these two influences proves the truth of your remark that "nothing will convince the average Asiatic that a European has any religion at all worthy of the name." When submission which, as in Bombay, does violence to natural and religious prejudices has to be rendered, this contempt develops into a kind of insensate hatred of the European and all things European, and, as in the case of animals deficient in physical power cunning is developed to give them a chance in the race of life, the weaker Asiatic considers any device lawful to outwit the European.—I am, Sir, &c.,

G.

SLEEP AND DREAMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Whether dreams are the incessant accompaniment of sleep, or but its chance and fleeting visitors, is a question each dreamer must decide for himself of his own experience. Maybe it is the simple act of waking which severs the thread of sleep's shy narrative. Maybe the vague groping, the first uneasy efforts of the reviving senses are themselves the cause and origin of all dreams. Yet, since time is but the corridor from eternity to eternity, it seems impossible the spirit of man may ever at any time fall quite inert. For though many hours of the day the mind is passive and the senses on a listless vagabondage, still there is ever a continuity of consciousness which reflection proves without break, as if an arch-Ego sate aloof rapt in esoteric contemplation, like a queen bee in the unique seclusion of her innumerable hive. There is nothing so enervating as habit, else how is it possible man should wake from dreaming unappalled? how is it possible he should so heedlessly commit himself to a dark sleep that knows no present and promises no future? But when childhood is left behind in daybreak places, the hours are apt to follow one another in a very dull procession, which even foresight of the last swift hour of all may scarcely realise. And so we dream and wake to jeer, or to yawn at sleep's enigma. "It was a dream," we say, and think by naming to explain. If at all, it is the rapidity of dreams which astonishes us. And certainly the passing of a dream is fleet, if measured by the mechanical hands of wake men's clocks. But in comparison with thought dreams are only swiftness long drawn out, thought taken in the act, in the regular eccentricity of its progress. Logic is after all little else than an elegant system of hop, skip, and jump to reach a dubious goal (as often as not with eyes tight shut); but the dreamer's delight is in his journey: his destination is

merely where he has the misfortune of waking. Is not each word of memories compact? each thought dependent on something once seen, or touched, or tasted? In dreams these memories and sensations return in all their original brightness. Common-sense is a worthy and painstaking drudge; she deserves her high wages; but in sleep she is shut in snoring cellar, while imagination at a lofty casement communes with the stars. Nor is this the humiliation of thought, but its aggrandisement. For though in dreams we seem to move in an alien world, it is doubtful if man ever encountered there that which had no counterpart in his earthly experience. The swans of sleep are our normal geese transfigured; our normal geese its swans in disguise. The night wind whistling at the sleeper's keyhole may inspire his heavenly music, a bat careering across his moonlit window extort that inward croak of horror. In the darkness of night treads close at our heels "a frightful fiend," but on the broad road of day he may pursue as patiently had we but leisure to glance behind us. The senses labour almost as diligently for the dullard as for the alert, almost as dexterously whether the mind be vigilant or no. There is the story of a trepanned charwoman gabbling her master's stray Greek; in dreams, then, Greek is the sonorous vernacular. Only the still intensity of attention is lacking to open all these gloomy treasures by day, whereof sleep is now the dusky Ali Baba. Yet strange are the influences of sleep, and not to be so lightly explained away. Sleep is the cunning dispenser of hideous shapes, and, cheek by jowl with these, horrific phantasies. Whence is the wild vision of infinity made visible? the echoing crash of immense waters, the detestable movement and voice of things inanimate? Not only the passive senses are the instruments of sleep's exaggeration. In sleep, too, the heart learns of sorrow and remorse, and groans beneath a despair beyond the endurance of the less heedful day. There is no grief so poignant as to meet in dreams with those whom waking shall exile; no remorse so extreme as remorse for the night-arisen dead who, in all things earthly, are beyond remorse. Moreover, in dreams, bright visitants wander through gardens of unearthly flowers, and a primitive creature rearises in bloody gambol there, on whom time has shed its centuries in vain. Oneiromancy has been jeered (by wits a little indiscriminate) into the romantic bosom of the kitchenmaid, yet even to-day fiction exults in a tinsel dreamland, and two extant "Shakespeares" have chosen for their drama its strange circumstance. Surely the dark Mara squats on Ibsen's shoulder, and Maeterlinck babbles of night's fields. A sleep encrusted with dreams has ministered to every poet—Blake, Coleridge, Shelley, Rossetti; indeed, the more imaginative poetry seems in some wise the very art of sleep. Dante descended into its broad and dread abyss; Æschylus scaled these solitary peaks; Shakespeare was once in nights Elizabethan the flotsam of its viewless winds. In the still summer dawn the sleeper reels, drowsed with sleep's poppy, to peer incredulous on the rosy East, the flowers yet unsealed, the birds mutely flitting in the twilight air. Then indeed the world of day lies on the outskirts of the region of dreams; the eye is veiled, the senses are obtuse; he knows not which may be reality, scarcely may hear the secret waters of sleep's dark Rubicon.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Beckenham.

WALTER RAMAL.

POETRY.

THE EXILES.*

WATCH how the South-bound swallows go!
What manner of folk are they?
Out of the sky they came to you,
Guests of a summer's day,—
Born in your sheltering thatch, and bred
A fortnight's flight away.

But when your days are warm and bright,
And God shall lend them weather,
Their schooled battalions take their flight
A thousand wings together;
Each year the native-born come back
To flock with their own feather.

* This poem was written while the author was a prisoner of war at Pretoria. It first appeared in the manuscript paper circulated among the prisoners.

So, Mother-country, of thy sons
A many men there be
Whose lot hath cast them all abroad,
Whose hearts have stayed with thee,
Who yield thee praise from the skirts of the earth,
And the fringe of the nether sea.

England, behold! our arms are strong,
Our shoulders broad to bear;
All that the Gentiles cast on thee
Our birthright 'tis to share,
And when thy legions face the field
The exiles will be there!

From every continent and sea
Our fancies homeward fly.
Grant, though we sojourned long abroad,
We all come home to die,
Each, like a native Englishman,
In English earth to lie!

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

A LOVE LYRIC FROM THE GREEK.*

THE FIRST KISS.

(AFTER STRATO.)

Ἐσπερίην Μοῖρίς με, καθ' ἣν ὑγιαίνομεν ὤρην,
οὐκ οἶδ' εἶτε σαφῶς εἶτ' ὕναρ, ἡσπάσατο;
Ἥδη γὰρ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως ἐνόησα
χῶκόσα μοι προσέφη, χῶκόσ' ἐπυνθάνετο.
Εἰ δέ με καὶ πεφίληκε τεκμαίρομαι· εἰ γὰρ ἀληθές,
ὥς ἀποθειωθείς πλάζομαι ἐπιχθόνιος;

At the hour the long day ends, when our friends we bid good-night,

Mæris kissed me, if, ah! me, it was she and not her sprite.

For most clearly all the rest thrills my breast through and through,

All she told me and besought, when I thought she kissed me too.

But when, golden link on link, I would think remembrance out,

Now I'm sure she kissed me then, now again I'm sore in doubt,—

Since if into Paradise in such wise I e'er was borne,

How is this that here below still I go with steps forlorn?

A. P. G.

BOOKS.

JOHN DRYDEN.†

JOHN DRYDEN, an admirable poet, an ingenious playwright, a critic with intervals of brilliant clairvoyance, wins our suffrages chiefly by his mastery of prose. His criticism is often prejudiced, sometimes demonstrably erroneous. An ignorance of early English persuaded him to believe that Chaucer did not know the elements of scansion. He deemed the father of English poetry musical, if compared with Liddgate and Gower, but, said he, "I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine, but this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an error that common-sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of Faith and Revelation) must convince the reader that equality of numbers, in every verse which we call *heroic*, was either not known, or not always practised, in Chaucer's age." So thought Dryden, and there is no student to-day who will not agree with the editor whom Dryden refused to honour by confutation. Again, like other critics, he could not see his own friends and colleagues in a right relation. No one will ever endorse his opinion of Sir William D'Avenant, who brought the couplet "on the stage and made it perfect." No one will ever echo his praise of Waller and Denham. "Mr. Waller," says he, "first made writing easily an art; first showed us to conclude the sense most commonly in distichs, which, in the verse of those before him, runs on for so many lines together that the

reader is out of breath to overtake it. This sweetness of Mr. Waller's lyric poesy was afterwards followed in the epic by Sir John Denham, in his 'Cooper's Hill,' a poem which your Lordship knows, for the majesty of the style is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing." Sir John Denham's "Cooper's Hill" is so little a standard that it is rarely read, and few moderns appreciate Waller's sweetness. But the proper judgment of contemporaries is a task rarely achieved, and Dryden's mistakes are shared with all the world.

However, in the conduct of prose Dryden has few rivals. He may almost be said to have invented the English that has been an aim since his day, and, like many another inventor, he perfected what he was the first to find. To begin with, he represents a reaction against the splendour of the Elizabethan style, and that reaction was a necessity because, fine as was the romance of the Tudors, the prose of the sixteenth century was foredoomed to change. It could no better hold its own than the convention of Shakespeare, which, the fruit of genius, died with the tree upon which it grew. And it is fortunate that it fell to so sane a master as Dryden to lead our coloured and magnificent speech into the paths of simplicity. Compared to the most of his predecessors he appears the sternest of classics, yet his language has a sound and music of which Addison and Steele knew nothing. Indeed, he stands halfway between the new and old, and had he been a more constant example, our English tongue would not become nerveless as it became in the eighteenth century. That is to say that, while he simplified the diction of the Elizabethans, he did not stoop to the twitter of the tea-table. No one ever spoke as Dryden wrote—not Dryden himself—and even in the "Essay upon Dramatic Poetry," the character of which might justify familiarity, he is as little conversational as Plato. From beginning to end he proves by the arrangement of his periods and the choice of his words that he had a higher ideal than to echo the accent of the coffee-house or the converse of friends. For his prose is an instrument at once supple and dignified. He can play upon it what melody he likes, but the music is always music and always his own. In his youth he wrote with a certain conceit, echoing the popular tune of the time. For instance, he says of the Earl of Orrery: "The Muses have seldom employed your thoughts, but when some violent fit of the gout has snatched you from affairs of state; and like the Priestess of Apollo, you never come to deliver his oracles, but unwillingly and in torment." Or, again, he says of the same personage: "Your Lordship's soul is an entire globe of light, breaking out on every side; and if I have only discovered one beam of it, 'tis not that the light falls unequally, but because the body, which receives it, is of unequal parts." But when he had come into complete possession of his talent, his English is seldom conceited or bepranked. His artifice conceals itself in a manly force and a delicate choice of words. Above all, his prose is apt for all purposes, he can expound his views with a rare clarity, he can dispose of his enemies with a stern banter, which never outsteps itself, and neither Settle nor Milburne had the power to confute him. Moreover, though his prose is not easy, it has perhaps for that reason an appearance of ease, and while it always moves with a proper sense of its own rhythm and measure, while it is never the so-called poet's prose, it is marked off from the prose of all others by the sparing use of just epithets and by an unexpected variety of phrase. In brief, that other harmony of prose was for him a real and separate harmony, nor did he ever let it jingle into a discord even after fifty years of use.

But though Dryden's value lies chiefly in his perfect command of English prose, let it not be thought that the substance of his criticism is unimportant. Mistakes he makes, for mistakes are inevitable; and the thesis which he supports with so industrious an eloquence—that plays are best written in rhyme—was long since antiquated. But there is on every page a phrase which delights the ear or illumines the understanding. Especially noteworthy are his *obiter dicta*, and even when all deductions are made, much of his criticism is eternally true. His love of Virgil—especially of the *Georgics*—is admirably reasoned and expressed; indeed, it may be said that where the ancients are concerned he is rarely at fault. His comparative estimate of Chaucer and Ovid is a miracle of lucidity, while his admiration of Shakespeare,

* The musical rights reserved.

† *Essays of John Dryden*. Selected and edited by W. P. Ker, M.A. 2 vols. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. [10s. 6d.]

if checked by his intellect, is always approved by his heart. What could be better than these words upon "the incomparable Shakespeare"?—"He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature; he looked inwards and found her there." Or what finer defence can you find than his defence of Shakespeare's plagiarism? "He invades authors like a monarch," writes Dryden, "and what would be theft in other poets would only be victory in him." By this happy comparison he easily confutes the critics who find in the echo of a phrase or in the capture of a sentiment the proof of an abandoned disposition.

Again, in his "Preface to *Sylvæ*" he discusses the difficult question of translation with a certainty of knowledge and happiness of phrase which have never been surpassed. "Translation," says he, "is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad;" and to attain a good translation he points out that a knowledge of two languages is imperative, but that "there are many who understand Greek and Latin and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue." The truth is obvious and seldom confessed. "Thus it appears necessary," he proceeds, "that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too; he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own." That also is true, and its truth explains why a fine translation is as rare as a fine original, and why in despair the delicate task is too often performed by the merest hacks. However, turn where you will, you will find wit and wisdom in the prose of Dryden, and, since the edition of Malone is hard to come by, we cannot too highly applaud Professor Ker's admirable volumes. Here at last the work of Dryden is set forth with learning, taste, and restraint. Professor Ker is a perfect editor, because while he knows all that may be known of his author, he recognises that he himself plays but a secondary part. Nevertheless a good editor is as rare as a good translator, and Dryden in finding the best has found no more than his desert.

THE BRITAIN OF THE SOUTH.*

THIS title, somewhat hackneyed by much use, has heretofore been tacitly accorded to the long chain of beautiful islands utterly misnamed geographically New Zealand. Misnamed, because in the first instance they have not one feature in common with Old Zealand either in land or people, and in the next because of all the splendid scions of the British Empire there is none that more completely carries on the traditions of the parent country than the land of the Long White Cloud, Ao Te Roa.

But still, taking its physiographical details into due consideration, there is undoubtedly much anomaly in the bestowal of the title of South Britain upon New Zealand. Its stupendous Alpine ranges have but their feeblest counterpart even in mountainous Scotland. Its wonderful range of climate, from the soft Italian airs and sapphire skies of Auckland to the extraordinary sample weather of Otago in winter, is foreign to anything we can show in this much-maligned group of islands (meteorologically). In its freedom from worms that slay and beasts that devour it enjoys our own blessed immunity, but it knows intimately the earthquake and the volcano, which we are by the especial favour of heaven happily ignorant of here. From which brief reasons it may be postulated that New Zealand is not rightly termed a Southern Britain except in the character of her fine people.

There is, however, a land of which little is heard in these strenuous days, lying beneath the full altitude of the Southern Cross, a land whose physical characteristics are such that the homesick wanderer chancing upon it might fairly be excused if he said, upon beholding it, "This is my home." Pendent like a jewel from the lip of Australia, framed in the azure of the Great South Sea sufficiently remote from the Antarctic Circle to be free from too rigorous climatic conditions, Tasmania the Beautiful slumbers on, making no history, but awaiting the time when, weary of travel in lands where aliens receive their gold with scowling faces, British travellers in search of

health and change of scene shall discover her. In furtherance of that good end, we welcome with both hands a goodly volume from the pen and pencil of Mr. A. S. Murray. As literature, it may be said to bear out all that is claimed for it as a book of sketches, slight indications which may serve to arouse interest in the subject and send the reader to seek more solid information elsewhere. But in its artistic appeal this book merits high praise. Seventeen large plates in facsimile from the original water-colour drawings of the author not only lend it a personal charm that is of high value, but convey such an idea of the beauty of this true Southern Britain as can never be obtained from photographs, no matter how excellent their execution.

The main fact about Tasmania to-day is that its magnificent resources are almost untouched, its beautiful park-like lands and exquisite scenery are almost in a state of primitive solitude; it seems almost entirely overshadowed, overweighted, by the nearness of its gigantic neighbour, Australia. And yet its history shows that in the early days of Victoria she owed much of her development to the older Colony, which, if it supplied her with some undesirable citizens, also gave her of its best for the development of her resources. To-day if you ask an Australian, whether of South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, or Queensland, what he knows about Tasmania and her products, the answer will almost certainly be "Fruit and jam." For from Tasmania Australia receives all those "homey" fruits for which English-speaking Colonists long all the world over,—apples, plums, strawberries, raspberries, black and red currants, &c., and also the well-known square tins of delicious jam which are so familiar a feature in Australian homes.

But we should be doing a serious injustice to Tasmania if we gave the impression that it is a totally neglected country. Its population though small is select, wideawake to their best interests, and if not possessed by such a fervour of energy in the direction of getting on as their fellows in the neighbouring Colonies, have much to show for their labours. They would, however, be the first to declare that their magnificent forests, their metalliferous wealth, and their unequalled position in the centre of the Australasian group of Colonies have never yet been adequately recognised. Their great romantic trade, the whale and seal fishery, has, in common with similar enterprises everywhere, died completely away, and its place has been inadequately filled by the carrying business of merchant vessels. Tasmania's chief claim to recognition by travellers is, however, in its lovely scenery, its lakes, mountains, and rivers, specimens of which will be found finely set forth in the present volume. Sport is principally confined to fishing, both in the sea and the rivers, which is very good. The wild animals are neither important nor numerous enough to make much diversion for the hunter, even the truculently named Tasmanian "devil" being only a creature the size of a bull terrier that is given to harrying sheep. Tiger-cats, wombats, opossums, and kangaroos are found, but not plentifully, and birds as game may be regarded as non-existent.

In one respect Tasmania is at a great disadvantage compared with New Zealand in its ophidian fauna. Like Australia, Tasmania has many poisonous snakes, and these wriggling pests, although acquaintance with them soon lessens the fear in which strangers hold them, are certainly a drawback to the enjoyment of the visitor. Insect pests are to be found also, but not in such appalling abundance as in some parts of Australia, where life is made burdensome by their pigmy hosts. Altogether, Tasmania is a land that deserves far more consideration than it is receiving to-day from those who are ever anxious to explore new countries. In the interest of our own great chain of outposts round the world, we can hardly afford to pass by with real or apparent indifference such gardens of earth as is Tasmania, especially when we listen to the gloomy vaticinations of some of our scientific men with regard to the overcrowding of the areas fit for the occupation of white men. An excellent antidote to any feelings of depression induced by such pessimistic prophecies will be found in a study of Mr. Murray's stately volume, which we welcome as an altogether worthy successor to the artist-author's previous work dealing with the basin of the river Murray. Doubtless this later book has afforded much more scope to Mr.

* *Tasmanian Rivers, Lakes, and Flowers.* By A. S. Murray. London: H. Virtue and Co. [42s.]

Murray's talent from the far greater variety of scenery which Tasmania can boast of, and to which he has done ample justice in the large number of drawings here presented.

THE OVERCROWDING OF LONDON.*

THIS is a volume that everybody should read, and not read only, but keep at hand for reference. In a series of papers, which first appeared in the *Daily News*, Mr. Haw sets forth the hideous array of facts which make up the awful problem of the housing of the working classes in London. It used to be a safe assumption that only the destitute, only the unemployed, were houseless in our great cities. But at the present day in London a man may be able and willing to pay a pound a week for house-room for his family, and yet, because house-room is not forthcoming, be obliged to lodge, if not himself, his wife and children in the workhouse. The Public Health Act prescribes 400 cubic feet of space for one adult, or two children under twelve, to live and sleep in; or, where there is a living room in addition to the sleeping room, it allows as little as 300 cubic feet for the sleeping room. And it lays down certain rules as to the ages of children and the relations of adults sharing rooms. "Overcrowding" means contravening these regulations; and Mr. Haw's book shows us that one-fifth of the population of London, that is to say, about nine hundred thousand people, are systematically breaking the law. He shows us, also, how private individuals may set the law in action to punish the offenders by fine or eviction. But what he cannot show at present is where the evicted tenant is to go in order to escape the necessity of offending again. People overcrowd because they cannot get rooms, not because they are not willing to pay for them. The last Census returned three thousand Londoners as living eight or more in one room; over nine thousand as living seven and more in a room, and nearly twenty-six thousand as living six and more in a room. Since then the population of the capital has increased by three hundred thousand people. There are houses in London where rooms are let on the Box-and-Cox principle, tenants occupying in rotation for eight hours each. Sometimes a young woman will occupy the room by day, which is let to a young man by night. People sleep under beds as well as in them, and pay rent for doing so. Evicted families live in sheds until they drift into the workhouse. The horrors of this state of things need no exaggeration and no sensational working up. The bare facts speak for themselves. Mr. Haw disclaims all pretensions to the part of a panacea-monger. Nevertheless, his concluding chapter states very usefully a number of ways in which individuals may work to bring about a reform. Among the measures to be striven after, the most important are: the removal of manufactories from London into the country; the abolition of compensation to landlords for house property condemned to be demolished as unfit for habitation; the extension over a longer period of years of repayments on building loans; the building of cheaper tenements; the checking of the stream of labour immigration from the country to the capital. When all has been said that can be said, and all has been done that can be done towards removing or lessening this horror of overcrowding in London, it will almost certainly be found that a very large part of the evil is not to be mended either by law or by philanthropy. "Gryll will be Gryll" and have his hoggish den as well as his "hoggish mind," in the slums of London not less than in Acrasia's bower of evil bliss. But, as Mr. Haw is careful to point out, the majority of the overcrowded people are "good-living people." Overcrowding tends to produce, and does most lamentably promote and increase, immorality and drunkenness, and all the degradations of body and mind that follow upon childhood and youth spent in circumstances that make the common decencies of home-life impossible. But, to the credit of human nature, it is shown that many heroically resist the influences about them, and the whole of this "overcrowded fifth" of the population is not actually living at the moral level to which the weaker characters are inevitably degraded. This makes the condition of things at once more pathetic and less hopeless. And it

justifies any degree of indignation against the slum-lord and the house-jobber who live by the present system. House-jobbers who say they do not care to what purposes their tenants put their rooms or their houses, so that they pay a high rent for them, deserve no mercy. And certainly landlords who allow their property to get into a condition unfit for human habitation deserve no compensation when their houses are pulled down; and yet compensation has been, and still may be, given to them:—

"It cost over a quarter of a million to remove the fifteen acres of squalid slumdom on the Boundary Street area. Here nearly two-thirds of all the children born died in infancy. The general death-rate was nearly two and a half times greater than it was for the rest of London. People were living in foul cellars, rotten rooms, and in passages, courts, and streets reeking with filth and crime. Yet the owners who were responsible for allowing all this foulness to grow up and continue were compensated to the extent of a quarter of a million."

Upon which Mr. Haw very pertinently remarks:—

"We don't compensate the dealers in bad meat or in adulterated food; we fine them. Why, then, should the dealers in bad and adulterated dwelling-houses get compensation? The seller of adulterated milk is quickly hauled before the magistrate, because adulterated milk endangers the health of adults and poisons little children. Yet adulterated houses are doing exactly the same thing."

A very gruesome chapter is that on the "horribly housed." But in connection with this part of his subject Mr. Haw makes a curious point by showing how it is not in the "slums," but often in the respectable-seeming parts of London that the most terrible cases are discovered of solitary tenants rotting to death in dirt and vermin. The slums are neighbourly, though rough and overcrowded, and if their inhabitants "do for one another" sometimes by violence, they "do for one another" also constantly in kindness. This state of things calls for a vigorous system of house-to-house inspection. Other aspects of the matter are treated in the following extract:—

"It is calculated that this growth and overcrowding of London puts an additional £1,500,000 into the pockets of the landlords every year, although they do absolutely nothing for it. . . . If the landlord sells any portion of vacant land he may have, it is not until the people have made it valuable by coming to work or to live in the neighbourhood. He keeps a tight hold on his land until it ripens, no matter how sorely the people may be crying out for houses. He only pays rates on the agricultural value, such value being, say, £2 per acre, while the real market value of the land may be £1,000 or more per acre. But he waits until the value becomes £2,000 before selling. All over London this kind of thing is practised, and land that might accommodate thousands of houses is kept out of the market ripening for the landlord's gain, while the people are at their wits' end for want of room to live."

But most practical, and therefore most important, of all the points in the programme of reform, is insistence upon the building of new houses before the pulling down of old ones, however bad.

But, in truth, the whole housing problem is one of extreme difficulty. The cheaper you make the houses, and the better the accommodation given, the more you increase the rush to London, which is the cause of the trouble. Of course slums must not be kept up as deterrents, but we wish working men who think of going to London had so high a standard of comfort that they would refuse work, though never so highly paid, unless they could be sure of a comfortable home. That would in the end do a good deal to cure matters. All other proposals are but palliatives.

THE TRANSITION PERIOD.*

THE fifteenth century is not distinguished by any original literature which can be said to belong to the very foremost rank. Malory's great work, undoubtedly the greatest that the century produced, was a compilation from sources belonging to a much earlier period. Many of the shorter poetical productions, such, for instance, as Villon's "*Où sont les neiges d'antan*" or Lorenzo's "*Di doman non c'è certezza*," which at first sight may appear supreme efforts of creative genius, are seen in the light of contemporary verse to be but the perfecting of themes whose frequency made them little short of fashionable mannerisms; while the popular ballad, the finest examples of which may in their present form

* *No Room to Live: the Plight of Overcrowded London.* By George Haw. With Introduction by Sir Walter Besant. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co. [2s.]

* *The Transition Period.* By G. Gregory Smith, M.A. "Periods of European Literature," IV. London: William Blackwood and Sons. [5s.]

be fairly certainly ascribed to the fifteenth century, and which would go a long way towards atoning for its mediocrity in other departments, is still, as regards its origin, such a debated question, that it would be rash to make any particular period responsible for the activity in this line. It is for this reason that the century which elapsed between the death of Chaucer and the rise of the English Petrarchists, between the death of Boccaccio and the publication of Sannazaro's "Arcadia," has gained a reputation for dulness. Popular criticism is content to dismiss it as the "trough of the wave," and with brief reference, perhaps, to Dunbar, Christine, and Boiardo as minor ripples, to hurry on to the golden age of the Renaissance.

Nevertheless, to the student of literature it is a period of immense interest and importance. Of course, no hard fixed line can be drawn at any such date as 1453 that shall divide the Middle Age from the Rebirth, and anomalies abound that make one ask for a moment whether these are indeed separated by the distance we are accustomed to believe exists between the mediæval and the modern world. When, however, we turn to broad generalisation and sum up the results of impressions gathered, not from one or two exceptional cases, but from the great mass of evidence; when we turn aside from the similarities which genius has with genius throughout the ages, and examine the minor artists who worked not for all time, but for an age; we cannot but be more and more struck by the difference between the ideals, the art, and the surroundings of the age of Gower and the age of Sidney in England, or between that of Petrarch and that of Ariosto in Italy; and when, apart from the sure art and embracing humanity, and below the manifestations of the imposing personalities of the greatest masters, we trace the same differences in the works of Chaucer or Dante on the one hand, and those of Marlowe, Shakespeare, or Tasso on the other, we shall admit that between them indeed "there is a great gulf fixed." It is the fifteenth century that spans this gulf; and the century that began in mysticism and closed in paganism, passing from monasticism to humanism through a stage of intellectual cynicism scarcely credible, that spent its youth in the Garden of the Rose and expired amid the pastures of Arcadia, is indeed and *par excellence* a century of transition.

Although it is of the first importance to treat the literature of Europe essentially as a whole, the method has its disadvantages when we are compelled to deal with a period fixed by strict chronological limits. Nations and their literatures develop at varying rates, and, indeed, start from various points. It has been said, for instance, that Italian literature had no childhood—though it certainly had a short period of apprenticeship—for although it is one of the youngest of modern languages, it reached a state of maturity, thanks to classical tradition, earlier than any of its neighbours. On the other hand, there are always two forces, akin though not identical, which tend towards synchronism. In the first place, there is the general culture and civilisation, which passes from one country to another, and tends to produce a general level over a large area; while, secondly, there is the actual literary influence of one language upon another, which tends to hasten the development of the more backward and disturbs the natural course of evolution. These seem to be the general ideas of the philosophy of literature illustrated in Mr. Gregory Smith's monograph on *The Transition Period*.

Mr. Gregory Smith is Lecturer in English at the University of Edinburgh. So far as we are aware, he has published nothing of importance previous to the present volume, but this is certainly more than merely a work of promise,—it is a valuable and in many ways a really remarkable book. It is perhaps not so much a history of the literature of the period as an essay on the literary temper and conditions; it deals rather with the theoretical aspect of the problem of transition than with the historical records. This power of representing the universal in the particular is the essence of history, that which makes it of real importance to man, and we should be glad to see it given a rather more important place in the critical literature which is being turned out with marvellous rapidity to meet an ever-increasing demand. The writing of this kind of history, however, demands powers of a high order, and it is not always easy to find these combined with sound scholarship. Mr. Gregory

Smith undoubtedly possesses them, and we shall look forward with great pleasure to further studies from his pen, for, in spite of the interest of his present volume, it seems to us to contain within itself evidence of development in the writer's methods and power. Thus it seems to us that in the earlier chapters the author fails to convey a sufficiently definite idea of the nature of the changes he is discussing; his treatment, though at times subtle, is rather lacking in grasp. This deficiency disappears to a large extent in the later chapters, some of which, as, for instance, the one on the ballads (though we do not entirely agree with the writer's view), are admirable. The three chapters dealing with dramatic origins form by far the best account of the religious drama with which we are acquainted. Mr. Gregory Smith's style is throughout good, pointed, and fluent, full of grace and humour, and capable of that "modulation" which he regards as the characteristic excellence of Malory. Perhaps the most interesting passage in the volume is the extremely subtle analysis of the "intellectual devilry" of Pulci's "Morgante Maggiore."

There are of course points, such as the ballads aforementioned, on which we are at variance with Mr. Gregory Smith. But these differences of opinion do not detract from our pleasure in reading his book. One adverse criticism alone—if such indeed it can be called—we should like to make. It does not seem to us that the present is a suitable volume for the series in which it appears. It deals admirably with the position of a work and the forces that produced it, but it never tells us what the work itself is like. There are scarcely any quotations and no detailed accounts of the matter under discussion. Had it been written on other lines, we should have lost a most delightful and valuable piece of work; but the fact remains that it is a far more theoretical treatise, and presupposes a far greater amount of knowledge in the reader, than is desirable in a series which purports to give, in twelve crown octavo volumes, the history of modern European literature.

THE HISTORY OF BRADFIELD COLLEGE.*

THE value of the history of an institution is not principally dependent on the antiquity of the foundation. Many of the schools which sprang up like mushrooms about the middle of the century—Marlborough, Cheltenham, Radley, Lancing, Wellington, Clifton, Malvern, Haileybury—have passed through more crowded hours than the oldest of their predecessors which have grown to their present state of development by the slow process of natural expansion. Among these institutions, Bradfield College, which has just marked its jubilee by the issue of a history, is notable for the many crises of its short career. It was founded by Thomas Stevens in 1850, nominally as a choir school, though the founder's ambition at the beginning was to institute a great public school. From first to last the tale of the school's growth is chiefly biographical, and to this personal note it owes its chief charm. Thomas Stevens himself was a delightfully quaint and original character. Mozley, among others, has left a portrait of him as he appeared at Oxford to the "Oriel set," among whom he was numbered. He seemed to them a genial lover, not of classics and literature, but of birds and beasts—"what ninnies call Nature"—and "to be the founder of a public school was about the last thing that could have been imagined of Tom Stevens." Indeed, the idea of founding a school was a sort of accident, incidental to the enlargement and renovation of the village church, which, since he was himself both lord of the manor and rector, as well as an enthusiastic architect, he was prompted to make glorious by all means in his power. The school, which started with six boys in August, 1850, might have been a success from the beginning, in spite of the intense competition, but the Warden was least of all things a man of business. He would take immense care to keep a duplicate of every letter he wrote, but while he was doing this his servants, prompted by commissions from the butcher, were burying untouched legs of mutton in the garden. As a rule, also, he could not get on with his head-masters, who latterly came and went with ruinous rapidity. There is a tale of the appointment of Denning, which if not true in fact, throws

* *The History of Bradfield College*. Edited by A. F. Leach. London: Henry Frowde. [10s. 6d.]

a true light on Stevens's methods. Among the scores of applications Denning's was the first opened, and the Warden read the signature, Stephen Pointz Denning, with inspiration. "This is an omen," he said, "'Stevens appoints Denning.' So he shall." And he did. The Denning then appointed was a most original character, with an eccentric sense of humour. It is on record of him that he once gave out in hall: "Boys, a new boy is coming named Bill. Let us have our laugh out now." After Denning's death in 1868 the finances of the College went from bad to worse. Masters, even the Head-Master, found immense difficulty in getting money from the Warden. One master who went to demand it was told definitely that he could not have it. "But, Mr. Warden, what am I to do?" he said. Whereupon the Warden replied in all seriousness, employing his usual form of address: "Read the Nicene Creed, my dear. When I have been in trouble I have always found great comfort in the Nicene Creed." The tale may perhaps be taken to illustrate the Warden's views of religion. He was fond of the phrase "true Church principles," and it may be to the fact that these have prevailed the College owes no small part of its ultimate success. But the signal for that success was the inauguration of a new régime. The inevitable financial crash came in 1881, and Tom Stevens, who had sunk all his money in the school, filed a petition in bankruptcy showing debts of £100,000,—a sad ending to his dreams. Lord Selborne afterwards gave him a living in Lincolnshire, where he died in 1888, at the age of seventy-nine. In spite of the host of initial difficulties, from the day that the present Head-Master accepted the Wardenship the success of the College has been steady. There have been critical years, but they have been tided over. From fifty the school has advanced to three hundred. New houses and class-rooms have been built, and many successes in scholarship and athletics have been gained. In an appendix we are told that over sixty Bradfield boys are now at the front. Indeed, through its Volunteer corps the school has become not a little distinguished in military circles. Even when there were not more than two hundred boys in the school, the contingents which have adjourned annually to Aldershot at the end of the summer term have been generally the largest, and, it has been said, also the most efficient, of all school corps. Bradfield took a conspicuous share in the original establishment of this Public Schools' camp, and has ever since continued to maintain its original keenness. The military ardour has further brought distinction to the school at Bisley. Since the acquirement of a beautiful range close to the school the record of the shooting Eight in the competition has been invariably good. They have won twice, and never failed to take a high place. To those unconnected with it Bradfield will be best known by the Greek plays which since 1890 have been acted triennially in the open-air theatre, but to those whose knowledge is more intimate the military successes and—to compare small things with great—its football success have been not less conspicuous.

We have dealt chiefly with the fortunes of the founder, though the bulk of the book is concerned with later events. There are many excellent anecdotes of the *irritabile genus* of assistant-masters, and two chapters contributed by one of them have a conspicuous literary as well as anecdotal charm. Not the least delightful bits are some verses and an impressionist picture of the last night at school quoted from the school chronicle.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

IN houses where the war has left a vacant room, Mrs. Anstruther's war-stories should be strictly tabooed. To read them when suffering from an intimate personal loss would be to turn a knife in a raw wound, or deliberately to touch a nerve already exposed and quivering with anguish. The stories deal entirely with the sadness of war from the on-looker's point of view, and they would almost all apply to any campaign as well as to the South African. The sweet-heart left behind for ever, and the mother to whom no son

can come "up from the under-world," play their sad parts, and wring the reader's heart with the inevitable sadness of their lot. But though Mrs. Anstruther has shown most pathetically the hardness of the women's part "who only stand and wait," yet she has hardly fulfilled the task which she sets herself in her semi-allegorical prelude of showing war as the purifier. She shows us the anguish, she is silent on the lesson it has left behind. If, as we all hope, this war has tended to the purification of the nation, the strongest evidence we have yet had of the fact comes not in the tears of the bereaved, but in the self-sacrifice of those who have left their secure home-lives and gone out to help England in her need. Now these stories show us very few of these. Only in two instances does the author dwell on the fate of volunteer soldiers, and in both these she merely tells of the sorrow of bereaved women,—both, however, citizens of Britain beyond seas. One of these two stories, "The Strongest Bond of Empire," is a most useful feminine pendant to Mr. Kipling's story, "The Outsider," though it illustrates a slightly different point. It would serve a useful purpose if a good many people who talk big words about the way the daughter-Colonies responded to their mother's call would read and digest Mrs. Anstruther's few words of poignant analysis of the feelings of a Colonial woman in England:—

"And in this England, which I'd always loved as Home, I felt inferior in some way, an alien and a stranger, just as though there were no place for me. . . . You made me feel just as I thought the English people felt about their kinsmen from the Colonies: as though there were no place for us except most formally—as though you tolerated us, but did not care nor understand."

If Mrs. Anstruther wishes to help fulfil the prophecy of her own prelude, she will use her pen once more in war-stories, and will make her new series illustrate what lessons we may truly learn from this campaign. Our shortcomings, whether we acknowledge it or not, have been most plainly shown us, and we can all do something—Mrs. Anstruther can certainly do a great deal—to drive the lesson home. In the vital interest of Mrs. Anstruther's subject we have hardly said enough in praise of her very clever writing, but the sincerest flattery from a reviewer to an author is the request for another book.

Mr. Hornung is at his best in his new story, *The Belle of Toorak*, which deals entirely with life in the bush. It is, in fact, only the story of an episode, and the action is, consequently, concise, dramatic, and well-focussed. The plot deals with the efforts of Pelham Rigden, the young "boss" of a Riverina station, to shelter an escaped convict, whom he believes to be his father. The crisis is peculiarly inopportune, as Rigden's *fiancée*, Moya Bethune, a Melbourne girl decidedly superior to him in position, is with her brother spending a week at the station, and sees the arrival of the wandering swagsman, who disappears with Rigden into the station store. When the police arrive Rigden leaves the man locked up in the store, and denies all knowledge of him. Many complications follow, some of which might have been avoided had not Rigden shrunk from confiding in Moya. In the end all comes right,—the convict, far from being himself Rigden's father, turns out to have murdered that individual, who was a comrade of his in the hulks and who had escaped with him. Moya forgives the fact that Bethune is a convict's son; the sergeant of police, who has been keeping some items of information dark so that his capture of the criminal may be single-handed, finds it convenient to look over the part Rigden played in endeavouring to shelter the convict; and all goes well. The interest of the story does not altogether depend on the plot. There is a fascinating description of a day's sheep mustering, and Moya's adventures when she follows the convict's trail and is abandoned by him in Blind Man's Block are well told and exciting. How she ever got out of Blind Man's Block, in which experienced bushmen were afraid to trust themselves, can only be accounted for by the fact that of necessity the heroes and heroines of fiction have each as many lives as cats.

A great point is made of the study of character in "Leslie Keith's" new novel, *On Alien Shores*. The character of Susie, the heroine, brought up in luxury in Portland Place, and then making the best of her stolen marriage with a City clerk, is well drawn and lifelike; but the author's real achievement is the portrait of good, middle-aged Mrs. William Barentine. She has such good impulses, which struggle so hard with the inevitable worldliness induced by having to

* (1.) *The Influence of Mars*. By Eva Anstruther. London: Grant Richards. [3s. 6d.]—(2.) *The Belle of Toorak*. By E. W. Hornung. London: Grant Richards. [3s. 6d.]—(3.) *On Alien Shores*. By Leslie Keith. London: Hurst and Blackett. [6s.]—(4.) *Fitz-James*. By Lilian Street. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(5.) *The Angel of Chance*. By G. G. Chatterton. London: John Long. [6s.]—(6.) *A Gift from the Grave*. By Edith Wharton. London: John Murray. [2s. 6d. net.]—(7.) *Many Daughters*. By Sarah Tytler. London: Digby, Long, and Co. [6s.]—(8.) *The Married Miss Binks*. By John Strange Winter. London: F. V. White. [3s. 6d.]

keep up a "smart" appearance in household and children on a comparatively narrow income, that in spite of the mean deeds to which her worldliness tempts her, the reader cannot help having an ardent desire that she may come creditably out of her sordid cares. In the story of the anguish of her shabby temptation in Edinburgh the author rises almost to Mrs. Oliphant's level. And when the *deus ex machina* in the person of the telegraph-boy arrives with the news that her tardy repentance is too late, and that she and her children must, after all, reap the benefit of her suppression of facts, her breakdown and subsequent consolation is again drawn almost with Mrs. Oliphant's subtly cynical knowledge of the human heart. The melodramatic chapters at the end of the book are much less good than the quieter parts. Susie's forced elopement and return, the storm, the drowning of the villain of the piece, and the sudden appearance of Susie's husband back from his business mission in China, are out of tone with the rest of the story, and we cannot help wishing that "Leslie Keith" had kept to his analytical descriptions all through. However, there is a great deal of very good stuff in the book. It is a quietly amusing story, not too short, written with great care, and, above all, with a real power of describing human nature; and people who like these qualities will find this novel more than merely readable.

It is to be imagined that there is intended to be something attractive about the gentleman who fills the title-rôle in Miss Street's story, *Fitz-James*, but the present writer has failed to discover what that something is. His Christian name, Galt, is against him. It would be very difficult to be a hero if one were called Galt and the gods had been so unkind as to make one a poet. Ruth, the heroine, is an attractive creature, and one grudges her extremely to poet Galt. The best thing in the book is the character of Uncle Webster, who imagines himself a Great Man. He is an affected and elderly poetaster, who bores his guests by reading aloud in a sonorous voice his emendations of their favourite poets. Uncle Webster is a really humorous creation. Otherwise the book is in no way remarkable, though it is a fair specimen, if one can forgive the unattractiveness of the hero, of a modern semi-society story.

The hero of Mr. Chatterton's story, *The Angel of Chance*, emulates the ingenious Becky Sharp, who, it will be remembered, tried to bring about a reconciliation with Miss Crawley through the medium of the amiable Miss Briggs by diving under the awning where that lady was taking her matutinal dip. Mr. Clifford Anstey, however, is more fortunate in his attempt than poor Becky, and inaugurates a very successful acquaintance with Miss Rachel Meredith. In the course of this seaside friendship the couple manage after an evening concert to get locked in on the pier, and to have to swim to shore together, to the no small scandal of the inhabitants of Shinglebeach. After the Shinglebeach episode, Clifford Anstey disappears from the story till he has to come back at the end to fulfil his obvious mission of marrying the heroine. She, meanwhile, after a short struggle with poverty, drops into one of those delightful companions' places only to be found in the pages of fiction, where the companion is treated as a daughter by her employers. Even from this light servitude she is eventually delivered by coming into a fortune of £4,000 a year. This is a cheerful book to read in a moment of depression. Everything goes well in it after no more difficulties than suffice to make the prosperity at the end piquant to hero and heroine.

It is difficult to say in what exact point the difference lies, but no one, apart from the *mise-en-scène*, could for a moment imagine that Miss Wharton's little book, *A Gift from the Grave*, was anything but an American story. The motive is the temptation, fall, and repentance of the hero, Glennard, who to escape from dire poverty and to enable him to marry the woman he loves, publishes anonymously some most intimate letters from a celebrated American woman novelist. Mrs. Aubyn has loved him, an affection which her physical peculiarities had prevented him from returning, though he enjoyed keeping up a sentimental correspondence with her. These letters he finds he can get an immense sum for, if he will publish them after Mrs. Aubyn's death, making public her name but not his, and he yields to the dishonourable temptation. The book is chiefly concerned with his repent-

ance after his shabby deed has brought him all the good things he wanted, and the study in souls is well and cleverly done. Readers who like motives, emotions, and soul searchings will be much interested in the story.

Miss Tytler gives us a modern version of the University founded by Tennyson's Princess, in her new novel, *Many Daughters*, but being ultra-modern, far from the pupils taking a vow "not for three years to speak with any men," the Woman's Institute is presided over by a male Dictator, and masters are employed in the tuition. Miss Tytler arranges her Institute to cover the ground not only of Newnham and Girton, but of the most glorified schools of domestic economy as well. As a novel *Many Daughters* is not a success, but as a thoughtful woman's idea of the ultimate ideal for the perfect and complete education of her sex it is at least interesting.

If one were destined to be born a heroine (which, as Mr. Dooley would say, "Thank Hivens, Hinissy, I'm not") it would be wise to follow the example of "the Married Miss Binks," and espouse a gentleman whose parentage was unknown, as it gives such splendid chances of ultimate advancement. In the case of lucky Miss Binks, her husband turns out to be the long-lost cousin of an Earl, who delightedly hands over to him the title and estates which he had usurped owing to doubts as to the legitimacy of the gentleman known as Mr. Tom Knipp. When she hears the joyful news the late Miss Binks, now Mrs. Tom Knipp, faints with joy and emotion. It is not so very often that "John Strange Winter" deserts her beloved officers for millionaires and the aristocracy, though this book is a sequel to earlier annals of the Binks family. But the present specimen of the results of such desertion makes us hope that she will return with all possible speed to the mess-room and the garrison town.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MINOR MAGAZINES.

THE QUARTERLIES.—The new number of the *Political Science Quarterly* indicates the variety of the activities of the Columbia University, under the editorship of whose Political Science Faculty it is published. The question of Trusts is discussed by one professor, who argues: "Make the independent competitor safe, and let prices be gauged by the cost of the goods that are made in his well-equipped establishment; let him make a fair living; and if the Trust, by real economy, makes a better living, no one will complain." A second deals with "Money and Prices"; a third writes of "Direct Taxes under the Constitution"; a fourth falls back upon first principles, and debates the old and oft-disputed question of the Politics of Aristotle. But the most interesting paper is that of Mr. C. R. Woodruff, on "American Political Methods." He maintains that in the past the weakness of these methods has been the tendency to make the safeguards of the Constitution the end sought for and not the means to an end. "Constitutional reform, Civil Service reform, ballot reform, municipal reform, are the questions to be considered now."—The July number of the *Economic Review* admirably illustrates the comprehensiveness of economic science, at all events as that is understood by the Christian Social Union. "A Significant Chapter in the History of Currency" no doubt deals with an old-fashioned subject, though not quite in an old-fashioned way, but an account of "The Glasgow Family Home"—an interesting experiment, by the way—"Wage-Earning Children," "Fifty Years of Industry from the Workman's Point of View," and Mrs. Toynbee's "Poverty and the Poor Law" are written from the new "social" standpoint. The most emphatically popular article, however, is a realistic but distinctly hopeful one on "Poor People's Music-Halls in Lancashire." The writers think these music-halls, on the whole, preferable not only to "public-house sing-songs," but to ordinary "theatres of varieties."—The July number of the *Law Quarterly* is preponderatingly technical. Mr. McCalmont Hill gives, however, a generally interesting article on "The Growth and Development of International Law in Africa." He takes a moderate view of recent events, and looks for the development of African international law in the meantime to Europe rather than to the Dark Continent.—In an interesting number of the *Jewish Quarterly Review* the most notable paper, at least in the eyes of outsiders, is "Liberal Judaism in England: its Difficulties and its Duties." The author, Mr. C. G. Montefiore,

contends—and lays great stress upon his contention—that “the liberal or nominal Jew, while doing obvious harm to his own community, will confer no benefit upon the cause of Theism by joining another religious organisation.” Eminently readable also are the first of a series of articles on “Jews and the English Law” and “The Jewish Sunday School Movement in the United States.”—The *Journal of Theological Studies* and the *Critical Review* are two quarterlies of an almost exclusively professional character. It is evident from the July numbers that every effort is being made to keep them up to their high standard. Professor A. A. Macdonell’s “The Ancient Indian Conception of the Soul” may be mentioned as a fair example of the kind of work done in the one, and Professor Saxby’s “Royce’s ‘The World and the Individual’” of that done in the other. Surely, however, it is rather frivolous of Principal Salmond, of the Scotch Free Church—editor, too, of the *Critical Review*—to ask in a notice of Mr. Lang’s “History of Scotland,” “Is it the case that he is busy on a volume of sermons?”—There is much that is interesting and valuable—though also rather too much that is hysterical—in the *Humane Review*. Mr. Fox Bourne is always worth listening to, even when he deals with such a familiar subject as “Claims of Uncivilised Races.” Everybody that is not devoid of humanity would give these races what Mr. Bourne terms “justice.” But can that be arbitrarily defined? “Ouida” says things that are worth listening to in “Culture of Cowardice,” and Mrs. Mona Caird in “Is Vivisection Logically Justifiable?” but they might have been said much less screamily.—There is ability, but there is also a good deal of amateurishness, and of what—if one may use the word without offence—can only be described as “provinciality,” in the *Manchester Quarterly*. “A Visit to the Engelberg” is undoubtedly interesting, and to a certain extent novel, but “Heinrich Heine” not only tells us nothing new, but does not even state the old facts in a very attractive fashion.—The *Journal of the Marine Biological Association* is notable, if only as evidence of the degree to which scientific specialism is carried in this country. Most of the articles in the July number are of purely technical interest, but the first, by Mr. Walter Garstang, on “The Impoverishment of the Sea”—it is very well written, by the way—ought to be popular. It maintains, in opposition to the well-known views of Professor McIntosh, of St. Andrews, that the sea-bottom is being depleted of food fishes by trawling.

THE MONTHLIES.—The *Canadian Magazine* is a credit to the Dominion and to the Ontario Publishing Company in Toronto which issues it. While it is equal to all but the best of its enterprising British and New York contemporaries in the quality of its paper and illustrations, and in the abundance of its light literature, it does not forget that portion of Greater Britain to which the majority of its readers belong. Thus the first article gives the best account we have seen of the great Ottawa fire. The second is devoted to “The Pagan Indians of Canada,” and the writer of a third, in speculating on “The Future of Imperialism,” does not leave out of consideration the demands of “a free and united” Canada. Some of the stories are a trifle too slight, like “The Romance that Failed,” but there is Kiplingesque power in Mr. W. A. Fraser’s “The Salvage of the Santa Maria.”—There are too many evidences that the once eminently promising *Open Court* is falling off. At all events, and apart from Mr. Carus Sterne’s article—the illustrations of which are fully equal to the letterpress—on Copernicus, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler, the contents of the July number are the veriest snippets.—The August “summer number” of the *Sunday Strand* contains, in addition to the usual instalments of Dr. Watson’s “Life of Christ” and other serial works, special articles on the Keswick Convention and the work of Sir William MacCormac and his colleagues in South Africa.—The new number of the *School World* is a good one; it contains, besides special educational matters, many “miscellaneous” and informing papers, the variety of which may be gathered from such titles as “Some Century Ends” and “The Social Status of Women School-teachers.”

THE IDEA OF TRAGEDY IN ANCIENT AND MODERN DRAMA.

The Idea of Tragedy in Ancient and Modern Drama. Three Lectures Delivered at the Royal Institution by W. L. Courtney. With a Prefatory Note by A. W. Pinero. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d.)—Mr. Courtney’s three lectures were quite worth reprinting, for they contain a great deal of suggestive criticism and an interesting point of view, though in the last of the discourses it is hardly developed enough. We should state it thus:—What

gives distinction to the work of every dramatist—or every writer, for that matter—is the background of thought and feeling implied behind and beyond the words. You may call it the writer’s philosophy, his attitude towards life, or what you will; but at all events we all feel this; that Shakespeare’s characters, for instance, are not merely plausible puppets who do and say things that we can believe them to have said and done; they affect us not even as actual persons affect us by their words and actions; they interest us because they are seen in relation to a background, and the background is the undefined personality of Shakespeare, the whole woven web of his thought and experience. We see the actors as the poet means us to see them. Æschylus sees human beings driven into dreadful straits by the compulsion of a force acting from without—fate, the will of the gods—yet a force which is to a certain degree set in motion by human character or act. Where there is drama there must be action, and not merely drift; the human soul on the Greek stage is pushed fighting, beaten yet unsubdued, into the pit that fate has dugged for it. The struggle between man and an external fate is the cardinal motive of Greek tragedy. With Shakespeare we come into a world set free of this constraint, yet here as everywhere there is the eternal antinomy of freedom and necessity. Each man is the slave of his own character: character is destiny. Still, there is a limit, and one which Mr. Courtney neglects to point out, in Shakespeare’s conception of doom. Othello comes to ruin not solely because of his inherent weakness: the tragedy arises from a collision of characters: Iago and Othello meet, and the result is like a chemical combination: each develops in the other what but for the union would never have come into being. In the modern drama of Ibsen and Maeterlinck heredity has come to assume proportions almost as menacing as those of the Greek Nemesis. Action is in it the inevitable outcome of individual temperament; it is not the chance meeting of wills that brings the crisis: we carry it in ourselves. “None but yourself shall you meet on the highway of Fate. If Judas go forth to-night it is towards Judas his steps will tend.” Maeterlinck’s fine saying applies to drama as Maeterlinck and Ibsen understand it, but not to the drama of Shakespeare, where a larger scope is allotted to chance or Providence. However, we have not space to discuss Mr. Courtney’s views, but must be content to commend them. His remark that “Shakespeare adapted the Gothic spirit to dramatic literature” is excellent, and his comparison of Ibsen to Euripides suggests a good deal, though the contemporary criticism, as represented by Aristophanes in the *Frogs*, recalls rather what the average man says of Maeterlinck than of the Scandinavian. We wish we could share Mr. Courtney’s admiration for an extract which he gives from *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*; it seems to us to lack precisely that literary quality, that distinction, which Dumas *filé*, for example, everywhere possesses.

THE REGISTER OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF SCOTLAND.

The Register of the Privy Council of Scotland. Edited by David Masson. Second Series, Vol. I. (1625-27). (Her Majesty’s General Register House, Edinburgh.)—Striking testimony to the fact, emphasised by recent writers of Scotland, including Mr. Andrew Lang, that it is only in the future that justice can be done to the mass of materials bearing upon the history of the country that has recently been accumulated, is borne by the editor of this volume of the Privy Council Registers of Scotland, Emeritus-Professor Masson: “Whether from indolence or from defect of accessible materials, this early portion of the reign of Charles I. has been all but entirely skipped by modern historians, and the information available concerning it is now made public for the first time.” That information is of considerable, if not quite of the greatest, importance. The Privy Council of Scotland remained throughout all the storms of its history what Dr. Masson terms it, “the central body of the nation administering affairs by its own sagacity though under constant instructions from the King.” The Council was reconstructed when Charles ascended the throne, and the Register of its proceedings—admirably summarised and elucidated by Professor Masson in an introduction of two hundred pages—shows how Scotland gave its King help in his wars. “It is no mistake to use the word ‘wars’ in the plural. For the first four or five months of the reign, indeed, the one great war was the continued war with Spain in the various ramifications into which it had divided itself—war at sea against Spain direct, war of offence and defence at sea against the Dunkirkers or other cruisers from the Spanish Netherlands, inland war on the Continent in rescue of Count Mansfield’s wild enterprise for the recovery of the Palatinate, or in support of the Dutch Republic, or by subsidies to Christian IV. of Denmark as Generalissimo

against the German Imperialists—but from August, 1626, there was the prospect, and from early in 1627 the certainty, of a war also with France.” The Registers show the expedients resorted to by the Council—the searching of the highways and hedges, the commandeering of rogues and vagabonds, even paupers and criminals—to secure contingents for Charles. These amounted in all to fourteen thousand men. The actual number shipped for service in 1626 and 1627 must have been between ten thousand and twelve thousand, or about a twentieth part of the entire adult male population. “What became of them all? Neither mortal nor angel can tell. Most of them must have left their bones to moulder in foreign battlefields; not a few of them may have had Bardolph’s fate in *King Henry*, and been hanged for sacrilegious looting; and of those that survive some may have settled down as artisans and what not else in German or Danish or Swedish towns, to leave families there traceable by their Scottish names to this day, while a proportion may have been able to return to Scotland to tell the stories of their foreign adventures at firesides in the Lowlands or the Highlands, and possibly not too old, some of them, even fifteen or twenty years hence, to take up arms again and fight under the Leslies for the Covenant, or under Montrose on the other side. Most fortunate by far must those of the ten thousand or twelve thousand have been that went direct into the service of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden; and the probability is that many that had not been sent directly into that service found their way into it after the bungling Mansfield and the incompetent Christian IV. had disappeared from the scene, and the great Swede had become visibly the one effective standard-bearer of Continental Protestantism.” The second service rendered to history by this volume of records and by Professor Masson’s introduction is more peculiarly Scottish. They help materially to “redd up” the complicated mystery of the tenure of Scottish Church lands, which was deepened rather than pierced by the Edicts issued by Charles I. on entering upon his reign, which sought to recover for the State as much as possible of these lands. But even the English reader will appreciate the lucidity of Dr. Masson’s careful and interesting statement of the actual condition of the Church lands at the period of which he writes. It may be doubted if Dr. Masson ever wrote a better piece of English than this introduction, which must represent a considerable amount of labour. There is not a touch in it of that Carlylese—though always genial Carlylese—which used to make a good deal of Professor Masson’s writing rather hard reading some years ago. One regrets to see that he has retired from the editorship of the Privy Council Registers, even although his successor is so accomplished a historical scholar as Mr. Hume Brown. It is to be hoped, however, that there is truth in the current rumour that Professor Masson is engaged on his “reminiscences.” No autobiography of this kind could well be more interesting than that of the doyen of Scottish men of letters.

THE REDEMPTION OF EGYPT.

The Redemption of Egypt. By W. Basil Worsfold. (George Allen. 25s.)—In this singularly handsome and beautifully illustrated volume Mr. Worsfold gives the fruits of a visit to Egypt in the winter of 1898-99, which was undertaken for the purpose of examining on the spot the physical and social characteristics of the country, and of exhibiting them in connection with the work of political reorganisation and industrial development which is now in progress. Mr. Worsfold is clearly a painstaking observer; he has been at great pains to check his observations by inquiries at authorities in Egypt; and he writes lucidly and easily. Doubtless he travels over ground which, owing to circumstances, has recently become very familiar. Alexandria, Cairo, the Delta, Luxor, and Assuan are almost as well known to English readers of average intelligence as, say, Calcutta, Bombay, and the public works in India. The story of the enormous services which have been rendered to the Egyptian people by means of the British occupation has often been told before, and Mr. Worsfold is unable to add anything material to it. But both sketch and story are vivid, and on account of the personal element in them distinctly original, though, to be sure, Mr. Worsfold might have spared us a good deal of rather commonplace moralisation such as:—“The English occupation, by extending the protection of the law to the peasants, has already made gross manifestations of injustice impossible; but many years must pass before even the powerful ministers of civilisation which England has introduced can create the spirit of justice in the people themselves.” A remarkably good chapter in this book is that on the education system. It shows among other things the rapid increase in the proportion of students learning English, as compared with those learning French. Taking the years 1889

and 1898 as the basis of comparison, the percentage of boys learning English in the primary schools has risen from 24 to 72, while the percentage of boys learning French has fallen from 76 to 28. In the secondary schools the percentage of boys learning English has risen from 26 to 41, while the percentage of boys learning French has fallen from 74 to 59. The educational position in Egypt generally may be summed up by saying that out of a total of seven thousand seven hundred and thirty-five pupils who are receiving instruction in the Government schools of all grades, five thousand seven hundred and forty are taught either French or English, and that of this number three thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine are learning the latter language, and one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one the former. Altogether, as a manual and guide-book of Egypt and of its “redemption” by this country, Mr. Worsfold’s book, which is in every respect a delight to the eye, is without a rival.

PORTUGUESE NYASSALAND.

Portuguese Nyassaland. By W. Basil Worsfold. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 12s.)—This, like so many books by the same author, is an admirable manual of the comparatively unknown subject of which it treats. It is based chiefly on the records of African travellers, the British Consular Reports, and the Reports furnished to the Administration of the Nyassa Company by its officials; the fourth chapter—and from the commercial point of view perhaps the most important of all—is written by Sir Robert Edgcumbe, who says of the railway from Pemba Bay to the shores of Lake Nyassa that it “will not only bring the whole produce of the country from one end to the other into direct touch with the markets of the world, but immediately it is ready for traffic must become the great trunk line to the whole of the vast lake district of Africa, a territory of immense magnitude, temperate from its elevation, and teeming with population and natural wealth of every kind.” Mr. Worsfold’s account of the early connection of the Portuguese with Africa is a trifle too long; otherwise his book is a model of condensation. The information supplied as to the agricultural and mineral resources of Portuguese Nyassaland seems to be full and accurate. What is said of the condition and prospects of Lourenço Marques and Beira ought at the present moment to be read with no little interest. The progress of Beira in particular may be gathered from the fact that its total trade increased in value from about £135,000 in 1893 to £512,480 in 1896. It may also be noted that Mr. Worsfold advocates for Nyassaland the “culture” system which has worked such wonders in Java.

IN BIRD-LAND WITH FIELD-GLASS AND CAMERA.

In Bird-Land with Field-Glass and Camera. By Oliver G. Pike. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)—Several books very similar to the one before us have recently been published. Instead of collecting skins and birds’ nests, the modern field-naturalist contents himself with photographing, and when he has got together a certain number of plates, he illustrates a book and publishes his notes and observations. Mr. Pike writes pleasantly enough on the bird-life round his home in the northern suburbs of London, in the New Forest, and on the Norfolk Broads. He does not tell us much that is new; but for all that, many persons who love Nature will read his book with pleasure. Some of his photographs are good, and the patience which must have been expended on obtaining those of the living birds deserves admiration. But the amateur photographer is apt to be over-well satisfied with the productions of his camera, and some of those in the present volume are hardly worth reproducing. Yet photographing birds and birds’ nests is a harmless pastime, and exercises such charms over those who turn to it, that we could have wished that Mr. Pike described more fully his methods for the benefit of those who may care to imitate him. He uses a half-plate camera and a silent shutter of the Thornton-Pickard, time and instantaneous, pattern. It is fixed inside the camera, and a velvet padding deadens the noise of the shutter, which would otherwise startle the bird at the critical moment. A good length of pneumatic tubing is also required, and an exposure of about a twentieth of a second has proved the most successful. Of course, for moving birds a much quicker exposure is necessary.

THE ERSKINES.

The Erskines. By A. R. MacEwen. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, Edinburgh. 2s. 6d.)—This volume has had its “psychological moment”; it appears immediately after final arrangements have been made for the union of those Secessionists in Scotland who trace their inspiration, if not their policy, to the brothers Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, and their new biographer

is a clergyman who has taken a considerable part in the making of these arrangements. Dr. MacEwen has had the advantage or disadvantage of having had many competent predecessors in telling the story of the Erskines and their memorable secession nearly a hundred and seventy years ago from the Church of Scotland in the interest of that Evangelicalism which was quite as much a religious practice as it was an ecclesiastical theory, and was in strong opposition to the dominant Moderatism of the period. At the same time, Dr. MacEwen, while indebted and acknowledging his debt, to those who have gone before him, has produced a perfectly fresh monograph. This freshness is largely due to its conspicuous fairness. Dr. MacEwen does justice not only to the Presbyterian Seceders who followed the Erskines, but to the Moderates whom they left. He also points out that the secession "detached the distinctive beliefs of the Reformed Church of Scotland from the fluctuating opinions of the Assembly, and preserved them through the very detachment," while "even socially and intellectually it helped to maintain Scottish nationality at a time when it was in danger of being absorbed." Dr. MacEwen's knowledge of Church life in England, both Anglican and Nonconformist, enables him to make such pertinent remarks as that "there was not the faintest resemblance between the normal Seceder and Matthew Arnold's 'political dissenter,'" and "by their strict adherence to the Presbyterian polity and creed, the Erskines differentiated the Nonconformity of Scotland from the Nonconformity of England." Finally, Dr. MacEwen does ample justice to the simple, pious lives, the hard pastoral work, and the literary achievements, now somewhat depreciated, of the Erskines. His monograph is undoubtedly, from the purely literary point of view, one of the best of the series to which it belongs.

CANADIAN VERSE.

A Treasury of Canadian Verse. Edited by T. H. Rand. (Dent and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)—The best poems in this anthology are those relating to scenery and the passing of the seasons, though in the patriotic poems a high note is struck. Among the rare exceptions to this rule Mr. Roberts must be mentioned, whose "Recessional" epitaphs for a sailor and a husbandman, and a lullaby entitled "Sleepy Man" show a far wider range of thought and a greater command of metre. Mr. Pollock's swinging verse in "The Trial of Gold," describing the struggles of the Yukon rush, is a thing to be admired. "The Habitant's Jubilee Ode," by Mr. Drummond, is written in a dialect that reminds one of the negro *patois*, but we suppose it must be considered a dialect. There is more English than French in its make-up. With this proud and loyal Jubilee Ode should be mentioned "This Canada of Ours," in which Mr. Edgar has infused a fervour which is enhanced by a most happy lilting refrain. "The Egyptian Lotus" of Mr. Eaton is a stately little poem, awakened by the sight of a lotus growing in Western waters. Mr. Lampman has, greatly daring, essayed the mystery of life suggested by "The Railway Station." "John A'vor's Last Lay," the regret of a knight about to become a Carmelite, has a wonderful touch of Nature in it. "Frères, let me keep my lute." Still, though the historical feeling and sentiment are patent in many that we cannot possibly mention out of the hundreds, the poems on Nature seem to us the most representative and the happiest efforts of Canadian poets. E. Pauline Johnson's "The Song my Paddle Sings" has a movement, a charm, a rhythm as of a breeze that fascinates the reader. Again, in the "Song of the Thaw," "The Silver Thaw," and "Chinook" of Messrs. Kerningham, Roberts, and Stafford we realise the beauty of manifestations which do not always attract the poet. And now we may mention "She just keeps house for me," by Jean Blewett; "In Matabeleland," by Mr. Baylis; and Mr. Macfarlane's "A Grave in Samoa," as embodying a sentiment that appeals to all of us, whether we live in Scotland or Samoa, Australia or America.

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH, 1640-1660.

A History of the English Church, 1640-1660. By William Shaw, Litt.D. 2 vols. (Longmans and Co. 36s.)—Dr. Shaw's two volumes are full of highly important matter, but he probably does not expect to find readers for them outside the narrow circle of students of history. The personal narratives which give so great an interest to Neal's "History of the Puritans" and Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy," to mention two books that in a way represent the two sides, are not to be found. But what he does give us is more valuable. "The years 1640-1660," he writes, "witnessed the most complete and drastic revolution that the Church of England has ever undergone." Its whole constitution was changed, its formularies banished, and its clergy deprived (though some welcomed the

change, some found local protection, and some were saved by sheer obscurity). The chapter lands were sold, and the cathedrals "purified or defiled." It is highly instructive to examine the causes of these tremendous changes. These causes are substantially given in chap. 1. The debates in the Long Parliament from 1640 to 1643 are there fully analysed. And the general result of the analysis is this: Episcopacy was abolished, not because the dominant party preferred Presbyterianism or Independency, but because the Bishops had made themselves intolerable. The Puritans were not Presbyterians. Even so thoroughgoing a partisan as Pym "expressed an opinion that it was not the intention of the House to abolish either Episcopacy or the Book of Common Prayer, but to reform both wherever offence was given to the people." The offence was twofold: the way in which the Bishops had intruded themselves into secular affairs, in alliance with tyranny, and their oppression of the Puritan clergy. Connected with this last was the grievance of innovations in ritual. It has become the fashion within the last few years to praise Laud for his tolerance and breadth of mind. Readers who may be disposed to accept this view of Episcopal rule in the days when the King's power was still unshaken we recommend to study these debates. Not a voice was raised to defend Episcopacy, as it actually was, though there were fervent supporters of the system. The truth is that twelve years of Laud and his friends brought the Church of England to ruin. It is of the worst omen that High Churchmen who believe themselves to be Liberal find their ideal in him. Dr. Shaw deals with other subjects of importance, and gives in his appendices a great mass of facts which the historian of the times must take into account, but the essential part of his work is in the first chapter.

THE CAVALIER SOLDIERS' VADE MECUM.

The Cavalier Soldiers' Vade Mecum. Edited by E. Almack, F.S.A. (Blades, East, and Blades. 4s. 6d.)—The real title of this interesting relic of the Great Rebellion is "Certain Prayers Fitted to Severale Occasions and are to be Used in His Majesties Armies." Only one copy is known to exist. First we have a list of psalms to be said or sung on various occasions. Then follows a "psalm preparatory" collected from several psalms, and then the prayers for "the setting out of an army," "for the soldiers on parade," "before battle," "for a place besieged," "for the civil state of the Kingdom," &c. The most characteristic is that to be used in times of distress and danger. One or two we know already from the Book of Common Prayer, and the phraseology is often identical. The style and tenor are always dignified and often rise to sublimity. Witness this extract from "A Prayer Before the Battle":—"And that we may with the more security meet our Dangers, Seal to every Soul here, this day, the forgiveness of all our Sins: And howsoever it shall please thee to dispose of us in this Battle, Thy blessed Will, Holy Father, be done; Be unto us, both in Life, and in Death, advantage; and grant that we may either come off with Victory, and live thy Servants, or expect our gearland in the next life, and die thy Martyrs," &c.

Among the Birds in Northern Shires. By Charles Dixon. (Blackie and Son. 7s. 6d.)—Mr. Dixon's books on birds are already well known, and there is much sameness about them. This volume deals with bird life in the Northern parts of these islands, especially Scotland, and England North of Yorkshire. It is inevitable that a writer who confines himself to popular ornithology in the British Islands, and publishes a new book at frequent intervals, should repeat himself. "Rural Bird Life," "British Sea Birds," "Our Favourite Song Birds," "Bird Life in a Southern County," and several other books with similar titles, involve constant repetition, and we have not found much new matter in the book now before us, nor anything of special interest. The author is an accurate observer, but, unfortunately, he has a style of writing which is singularly deficient in ease and charm. Mr. Charles Whymper has supplied a number of illustrations, which are tolerably pleasing; but the book is, on the whole, disappointing, and contains little which is not well known to every observer of birds.

Our Fleet To-Day. By Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N. With Illustrations. (Seeley and Co. 5s.)—In this volume Captain Eardley-Wilmot has, by striking out all account of foreign navies and extending the history of our own, changed "The Development of Navies during the Last Half-Century" into a description of the British Navy alone. Chapters on such naval actions as have taken place are added. These must seem of

doubtful value to the average reader, to whom the effects of quickfiring guns and bursting shells appeal less than the fact that in every single case lack of courage, incompetency, or great disparity vitiated the results obtained. A radical alteration of the rule governing the duration of combats in this year's Naval Manœuvres reveals how utterly at sea our naval experts are. Captain Eardley-Wilmot writes very lucidly, and, beyond the expression of one or two decided preferences, avoids controversial subjects.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

The Life of Rekhmara. By Percy E. Newberry. (A. Constable and Co. 21s.)—Rekhmara was Prime Minister of Thothmes III., having special charge of the district between Assouan and Siut. He was Governor of Thebes and Chief Justice (literally "Gate of Justice," from the place where justice was commonly administered). He was also Steward of the Temple of Amen, and had charge of the prisoners of war, who were made to work for the god, and otherwise employed in the neighbourhood of the temple. Rekhmara survived his master, but seems not to have been continued in office by the next Monarch, Amenhetep II. All these duties as pictured on the tomb (which is in the neighbourhood of Luxor), and with them the Vizier's private business and amusements (as spearing the hippopotamus), are reproduced in this volume. It gives us a highly interesting glance into Egyptian life in the fifteenth century B.C.

The Life of Sir James Nicholas Douglass, F.R.S. By Thomas Williams. (Longmans and Co. 3s. 6d.)—J. N. Douglass was the elder son of Mr. Nicholas Douglass, who, after an unfortunate experience in business (caused by the misbehaviour of a partner), took service with the Trinity House as a constructive engineer. After some experience as an engineer James Nicholas went to help his father in the erection of a lighthouse on the Bishop Rock, in the Scilly Isles. This was in 1847. For two years father and son were employed in setting up an iron structure. This was just completed—it was ready to receive the lantern, glasses, &c.—when, on February 5th, 1850, it was swept away by a storm. A building of stone was now planned, and for two years the two Douglasses were employed in superintending the erection of it. James then went elsewhere, but his brother took his place, and in 1853 the lighthouse was finished (at a cost of £34,650). In 1855 J. N. Douglass re-entered the service of the Trinity House, and he remained in it till in 1892 illness compelled his resignation. During these thirty-seven years he was engaged in the planning and executing of several works of the greatest importance, the most famous, perhaps, being the latest Eddystone Lighthouse. This was opened in 1882 by the Duke of Edinburgh (Mr., or as he soon afterwards became, Sir, J. N. Douglass was greatly impressed, we are told, by the Duchess's knowledge of lighthouse affairs). The building was estimated to cost £78,000; the actual figure was £59,250. The time allowed was five years; it actually was finished in four. This volume is an interesting record of a man who seems to have been as estimable as he was able.

The Constitution and Laws of Afghanistan. By Mir Munshi Sultan Mohammad Khan. (John Murray.)—It must be confessed that few Englishmen have regarded Afghanistan in the light of a constitutionally governed country. Nor does our author contend that it is. He quotes, for instance, from Mr. Elphinstone's "Kingdom of Kabul," giving comments of his own, which tend to show that the Ameer is about as absolute a Sovereign as well can be. Here are some examples:—

TEXT.

COMMENTS.

The Ameer "cannot cede any part of the territory occupied by Afghan tribes."

"He can if he chooses."

"He cannot increase the settlement of the land revenue."

"He has power to change this, and has changed it."

"The King cannot resume the grants of his predecessors."

"The present Amir has resumed them all."

"The Customs duties have never been altered."

"He has the power to alter the Customs, and has done so."

"A part of the administration of justice has been left to the international government of the tribes."

"He has abolished the governments of all the tribes; his is now the sole government."

The situation is summed up in one sentence: "There is no rival

to the present Amir—there is only one King, one power, and one law." But nevertheless our author thinks that "it will be to the benefit of his subjects if his reign is prolonged." Would Messrs. Naoroji and Dutt like to exchange British government for the Amir's? Here is a native ruler ready to their hand.

THEOLOGY.—*Text-Book for the Three Creeds.* By the Rev. Septimus Buss. (Rivingtons. 3s. 6d.)—This is a useful little manual, containing the information wanted on most points, but not, we think, unsusceptible of improvement. We should like to have seen the Nicene clause, "One Baptism for the Remission of Sins," explained. It is not profitable to quote passages from Scripture which refer to a different state of things. When baptism is administered in infancy, what sins are remitted through it? It would have been well, too, not to state so crudely that "eternal" = "everlasting."—From the same author and publisher we have received a *Text-Book for the Church Catechism* (1s. 4d.) We can praise this more unreservedly, though the criticism on "everlasting" applies here also. Some serviceable examination papers have been added.—In the "Quiet Hour Series" (Marshall Brothers) we have *The Pattern Prayer-Book* (1s. net). Various expressions are taken from St. Paul, recording the Apostle's experiences and practice of prayer, and expounded. The first chapter, for instance, takes the words, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith" (Eph. iii. 17).—*Some Tides of To-Day.* By the Rev. Harry Jones. (Elliot Stock. 6d. net.)—This little volume contains six seasonable discourses by a preacher whose name suffices to commend them to readers of the *Spectator*. Sound sense and good feeling, informed by a reasonable piety, are their characteristics.

MAPS.—We are glad to see two more of Mr. John Murray's "Handy Classical Maps" (1s. net each). These are *Palestine* and *Germania*, both appearing under the editorial care of Mr. G. B. Grundy. The *Palestine* map illustrates "Old and New Testament history according to the Palestine Exploration Survey" (would it not have been possible to mark the localities of the tribes, as the provinces are marked in a map of France in Departments?) Half of the space is occupied by two supplementary maps giving "countries mentioned in the Old Testament," and "countries mentioned in the New Testament," with a reference to the journeys of St. Paul. *Germania* includes the whole country from the Baltic to the Black Sea, i.e., *Germania Magna*, which was never subdued by the Romans, together with the provinces of *Rhaetia* and *Novicum* in one division, with the two cis-Rhenane territories which the Romans somewhat magniloquently called *Germania Superior* and *Inferior*; and in the other division, *Pannonia* (*Superior* and *Inferior*), *Illyrium* (the barbarous "Illyria" is given in the title but not in the map), *Dacia*, *Maesia* (I. and II.), *Thracia*, and *Macedonia*, with the unsubdued *Sarmatia*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*History of the British Empire.* By C. C. Green, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Green puts battles as much as possible into the background (Sluys, Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt have scarcely a page between them), and devotes his space to industrial developments, commerce, social life, literature, &c. Military matters are pretty sure to have as much attention as is due to them in the long run, and Mr. Green's plan is to be commended. The illustrations are suited to the character of the book and add materially to its value and interest.

The Letters of Cicero. Translated into English by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M.A. Vol. III. (G. Bell and Sons. 3s.)—In view of a more detailed notice of this work, when it has reached completion, we will simply record the appearance of the third volume with the remark that it covers about four years (48-44 B.C.) It stops short of the death of Cæsar, March 15th, 44.

—*Acetylene.* By Vivian B. Lewes. (A. Constable and Co. 31s. 6d. net.)—It is possible that all our readers may not know that acetylene is an illuminant. Having mastered that initial fact, they may go on to learn all that can be learnt, either theoretically or practically, from this volume, intended, we see, as "a handbook for the student and manufacturer." It does not lie within our province to criticise books of this kind, but we are glad to give such publicity to their appearance as these columns can afford.—*Laundry Work.* By A. Daniel. (McCorquodale and Co.)—This is, as far as we can remember, the *liber princeps* about washing. The plan is to describe the chemical constitution of the materials used, and then to give rules for various ways of washing various fabrics and articles, for removal of stains, &c. We see that a prominent place is given to woollen articles. Few things are more aggravating than the ruin which the self-taught laundress makes of these. The book is illustrated, a good way of helping the non-literary person to understand.—Among books of the holiday season we may mention *Farnham*

and its Surroundings, written and illustrated by Gordon Home, with an Introduction by Edna Lyall (F. Sturt, Farnham, 6d. net). We are glad to see that Mr. Sturt does justice to the wise liberality of Bishop Thorold.

NEW EDITIONS.—In the "Library of English Classics" (Macmillan and Co.) the latest volume is *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville* (3s. 6d. net). Mr. Pollard, under whose care these volumes are appearing, explains what he has been called upon to do for *The Travels*. He has compared the text of the edition published in 1735 with the Cotton MS. in the British Museum, and has corrected a number of errors, omissions, &c., either involuntary or deliberate. The spelling is modernised, but the language retained, obscure and obsolete words being explained by a glossary.—*Unto This Last: Four Essays on the First Principles of Political Economy*. By John Ruskin. (G. Allen. 1s. 6d. net.)—*St. Winifred's; or, The World of School*. By F. W. Farrar. (A. and C. Black. 6d.)

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Baruch (S.), <i>The Principles and Practice of Hydrotherapy</i> , 8vo (Baillière)	16/0
Christian World Pulpit (The), Vol. 57, Jan.-June, 1900 (<i>Christian World Office</i>)	4/6
Cooper (William D.), <i>The Sussex Smugglers</i> , cr 8vo (Gibbings)	3/6
Corelli (M.), <i>The Master Christian</i> , cr 8vo (Methuen)	6/0
Douglass (Sir James N., F.R.S.), <i>Life of</i> , by Thomas Williams, cr 8vo (Longmans)	3/6
Herrick (Robert), <i>The Web of Life</i> , cr 8vo (Macmillan)	6/0
Hopkins (Tighe), <i>The Silent Gate</i> , cr 8vo (Hurst & Blackett)	6/0
Hutchinson (Lady Hely), <i>Monica Grey</i> , cr 8vo (Murray)	2/6
Keese (Oliné), <i>The Broad Arrow</i> , cr 8vo (Macmillan)	2/0
Lewis (G. Pitt-), <i>A Handbook of Thames River Law</i> , 8vo (E. Wilson)	15/0
Linskill (Mary), <i>In Exchange for a Soul</i> , cr 8vo (Macmillan)	2/0
Marsh (Richard), <i>The Goddess: a Demon</i> , cr 8vo (White)	6/0
Nisbet (John), <i>Our Forests & Woodlands</i> (Haddon Hall Library), 8vo (Dent)	7/6
Paget (J. Otho), <i>Hunting</i> (Haddon Hall Library), 8vo (Dent)	7/6
Parkes (Thomas), <i>The Flick of Fortune</i> , cr 8vo (White)	6/0
Parsell (H. V. A., jun.), & Weed (Arthur J.), <i>Gas Engine Construction</i> (Low)	14/0
Passmore (Rev. T. H.), <i>The Things Beyond the Tomb: in a Catholic Light</i> , cr 8vo (Longmans)	2/6
Plomer (Captain W.), <i>The Officer's Pocket Book for Home and Foreign Service</i> , ohlong 12mo (Gale & Polden)	5/0
Smith (Rev. John), <i>Christ and Missions</i> , 12mo (Prim. Meth. Pub. House)	2/6
Taylor (Henry O.), <i>Ancient Ideals: a Study of Intellectual and Spiritual Growth</i> , 2 vols. 8vo (Macmillan)	21/0
Ten Little Boer Boys: a New Version of an Old Tale, by "Norman," Pictures by A. S. Forrest, ohlong 4to (Dean)	3/6
Thomas (C. H.), <i>Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed</i> (Hodder & Stoughton)	3/6
Valentine (L.), <i>Heroes of the United States</i> , roy 8vo (Warne)	7/6
Woodgates (R. G.), <i>The Law of Agency</i> , 8vo (Clowes)	8/6

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* * The Editors cannot undertake to return Manuscript, in any case.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

AS we write on Friday the official news has just been received, *via* Berlin, that the Allied troops have entered Pekin without fighting; that the Legations have been relieved, and the foreigners liberated. The relief felt throughout the world can hardly be exaggerated, but we must leave all comment on this most happy turn in affairs till more details are received, and till the mystery of the Legation telegrams is solved. Meantime we must record that the composite force of British, Indian, American, and Japanese troops met much less resistance on the road to Pekin than was expected. The losses from the extreme heat have, according to the American General Chaffee, been rather serious, but the casualties, except in the first fight at Pei-tsang, have not been heavy. The Chinese infantry showed themselves unable to resist the charge either of the British, the Indians, or the Japanese, while the Tartar cavalry fled before the Bengal Lancers. Those broad facts are much more important than details of skirmishes, for they imply that the Chinese, though better armed than in previous wars, are not yet fully disciplined, or able to contend in the open with any hope. Whether this inferiority is universal, or may be found to be partial if there is further fighting, which it must be remembered is quite possible, remains to be seen, but it looks for the present as if China had acted prematurely, and before her rulers' idea of making an army had been sufficiently carried out.

A very curious, and at first sight alarming, incident is reported from Shanghai. The British Government, on the advice of its Consuls there, ordered the second Indian brigade to stop on its way to the front and land for the protection of the British settlement. It stopped accordingly, but the troops were forbidden to land. It seems that the Viceroy who had given his consent withdrew it, and the change of purpose is attributed locally to Russian and French instigation, those two Powers believing that we are preparing to hold the Valley of the Yangtse. Instructions have, therefore, been asked from London. It is quite likely that the Viceroy, whether censured from Pekin or terrorised by the "Boxers," withdrew his permission, assigning as his reason the jealousy of France and Russia, which, again, may have been expressed without orders by their local representatives. Are we perhaps bothering about Manchuria, which we cannot protect, and so exposing ourselves to a counter-rap?

De Wet and his command are still at large; that is the most exciting piece of news from the front. The British public are watching the hunt with intense interest,—and

expressing a good deal of sympathy for the "fox," who certainly has shown plenty of both pluck and brains. As one of the war correspondents suggests, in future the first duty of a cavalry leader will be to study De Wet's campaign, and to try to learn the secret of his ubiquity,—mobility is too weak a word. But though De Wet's doings are most exciting, far more important is the news that Generals Buller and French have now joined hands, and are beginning a serious advance on Botha, who is strongly entrenched in the difficult country between Dalmanthua, Machadodorp, and Nooitgedacht. His works are said to mount ninety guns, but this is not likely to be the case unless Maxims and pom-poms are counted.

Two other items of South African news must be recorded. The first, which is good news indeed, is that the Elands River garrison was not captured after all, is still holding out, and probably will be able to continue to do so. The other is that the trial of the ringleaders in the Pretoria plot has begun. On Friday the *Morning Post's* second edition contained an account of the opening of the Court-Martial on Hans Cordua, formerly a Lieutenant of the Staats Artillery. The prisoner first pleaded guilty, but that plea was afterwards withdrawn. The chief witness was an informer named Dutoit, a former Lieutenant in the State police and a Dutch Afrikaner by birth. He had apparently been in the plot himself, though he protested to the contrary. It should be remembered by those who feel inclined to sympathise with Cordua that the charge against him is of breaking his parole. If he is found guilty of that after fair trial, he is deserving of little pity. A more detestable crime than breaking a parole to plot murder cannot be imagined. A man gives his parole voluntarily, and every dictate of honour and conscience compels him to keep it.

The new King of Italy has made a decided impression on his people. He took the oath before his Chambers, his Court, and the Ambassadors in the Senate Hall on August 11th, and made a speech which excited a tempest of enthusiasm. The Italians present quite lost their self-control; some wept, some almost shrieked applause, and all followed each sentence with salvoes of cheers that reached the great crowd outside. Some of the principal sentences of the speech will be found textually elsewhere, but its total drift was that the King would guard both liberty and the Monarchy, which were both essential to Italy, with all his personal energies. It was not, however, the words which excited the illustrious audience so much as the evidence which shines through them that a genuine and original King was speaking, a clear-minded man of courage, will, and capacity for leadership. The enthusiasm, which profoundly impressed the diplomatists present, is fully shared by the people, and is said to have lifted them at a blow out of a certain depression into which they had fallen. The impression of the King's manliness was increased two days after by an unusual incident. Hearing that a night train with relatives on board had met with an accident outside Rome, the King, who was sleeping, rose, and with his Queen drove in hired cabs to the spot, worked all night with the rescue gang, and by his presence and decided orders greatly increased their efficiency. The Italians say "There is a King of use."

A speech by the German Emperor made to officers embarking at Bremerhaven was reported by one of those officers to his family, and by them most imprudently published. The speech, if genuine, is important, and its genuineness is not denied. His Majesty said that he should demand from China the suppression of the revolt, the exemplary punishment of the ringleaders, the restoration of the *status quo*, and the establishment of a strong Government

which will give the necessary "written guarantees" against a renewal of the state of affairs which now exists. The Emperor's idea, therefore, is to accept the fiction that the Legations were attacked by rebels. His Majesty added that he should oppose partition with the greatest decision, as the Chinese were accustomed to a central Government, and it would "lead to complications." He warned his officers against underestimating the enemy, blamed Admiral Seymour for advancing with so small a force, and specially charged his hearers to keep on good terms with all nationalities, and to treat the Chinese well, for they expected justice. The speech altogether was a very sensible one, and with the exception of the criticism on Admiral Seymour and one other point, it will be endorsed by every sensible Englishman. The "other point" is the diplomatic acquittal of the Empress-Regent. Pretences of that kind are always unjust, and they seldom pay.

Some passages from a sermon delivered by the German Emperor on his yacht have been published here, and even in their translated form excite admiration and surprise by their real if high-pitched eloquence. The Germans, however, are not surprised. They say their Emperor is a genuine orator, with all the merits and some of the defects of the oratorical temperament. The merits are that he looks at things in a large way, that he thinks out everything that he notices at all, and that he sincerely desires to carry his audience with him,—a great guarantee that he will not be tyrannical. The defects are that the picturesque attracts him too much, that when telling sentences arise in his mind he must utter them, and that when he is in a mood to speak his power of speech carries him away. That seems to English observers sound criticism, but needs the addition—which was true also of Mr. Gladstone—that in all business which he understands the Emperor is a master of detail. His precautions for his troops in this Chinese campaign extend to the minutest particulars. He displayed, too, extraordinary perseverance and knowledge of his countrymen in the way in which he pushed through his Naval Bill.

The fourth annual international congress of the Zionists, or Jews who hope to recover Palestine and settle there, was opened on Monday in London. The interest excited seems to have been considerable, but we do not find in the speeches any evidence of progress towards success, or of that kind of dreamy enthusiasm which should lead to a new Exodus. The main arguments of the speakers are the horrible position of the Jews in countries where, as in Roumania, they are actively persecuted, and the benefit they may be to Europe as the vanguard of an army of intelligence for penetrating Asia. Both are sound arguments, but some hotter impulse than either would seem to be required before the majority of Jews will quit countries to which they are accustomed for a country which has for ages been represented to them as desolate beyond experience. The English Jews in particular are too comfortable to move, the Jews in professions on the Continent fear to be declared foreigners, and the poor majority have no means of influencing the Turkish Government, which is not favourable to the movement. Some day or other, when the Seraglio is in acute want of money, a great experiment will be tried, but meanwhile Zionism is rather the highly interesting aspiration of a great race than a practical design for the restoration of the Jews to their own land. As to the Jews being able to live on the land in Palestine there can, however, be no doubt. Those who have seen a Jewish Colony in Syria will testify to the excellent physical and moral and agricultural results achieved. Merely to see the children in a Jewish Colony in Palestine is ample warrant of what is done for the Jew by release from the Ghetto.

The officers employed in relieving Coomassie may well mourn the ill-luck which has distracted public attention from their services and their heroism. Sir James Willcocks's splendid second relief of the post has indeed been noticed and rewarded by his superiors, but there was a previous relief carried out by Major Morris, Commissioner of the Northern Territories, which, but that public attention was distracted, would have made that officer as completely a popular hero as General Baden-Powell. He successfully led a minute force of less than two hundred natives with four

officers in April from Gambaga to Coomassie, a distance of three hundred and forty miles through tropical forest, fighting repeatedly on the way. He was at last badly wounded, but though often unconscious from pain, he continued to direct operations from his hammock. From May 15th to June 23rd he guided the defence, which was conducted successfully till the Major, finding that ammunition was nearly spent and that the garrison had only three days' rations left, decided to evacuate the place. He discovered a comparatively unwatched route, and on June 23rd, under cover of a heavy mist, commenced a march to the coast with the Governor and six hundred non-combatants in his charge. The march through the wildest forest, often under tropical rain, lasted eighteen days, which may be said to have been days of incessant battle; but owing mainly to Major Morris's control of his Haussas, the convoy arrived at Cape Coast Castle on July 11th, having lost one officer and eighty men. The relieving column had, in fact, endured every hardship and faced every danger possible in war, yet there is risk that it may be forgotten.

The new Government at the Cape has secured a majority of 8, a substantial majority considering the smallness of the House, and one about equivalent to a majority of 50 in our House of Commons. The Motion was a crucial one, that of Mr. Sauer, which demanded an inquiry into the administration of martial law in the Colony. In the division, which was taken on Wednesday, Mr. Schreiner and Mr. Solomon voted for the Government, and Mr. Schreiner denounced both Mr. Sauer and Mr. Merriman for making calculated appeals to the passion and prejudice of the Afrikaners. The result of this first trial of strength is regarded at the Cape as of good augury, and it is now confidently expected that the passage of the Treason Bill is assured. We think it is reasonable to expect that the Ministry will remain in office and be able to carry out the double policy of punishing deliberate insurgents and conciliating and reassuring the loyal Dutch. Both policies are needed to be pursued with firmness.

In Monday's paper the Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Post* makes some very curious statements as to Boer funds, which he declares that he has received from a "well-informed quarter." The total amount of bullion safely deposited in Europe by the Transvaal Government amounts, he declares, to £7,500,000. "Van Boeschooten, Dr. Leyds's occasional deputy, is now on his way back from the Transvaal with a further instalment: he will be followed on board the *Koenig*, now leaving Lourenço Marques, by Mr. Kruger's secretary, Mr. Eloff, similarly loaded. The main object of Mr. Van Boeschooten's mission to South Africa was to secure the necessary authorisation to dispose of the moneys from Mr. Kruger and the other members of the Government." The money is to be invested in France, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland. There are fifteen shareholders, and the signatures of ten will be required for each cheque. A committee of control has also been appointed, with power to fill up any vacancy caused by death in the ranks of the shareholders. The fund "is to be exclusively devoted to the promotion of the national interests of the South African Boers, but it is not to be drawn on in any way until a year after the formal conclusion of peace." In addition to the sums exported to Europe, Mr. Kruger has now in hand about £2,000,000.

At first sight this seems rather a formidable matter, and a lively imagination may form pictures of this syndicate of millionaires wandering about Europe with their pockets full of gold trying to injure Britain. In reality, however, we imagine that very little will be done with the millions. A good deal has probably already been spent, and the remainder will be heavily drawn on by large numbers of refugees who will refuse to go back, or who will even leave their country for the purpose of taking their share in the fund. Thelusson was going to work wonders with his accumulations, but his delirious dream of compound interest came to nothing, and the lawyers were the chief beneficiaries. We should not wonder if the result were much the same here, and if before very long there were a Boer Fund lawsuit in half the European countries. Vast sums of money when not held in individual hands always attract litigants as treacle attracts wasps.

The Cambridge University Extension meeting, which has already had Mr. Balfour as a lecturer, was privileged on Friday week to hear Sir Richard Jebb on "Macaulay." The old fashion, set by Matthew Arnold, which spoke of Macaulay with a kind of contemptuous patronage, has almost disappeared, and the Regius Professor of Greek did ample justice to his brilliance and sanity, his love of constitutional freedom, his insight into the tendencies of an era, and his genuine honesty of soul. He represents, indeed, the farthest extreme from Hegel's "pragmatic historian." "He never sought a spurious credit for originality," said the lecturer, "by white-washing bad characters and blackening great ones." He was above all things a consummate historical artist, a master of detail, a cunning arranger of light and shade. In his analysis of Macaulay's style Sir Richard Jebb was especially good,— "it was not merely rhetorical, it had the life, swiftness, and glow of oratory." We are glad to see that he paid a tribute to a side of Macaulay's poetical talent which is often forgotten, the real tenderness and simplicity which appears in his "Epitaph on a Jacobite."

Mr. Dooley—in the Chinese number of *Harper's Weekly*—has given a description of Chinese lying which is unsurpassed even in that great humourist's repertory of magnificent audacities. In answer to Mr. Hennessy's remark that he did not believe one word of what was in the papers about China, Mr. Dooley explains to him that in reality a grand contest is going on between the Western and Eastern civilisations in the matter of lying. But the Western is hopelessly handicapped. "How in th' wuruld can we compete with a counthry where ivry lab'rers cot-tage projooce lies so delicate that th' workmen iv th' West can't undherstand thim? We make our lies be machinery; they tur-ru out theirs be hand. They imitate th' best iv our canned lies to deceive people that likes that kind, but f'r artists they have lies that appeals to a more refined taste. Sure, I'd like to live among thim an' find out th' kind iv bouncers they tell each other. They must be gr-rand. I on'y know their export lies now—th' surplus lies they can't use at home. An' th' kind they sind out ar-re betther than our best. Our lies is no more thin a conthradiction iv th' thruth; their lies appeals to th' since iv honesty iv anny civilized man." Mr. Hennessy, as usual, refuses to be beaten, and declares "They can't hurt us with their lies; we have th' guns, an' we'll bate thim yet." But Mr. Dooley, as usual, has the last word, and it is full of shrewd philosophy. "Yes, an' 'twill be like a man who's had his house desthroyed be a cyclone gettin' up an' kickin' at th' air."

The *Daily Express* of Friday publishes a telegram from Cherbourg declaring that the French Government, "in case of the, in their mind, most probable outbreak of war with England in November," will, some days before the declaration of war, despatch "a number of ships to be known as the Black Fleet" to sweep the seas "of all British men-of-war they may find." We need not say that personally we entirely disbelieve this cock-and-bull story, but in any case we think the *Daily Express* greatly mistaken in publishing it. If they seriously believed that there was anything in it they should not have made it public, but should have communicated it to the Intelligence Division of the Navy, where it would have been far more useful undivulged than divulged. To publish can do no good, and may do harm. In our view, the whole of the stories as to a French invasion in November—the event is now apparently looked upon as an "autumn fixture"—are without foundation, and we are making ourselves ridiculous by dwelling on them. But to hold this view is not to hold that preparation for all eventualities is unnecessary. We would make every possible effort to bring both our sea and our land forces up to the highest point of efficiency. Though the present French Government certainly do not mean to make war on England, they may be succeeded by less sensible men, and we should be ready for all chances, and prepared, if we have to defend ourselves, to make that defence one which will never be forgotten. That is the spirit in which to meet dangers ahead. To publish fantastic stories of "Black Fleets" is not absolutely useless, but, like all crying of "Wolf!" makes real danger when it comes infinitely more dangerous.

On Friday week, but too late for comment in our last issue,

it was announced that the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, had died suddenly after an operation. The news, which was quite unexpected—it was by no means generally known that the Chief Justice was ill—was received with deep regret in the legal world. Indeed it may be said that the best comment on Lord Russell of Killowen's life and work was to be found in the evidently genuine and heartfelt eulogies passed on him in the Law Courts. The late Chief Justice of England was from many points of view a very able Judge, but he will be remembered chiefly as a great advocate. In that field he has seldom been equalled. Not only was he a great cross-examiner, but also a master of forensic oratory. His famous speech before the Parnell Commission showed one side of his genius for public speaking. In his final address before the Behring Sea Arbitration Tribunal he proved that he could argue as well from the cool standpoint of international law as when his feelings were touched with the passion of Irish Nationalism. No announcement has yet been made as to Lord Russell of Killowen's successor. If, however, the choice should fall upon Sir Robert Finlay, England will have as its Chief Justice a man of the highest character as well as of the highest legal attainments,—a man fully capable of sustaining the splendid traditions of that great office.

Monday's papers publish a letter from Lord Wemyss dealing with the question of the Militia. Lord Wemyss thinks that the Militia force will be destroyed by the proposal to make all Militiamen liable for service at any time and anywhere. We cannot agree with him here, though we do agree with him that the Militia is the basis of our home defence system. In our view, the military forces of the nation should consist of (1) the present Regular Army, its duties being that of policing the Empire; (2) Militia; (3) Volunteers; (4) a Home Defence Reserve, only to be called out to resist invasion, and consisting of all the trained men in the country who, not enrolled in any other force, had entered their names on a register and accepted a retaining fee. The Militia should be increased in numbers, and there should be established a regular Militia Reserve, through which all Militiamen should pass as a matter of course. This Militia Reserve should not be liable to service outside these islands. The pay, &c., offered to the Militiamen must, of course, be made sufficient to attract men in the required numbers. The Militia should be looked upon as a great military school, through which as large a portion of the population as possible should be passed. The inducement to get trained men, after they had ceased to belong to the Army or Militia, or their respective Reserves, or to the Volunteers, to place and keep their names on the registers of the Home Defence Reserve would be an old-age pension of a shilling a day after sixty-five, and a small annual retainer.

The *Times* of Wednesday prints a letter in four columns of small type from Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., to Lord Londonderry on the subject of postal reforms. He proposes that the surplus over £3,000,000 should be devoted to "cheapening, facilitating, and extending" the service. He would abolish the charge of twopence for the receipt of the charges on a telegram, reduce the registration fee from twopence to a penny, reduce the minimum charge for the inland sample post from one penny to one halfpenny, give the monthly magazines the advantage of the newspaper post, and reform the cast-iron rules about postal orders. He would like to see many Continental methods adopted, such as the "cash on delivery" system, under which goods ordered by post are delivered by the letter-carrier on payment of the price, and the excellent expedient of the *Mandat-carte*, by which the post-card is used as a kind of bill of exchange. He would have postal orders sold on Sunday, and the fine for insufficient postage never allowed to exceed the deficiency; he proposes that the name and address, not exceeding eight words, on an inland telegram should be sent free. We have nothing but praise for Mr. Henniker Heaton's zeal and ingenuity in reform, and his list of proposals supplies Lord Londonderry with the material for valuable work.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

New Consols (2 $\frac{3}{4}$) were on Friday 98 $\frac{3}{4}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE ADVANCE ON PEKIN.

THE accounts from China suggest that the Manchu Princes and their Empress have struck their great blow too soon. They should have trained their masses of men, at least, for another twelvemonth in the use of the rifle, have brought up their cavalry from the desert, and have fortified the road to Peking before they presumed to defy the European Powers. Their soldiers fight fairly well, but their fire has not the murderous effect of the fire of the Boers, and when beaten they fall into confusion, which is probably increased by their inherent fear of the unknown and half-magical resources of the white men. Like Frenchmen, too, Chinamen are much better soldiers after a first success. Success in the relief is not even yet absolutely certain, because it is possible that the best Chinese troops, those which drove back Admiral Seymour, are encamped close to the city, and that the "Boxers" will make one desperate effort to defend the capital; but it is more probable that resistance will be feeble, and that the Empress having fled to Segan, the army of relief will reach Peking and relieve what is left of the Legations. They may have perished, the beaten troops venting their rage in a last and successful assault; but the evidence suggests that the Chinese Government retains its full authority, and may still be indisposed to make all compromise impossible. In any case, and whether the Legations escape or not, if the relieving force reaches Peking, what is next to be done?

It is assumed on all sides, and, with obvious reserves, in all countries, that the objects of the Allies must be to secure the condign punishment of the authors of the insult to Europe, to set up an endurable government capable, says the German Emperor, of giving "written guarantees," and then to leave everything very much as at present. That is undoubtedly the wisest policy if it is attainable, for it will postpone all the permanent and greater questions; but, then, how is it to be attained? The supreme author of the whole atrocity, the Empress-Regent, is probably beyond our reach in any case, for Russia and France are believed to object to hold her personally responsible—"Mon rôle," once said Francis of Austria, "*est d'être royaliste*"—and even if those two Powers give way, both she and her superior agents are probably beyond pursuit. The magnitude of a crime is no proof that it will be punished, and the murderers of the Ministers of Europe may escape like the murderers of the Armenians. Their punishment may be impracticable, and to punish inferiors or the common people while sparing the higher criminals would neither be just nor effective. The Manchu Court, like Li Hung Chang, thinks all but great men "of no importance." We could, perhaps, after Lord Elgin's precedent, by running a most dangerous risk, plunder and burn the Imperial Palace, a city in itself; but beyond reducing a million of people to an extremity of distress for the means of subsistence, what would be the result of that? Simply nothing at all, except to deepen the inner conviction of every Chinaman that the people of Europe are dangerous barbarians. The destruction of Peking would bring us no nearer to the desired end, the more reasonable government of China. Yet we cannot retire doing nothing, and with nothing secured, for if we do life in China will be impossible for white men, and a most deadly, if not fatal, precedent will be established of which every Asiatic Prince will be eager to avail himself. The Government of China has fired on the Embassies of Europe, and if Ambassadors are ever to be respected again it must suffer for that firing. Then it is suggested that the feeble Emperor Kwangsu, who will never, his Ambassador states in a despatch published in the Blue-book, have any children, may be acknowledged as the only legal Sovereign, and enabled through some strong Vizier to govern on "Reformed" principles. That would be an excellent device if it did not involve certain difficulties, such as the catching of the Emperor, whom the Empress will have withdrawn or killed, the discovery of a Vizier who is at once a strong man and a friend of Europeans, and the maintenance of a throne sure to be hated of the people either by a combined army contributed by jarring States or by a new Chinese army, which may prove three times as dangerous

as the old one. We had drilled and petted the Sepoys for a century before they sprang at our throats. Finally, it is proposed that, failing all attempts to control the central authority, we should protect and support the Viceroy, who are assumed to be ready to desert the throne, and set up kingdoms as the Viceroys of Delhi did. That also might do if we can do it, which, in view of Chinese characteristics, is more than doubtful; but then that is partition under another name. All Europe will not support the same Viceroys, nor can any State guarantee a Viceroy without subjecting him to some sort of control. That would be, as Macaulay pointed out, to arm the barbarian with the irresistible strength of civilisation.

Of course, if the Empress-Regent does not fly, and can be coerced by the threat of deposition, some sort of peace may be patched up, though Ambassadors in Peking will have in future to lead strange lives; but in the way even of that rather shameful arrangement there will be two immense difficulties,—the determination of Russia not to abandon Manchuria, which is her necessity, and the reluctance of the German Emperor to retire empty-handed. Still, an arrangement would be possible under which the Ambassadors would live in a fortified quarter of their own, and possess rights of direct audience, instead of dealing with the slippery and powerless Tsungli-Yamen; but in the infinitely more probable event of the retreat of the Empress, with the Emperor among her baggage, what is to be done? We cannot *make* an Emperor by decree, nor would the Powers agree upon the Emperor to be made. We strongly suspect that the Powers, in the absence of any other means of compulsion, will be tempted to use the one which lies ready to their hands, that is, to collect all import duties, and after paying the bondholders, to pay over or retain the balance as the Chinese Government may behave itself. That device would be a singular innovation in international law, but it would be effective, and as European control of the Customs is already established it would be fairly practicable. Moreover, it would place in the hands of Europe that permanent rein upon the Chinese Government which would make the remonstrances of civilisation something more than words. We could not approve the plan, for we dislike internal interference in any State unless accompanied and justified by wise government; but it would restrict the action of Europe to the coast, and, as it could be carried out by sea-power, would not involve the permanent garrisoning of the interior. All, however, depends upon the events of the next few days, upon, that is, the entrance of the Allied troops, the fate of the Ambassadors, the character of the resistance encountered, and the fleeing or remaining of the Empress-Regent. When those points are cleared up, it will be possible to think without all thought being arrested *in limine* by doubt as to the facts. At present all the statesmen and journalists of Europe are in the position of philosophers who raise subtle discussions upon data chiefly imagined by themselves.

THE NEW KING OF ITALY.

THE surprise which we hinted last week might be in store for Italy has come quicker than even her friends ventured to anticipate. A curious concurrence of testimonies compels us to believe that the quiet, reserved little man, whom his father's Court undervalued, as the Court of Prussia once undervalued the flute-playing Prince afterwards to be Frederick the Great, has in him the metal of which genuine Kings are made. How it happened that the Prince of Naples was so little known it is difficult to understand, but the same thing has been recorded pretty often of the heirs to thrones. Courtiers are not good judges of men; the tendency to expect that a Prince, if really capable, shall be a paladin in externals, an impressive man like the late Emperor Frederick when he was in health, is nearly incurable, and the Prince himself may have deliberately stood aside. Many reasons, good and bad, concur to make the heir to a throne feel safest and most dignified while in shadow, and this Prince is said to have broken out of it only twice,—once when he insisted on choosing as his wife one of the "strong race," as he himself calls it, of the old Prince-Bishops of Montenegro, a race which may have a future but at present has but a minute realm and no money, and once when he showed his disapproval of the African

policy of Signor Crispi. At all events, he was unknown till his father's unlooked-for death, when suddenly, as it were in a day, all Italy recognised with tumultuous delight that a man of discerning mind, with an unbending will, and the courage of a race of daring soldiers had ascended the throne. His very first proclamation had a ring in it which suggested his great grandfather, Carlo Alberto, who said on his death-bed "At least I have not died as Kings die"; and his first speech to his Parliament completely carried away not only the Senators and Deputies, but the Ambassadors and nobles who were watching, with well-concealed weariness, what they expected to be a formally splendid scene. It was a splendid scene, but it was also an unusual one. Standing in front of a brilliant concourse of Princes, Ambassadors, great nobles, and Ministers, the King read out his speech, and with the first sentences the Italians, "quick at the uptake" as the French, recognised that the aged Premier, Signor Sarocco, had never written that, that the new King was reading his own thoughts and making his own promises. "Sacred was the word of the magnanimous Carlo Alberto, who granted liberty, sacred that of my great ancestor who accomplished the union of Italy, sacred also the word of my august father, who in every act of his life showed himself worthy heir of the virtues of 'Padre della Patria.' Splendour and grace was lent to the work of my father by my august and venerated mother, who planted in my heart and imprinted on my mind feelings of princely and Italian duty. Even thus to my work will be joined that of my august Consort, who, born of a strong race, will dedicate herself entirely to the country of her adoption. May Monarchy and Parliament go hand in hand. Unabashed and steadfast I ascend the throne, conscious of my rights and of my duties as a King. Let Italy have faith in me as I have faith in the destinies of our country, and no human force shall destroy that which with such self-sacrifice our fathers builded. It is necessary to keep watch and to employ every living force to guard intact the great conquests of unity and of liberty. The serenest trust in our liberal charter will never fail me, and I shall not be wanting either in strong initiative or in energy of action in vigorously defending our glorious institutions, precious heritage from our great dead. Brought up in the love of religion and of the Fatherland, I take God to witness of my promise that from this day forward I offer my heart, my mind, my life, to the grandeur of our land." As each sentence of that ringing manifesto came forth, the enthusiasm of the audience rose higher and higher till the King was almost inaudible, sounds of weeping were heard on all sides, and as the assemblage dispersed the general feeling was expressed in the sentence of a popular Deputy,—“The master has come.” Italy by her representative men acknowledged and welcomed the presence of a King.

The Italians are now Southerners in temperament, whatever they were in the Roman time; and too much stress must not be laid on any scene, however encouraging or impressive; but two facts of importance come out, we think, from the events of the last few days. The new King of Italy is as competent as any of his forefathers, and the Italian people would be delighted if he proved a real King who could not only lead but control them. The first fact is of high importance. The grand group of statesmen who made United Italy has passed away, their successors, with the possible exception of Baron Sonnino, are not their equals, and the kingdom needs a strong and irremovable man as pivot for its government. The “groups” tend in their endless combinings, shiftings, and recombings to make steady government impossible. If Victor Emanuel III. can act as he writes—and those who have come in contact with him say that he can—he will give to successive Administrations what they most require, the tone of men who know their own minds, and mean to carry their purposes steadily out. Most of the recent Ministers have wished to do their duty and make Italy at once orderly, solvent, and contented, but they have lacked the qualities of persistence and inflexible adherence to law which make modern Governments strong. We all forget how steadily in modern States the governing machine goes on, crushing resistance far more completely than the spasmodic energy of any despot, till the very idea of insurrection, indeed the very word, dies finally away. In England, Germany,

France there may occur a “riot,” or an “émeute,” or a “manifestation,” but insurrection is absent, even from the popular thought. A strong King in Italy, as wise as his best advisers, irremovable, and armed with that regard for the Royal wish which grows up in every Monarchy, might be the most efficient of Premiers, more especially as the Constitution was intended to leave him the active chief of the Executive. He cannot levy a new tax or send a Minister into exile; but he is the working head of the Army; he can select any man for Minister he chooses, and practically compel him to resign; he can dissolve or prorogue Parliament at his discretion; he can personally insist that no criminal be pardoned; he can appeal directly in his own name to his people, and whenever order is menaced he can issue decrees which have the strength of law. He has, in fact, almost the powers of an American President, and he holds them for life. If he steadily insists that brigandage shall be put down, that the death penalty shall be restored, that robbery of the State by its civil servants shall be accounted treason, and that all abuses such as now exist in municipal taxation shall be abolished, it is hard to see whence the resisting power is to come. The Ministry would be chosen with a view to these ends, the bureaucracy must obey, and the Army is always in the King's hand. The only rival authority is Parliament, and with a popular King visibly capable of ruling Parliament would soon find itself bound to discretion by the will of its electors. The Italian Parliament is not trusted by the people as ours is, Italians still hesitating between its leadership and that of the house of Savoy, if only the house is competent to lead and will undertake that heavy work. All that wonderful scene in the Senate Hall meant, first of all, the delight of the people to find that the Monarchy was once more real, that they were once more in the hands of a King competent to lead, with ideas and convictions of his own. The work to be done is no doubt heavy, but if Victor Emanuel III. only possesses, in addition to his power of thought, his courage, and his decision, the power of choosing the competent for office, it is not impossible. In any case he starts well, with an amount of popular favour that must stir his very heart; and if he is competent and as fortunate as most members of his house, it is clearly not from any popular dislike for the kingship that his difficulties will arise. The trend of the age is not against Kings, but *fainéant* Kings and figure-head Kings are now possible only in States where the people can not only rule themselves, but rule themselves successfully.

INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENTS.

IT is a commonplace that the British Government is not well served in the matter of intelligence, and, unlike many commonplaces, this one is true. We do not mean to suggest that the Government does not occasionally and on specific points get very good intelligence, but that its system is not properly analysed, organised, and systematically developed. There are great *lacunæ* in the present system, and, again, a great deal of the intelligence which has been collected is not available through want of a proper system. When we speak thus of the lack of a proper system of intelligence, we must not be supposed to fall into the error of decrying the present Army Intelligence Department. That Department within the limits assigned to it has been very well served for the last ten or twelve years, and at the present moment it is in extremely capable hands. During the present war, for example, we believe that the work done by Sir John Ardagh and the men under him has been most efficient; and if its record were, or rather could be, made public, we believe that it would be shown that from the beginning of the war till now the Department has done its work most efficiently. It has stood the severest of tests, and stood it admirably. But the Military Intelligence Department is conceived on much too small a scale and covers too narrow a field. Though a fairly wide definition is given to “military intelligence,” the organisation is not large enough, nor is enough money spent to enable it to cover the whole ground. The intelligence work done by the Admiralty is, again, within its own limits, very good. As far as the Navy is concerned the method of collecting and transmitting intelli-

gence is most efficient, and we believe that it would be very difficult indeed to find a naval Commander-in-Chief on any important station who was not as well supplied as he could possibly be with the intelligence required for his own special work.

If, however, we go beyond the field of military and naval intelligence, we believe that it will be found that our Departments are not by any means well served, and in many cases are not really served at all. Politically and commercially, that is, we have no proper system of collecting, preserving, and, what is still more important, making available intelligence of importance. No doubt vast masses of intelligence of importance are daily received at the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, the India Office, and the Home Office, but for the want of an efficient system of correlation and classification the greater part of it is lost. Unless, that is, the intelligence is of obvious importance, and, as it were, bears its value on its face, it is in great danger of being lost in those quagmires of tape-tied paper which necessarily accumulate in every public office. An item of real importance may be reported to the Foreign Office, for example, but neither the sender nor the receiver may perceive that it is of any very great value, and it is therefore left on one side. It is quite conceivable, however, that if a practised intelligence official could see it, and bring it into relation with one or two other scraps of news from other places, it would be at once admitted to be of the first importance. This need for the correlation of news of importance is indeed the essential factor in the whole problem. To make the best use of the intelligence obtained in various Departments of State there ought not to be four or five Intelligence Departments, but one Central Intelligence Department, in which information from all sources should be collected. This central office should be, as it were, the assistant of all the Departments of State. They should all be able to requisition it for information on any and every subject. They would supply it with the raw material of intelligence and receive back from it the finished article. They would send in black ore and take back bright steel. Of course a central office of this kind would have to be subdivided into sections. There would be a military section, a naval section, a commercial section, a political section, but these sections would not be in watertight compartments, but would intercommunicate freely. The whole office would be under a permanent Secretary, or President, or Director, and working with and under him would be a Board composed out of the heads of the various sections. Some such organisation as that would control and direct the whole office. But it is obvious that to make the Central Intelligence Office efficient it must not be isolated and out of touch with the great Departments. To secure this connection there ought in each Department to be a small section or room whose business it would be to forage, as it were, for the central office, to have access to all despatches and reports, and to pounce on anything new or important and to send it to the Central Intelligence Office. These small sections, composed at the most of a couple of clerks, in each public office would be nothing but transmitters to the Central Intelligence Office. They would not use, but simply collect and pass on, items of intelligence. It would not be necessary for them, of course, to read everything themselves, as it would be the business of the chief officials to send up to the Intelligence Room anything they thought would be useful. Something of this kind is, of course, done now, but in rather a haphazard and casual way. These transmitters of intelligence in each office should not be a class apart, but officials should be passed through the section, stopping there a year or two years at a time. But though the transmitters should not hold permanent posts, we think that chief men in the central office should not be moved about, but should, when once appointed, continue at the Central Intelligence Office till they retired. Only in this way would it be possible to obtain a body of men with sufficient knowledge and experience to hold all the threads of intelligence in their hands. At present the men in the Military Intelligence Department are only appointed for five years. The result is that they leave the office just when they have thoroughly learnt their business and "know all the ropes." The reason for this arrangement is that it is thought wise to train as many officers as pos-

sible in intelligence work. Thus men are passed rapidly through the Department and sent out to inoculate the regiments and the staffs with the knowledge acquired in Queen Anne's Street. No doubt there are many advantages in this system, and we certainly would not abolish it altogether. Instead we would make the two or three chief men in each section permanent, but we would also pass through each section a number of soldiers, sailors, officials, and diplomats, who should go in for, say, two years, but admittedly rather to learn than to do the brunt of the work. Another point is, we think, of importance. The permanent officials should not begin in the office and then work up, but should all be transferred to it by selection from other Departments. Men of not less than ten years' service in the Civil Service, or Army, or Navy should be, that is, appointed to the vacancies, and thus there would be no danger of an Intelligence Office caste being created who would be out of touch with, and therefore loathed by, all the other offices. Every office and service would feel that it had got its foot in the Central Intelligence Office and therefore need not be jealous and suspicious thereof. Next, we think that the central office should from time to time despatch persons, not necessarily its members, to investigate particular points on the spot. Lastly, the office ought to let it be known that it was always ready to receive confidential information from private persons at home, throughout the Empire, or abroad. It would, of course, get a terrible amount of rubbish poured out by busybodies, and also probably a good deal of false information deliberately sent for the purpose of deceiving, but also every now and then it would get really useful pieces of information from odd corners.

Very likely it will be said that the creation of the elaborate structure we propose would be of no avail, that no one would make use of its miscellaneous stores, and that except for the naval and military sections the work would soon become wholly perfunctory. We do not think so, and chiefly because it is really impossible to say where military intelligence ends and civil begins. While a war is going on all sorts of things that seem to have no military element in them whatever turn out of real military importance. In truth, when we were at war the whole Central Intelligence Office would become merged in the military section, and every source of information would be laid under contribution with the single object of helping our armies in the field. Again, it may be said that on all non-military subjects we get plenty of information already from the newspapers, and that it would be useless to treasure and classify commercial or political items of knowledge. We cannot agree. We believe that the want of sound intelligence available at a moment's notice in the best form is often a cause of administrative inefficiency in this country. What is generally done at present when information is wanted in a hurry is to "put on" some one to study the subject and to get together the information. Yet it may very well be that the information is really all at hand, though inaccessible at the moment, and that if we had a Central Intelligence Office where information of all kinds likely to be required by Government was tabulated and arranged, it could be produced at a couple of hours' notice. Depend upon it, we do not suffer from too much accurate and systematised knowledge in this country, and that a well-organised Central Intelligence Office would be of the greatest value to our rulers.

MINISTERS' RELATIONS AND GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.

THE *Birmingham Daily Post* of Tuesday contains an interview with Mr. Arthur Chamberlain dealing with our remarks in regard to his position as Chairman of Kynoch's which affords a useful opportunity for discussing the general aspects of the question involved. Before, however, we deal with these matters we must correct one or two rather important misconceptions of the spirit of our note which are made by Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, doubtless unconsciously, in his interview. To begin with, he talks as if we had been foolish enough to suggest that our remarks applied to all companies having any relations whatever with Government. "I doubt," he says, "if there is any large business in any large town that has not such

relations, and therefore to suggest that I am to go out of Kynoch's is to suggest that I am to throw up my life's work because my brother has become a Cabinet Minister. And not only I, but all my brothers who are also in business, are to go out and cease their employments for the same reason." This is an absurd travesty of what we said, which was, in fact, that "it seems to us that it is not expecting too much of Mr. Arthur Chamberlain to say that while his brother is in the Cabinet he should refrain from taking an active part in any company which has large commercial dealings with the Government." That is, we expressly guarded ourselves from appearing to take the unreasonable line that Mr. Arthur Chamberlain attributes to us. Our point, of course, was, though it could not be elaborated in a short paragraph, that when a company had such very large and special relations with Government as a company manufacturing cordite must have, it was better that the brother of a Cabinet Minister should not take an active share in its management. Yet on this Mr. Arthur Chamberlain founds the preposterous suggestion that we desire that "when one member of a family goes into politics all the rest of his family are to go out of business." A more serious misrepresentation is made by Mr. Arthur Chamberlain in another part of the interview. "Then what do the *Spectator* think? Do they mean the Colonial Secretary cannot be trusted? Do they believe the Colonial Secretary when he says he has never used any influence or taken any part whatever in the placing of any contracts, or don't they believe him? If they do believe him, why am I to go out of business? If they do not believe him, why do not they say so?" "The fact is," he goes on to say later in the interview, "the attacks on the Colonial Secretary, of which this is the last, and a fair sample of all of them, only commenced when he took the line he did over Mr. Gladstone's Irish proposals." Here the innuendo is quite clear. Mr. Arthur Chamberlain evidently means to assert that we have joined in the attacks on his brother's honour, and that we do not believe Mr. Chamberlain's statement that he did not use his influence in the placing of any contracts. That allegation we repudiate with the utmost indignation. We have not only never believed, but have repeatedly held up to condemnation, the disgraceful attacks that have been made upon Mr. Chamberlain's honour. We believe his record as a man of honour, both in public and private life, to be absolutely untainted, as clear and unclouded as that of any statesman, not only of our day, but in the past, and we protest against Mr. Arthur Chamberlain's attempt—an attempt which we admit will be regarded by most people as almost too childish and absurd to be taken seriously—to fasten upon us the foolish charge of joining in that "hunt of obloquy" with which Mr. Chamberlain has been so unfairly assailed. And this merely because we happen to take a view on a public question with which he does not agree! We may be wrong, unpractical, and pedantic in our view, but at any rate the subject is one worth serious consideration, and we have not the slightest intention of allowing Mr. Arthur Chamberlain to manœuvre us into such a position that we cannot discuss the relation of the Government to private companies for fear of seeming to asperse the honour of the Colonial Secretary. In truth, Mr. Arthur Chamberlain himself admits the absurdity of his own suggestion, for he goes on to say that we want to "hound" Lord Lansdowne out of the War Office in order to put his brother there. If we believed the accusations against Mr. Chamberlain, as he interrogatively insinuates we do, Mr. Chamberlain would obviously be the very last man we should want to see at the War Office.

But perhaps it will be said that we are taking Mr. Arthur Chamberlain and his remarks somewhat too seriously and too much in earnest. There was not the slightest reason why he should have imported so much heat into the argument. The matter is not one for vituperation, but for calm discussion. We have never said or believed that Mr. Arthur Chamberlain obtained contracts for his company owing to political pressure, and we have stated our absolute confidence in Mr. Chamberlain's declaration that he has never used his influence directly or indirectly to help Kynoch's. We did not need his assurance as to this. The whole tenor of his public career was, as far as we were concerned, quite a sufficient warrant. What we did suggest, how-

ever, and what we shall continue to assert unless and until we are convinced to the contrary by the weight of argument, is that it is greatly to be desired that there shall be as little connection as possible between companies and firms regularly employed by or regularly taking Government contracts and members of the Cabinet. It is no answer to say that in a particular case no public disadvantage has resulted. In all such matters it is essential that there should not merely be nothing wrong, but no suspicion of anything wrong. Democracies, more than all other forms of government, are apt to have their minds clouded by suspicion, and such clouding is a great public evil. There is nothing which gives the demagogue a better foothold for his evil work than suspicion, and therefore it is desirable to create an atmosphere in public life in which it shall be most difficult for suspicion to arise. In the matter of the Judges we all recognise the value of this insistence on what seems, if regarded superficially, a pedantic standard. No one could imagine that any of the Judges now on the Bench would lean on the side of a company in which he held shares, but unless we are greatly mistaken no Judge would try a commercial case in which there was the faintest possibility of any such suspicion. But though the ideal must be to banish the very shadow of suspicion, we admit that in a business nation like ours there are many difficulties in applying the principle. No one would, of course, be so foolish as to suggest that the brothers of a man who had reached Cabinet rank must instantly retire from business for fear of compromising their kinsman. Again, it would be preposterous to expect a statesman to leave public life because he could not induce his brothers to cease directing companies which were in the habit of tendering for Government contracts. We make no such quixotic proposal as that. In amplification of what we said last week, we would point out that what we want is the creation of a vigorous and vigilant public opinion in regard to the whole question. To begin with, we think that when a man attains very high rank in the political world, his brothers or sons, if by chance they should happen to be connected with companies or firms having large business relations with Government, should be expected by public opinion as far as possible to efface themselves on that side of their business, and not to take an active part in obtaining Government contracts. Under such circumstances, a chairman of a company might very well say to his directors: "As long as my brother is in office it will be expected of me that I stand aside in all matters where Government work is concerned, and I feel that I should certainly do so. Other members of the board must therefore relieve me of this side of the work." That would be a way of meeting the difficulty from one side. On the other hand, if and when chairmen and directors of companies with very near relatives in the Government would not consent to stand aside when Government contracts were involved, there might be an understanding in all the Departments of State that, as far as possible, such companies should be avoided in case of Government work. They could not of course be absolutely boycotted, but short of that it might easily be made clear that the Department was anxious to avoid employing companies in which it would come into active relations with a near relative of a member of the Cabinet. The result of this etiquette would soon be that companies largely concerned with Government work would take care not to bring on to their boards men with brothers and fathers already of Cabinet rank, while if by chance the near relative of an existing chairman became a Cabinet Minister they would provide that the Government work should not be in his hands. No doubt the prevalence of a business and official etiquette of this kind might sometimes impose a certain disability of a not very important kind on the relations of men of Cabinet rank, but we do not think that the nation need feel greatly troubled. Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, we notice, talks about the *Spectator* being "willing that I should sacrifice my position and my fortune," but we do not think that the circumstances are quite as tragic as that. The number of people who would find themselves in Mr. Arthur Chamberlain's position would be very few, and even in those cases the sacrifice of fortune would be but slight. In truth, the only result of

the establishment of the etiquette we advocate would be that men belonging to political families or families containing a prominent statesman would naturally tend to gravitate, when in business, to companies and firms which did not make their profits out of Government contracts. That would, as a rule, be the extent of the hardship. But even if there were substantial pecuniary injury in a few individual cases, we do not think that the public need mind. It would be infinitely better in the national interests to injure one or two promising commercial careers than not to do everything possible to prevent the slightest growth of suspicion in regard to the public administration. To put a concrete case, we should view with complete equanimity Mr. Arthur Chamberlain asking his Board to appoint a vice-chairman to deal with all Government contract work while the present Cabinet was in office, and to give that vice-chairman a portion of his salary. Again, we should remain "unmoved in mind" if we heard that some company engaged in manufacturing artillery had told the son of a Cabinet Minister that they would have liked to put him on their Board, but that they thought it "better not" as long as his father was in the Cabinet. We do not think that this is really a cruel and heartless view, or that we find it possible to hold it only because we are not capable of being touched by the pathos of things commercial. On the contrary, we believe the mass of Englishmen would be equally willing to interfere with the freedom of a few chairmen and directors in order to clear the air of any suspicion of a suspicion. What we have said before we repeat again. We do not for a moment suppose that Kynoch's was ever in any way corruptly favoured by the Government, but we do think it most desirable that no sort of handle should be given for charges of favouritism. In order that this may be so, certain sacrifices may no doubt be occasionally required from the nearest relations of our statesmen, but we cannot admit that these sacrifices are at all too great to be asked for by the public. Unless the State has a right to ask for such sacrifices, we do not understand the meaning of patriotism.

We may say in conclusion that the Kynoch incident is not one of any very great moment *per se*. There is nothing behind it, no dark mystery or undiscovered circumstance, and it is outrageous to use it, as it has been used, as a bludgeon with which to belabour the Colonial Secretary. Nothing, however, could better illustrate our point as to the inconvenience and injury to public interests that arises when near relatives of a leading member of the Cabinet are engaged in securing Government contracts. We are quite sure that no privilege was obtained for Kynoch's by undue influence, and if the person who had been actively directing Kynoch's had not been Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, the allegations in regard to the distribution of the cordite contracts would doubtless have attracted no attention. As it was, however, they have attracted a great deal of attention, and it is very difficult to persuade the man in the street that a point was not stretched in Kynoch's favour. The result is that the influence on public affairs of an able and honourable statesman is to some extent—not a great extent, we admit—injured. This is to be regretted, and we shall certainly do our best to create a public opinion which shall prevent similar inconveniences arising in the future. To be quite candid, we do not mind even if the near relations of Cabinet Ministers are somewhat inconvenienced by the growth of that public opinion. All that we care about is that the position of statesmen who are doing good public service shall not be liable to be impaired, in however small a degree. No doubt in this case the incident is a very trivial one and the injury minute, but some day the injury may be real. The essential thing is, as we have said, to create a state of public opinion which will make it extremely difficult and disagreeable for men in Mr. Arthur Chamberlain's position to be active in securing Government contracts. When once the principle is accepted, things will soon adjust themselves thereto, and without any substantial loss or injury to individuals.

GOVERNMENTS AND FINANCIERS.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has been violently attacked in the City for the way in which the recent issue of Exchequer bills was offered. We do not

propose to enter into the merits of the dispute except to note that Chancellors of the Exchequer who try to get the best possible bargain for the nation are never very popular in the money market, but the incident suggests some general considerations on the relations between Governments and financiers, and on the different light in which they are regarded, or supposed to be regarded, in this country and on the Continent. The universal belief abroad is that the financial measures of the several Governments are commonly taken in consultation with the great financiers. When money has to be raised, the Finance Minister applies to this or that well-known firm, with the result that the conditions of the loan are settled in part by reference to the interest of the lenders. The Minister does not act, perhaps, with perfect openness in the matter. The particular transaction is merely one link in a long chain of similar occasions in the past or in the future. The great financial houses have to be rewarded for previous services, or to be conciliated in view of services to come. In England nothing of the sort goes on. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants to borrow money he knows of only two forms of the transaction. Either he fixes the interest he will give, and waits for lenders to come forward and take it; or he asks what interest they will offer, and waits to see from whom he can borrow most cheaply. The Government is not supported by one group in the City or left without support by another. Everything is done in the full light of day, and, provided that the money wanted comes into the Treasury, it matters nothing from whom it comes.

From the point of view of pure finance there is something, perhaps, to be said for the foreign as against the English system. No doubt the advantages of the English plan are obvious. The Chancellor of the Exchequer knows of but one market,—the cheapest. All is fish that comes to his net; he does not inquire into the antecedents of any part of its contents. The one question he asks about a lender is,—Can I get the money more cheaply from anybody else? In the long run bargains conducted on this plan must be profitable to the borrowing Government. They get whatever advantage the market has to give them at the moment. They are not obliged to forego any part of it for the benefit of some actual or possible creditor. But even to this there is another side. We are accustomed in England to think of the Government as of a borrower always able to get money on the easiest possible terms. But this is not a necessary condition of public loans. Governments—even English Governments—have been in difficulties before now, and it is conceivable that they may be in difficulties again. It is when they are in difficulties that the benefit of the Continental system is recognised. The market looks askance at their proposals. It thinks it can employ its money to better account, and before the Finance Minister can make it think differently he has to offer higher terms than he wished or intended. On the foreign system this necessity is avoided, at least in part. When a Government wants to raise money it has financial friendships of long standing, whether of interest or habit, and among these it looks for present service. Use and wont count for something even with financiers, and when a Government with which they have had dealings in the past comes to them for assistance they have a natural inclination to serve it. Not, indeed, that this assistance is the result of use and wont only. It is founded on the tradition of former transactions which were mutually profitable, and on the prospect of future transactions which will be equally profitable. The Government does not, it is true, get the help it seeks for nothing; but on the other hand it does get it, and gets it somewhat cheaper than it could have been got without the aid of financial friends. Thus, if the nation has to pay a little more at one time it pays a little less at another, and so in the long run is no poorer. On the English plan the Chancellor of the Exchequer takes all the chances of the market to his own share, without any attempt at averaging them. Sometimes, of course, he is in a better position than the foreign Finance Minister, because he has no financiers to conciliate. Sometimes, on the other hand, he is in a worse position, because he has no financiers ready to help him on the score of past or future favours. Where, it is asked, is the advantage that the English Minister has over the foreign Minister?

As to any purely financial advantage we will not speak. It is quite possible that, taking one transaction with another, the English Minister gets money on no better terms than a French or German Minister. But the ease with which a particular loan is raised is not the only consideration involved. We have to take into account the impression which the existence of these intimate relations between the Government and the great financial houses makes upon the public. To get money cheaply is not the only end for which a Government exists, and it may easily happen that to the attainment of this end the confidence and goodwill of its subjects have to be sacrificed. If so, the bargain will not be a good one, no matter how low may be the interest paid or how convenient the conditions of repayment. There is nothing which rouses so many suspicions as any close relationship between Governments and financiers. The public imagination does not stop short at the actual or probable facts. It is not content with calculating what commission such and such a house was paid, or with censuring the Finance Minister for not making better terms. It wanders away into a region befitting rather the immortal author of "Monte Christo" than any more sober personage. It fancies all manner of dark machinations between the Government and the financiers,—machinations in which the public interest is recklessly sacrificed to private gain. The Minister makes the loan easy for the financiers; the financiers, in return, put the Minister in the way of all the good things at their disposal. Every one who has so much as a finger in the business goes out of it a richer man, and nobody is the worse, because in the end the whole loss falls on the public, which is quite unconscious how its interests are being played with. Sometimes, perhaps, there is a fraction of truth in these stories; more often, it may be, there is not even that. But the presence or absence of truth is of no consequence. Every rumour that gets into circulation is eagerly believed, and is promptly accepted as a confirmation of all that have gone before and a foundation for all that are to come. The mystery attaching to large financial transactions, in the eyes of those who are unfamiliar with them, is so profound that no fable, however improbable, fails to command instant and permanent belief. This is at the bottom of much of the Anti-Semitic passion that rages so fiercely in Continental countries. The Jews are largely represented in finance; in the popular belief, indeed, all financiers are either Jews or the creatures of Jews. People cannot lay their fingers on particular bargains in which the public interest has been sacrificed, but this very inability generates an atmosphere of universal suspicion, in which the microbes of the Anti-Semitic agitation develop with extraordinary rapidity. This is the price which foreign Governments pay for arrangements in themselves, perhaps, natural and convenient. And when what this price really means comes to be weighed, Englishmen will not, we think, be sorry that they are not called upon to pay it.

The more open, then, all public money transactions are, the better. This principle, however, need not prevent a Chancellor of the Exchequer from retaining complete freedom of action as regards the placing of his loans. If he finds that anything like a ring or "knock-out" is being formed in the home money market in order to squeeze him, or if for any other reason he cannot get sufficiently good terms at home, he is quite right to call in the New World to redress the balance of the Old.

ENGLISH CAREERS.

FIFTEEN or twenty years ago everybody who had sons was advising everybody else to avoid sending their boys into the professions. They were played out, said the experienced, and now only attracted those who were governed by a passed away tradition. Nobody could make anything in any profession. They were crowded up to the lips, and even if they were not they offered few advantages compared with "business," or those irregular careers which a foolish pride had induced those who knew the world imperfectly hitherto to avoid. Already, it was said, the cute Americans had discerned the signs of the times, and in New York all the best people were entering commerce or acquiring shares in shops. Under this impression Peers sent their sons to the Stock Exchange,

and everybody who, being anybody, wanted incomes for younger children sent them into "business," or, if they had a turn for mechanics, made them electrical engineers. There was a run upon the great "shops," as engineers call their establishments, and scores of men with degrees found themselves working like artisans in the hope of obtaining ultimately they scarcely knew what great opening in life. We think we perceive signs of a strong reaction against this idea, and a reversion to the old belief that for the cultivated the older professions offer on the whole the largest chances. It was discovered that the whole world could not be employed in hanging electric bells, that contracts requiring an engineer's knowledge were not so many or so profitable as they had been supposed, that to make money in business you required capital, and, what was a curious surprise, that the City was by no means a desert with gold lying about, but a particularly crowded place in which only a few with rather peculiar powers could expect a great success. There was a revulsion towards the old professions, the Army, the Civil Service, the Bar, the Law, and even the Church, almost the only one of the irregular careers which retained its full attraction being journalism, always attractive because youth is no obstacle and capital at first not indispensable. We fancy second thoughts were best, and that for cultivated lads the old professions still offer the most attractive careers. The idea that every one is fit for "business," or will make an engineer, or can succeed in the Colonies, is to a great extent an illusion. It would be found, we believe, if statistics could be obtained, that the proportion who succeed in those careers is very much the proportion who succeed elsewhere,—that is to say, one-third fail utterly, and in one way or another "go under," that is, die or disappear, or live their lives as spongers on their friends; one-third make an enduring livelihood; and one-third in different degrees succeed. The first set, to use the quasi-philosophical language of the day, are "unsuited to their environment," and get out of it, often with heart-breaking or soul-destroying wrenches; the second set lead very monotonous and unattractive lives; and the third set make money, which they find a contenting diet or ashes in the mouth, very much according to temperament. They have, no doubt, the advantage that they may if circumstances are favourable become comparatively rich, but they seldom acquire wealth until its main gift, freedom, has become from age and settled habits undesirable, while they lose many things for which they have perhaps a definite taste. One, the most valuable, is what we may call intellectual life, association with the thoughtful, keen interest in speculations which are not concrete, the sense of using education for all it is worth. Nothing makes life so happy as a pleasant climate, and to those who do not take to it the intellectual climate of the City is not pleasant. It is apt to be a little stifling except when the air is cleared by a storm not without its dangers. Another disadvantage of the outside careers is the absence of the distinction among fellow-men which to a large proportion of mankind is the most attractive of all rewards. The professions are not so badly paid after the first years of weary waiting, and at the end the prizes to be obtained are very considerable. It is very difficult to obtain through commerce a career that will bring you to the very top, as success will in the Army, or at the Bar, or even in the Church, and careers in those professions are still completely "open to talents." No one is in the front rank so undoubtedly as Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Lord Chief Justice whose loss the Bar is just now lamenting, or Lord Roberts, and not one of the three owed anything to birth, or favouritism, or the command of capital. Lord Russell was an attorney in Belfast; Dr. Temple has often alluded to the struggles of his earlier days; and Lord Roberts, though the son of an officer of merit, owed everything to his own exertions and capacity. No doubt they all to a certain extent have been helped by good fortune, that is, in fact, by opportunities of attracting the attention of ruling men, but then good fortune is an element in one career as much as in another. The existence of prizes so great attracts the virile and the ambitious, and so makes these careers creditable, possibly helps to make them worthy. At least it is a curious fact that the one profession which is strictly intellectual, yet is wholly without rewards in distinction, that of the solicitors, is that which is most frequently suspected of unworthiness, and which does as a fact find it most difficult to clean the unworthy out. We

have always wondered why the solicitors, who have more influence on elections than any single class, bear their exclusions from all prizes and distinctions, but they have borne it for the seventy years of popular elections without an audible murmur. Wretched as the pecuniary position of the Church now is, it is still a grand road to distinction, especially for the earnest; and the Army is an even quicker one, and if we can foresee the future at all, will so remain, the first business of nations during the coming century being defence of their possessions.

This question of careers has an importance beyond its influence on the efforts of the new generation, for it will ultimately decide the question, now so incessantly mooted, of the best kind of education. For twenty years past the disposition to foster what is called "technical education," which means substantially, in all its grades, education directed to the accumulation of knowledge instead of the strengthening of the mind and character, has been increasingly prevalent, but we suspect that it has nearly spent its force. The men of the old culture do best in the professions—an ideal instance was Lord Bowen, who, beginning as a clergyman's son without a spare sixpence, was at forty-seven a Lord Justice of Appeal—and it begins to be seen that a man can make a fortune in diamonds, like Mr. Rhodes, or a grand financial reputation, like Mr. Dawkins, even though he does know Greek. What teaching strengthens the mind most will doubtless be a subject of endless debate, but it will, we think, soon be acknowledged that such strengthening, and not mere knowledge, should be the subject of education. The remarkable comparative success in life of the sons of the clergy, who are all, with the rarest exceptions, trained in the old learning, tells heavily on that side, as does, for those who know it, the recent history of the Navy. One would fancy *a priori* that the successful sailor would always be a sort of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, but the successful Admiral of to-day is often a man with the old culture, and always a man of education. The advice to-day of the experienced to anxious fathers would, we think, be: "Get your boy's mind well trained, develop his character as well as you can, and then, unless you have, from connections or accident, some very special opening, start him along one of the old routes. If he wants to deviate, let him do it for himself when he is a little more acquainted with the world." If that is good counsel there is good hope that in the coming century the torch will not flicker much or go out altogether.

THE DESECRATION OF SCENERY.

THE thanks of all lovers of beautiful scenery—and every decent human being, *pace* Socrates and Dr. Johnson, should be included in such a category—are due to Mr. Richardson Evans for his letter in the *Times* of the 11th inst., embodying a vigorous protest against outrages on the picturesque in Nature. Mr. Evans is the honorary secretary of the National Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising. The very name of the Society suggests that it does not ask for impossibilities. Competitive commerce must, we fully admit, make use of the advertising art. What is protested against is the indiscriminate use of this art in every place and under all conditions which happen to strike the advertiser's fancy or to appeal to his cupidity. It is generally held that the love of fine scenery is a peculiarly modern trait; strange that we moderns should dare to injure and vulgarise Nature as the ancients never did. Had the modern commercial spirit run riot in ancient Greece, the Acrocorinthus and the defile of Thermopylae would have been plastered over with hideous notices of Chian wine or the best Hymettus honey. The barbarians whom we look down upon never injure natural objects; on the contrary, they regard them generally as the shrine of some divine invisible Power. Would that the spirit which animates them were cultivated among civilised men. We have heard a story which is at least *ben trovato*, if not quite true, and which illustrates the tendency to which we refer, though here the injury was to be inflicted on art rather than on Nature. There is a much-advertised product in the United States known as "castoria," apparently a medicine for children, who are said to "cry for" it. When the Bartholdi statue of Liberty was to be erected in New York Harbour funds—were

for some time not forthcoming, and the proprietor of "castoria," it is alleged, offered to pay the entire expense of the pedestal provided he were permitted to decorate it with a huge advertisement of his medicine which should greet the Atlantic voyager as he entered the splendid bay of New York. Happily this was too much even for Tammany, and the Liberty statue is devoid of the flamboyant ornament suggested.

The evil is spreading far and wide, and it must, if possible, be stopped. "In the peaceful Swiss valley," writes Mr. Evans, "some monstrous piece of trade puffery suddenly glares at the wanderer." Yes, indeed; noble boulders in the Gotthard Pass are defaced by chocolate advertisements, and the wild Devil's Bridge between Andermatt and Goeschenen has for some years been disfigured by several advertisements, among them that of a popular Milan newspaper. In America there is not a barn which does not bear on its roof an imperious call to take a certain sarsaparilla, and the beautiful scenery of the Katskills, the Great Lakes, the valley of the Susquehanna, is the prey of the advertisement fiend, who, curiously enough, appears to have a wider stretch of liberty allowed him than any other member of the community. The New York policeman pounces down on anybody who dares to set foot on the sacred grass of Central Park, while the noble Palisades on the Hudson are (or certainly were not long ago) at the mercy of civilised savages. In England we are treading with zest the same path. Our advertising agents have annexed the green country, the hillside, the shady valley, and the sea-coast. By whatever railway line we leave London, we are reminded every few minutes that we are dirty and need somebody's soap, or that we have a liver and need pills, or that we are thirsty and in a fit state to demand cocoa. "Green fields of England!" apostrophised Clough in a poem which echoes in English hearts. Alas! the green fields of England have been annexed to the London boardings as advertisement agencies. In France, a singularly irritating pole surmounted by a tin banner "with a strange device" greets one every minute on the roads or fields parallel to the railway. It is usually a chocolate advertisement (how is it that the makers of chocolate and cocoa are so particularly given to this outrage on our feelings?), and it is varied at intervals by staring references to "Suprême Pernot" or "Amer Picon." You cannot go to an English seaside resort of any size without the value of the pills, and the mustard, and the soap, and the starch, and the cocoa being forced on you. The cliffs, the beach, the bathing establishments, even the sails on the sea, are utilised as heralds of a commercialism run mad.

But we are all of us saying this "all the time," as the Americans say, while yet the evil increases and nothing is done. One of the disheartening features of modern life is the general condemnation of practices which still continue. That seems to indicate either widespread laziness, or a feeling of helplessness, or an absorption in ordinary daily tasks which leave no time for the fulfilment of social duties. Now the attempt to prevent the defiling of natural scenery is certainly a social duty, and the special virtue of the letter of Mr. Evans is that he does not merely repeat what everybody says, but that he suggests that we should do something. Perpetual lamentation without action is fatal; what is everybody's business becomes nobody's business. Two lines of action in reference to this matter can be pursued. In the first place, greater power can be conferred on local representative bodies to preserve local scenery from the attack of the advertiser. It may be said that these bodies are largely chosen by those who advertise or who do not object to advertisements, and so the evil will not be met. But the same might be said of any reforming law ever passed. Law is educative, and the mere discussion of such a question in any district assembly would open eyes that are now dim or closed. Local administrative functions should surely include power to deal with obvious nuisances; and if it is not a nuisance to see the banks of a lake, a woodland scene, or a hillside plastered over with appeals to buy soap or pills, then the very word nuisance has no meaning.

But Mr. Evans rightly goes to the individual and asks him to act as well as talk. While we are getting local bodies to move, the country may be covered with boards and poles, and vested rights in them secured. Every tourist can do something. He can, as Mr. Evans suggests, visit B in preference to A because B is not spoilt by the advertising mania and A

is; and he can tell the landlord of his hotel or pension exactly why he exercises this preference. The landlord, finding that obtrusive advertisements drive away custom, will soon bestir himself. The local grocer who discovers that the hotel demands less of his wares and who learns the cause, will begin to think seriously of a problem that never struck him before, and he will perhaps refuse to buy of a house that, by its advertisements, helps to destroy his own trade. The townspeople or villagers will find less money passing into their hands during the holiday season, and they will ask and soon discover the reason why. The resolute action of comparatively few tourists would soon impel social influences far and wide like the ever-increasing circles in a stream. In America the boycott of firms which carry advertising to extreme lengths has been suggested, and, we believe, practised. Whether it is possible or desirable here we do not say; but the suggestion made by Mr. Evans is both possible and desirable, and every tourist can take a useful hint from it.

The Bible declares that "the Earth is the Lord's,"—not man's, for him to do as he pleases with it. Man has the usufruct, but in the highest sense he has not eminent domain. He is a trustee to whose charge this world of wonder and of beauty has been temporarily committed, and he must answer for his stewardship. We have received from the Creator through our ancestors a vast and magnificent estate, and it is our duty to hand that estate to posterity at least unimpaired, and, if possible, improved. To convert beautiful spots (and there are few spots on the earth which are not really full of beauty, had dull man the vision to see it) into places of hideous desolation for the sake of a little money, is certainly not to improve our heritage. And as our great modern cities grow ever, as the poet says, "in blacker, incessanter line," it is the more incumbent on us to save with jealous care the attractive scenes of Nature made to heal and bless the weary soul of man.

THE ORNITHOLOGY OF TENNYSON.

READERS of Tennyson must have observed that the poet was an ardent bird-lover; but the completeness of his acquaintance with bird-life is recognised perhaps only by the few. In these days of "higher education" poets and writers have to beware of small inaccuracies,—neither poetic license nor imagination's lofty flight will serve as a safeguard from the hawk-eyed modern critic who goes about seeking whom he may detect. To-day Wolfe would scarcely have ventured to introduce his

"Struggling moonbeam's misty light"

in face of the fact that Mr. Nasmyth, with incisive scientific accuracy, informs us on the authority of that unimpeachable witness, the Nautical Almanac, that upon January 16th, 1809, the moon was scarcely a day old and practically invisible! It is easy to err; perhaps after all Keats's nightingale was only a humble sedge-warbler: most nightingales are. But in Tennyson's ornithology no flaws can be detected. He reveals in a hundred delicate touches his knowledge of bird-life, his full acquaintance with all those points which Seebohm summarises in the preface to his "History of British Birds":—"The habits of the bird during the breeding season, at the two periods of migration and in winter; its mode of flight and of progression on the ground, in the trees, or on the water; its song and its various call and alarm notes; its food and its mode of procuring it at different seasons of the year; its migrations, the dates of arrival and departure, the routes it chooses, and the winter quarters it selects; and above all, every particular respecting its breeding, when it begins to build, how many broods it rears in the season, the place it selects in which to build its nest, the material it uses for the purpose, the number of eggs it lays, the variation in their colour, size, and shape,—all these particulars are the real history of a bird."

The poet falls into no common errors,—for him the swallow and the martin are distinct. Twice the situation in which the latter build their nests is referred to:—

"Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs,"

and—

"The martin-haunted eaves."

This bird is very commonly mistaken for the swallow, which builds almost exclusively in the rafters of barns and out-houses, never under the eaves.

The swallow, next to the nightingale the favourite bird of all the poets, has many references to his flight and his appearance as the harbinger of spring.

"The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee"

records at once the insectivorous tastes of the bird, and the fact that it catches its prey when on the wing. Some doubt having been suggested as to whether the swallow does or does not catch bees, the practical evidence of Dixon (always an accurate observer) deserves consideration. Writing of the bee-eater he says: "They were busy hawking for insects and mingling with swifts and swallows."

"The May-fly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow speared by the shrike,

And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey,"

sings Maud's disconsolate lover, defining with scientific accuracy no less than with alliterative charm, the feeding habits of the swallow and the cruelty of the butcher-bird.

One small fact impressed itself sufficiently upon the poet's mind to deserve repeated notice.

"As careful robins eye the delver's toil"

occurs twice in "Geraint and Enid," first in describing the keen glance with which Geraint scanned his bride-elect in her faded silk, and secondly the still keener scrutiny of her face after his harsh words. The feeding habits of the robin are here expressed in one brief line. Any one who cares to watch one of these pretty little creatures perched near the gardener as he turns up the soil can testify to the bright-eyed watchfulness, head on one side, with which he regards the digging operations, darting down upon his food the instant it appears. Possibly the robin was a favourite with the poet, for in "Locksley Hall" he is again alluded to:—

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast,
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest,
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove."

Here three separate notes are made of the renewal of plumage by birds in the spring,—the beautifying of the males during the breeding season, when the brilliancy of their colouring helps them to find favour in the eyes of their little mates. Another notable reference to change of plumage is made in "The Last Tournament":—

"The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
Woos his own end."

The protective colouring of both birds and eggs is a subject which increasingly occupies the attention of ornithologists and oologists. Upon their plumage depends the very existence of many birds and the survival of their young in that race which is to the fittest. No better example of protective plumage could have been given than that of the ptarmigan. This bird, which in British latitudes is to be found chiefly in the Highlands and mountainous districts of the North, so closely resembles, when clothed in its summer plumage, the boulder-strewn hillsides which it frequents, that its detection is almost impossible. But with the approach of winter and the consequent covering of the hills with a mantle of snow, the ptarmigan changes his appearance. His sober hues are gradually replaced by snowy plumage, and as a pure white bird he defies his enemies. But if this transformation (resembling as it does the adaptability to climatic changes of the Arctic hare and the ermine) takes place too early in the season before the ground is snow-covered, the ptarmigan becomes an easy prey to the sportsman.

But what of the nightingale? How does Tennyson write of this bird to whom poets have sung in all ages? It is the symbol used throughout the love passages in "Harold."

"Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale . . ."

cries Edith as she waits her lord at sunset in the garden. When next they meet in that same garden Edith's note is changed. No longer a song to the passionate nightingales—

"Love will stay for a whole life long"—

but thoughts of

"Night as black as a raven's feather."

She does not love the song-birds now:—

"They are but of spring,
They fly the winter change—not so with us—
No wings to come and go."

The metaphor continues, and so the happy birds pass from the poem and the tragedy draws to its end. But references to

the bird whose song the poets have immortalised are not confined to "Harold." In "Aylmer's Field" occurs the lovely passage:—

"Hidden as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

An exquisite thought exquisitely expressed! It scarce needs comment. The bird of night, who sings divinely in the star-light, lays in her oak-leaf nest plain eggs of olive-brown or bluish-green, with no bold markings on the soft-hued shells. One last reference, to the bird's apparent pleasure in her own sweet notes:—

"No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone
More than my soul to hear her, echo'd song
Throb thro' the ribbed stone."

One cannot but think that the poet must have seen these little combatants as he took his daily walk:—

"As the thistle shakes
When three grey linnets wrangle for the seed."

And how vividly these brief descriptions conjure up a mental picture:—

"Round as the red eye of an eagle-owl,"

and—

"Dove with the tender eye,"

whilst the longer passage—

"Nigh upon that hour
When the lone heron forgets his melancholy,
Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams
Of goodly supper in the distant pool,"

shows close acquaintance with the habits of the night-heron, its rousing to activity at the hour of sunset, and the nature of its food. Who has not felt what none but the poet could have so expressed—

"drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song."

"The Blackbird" displays a fund of knowledge. The exact reproduction of the notes of birds on paper is almost impossible of accomplishment. Various ornithologists have vainly endeavoured to describe by curious combinations of letters the distinctive notes uttered by different birds. But the broad effect of the bird's note can be rendered with near approach to Nature, and in expressing these varied sounds the examples to be found in Tennyson are all true to life, brief, and forcible:—

"From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves,
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy
But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home the ground. To left and right
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills,
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm,
The red-cap whistled: and the nightingale
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day."

Again, in "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere":—

"Sometimes the linnet piped his song,
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong";

and in other poems:—

"The sparrow's chirrup on the roof."
"And oft I heard the tender dove
In firry woodlands making moan."
"The building rook 'ill call from the windy tall elm tree.
And the tufted plover pipe, along the fallow lea."
"A blot in Heaven, the Raven, flying high,
Croaked."
"The swamp, where hums the dropping snipe."
"The great plover's human whistle."

These few examples by no means exhaust what might be selected from the poet's works. Enough have been quoted, however, to prove him no less a great naturalist than a great poet.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A BATTLESHIP OF TO-DAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Last year it was my proud privilege to lay before the readers of the *Spectator* a few details upon the polity of a battleship, and from the amount of interest shown in that subject, it would seem acceptable to supplement it by a few more details upon the mechanical side. First, then, as to the

ship herself. Complaints are often heard of the loss of beauty and ship-like appearance consequent upon the gain of combative strength in these floating monsters. And it cannot be denied that up till a few years ago in our own Navy, and at the present date among the *cuirassés* of France, the appearance of the vessels made such a complaint well founded,—such ships as the 'Hoche' and 'Charlemagne,' for instance, from which it may truly be said that all likeness to a ship has been removed. But in our own Navy there has been witnessed of late years a decided return to the handsome contour of vessels built, not for war, but for the peaceful pursuits of the merchant service. And this has so far been attended by the happiest results. These mighty ships of the 'Majestic' class, on board of one of which I am now writing, have won the unstinted praise of all connected with them. This means a great deal, for there are no more severe critics of the efforts of naval architects than naval officers, as would be naturally expected. In these ships the eye is arrested at once by their beautiful lines, and the absence of any appearance of top-heaviness so painfully evident in ships like the 'Thunderer,' the 'Dreadnought,' and the 'Admirals.' Their spacious freeboard, or height from the water-line to the edge of the upper deck, catches a seaman's eye at once, for a good freeboard means not only a fairly dry ship, but also plenty of fresh air below, as well as a sense of security in heavy weather. It is not, however, until their testing time comes, in a heavy gale of wind on the wide Atlantic, that their other virtues appear. Then one is never weary of wondering at their splendid stability and freedom from rolling, which makes them unique fighting platforms under the worst weather conditions. They steer perfectly, a range of over three and a half degrees on either side of their course being sufficient to bring down heavy censure upon the quartermaster. They have not Belleville boilers, and so enjoy almost complete immunity from breakdowns, maintaining their speed in a manner that is not approached by any other men-of-war afloat. In addition to great economy of coal usage they have, for a ship of war, very large coal bunkerage. In fact, in this respect their qualifications are so high that there is danger of being disbelieved in giving the plain facts. On a coal consumption of 50 tons per day for *all* purposes a speed of eight knots per hour can be maintained for forty days. Of course, with each extra knot of speed the coal consumption increases enormously, reaching a maximum of 220 tons a day for a speed of fifteen knots with forced draught. It is necessary to italicise *all* purposes, for it must always be remembered that there is quite a host of auxiliary engines always at work in these ships for the supply of electric light, ventilation, steering, distilling, &c. And this brings me to a most important detail of the economy of modern ships of war,—their utter dependence for efficient working upon modern inventions, all highly complicated, and liable to get out of order. As, for instance, the lighting. It is quite true that the work of the ship can be carried on without electric light, but when one considers the bewildering ramifications of utterly dark passages in the bowels of these huge ships, and remembers how accustomed the workers become to the flood of light given by a host of electric lamps, it needs no active exercise of the imagination to picture the condition of things when that great illumination is replaced by the feeble glimmer of candles. Truly they only punctuate the darkness, they do not dispel it, and work is carried on at great risk because of its necessary haste. Then there is the steering. Under ordinary circumstances one man stands at a baby wheel upon a lofty bridge, whence he has a view from beam to beam of all that is going on, of the surrounding sea. At a touch of his hand the obedient monster of 150 horsepower, far down in the tiller-room aft, responds by exerting its great force upon the rudder, and the ship is handled with ridiculous ease. Use accustoms one to the marvel, and no wonder is ever evinced at the way in which one man can keep that giant of 15,000 tons so steady on her course. But of late we have had an object-lesson upon the difference there is between steering by hand without the intervention of machinery and steering with its aid. In the next water-tight compartment, forward of the tiller-room, there are four wheels, each 5 ft. in diameter, and of great strength of construction. Some distance in front of these there is an indicator,—a brass pointer moving along a hori-

zontal scale marked in degrees. Forward of this again, but about 2 ft. to port of it, there is a compass, and how any compass, however buttressed by compensators, can keep its polarity in the midst of such an immense assemblage of iron and steel furniture is almost miraculous. By the side of the compass is a voice-tube communicating with the pilot-bridge forward. To each of the wheels four men are allotted, sixteen in all. A quartermaster watches, with eyes that never remove their gaze, the indicator, which, actuated from the pilot-bridge 300 ft. away, tells him how many degrees of helm are needed, and he immediately gives his orders accordingly. One man watches the compass, another attends the voice-tube, listening intently for orders that may come in that way from the officer responsible for the handling of the ship. Two men also watch in the tiller-room for possible complications arising there. Total, twenty-one men for the purpose of steering the ship alone, or a crew equal to that of a sailing-ship of 2,000 tons, or the deck hands of a steamship of 6,000 tons. Yet this steering crew is only for one watch. Of course, this steering by hand is a last resource. The engines which move the rudder are in duplicate, and there are seven other stations from which they can be worked,—viz., one on the upper bridge, one in each of the conning-towers, one at each steering-engine, and two others on different decks in the lower fore part of the ship. It is certainly true that some of these wheels actuate the same connection, so that one break may disable two, or even three, wheels; but even granting that, there still remains a considerable margin of chances against the possibility of ever being compelled to use the hand steering gear. Those awful weapons of war, the barbette guns, may also be handled by manual labour, but it is instructive to compare the swift ease with which they, their containing barbettes (each weighing complete 250 tons), their huge cartridges of cordite and 850 lb. shells, are handled by hydraulic power, and the same processes carried out by hand. And so with all other serious operations, such as weighing anchor, hoisting steamboats, &c. The masses of weight to be dealt with are so great that the veriest novice may see at one glance that to be compelled to use hand labour for their manipulation in actual warfare would be equivalent to leaving the ship helpless, at the mercy of another ship of any enemy's not so situated. Yes, these ships are good, so good that it is a pity they are not better. In the opinion of those best qualified to know, they have still a great deal too much useless top-hamper,—nay, worse than useless, because in action its destruction by shell-fire and consequent mass of *débris* would not only mean the needless loss of many lives, but would pile up a mountain of obstacles in the way of the ship's efficient working. Also, the amount of unnecessary woodwork with which these vessels are cumbered is very great, constituting a danger so serious that on going into action it would be imperative to put a tremendous strain upon the crew in tearing it from its positions and flinging it overboard. Upper works of course there must be, but they should be reduced to their simplest and most easily removable expression, and on no account should there be, as there now is, any battery that in action would be unworkable, and consequently only so much lumber in the way. Remembering the enormous cost of the flotilla of boats carried by these ships, three of them being steamers of high speed, it comes as somewhat of a shock to learn that upon going into action one of the first things necessary would be to launch them all overboard and let them go secured together so that they might possibly be picked up again, although not easily by the ship to which they belonged. It is only another lurid glimpse of the prospective horror of modern naval warfare. There will be no means of escape in case of defeat and sinking, for nothing will be left to float. Finally, after all criticisms have been made it remains to be said that it is much to be regretted that we have not double the number of these splendid battleships furnished with boilers that can be relied upon as the present boilers can. Other ships of their stamp are being built, but with Belleville boilers, of which the best that can be said is that our most dangerous prospective foe is using them exclusively also. But she, again, is rushing blindly upon certain disaster in the direction of accumulating enormous superstructures which are certain to be destroyed early in any engagement, and being destroyed will leave the ship a helpless wreck. We have shown our wisdom by reduc-

ing these dreadfully disabling erections, and shall yet reduce them more. Why not go a step farther, and refuse longer to load our engineers with the horrible incubus of boilers that have not a single workable virtue but that of raising steam quickly, and have every vice that a vehicle for generating steam can possibly possess?—I am, Sir, &c., F. T. BULLEN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE SURRENDER OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—A man of Sir Edmund Monson's position and character requires no corroboration. Still, as one who on this side of the Atlantic was as much "behind the scenes" as Sir Edmund was on the other, I would like to endorse all that he says. I was private secretary to Lord Palmerston—then Prime Minister—and I remember very accurately the arrival of Mr. Seward's despatch, which crossed the one from England to which Sir Edmund refers. There was no telegraph in those days. It had failed although it had been laid. The despatch from Mr. Seward, written before he had received any communication from this side, unmistakably conveyed that the United States Government was willing to surrender Messrs. Mason and Slidell if the British Cabinet were really in earnest in demanding it. Lord Palmerston had already taken steps to convince them of this earnestness by despatching the Guards to Canada at considerable risk and expense owing to the probability of the St. Lawrence River being blocked by ice before their arrival. To this unhesitating action of his, coupled with Lord Lyons's admirable diplomacy and Mr. Seward's strong views of the justice and policy of yielding, the peaceful termination of this dispute was solely due. The contents and date of arrival of Mr. Seward's despatch were firmly fixed in my mind by an incident which, illustrative and personal, may perhaps amuse your readers. Lord Palmerston was suffering at the time from one of his very worst attacks of gout. Added to this, the serious illness of the Prince Consort, which, alas! terminated fatally, had greatly increased his anxieties, and correspondingly affected his health. No wonder, therefore, that the gout had so laid hold of him that he could not use either hands or feet. He could not even open a letter. When, as he was lying on the sofa, I read to him this despatch, I at once perceived two things:—(1) That it was a most crucial despatch and clearly indicated that there need be no war. (2) That Lord Palmerston was too drowsy from illness to take it in. What was I to do? I was too young and too diffident to venture to tell him that he had not fully understood its import, and yet the matter was too serious for me simply to allow it to slide. So I put it aside and continued to read to him unimportant papers till I saw that he had recovered his usual alertness. I then took up the dormant document and read it over again to him as though it was the first reading. He never noticed my "pious fraud," but at once discovered the contents of the despatch and their "specific gravity."—I am, Sir, &c.,

EVELYN ASHLEY.

Classiabawn, Sligo, Ireland.

VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY AND WAR OFFICE METHODS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your issue of the 4th inst. contained two letters upon the Volunteers, and upon that of Mr. Joseph Brinkford you remark that the arming of the Volunteer Artillery with "antiquated toys" is a national disgrace. Probably most Volunteer officers of any experience could give many other instances of "national disgrace," but the following may for the moment suffice. Each Volunteer position battery has upon what is called "equipment charge" a certain amount of ammunition which is issued and kept, to be used only on mobilisation for service, while for the practice camps other ammunition is issued by the Ordnance Department. This arrangement is a sound one, as at any moment on mobilisation the batteries could at least be sure of having their waggons filled to commence with. This year the officer commanding a certain Volunteer brigade division was ordered to use his equipment ammunition for

his practice camp. He did so, and since then (so far as shrapnel shell and time fuse are concerned) this has not been replaced, so that if to-day ordered to mobilise he would have at hand no shrapnel whatever for his guns. Whether the War Office would be able to supply it from elsewhere may be judged from what follows. Among this equipment ammunition, after allowing for a considerable amount of common shell for ranging purposes, was a large proportion of shrapnel, far more than had ever before been allowed. The commissioned officer and his officers were overjoyed, because, as most of your readers will be aware, this shell (notwithstanding the charms of lyddite) is still held to be the man-killing projectile, and with such much excellent practice could be carried out. The shrapnel shell is worked with a time fuse, and much practice is required by the rank-and-file before the necessary correctness and quickness of setting is obtained, and by the battery commanders in judging the correct length of fuse so as to obtain the best fire effect. The feelings of this commanding officer may therefore be imagined when he was informed by the Ordnance Department that there was not in stock a sufficient quantity of time fuses to allow one for each shrapnel shell, and that therefore more than 50 per cent. of this shell would have to be fired with percussion fuses. He remonstrated, but was told that although telegrams had been sent to Woolwich and elsewhere no time fuses were in stock. This statement must, it is presumed, be accepted as correct, and (1) the conclusion is therefore forced upon us that while time fuses are absolutely necessary for the proper use of shrapnel, there are no such fuses left for this gun, with which many of the position batteries are now armed, and (2) it is a fair inference that as the War Office has been obliged to resort to the equipment ammunition, little, if any, shrapnel is in stock for these guns. With regard to (1) a very few pounds would have supplied the small number of fuses required to give really useful experience during the "special instruction" given this year, and of which so much has been said; and (2) what would be the position of these batteries if suddenly called into action? It may be urged by War Office apologists that *as it is intended* so soon to issue new guns it is waste of money to continue making old ammunition. This, Sir, is not (I opine) an excuse which will commend itself to many, and I venture to submit that in this there is a "national scandal" of no small moment. I enclose my card.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ESSE QUAM VIDERI.

[We should greatly like to know what is the official explanation of these facts. Very possibly there is a perfectly satisfactory reply, but on the face of it the statement sounds like one of the stories of Chinese military ineptitude described in Lord Charles Beresford's book.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE LACK OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have not my letter here to refer to, but if it implied that the clergy as a body, and the Ritualists in particular, are indifferent to social problems, it is the last thing I should lay to their charge. Canon Gore complains that the laity are "very slow to respond to any appeal to stand out for social righteousness." I hold no brief for the laity; let them answer for themselves. One of them, a "Broad Churchman," has given a partial answer. He tells the clergy, who are seeking in all sincerity to undo the work of the Reformation, that they are in a false position, and should either conform or resign. Mr. Beeching testifies to the extraordinary indifference of the average English layman to the fact that the clergy must live. Perhaps some laymen might reply with Talleyrand: "*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.*" The clergy are out of touch with us: they are not content to be ministers of the congregation: they arrogate to themselves special privileges: they magnify their office. What they would not think of claiming for themselves personally, they claim as vicars of Jesus Christ. They attribute a spiritual force to forms and ceremonies. They are not always consistent theorists, for after all they are men and Englishmen. But gradually they have edged themselves into a position from which it is hard to retreat. And they do not dream of retreat; they conceive themselves as defenders of a vital position of the Christian faith. The vital position, the one essential dogma (I quote Mr. Beeching), is the Universal Fatherhood of God,

difficult to stomach or to reconcile with the facts of life. And this we have on the testimony of our Lord. Dogmatic theology no doubt goes much further than this, and has a tendency to enlarge its borders, and refine its conceptions; but the central dogma is the root of all morality and of all true religion. Those who have tried hardest to work on the ground of our common nature (all honour to them) know best how great are the difficulties raised by mutual ignorance and distrust, how strong inherited and acquired prejudices, and their success in combating these hindrances is the triumph of Christianity. Once only was I tried, set down by the kindness of Canon Barnett between 8 and 9 p.m. at a boys' club in Whitechapel, and left to my own devices. I had "Uncle Remus" in my pocket, and, I think, amused a small circle of hearers with the adventures of the Tar Baby. My principal feat was teaching them to play gobang with their draughts. They were very good, munching suppers of savoury bloater between thick slices of bread, and all went smoothly till a big rough boy came in and made himself a nuisance. He was not a member, but the door had been incautiously left open. The curate who had conducted me, promising to return in an hour or so, had not turned up, and I fled. All attempts to fuse classes must be honoured. The Salvation Army with all its noise and vulgarity has its sphere; I am glad there is a Church Army, but the Salvationists showed the way. Mr. Beeching accuses me of depreciating worship and magnifying philanthropy. It is true, I believe, that God is best served by serving man, and that without the love of man the love of God is impossible, and for this faith I have good authority. I can understand the attitude of Mary at Bethany, but I do not forget at whose feet she sat. He forbade vain repetitions, and called such practices heathenish. Set and formal services have a tendency to hypocrisy or acting, and are surely less helpful to man, and therefore less pleasing to God, than healing the sick and comforting the troubled and the heavy-laden. Our Lord says much of private prayer, of public very little; he taught in public. I hope, with Mr. Beeching, that we are all reading "*Pro Christo et Ecclesiâ*," a book, in spite of paradoxes and unbalanced statements, of great spiritual insight and candour. I am charged with want of scholarship in applying with the author of this book our Lord's warning about the strait gate to spiritual pride. I imagine the gate with a low portal, and those who pass through must not only strip themselves of encumbrances, but bow their heads.—Thanking my critics most heartily, I am, Sir, &c.,

E. D. STONE.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIAL UNION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I do not wish to be drawn by Mr. Mallet into an irrelevant discussion of the Christian Social Union. My point was only this. It was urged by Mr. Stone that laymen of the Church are kept back from seeking Holy Orders by lack of zeal for the cause of social righteousness on the part of the clergy. I said that, on the contrary, experience seems to show that the laity are unwilling to respond to a lead when the clergy give it, and that therefore Mr. Stone's argument does not hold. As to the Christian Social Union, however, I will say just this. One sufficient reason why it is maintained as a Society of Churchmen is because it exists to stimulate the conscience of the Church, and I believe that without its religious Church basis it would have utterly failed to do as much as it has done.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Westminster Abbey.

CHARLES GORE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Mallet (*Spectator*, August 11th) is mistaken in supposing that there ever was a "Society of Christian Socialists" *eo nomine*. There was a "Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations" consisting of a "Council of Promoters" and of a "Central Board." The functions of the Council were, amongst others, "to diffuse the principles of co-operation, as the practical application of Christianity to the purposes of trade and industry." The Council published "Tracts on Christian Socialism" and "Tracts by Christian Socialists," and amongst other lectures one on "Christian Socialism and its Opponents." The first tract, by Mr. Maurice (reprinted by the Christian Social Union), began by asserting the belief that "Christianity is the only founda-

tion of Socialism," and that "a true Socialism is the necessary result of a sound Christianity." The promoters included from time to time, no doubt, not only members of different religious bodies, but at least one who specifically belonged to none. But there were also promoters who never called themselves "Christian Socialists." As respects the "Christian Social Union," I too regret that it professes to be confined to members of the Church of England, and (as the chairman of the London branch is aware) that its Committee does not include members of other religious bodies. But the name of the Bishop of Durham as its President is a guarantee that it cannot be governed in any sectarian spirit, and, as a matter of fact, not only members of other religious bodies, but those who do not belong to any, have been invited to address its meetings on social subjects, and have so addressed them, whilst its leading clerical members, Canon Scott Holland, Canon Gore, Mr. Percy Dearmer, and others, are found frequently working in social matters with Christians of other denominations and non-Christians. Indirectly, thus the Union may be said to reach already to the breadth of its name.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. M. LUDLOW.

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[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the interesting article headed "Walter v. Lane" in the *Spectator* of August 11th you welcome the decision of the House of Lords as making it unnecessary to amend the law. To me it seems that decision has but served to call attention to a defect in the law,—namely, its disregard for the rights of the public speaker. The object of copyright is the protection of the author. A speaker would appear to be as much the author of his speech as a writer of his writings. The law should secure to every man proprietorship in the work of his brain. Common-sense seems to suggest that the delivery of a speech in public is but a form of publication. It is not clear to me that newspapers have any moral right to print a verbatim report of a speech at all, unless with the speaker's consent. But if such a privilege be accorded them it is only reasonable that with the publication in the newspaper the reporter's right should end. True, the proprietors of the paper are at some expense to secure the report, and it is for them to decide whether the value of the speech as an item of news will repay them for their outlay. No doubt Mr. Lane should not be allowed to borrow from the *Times*, but neither should the *Times* enjoy the right to republish Lord Rosebery's speeches. The author alone should have the right to publish, or forbid the publication, of the products of his own brain. It may be very good law that oral utterance by an author is to be held as equivalent to making a present of his work to the public; I believe if a lecturer wishes to secure copyright he must give forty-eight hours' notice to two Justices of the Peace before delivery of his lecture; but surely this cumbersome regulation should be done away with. When Milton dictates "Paradise Lost" to his daughter, I take it that his proprietorship rests on a higher ground than the fact that the clerk who recorded his "oral utterance" was in his own employ. In conclusion, I would respectfully suggest that a brief Bill should be introduced into Parliament to secure that any newspaper, as an item of news, may give a brief account of a speech; that as this brief account is composed by the reporter it shall be the property of the paper which employs him; that no person shall have the right to reproduce verbatim a speech which is the work of another man's brain, unless with the speaker's consent; and that such consent, if given, shall be held, unless otherwise stipulated, to extend only to the publication of the speech in the next day's paper as an item of news.—I am, Sir, &c.,

OSWALD ST. CLAIR.

Eastbourne.

THE WAR DEBATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Shelton (*Spectator*, August 11th) advances certain statements in the form of questions, and says that if they "are incorrect a great part of the case of the Pro-Boers as usually stated falls to the ground." In your editorial note you say that his very "ingenious interrogatory pleadings," as you call them, in no way represent the true course of the negotiations; but perhaps you may think it worthwhile to make "further answer" as follows:—

- (1) Was not the demand of Sir Alfred Milner at the Bloemfontein Conference a seven years' retrospective franchise and a Joint Commission to inquire into the working of the Franchise Law?

Answer. No. At the Bloemfontein Conference Sir Alfred Milner wished primarily to direct attention to the franchise, because agreement on that would render the raising of many other questions unnecessary (C 9,404, No. 1, paragraph 11). In this regard he put forward a particular proposal as an outline and basis for discussion (C 9,521, No. 51, p. 60). That proposal was for a five years' retrospective franchise (C 9,404, No. 1, paragraph 20). He did not there demand a Joint Commission to inquire into the working of the existing or any proposed Franchise Law.

- (2) Was not this demand subsequently pressed by Mr. Chamberlain?

Answer. The demand subsequently pressed by Mr. Chamberlain was for an adequate reform of the Franchise Law. On June 30th he telegraphed that no franchise reform would be accepted which did not give the Outlanders some genuine representation in the First Volksraad at once (C 9,415, 20A). About July 19th the Volksraad passed a law purporting to grant a seven years' retrospective franchise. This measure, however, was involved with complicated details, and questions of a technical nature, rendering its practical operation doubtful. The proposal for a Joint Commission of Inquiry was made by Mr. Chamberlain on July 27th, and it had reference to this new Franchise Law (C 9,518, No. 9, at p. 11).

- (3) Was not this demand granted previous to the despatch of the fifty thousand men from England, the Franchise Law being passed and the Joint Commission accepted?

Answer. Such proposed Commission of Inquiry was never accepted by the Transvaal Government, but in lieu thereof they offered (August 19th-21st) to recommend to the Volksraad a five years' retrospective franchise, conditionally, however, on the consent of H.M. Government to certain collateral stipulations (C 9,521, No. 36). Meanwhile, H.M. Government had arrived at the conclusion that the Franchise Law which had been passed was insufficient to secure the immediate and substantial representation they had always had in view (C 9,521, No. 52).

- (4) Is not, therefore, the immediate cause of war that President Kruger would not grant unconditionally a five years' franchise which he offered conditionally and without previous demand from our Government?

Answer. The five years' term for a retrospective franchise was as had been proposed by Sir Alfred Milner at Bloemfontein (C 9,521, No. 36), and was not offered by President Kruger without previous suggestion from our Government.

Mr. Chamberlain did not demand that President Kruger should grant this five years' franchise unconditionally. He replied to the conditional offer by stating how far he was willing to go towards meeting the collateral stipulations attached to the offer (C 9,521, No. 43). He considered that he had accepted at least "nine-tenths" of the whole (Debate in House of Commons, October 19th). The Transvaal Government, nevertheless, announced that their proposal had lapsed owing to the non-acceptance by H.M. Government of these stipulations (C 9,521, No. 49, received September 6th). This, however, was not the immediate cause of the war, inasmuch as on the breakdown of the negotiations concerning the franchise H.M. Government contemplated a reconsideration of the situation, and the formulating of other proposals for a final settlement (C 9,521, No. 52).—I am, Sir, &c.,

GEO. CARSLAKE THOMPSON.

Cardiff.

SEVEN GARDENS AND A PALACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—With reference to your correspondent's letter in the *Spectator* of August 11th concerning, as it now would appear, an unfortunate statement in the above—i.e., the immunity of beech from lightning—I am sorry to be unable to produce my authority. It is many years since first I heard it from some one—I forget whom—on the occasion of passing through Burnham Beeches during a summer storm. Last June I witnessed, as I believed, ample confirmation. I was at a place in Hertfordshire, and was shown a noble copper beech standing on the lawn near the house. Close under the tree was a wooden bench, one arm and part of the back of which had been struck by lightning a few days before, wrenched off, and flung to a distance of, I should think, about a hundred yards. The pieces were still lying where they had been thrown. The beech tree was untouched.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. V. B.

FAILURE OF THE INDIAN COUNTERVAILING SUGAR-DUTIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you allow me through your columns to call the attention of the advocates of countervailing sugar-duties to the enclosed passage from the last Report of her Majesty's Consul at Vienna on Austrian trade? The passage fully bears out the contention of the Cobden Club when these duties were imposed a year ago, that their main effect would be to add to the profits of Mauritian sugar-growers at the expense of the unrepresented taxpayers of India. I may add that the American countervailing duties, on which the Indian duties were based, have failed in exactly the same way.—I am, Sir, &c.,

HAROLD COX,

Secretary of the Cobden Club.

Cobden Club, 6 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, W.C.

REPORT OF H.M. CONSUL AT VIENNA.

"The uneasiness caused amongst persons interested in the export trade from Austria to British India by the introduction last year of a countervailing duty on bounty-fed sugar imported into British India has not been justified by events. The decision of the Legislative Council in Calcutta at first exercised a slightly detrimental influence on the Austrian sugar market. This, however, was only of short duration, and as a matter of fact no change worthy of special notice has taken place in the development of business between Austria-Hungary and that part of the world. It was always anticipated that the primary effect of the new impost would be to bring about an advance in the price not only of the bounty-fed commodity, but also of Colonial sugar. This supposition has proved correct, and from information to hand, it would appear that by reason of the increased price demanded for both the bounty-fed and the Colonial article, it is not the Continental manufacturer, but the Indian consumer himself, upon whom the chief burden of the countervailing duty is thrown."

OUR MEDICAL DEPARTMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I observe that one of your correspondents in the *Spectator* of August 11th maintains that hundreds of lives might have been saved in South Africa "had there been a sufficient supply of Swiss milk." This is a dangerous and misleading contention. There may be some forms of Swiss milk which are innocuous, but almost all Swiss milk is supplied in tins, and the mere process of tinning milk makes it a doubtful article of nutrition. The typical subject for milk diet is the infant, and there is scarcely any medical practitioner of experience and observation who has not seen the poisonous effects of condensed milk on infants, especially in gastric and enteric troubles. All "Swiss" milk is not made in Switzerland. I saw two years ago in Holland a manufactory of "Swiss" milk, which was situated on the bank of a foul pool of water, the noisome stench of which was quite enough to taint any milk. Milk and preparations of milk (including Devonshire cream) should never be put into tins, but into air-tight glass or earthenware vessels.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Hampton Court.

H. W. SEAGER, M.D.

AGRICULTURAL INSTRUCTION FOR COUNTRY CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The annual country holiday once more recalls to mind the ill-adaptation of the present system of rural education to village and country life. It is late in the day to address the *Spectator* on the infinite possibilities of field and farm, hedge-row and wood, brook and garden, to arouse the intellect and stimulate the powers of observation. Equally futile would be any suggestion as to the limitation of the present primary-school programme in order to introduce a system of either horticultural or agricultural instruction. This would be robbing Peter to pay Paul. It is therefore the imperative duty of all experts in education to solve the problem of promoting horticultural instruction without unduly curtailing other studies. Might I therefore remind your readers that during part of the summer and early autumn the lanes present to the holiday-maker an almost constant view of children engaged in the process of killing time?—a great surplus of the child life of rural England beyond those already wanted for the harvest. Here is great scope for testing what, I believe, will eventually prove to be the solution of this problem. Surely it is clear that

the time is more than ripe for the Government to encourage by small grants a voluntary effort to form extra or after-school classes, beyond the limits of school hours. Such classes should be held between May and September. A plot of ground for the purpose should be further allotted to each rural school, and, if possible, smaller plots for, at any rate, some of the children. Little excursions should be made into the neighbouring beauty spots under charge of the teacher, who ought to be duly remunerated. An examination and certificate or prize would stimulate the interest of the pupils, and it would be a chance for local societies to help this effort to raise the tone of rural life. I might remind you that already in our great public schools extra classes are a necessity and a success. It is absolutely necessary to take many of these extra subjects beyond the ordinary school hours.—I am, Sir, &c.,

City of London School.

A. G. MUNRO.

STRATO'S "KISS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Let me offer you a version of Strato's "Kiss" which is at any rate much closer and more accurate than "A. P. G.'s."—I am, Sir, &c.,

S. C.

At eventide, when friends must say farewell,
My Moeris kissed me—was it dream or sooth?
Right clear I know all else that then befell,
Her words, her questions, are the very truth.
The doubt is, did she kiss me? On the sod
Why walk I, if she kissed, that am a god?

RIFLE CLUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter by "X." on the subject of rifle clubs in the *Spectator* of August 11th, and congratulate him on his efforts in forming a little corps of his own. I hope he will not think it invidious on my part if I make one or two suggestions. My desire since I have taken a rifle in my hand has been to see the day when a huge freemasonry of marksmen should extend throughout the country. Every man has as much claim to practise at a proper range (if he will contribute to its support) as he has to ride on the high road, as long as no injury or inconvenience results to his fellow-men. Though I have never used the Morris tube, I have no doubt of its value up to a certain point; but the difficulty of making accurate wind allowance when shooting at long range seems to me to make long-range shooting infinitely superior. Therefore, when the short-range tyro has any opportunity to shoot at a proper range, he should take advantage of it at once, and it should be the aim of every one in authority to encourage him. There are many difficulties in the way, no doubt. Some say that the rifle clubs will be composed of those who would shirk the Volunteer drills from pure idleness. But any man who wants to learn to shoot without wishing to wear a conspicuous uniform should have his chance. In a former letter I ventured to suggest that the noble army of pigeon shooters might advantageously devote some of their surplus time and money to rifle ranges. And when so great an interest is manifested in inter-county cricket and football, why should there not be equally frequent and interesting inter-county and inter-club competitions in rifle-shooting?—Hoping to hear of the further progress of "X's" efforts, I am, Sir, &c.,

E. URWICK,

Hon. Member 1st V.B. Royal Sussex Regiment.

P.S.—The recent experience of bad weather in camp should result in the improvement of tents, to make them gale-proof.

CYCLISTS AND RIFLEMEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have read "X.'s" letter in the *Spectator* of August 11th on "How I Formed a Rifle Club" with interest, and am sorry we have not the good luck to possess a similar club and range in our neighbourhood, and as energetic an organiser as "X." The only chance a town artisan has of getting a shot is at the now almost extinct shooting-galleries at the local fairs. It is a common thing for a few of our cycling club members to make a point of visiting them, when possible, to enjoy a shoot. I think if there were

a few rifle clubs amalgamated with some of the cycling clubs, with ranges say eight or ten miles distant, they would become popular among cyclists. What greater amusement could one get than a ride out on a Saturday afternoon to a range to spend an hour or two practising? Now one takes a ride out and sits and idles an hour or so away before returning home. Lots of cyclists do not care to join the Volunteers; but, as cyclist-riflemen, they might be very useful in time of need. Again, what more mobile organisation can one wish for than a company of cyclists who are good shots? They never need fear of tiring their steeds, and could cover the ground in as quick a time as the mounted men.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A LONDON CYCLIST.

POETRY.

THREE BALLADS FROM THE PUNJABI.

I.

"TELL me, Mistress, who will marry you, Mistress, marry you?"

"Khaka, my lady, he will marry me, lady, marry me.

He has two yoke of oxen, sturdy to hoe,

And four for the well-wheel; his land lies low,

And the scent of his locks mocks the roses that grow

In the gardens of Persia. Khaka will marry me, lady, marry me."

"When death comes, Mistress, who will carry you, Mistress, carry you?"

"My sons, if Allah is gracious, they will carry me, lady, carry me;

One at my feet and one at my head;

If Allah gives children, there's peace for the dead,

For the lights will be lit, and the prayers will be said.

God pity the sonless. My sons will carry me, lady, carry me."

II.

Where does the cuckoo sleep, baby? Down by the great stone tank,

Where the lizards bask in the sunshine, and the monkeys play on the bank.

Where does the peacock sleep, baby? Out in the jungle grass,

Where the jackals howl in the evening, and the parrots scream as they pass.

What does the peacock drink, baby? Cream from somebody's cup,

And if somebody isn't careful, the peacock will drink it all up.

What does the cuckoo drink, baby? Milk from somebody's pan,

So run to stop the rascal as quick as ever you can.

What does the cuckoo eat, baby? Candy, and all that's nice,

And great round balls of brown sugar, speckled with silver and spice.

What does the peacock eat, baby? Lollipops all day long,

But baby must go to sleep now, for this is the end of the song.

III.

We came: The dust-storm brought us: who knows where the dust was born?

Behind the curtains of heaven and the courts of the silver morn.

We go where the dust-storm whirls us, loose leaves blown one by one

Through the light towards the shadows of evening down the tracks of the sloping sun.

We are blown of the dust that is many and we rest in the dust that is one.

We have pitched our tents, we feast and we play on the shifting sands of life;

We are drunk all day with the things of this world, with laughter and love and strife.

Friends come and friends go, but Death's sentry waits, and the last long march must be done,

For the camel-bells tinkle, the load must be strapped, and we fare forth friendless alone

Out into the Western darkness that shrouds the last rays of the sun.

MULTANI.

BOOKS.

MR. RHODES AND MR. KRUGER.*

It is for more than one reason to be regretted that in South African politics two men should have stood out so conspicuously. By peculiar qualities of temperament and character, and through the trend of circumstances, Mr. Rhodes has been the best-known Englishman and Mr. Kruger the champion of Dutch nationality. Here in England we might, perhaps, if we happened to be well acquainted with the facts of African history, look beyond the men to the principles or policies which they have adopted; but even here the crowd, until the present war, believed that South Africa was a prize-ring where two individuals were fighting. At the Cape this notoriety, predominance—call it what you will—of two individuals has exercised an influence that has been, on the whole, most unfortunate. Very many English South Africans, while recognising Mr. Rhodes's abilities, and the merit of his work in the North, have thoroughly disliked his domestic policy, his attempts to bluff the Imperial Government, his playing with edged tools, his incurable recklessness and verbal levity. Similarly, the better Dutch elements, while admiring the indomitable vigour, the staunch tenacity, of Paul Kruger, have been disturbed and alarmed at his narrow obstinacy, his inveterate hatred of all things English, his curious tenderness for the partisans of corrupt misgovernment. And yet when in 1896 the fictitious peace of South African political life was rudely disturbed, Dutch and English alike were practically compelled to range themselves. Cape Englishmen were given the choice of acting with Mr. Rhodes and his strong partisans, or putting the Bond into power, the choice between a man they distrusted and a system they detested. Cape Dutchmen were required—and the pressure was considerable—either to accept President Kruger as the champion of the Dutch race, and condone his shortcomings, or to be denounced by their kinsmen as the followers of the man who had made a treacherous attack upon the South African Republic. The position was, thanks to most of our daily papers and their African correspondents, so thoroughly misunderstood at home, that it is necessary to insist on these facts. Happily there were men of both races strong enough to resist the tide. Sir Pieter Faure remained a Progressive. Mr. Rose-Innes, in spite of prolonged calumny, maintained quietly that Imperialism was not identical with Jingoism. Hence there is to-day strong hope for the future. What hope would there be if Mr. Rhodes were now the triumphant leader of an English community flushed with success, while the Dutch mourned as one man for the fall of Pretoria? Still, if our makers of books will put personal labels on their covers, we must deal with them according to their desire. Of the collection of Mr. Rhodes's speeches we do not propose to say very much, for we have recently dealt at some length with two of the most interesting questions raised therein,—his early relations with the Bond, and his money contribution to Parnellism. The book is a useful record of one side of South African history, though it is a little unwieldy. The story of the way in which Lobengula justified his murder of seventy of his subjects by pleading that the Aborigines' Protection Society had "told him to do it" (p. 350) should be read by all well-meaning and ignorant people who meddle in native affairs. But "Vindex" is anything rather than judicial; in his account of Bechuanaland affairs in 1884 he is flagrantly unjust to Mr. Mackenzie, he omits to mention the murder of Bethell by the filibusters, and he conceals the true character of Van Niekirk, of Stellaland, whose cause Mr. Rhodes to some extent adopted. As Messrs. Abercrombie and Scoble say with perfect justice, "Mr. Mackenzie alone made possible the later projects of Mr. Rhodes, although that gentleman did all in his power at that time (1884) to frustrate his efforts." No one will be at the pains nowadays to read fifteen-year-old books about South Africa, but every one who takes up the account given by "Vindex" of the circumstances leading to the Warren Expedition ought to check it by Mr. Mackenzie's

* (1.) *The Rise and Fall of Krugerism*. By John Scoble and H. R. Abercrombie. London: W. Heinemann. [10s. net.]—(2.) *Cecil Rhodes: his Political Life and Speeches, 1881-1900*. Edited by "Vindex." London: Chapman and Hall. [10s. net.]

own book, *Austral Africa*. "Vindex" omits to point out that curiously enough Mr. Rhodes, who was so angry with Sir Hercules Robinson for consulting Mr. Hofmeyr at the time of the Raid, was himself selected to go to Bechuanaland in 1884 when a member of the Cape Opposition. The authors of *Krugerism*, as will be seen, are not blind partisans of Mr. Rhodes. It is true that they dedicate their work to him as well as to Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner, which seems to show a lack of humour, but they go much further in depreciation than we should care to go, remarking blandly: "It is difficult of proof in how far Mr. Rhodes was committed to an independent United South Africa with himself as President." Mr. Rhodes's own account of the overtures made to him by a Mr. Borckenhagen (*Speeches*, p. 827) is a sufficient answer to such a suggestion. But our authors—of whom we must speak in this indiscriminate way, since they write in the first person singular—have some shrewd remarks on President Kruger's early hopes of winning Mr. Rhodes to be his agent. We also commend their description of the result of the desperate efforts made by such partisans as Mr. Hawksley to whitewash the Raid; it is perfectly true, and well worth saying, that these manœuvres had no other effect than to promulgate the suspicion among the Dutch that the Imperial Government was inspired by a spirit of hostility which it dared not avow. Such are the fruits of pseudo-Imperialism.

The Rise and Fall of Krugerism, although badly arranged, is full of interest. To some extent it covers Mr. FitzPatrick's ground, but the writers' standpoint is not the same. They have neither affection for nor connection with the Johannesburg capitalists; they write on behalf of the middle-class Outlander who wished to make the Transvaal his home, and resented misgovernment because it made his life uncomfortable and not because his dividends fell. In fact, we take their book to express very fairly the ideas of the average trooper in the Imperial Light Horse, whose connection with Johannesburg has led to hard fighting on the Tugela rather than to mansions in Park Lane. Most of the book is not new, but the point of view saves it from being superfluous. The most vivid impression, we think, to be gathered from its pages is the very serious danger which existed until recently of the growth of a non-Boer Republic (we should call it cosmopolitan rather than Anglo-Saxon) in the Transvaal, a State which would have resented Imperial indifference in the past, and would undoubtedly have worked with more chance of success than Mr. Kruger's Doppers for an independent South Africa in the future. At times the writers are what we can only call naïve. They devote much space to the crisis in 1894, when Lord Loch visited Pretoria on account of the commandeering question, and criticise Lord Loch for having settled that question satisfactorily. "Sir Henry," they observe, "must have lost his head; all he obtained was the cessation of commandeering [the object of his mission], which deprived us of the mainstay of our agitation, and established . . . false peace." Mr. Rhodes behaved very well in the Cape Parliament (and we note that "Vindex" omits this particular speech), loyally supporting the High Commissioner, and deprecating a revolution on the Rand. For this our authors blame him strongly. But six months afterwards he listened to the voice of Johannesburg, and entered on the futile criminal policy which culminated at Doornkop. "It was a fatal error on Mr. Rhodes's part," say these rigid moralists, "to let the movement appear to be a capitalistic one. He could have done the whole thing much better alone, confining himself to merely letting them [the capitalists] know that they should adopt an attitude of strict neutrality with regard to politics, closing an eye where necessary."

And so Johannesburg, disappointed at the failure of the Imperial Government in 1894 to upset "Krugerism," turned to devious ways, made an unparalleled mess of them, and at last returned to its allegiance in 1899. The story suggests reflections as to the immediate fitness of the Transvaal for self-government. Mr. Scoble and Mr. Abercrombie, really earnest, well-meaning Britons, seem to be incapable of seeing the nature of Mr. Rhodes's breach of trust in connection with the Johannesburg agitation, and are apparently blind to the merits of a nation's keeping its bargains to its own hindrance. The Majuba policy was disastrous folly, they urge; in 1894 there was a chance of reversing it by refusing to accept

Mr. Kruger's concessions and annexing the South African Republic; why then should we have waited till 1899, when the Boers were well-armed?

We do not think that we misrepresent these gentlemen, and we would merely ask them how long they think the British Empire, with its millions of non-English citizens, would endure if our rulers adopted their principles. We all know that the Majuba policy was disastrous. But was it not the duty of the nation to stand by that policy, to which it had solemnly committed itself? We are now certain that President Kruger's aims were incompatible with the safety of our Empire, and we know that the present war is justified by the history of the last sixteen years. And again, the best Dutch opinion at the Cape recognises that the Imperial Government tried loyally to follow out the policy of the Conventions, and that opinion will in time influence men who are now sore at the defeat of the Transvaalers' aspirations. Had England in 1894 snatched at the chance of a *casus belli*, and insisted upon impossible conditions, every Afrikaner would, with justice, have looked upon the British Government as the enemy of his people, and the future would show no hope of a united South Africa.

FULHAM, OLD AND NEW.*

THE great Earl of Peterborough lived at Fulham, and so did Samuel Richardson, who wrote *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe* in a house at the North End. Except for this singularly ill-assorted pair of celebrities, Fulham must be pronounced poor in historic personages,—poor, that is, for a district of London. Yet no town or township need deplore its case which can point to a century in which it was inhabited by the most romantic of all soldiers and diplomatists—and the last of all Peterborough's romances, a romance of the heart, sheltered itself actually at Fulham, when Anastasia Robinson, the beautiful singer, his unacknowledged wife, lived in a house near to Parson's Green—and by the most unromantic of all great geniuses, the dumpy, old-maidish little printer and stationer, who knew more about women than all the Lovelaces that have ever plumed themselves on that department of knowledge. Yet, upon second thoughts, we cannot admit that Fulham is uninteresting. Mr. Fèret's huge compilation is not attractive to read, certainly; but if one studies it with a little goodwill, the record is full of fascination. Take the two leading names; they stand out, but they are only steps in the long history of their respective dwelling-places. Richardson's house at North End—a semi-detached residence—was built, it seems, under George I. by a Justice Smith. In its passage from tenant to tenant it was occupied at one time by Mrs. Nisbett, the actress, and later it became the home of Burne-Jones; the actual briar-rose of the famous picture grew in the very garden where Richardson devised the fortunes of *Clarissa*. Within a century and a half, from the days when Johnson came and scratched his name on the window-pane, how many notable faces must have been seen within those walls! In that case the history came after Richardson, but when he left North End and moved to the house in Parson's Green where he died (now unhappily only a memory preserved in old prints), he went to what had once been the dower-house of Prince Arthur's widow, the unlucky Katherine of Aragon,—so that one who for the love of Richardson should go on pilgrimage to his haunts at Fulham would find himself inevitably brought in touch with famous memories that go back so far as 1500, and forward to our own day. And it would be easy to show how the history of Peterborough's mansion in like manner takes us back through all the troubles of King and Commons to Elizabethan days at least, and how, following its fortunes downward, we strike on forgotten episodes of the Napoleonic War; for Mr. Meyrick, then owner of the place, became in 1798 first Colonel-Commandant of the newly enrolled Fulham Volunteers.

No ancient records are uninteresting to one who has the historical sense, that is the plain truth; if they seem so it is only because either they are imperfect or our knowledge is. Mr. Fèret (we adhere to his own way of accentuating the name) certainly gives us all we can desire in the way of com-

* *Fulham, Old and New: being an Exhaustive History of the Ancient Parish of Fulham.* By Charles James Fèret. 3 vols. With nearly 500 illustrations, Maps, Plans, &c. London: Leadenhall Press. [43 3s.]

pletiness. For instance, in his account of the church there is printed in full an inventory of the vestments and other church furniture taken under Henry VIII., when it seemed desirable that the loot of ecclesiastical property should be restrained, or at least kept in authorised hands. This list, we can conceive, would be of the deepest interest to ecclesiastical experts. The monuments, again, show no conspicuous name, yet odd fragments of history become, so to say, actual as one looks them over. Here lies, for instance, William Rumbold, who was Officer of the Wardrobe under Charles I., and spent a fortune for the Stuarts before he was reinstated under Charles II. Here lies a Carlos, son of the man who shared Charles's uneasy perch in the oak at Boscobel. And here is a more interesting person than either,—John Saris, whom Middleton left at Bantam in 1604 as a junior factor, and who in later life was a pioneer of trade with Japan. Give those data to a man like Macaulay, and see the picture of a half-century that he would make with them. Mr. Fèret very wisely does not try to rival Macaulay, but he abounds in the dry bones of history, which for a breath would come to life. Take the records of Crabtree House, built by Captain Crispe, a monopolist of the Guinea trade under Charles I., certainly a slave-trader, probably also a kidnapper, but still one of the merchant-adventurers whom, dead or living, Miss Mary Kingsley delighted to honour. When the Civil War broke out Crispe took the King's side, and if his property at Fulham suffered he probably made good the loss, for he held Charles's commission to equip fifteen privateers. The statement of his losses by the Stuart cause (preserved in MS.) is imposing, but after the Restoration the old adventurer was still firmly seated at Crabtree, and his heart reposes to this day in an urn at Hammersmith Chapel, where you can read that he "first settled the trade of Gould from Guyny, and there built the Castell of Cormantine." His nephew sold the house to Prince Rupert, Charles's nephew, who bestowed it upon Margaret Hughes, whose pretty face—commemorated by Pepys and Grammont—adorns Mr. Fèret's page. Later it passed to Bubb Doddington, who made it notorious and gorgeous under the name of La Trappe. After him came a Margrave of Brandenburg and the Margravine, once Lady Craven, who, after the fashion of the time, built a private theatre in the grounds. Last of all, and, as Mr. Fèret naïvely observes, "most illustrious," was George IV.'s unlucky Queen Caroline, and for a time Brandenburg House (*alias* La Trappe, *alias* Crabtree) was the centre of interest, till the poor woman died there. After that the house was razed to the ground, and it is now the site of a distillery.

That is the melancholy part of it all. We cannot ask that there should be anything to recall the days when a horde of Danes wintered at Fulham; nor even the times when the lord of the manor took toll of the salmon caught off the shore. The time is gone when Fulham appointed ale-tasters for the parish, and enacted that there should be ale-poles erected, "that the King's lieges should know where there is ale to be sold." Gone also is the time when a Puritan Parliament interdicted the playing of bowls—perhaps not without reason, since Fulham had none too good a reputation, and loaded dice through the length and breadth of England were known as Fulhams—the "high and low fulloms" which, as Pistol says, "beguile the rich and poor." Gone are the days—existing so late as fifty years back—when Samuel Smith could write of Fulham's "happy rustics—a small but merry band"; when Fulham was a place of market gardens, and Shropshire girls used to come down for the strawberry picking and march into town at midnight carrying each one a basket of forty pounds weight on her head and singing to a tune that gave the step to march by. All that is as far off now as the time when it was the Christian custom of the parish to put culprits in the stocks on Sunday mornings that the congregation going and returning might pelt them with stones. One cannot complain even that the old Putney Bridge is only a memory,—the famous bridge twenty years ago cherished as a relic of the picturesque past, two hundred years earlier dreaded as a terrible innovation. The funniest thing in Mr. Fèret's book is the reprint of a debate on April 4th, 1671, when Mr. Jones, Member for London, rose to assert that "the erection of a bridge over the River Thames at Putney will not only injure the great and important city which I have the honour to represent, not only jeopardise it, not only destroy

its correspondence and commerce, but actually annihilate it altogether." The rest of the speeches read like an artfully composed parody. Sir William Thompson, after condemning the "visionary projects of speculative theorists," which delude the people with a belief "of increasing the skirts of the city, so that it may actually join Westminster," summed up as follows:—

"Sir, I, like my honourable friend, have taken the opinions of scientific men, and I declare it to be their positive conviction, and mine, that if the fatal bridge (I can find no other suitable word) be built, not only will quicksands and shelves be created throughout the whole course of the river, but the western barges will be laid up high and dry at Teddington, while not a ship belonging to us will ever get nearer to London than Woolwich. Thus, not only your own markets, but your Custom House will be nullified; and not only the whole mercantile navy of the country absolutely destroyed, but several West-country bargemen actually thrown out of employ. I declare to God, Sir, that I have no feeling on the subject but that of devotion to my country, and I shall most decidedly oppose the Bill in all its stages."

Mr. Boscawen said that if things went on at that rate perhaps some gentleman would find out that a bridge at Westminster would be a convenience. Perhaps even two other bridges might be proposed. Perhaps some honourable gentleman would get up and "propose that such bridges should be built of iron (shouts of laughter)." Sir Henry Herbert deprecated all these "mad visionary projects" such as had begun of late to be proposed. "If a man, Sir, was to come to the Bar of the House, and tell us that he proposed to convey us regularly to Edinburgh in coaches in seven days, and bring us back in seven days more, should we not vote him to Bedlam?" Against this crowd of witnesses there was no one to testify except the poet Waller, who did indeed point out that there were several bridges at Paris and Venice, and yet those cities prospered; but his main argument was based on the fact that the King could not hunt in London, and to hunt must cross the water. It sounds incredible now, but by such arguments the whole business was put off for a matter of nearly sixty years,—till 1729.

But though the bridge is gone and the old times with it, we wish that the speculative builder had spared one or two of the old mansions. Alas! they too are gone, and besides the church there is no conspicuous link with the past in Fulham except one,—but that is no common one. The Palace is Mr. Fèret's *pièce de résistance*—"the oldest English land tenure," he says—and he illustrates and describes it inside and out. The subject would need an article to itself; we have only space to make a quotation which seems singularly apposite. In 1789 Hannah More, then the guest of Bishop Porteus, wrote a complimentary *jeu d'esprit* entitled *Bonner's Ghost*, which expresses the horror-stricken sentiments of that persecuting prelate when he beheld his mild successor; and not only his successor:—

"But soft—what gracious form appears?
Is this a convent's life?
Atrocious sight! by all my fears,
A prelate with a wife.
Ah! sainted Mary, not for this
Our pious labours joined;
The witcheries of domestic bliss
Had shook e'en Gardiner's mind."

We commend Mr. Fèret's book to all interested in Fulham, and especially in Fulham Palace.

MOUNTAINEERING REPRINTS.*

THE three volumes of mountaineering literature now before us differ greatly in intrinsic merit, but they all bear witness to the wide interest taken nowadays in things mountaineering. They represent, moreover, the chief aspects of the literature of the sport,—the scientific, the amateur, and the technical. By far the most important of the three is *Travels through the Alps*, in which Mr. Coolidge has done for the narrative portion of Forbes's remains what the Professor himself did for the scientific in his *Occasional Papers on the Theory of Glaciers*, now *First Collected and Chronologically Arranged*, published in 1859. The volume contains descriptions of the journeys that Forbes

* (1.) *Travels through the Alps*. By the late James D. Forbes, F.R.S., Sec.R.S.Ed., F.G.S. A New Edition, Revised and Annotated by W. A. B. Coolidge. London: A. and C. Black. [20s.]—(2.) *The Alps from End to End*. By Sir William Martin Conway. With Illustrations by A. D. McCormick, and a Chapter by the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge. London: Constable and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *Mountaineering*. By C. T. Dent and others. Third Edition. "Badminton Library." London: Longmans and Co. [10s. 6d.]

made to the Alps, and the experiments he conducted there from 1839-50, as well as some occasional articles.

Forbes is one of the early giants, or rather semi-mythical heroes, of mountaineering record, to whom succeeding generations of climbers pay a sort of awful reverence, and he deserves every bit of the respect shown him. He may well be regarded as the father of English mountaineering, the pioneer of the great outburst of Alpine exploration that took place in the "fifties," but it should be remembered that, whatever may be his position as a man of science, as a climber he strictly belongs to the British Walhalla, for it is a vulgar error, Mr. Coolidge informs us, to suppose that as a nation we were the first in the Alpine field.

He owes the exalted position that he occupies primarily to his genuine and passionate love of the wonders among which he worked and lived. He felt the solemn glory of the world of ice, the bright mystery of the *névé* swelling into the mighty dome or set about with rugged pinnacles of shattered rock; to him the moonlight lent fresh enchantment to the scene as it glinted upon the frozen snow, and when he stood upon the edge of some great crevasse he must, like us, have felt the fascination of the cool blue of the unplumbed abyss, even while his scientific eye noted the veined structure of the walls; for we must not forget that, in common with most of the early climbers, his interest was, in the first place, scientific, and that it is as a man of science that the Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh would expect to be remembered. Though the present volume contains his less strictly scientific works only, about half consists of accounts of his experiments and his deductions from the results obtained. Nor is he in danger of being forgotten in the forward march of science. With Agassiz he stands practically alone in the history of *Gletscherkunde* previous to Tyndall, and though the theory of glacier motion that he advanced is not now accepted—at least in the form in which he propounded it—it was an immense advance upon the crude, if sometimes ingenious, guesses of earlier writers, and was founded upon a series of elaborate and most skilfully conducted observations. Herein, indeed, lay the great value of Forbes's work; while former *savants* had based their theories upon vague popular traditions as to the movements of glacier-ice, the Scotch Professor deduced from actual observation certain laws which subsequent experiment has served only to confirm.

It is a little difficult to place oneself in the position of an Alpine climber in the early "forties," when the topography of the great mountain masses was almost unknown, but it is essential we should do so if we wish to appreciate the work done by the early mountaineers. Even nowadays the ice-fall on the Glacier du Géant is sometimes a formidable obstacle, and it must have been no light undertaking to cross from Courmayeur to Chamonix when it was quite impossible to know beforehand whether and where the *séracs* were passable, and when unfamiliarity with snowcraft and scanty knowledge of the configuration of the ice-world increased the difficulties and labour of the passage, and added to the nervous strain the vague terror of the unknown. The knowledge of Alpine geography of two generations back seems to us, indeed, little removed from pure ignorance, and it is rather curious to find Forbes apologising for writing of so well known a region as the Alps. We wonder what he would have said to many modern Alpine publications, such, for instance, as Sir Martin Conway's book now before us!

This narrative, entitled *The Alps from End to End*, was published some years back, and now appears in a cheaper form, but with all the original illustrations by Mr. McCormick. These are from photographs, but give a very poor idea of snow scenery owing to the lack of detail and dull heaviness of the shadows, which make them look like under-exposed negatives. The great majority—there are fifty-two—could well have been spared, and if, in place of these wash sketches, reproductions had been made from, say, a dozen good plates by one of the admirable processes now in use, the interest of the book would have been vastly increased, for there is little in it, apart from the illustrations, that will attract mountaineers. The idea of following the main ridges of the Alps throughout their length, which occasioned Sir Martin's expedition, is very suggestive, and many might follow a similar plan with advantage, but if we may venture a word of advice, the chances are

greatly against their having anything to tell at the end of it which will serve for more than smoking-room reminiscences.

The new edition of the "*Badminton*" *Mountaineering*, the third, "revised and enlarged," has been brought up to date in such matters as guide-books and photography, wherein every few years make considerable changes, whereas the art of climbing has now been brought to that pitch at which it may be said to change scarcely more rapidly than the mountains themselves. A new chapter has also been added by Mr. James Bryce on "*Mountaineering in Far-Away Countries*," which is an admirable continuation of Mr. D. W. Freshfield's on "*Mountaineering beyond the Alps*," and gives a summary of the work done since the publication of the first edition eight years ago, as well as a general account of the difficulties of mountaineering in distant and unknown parts, and of profitable fields for further exploration. Since 1892 there have been three English expeditions to the Himalayas, the latest being Mr. Freshfield's to Kinchinjanga last year, two to the Andes, one to the Canadian Rockies, one to Central Africa, and several to New Zealand, to mention only those in which important summits have been attained, and when we remember that Dr. Sven Hedin's explorations in the Pamirs, and the Prince of the Abruzzi's ascent of Mount St. Elias, prove that this activity is not confined to Englishmen, we shall admit that the last eight years should rank high in mountaineering record.

MR. HENLEY'S NEW VOLUME OF VERSE.*

THOSE who love the trumpet-call in poetry will be grateful to Mr. Henley for his latest volume. His slim paper-covered book has a heartening, rousing note, and is at the same time a noble tribute to the qualities of our race. In the twelve songs the verses all gallop to such an impetuous music that they stick in the memory without an effort. We may readily admit that the odds in the present war have been on our side, that this was on our part no war of the weak against the strong, and that consequently there is small motive for heroic poetry. But all honourable and necessary war carries with it material for song, and if the song be good, it is the more credit to the maker that the occasion was not of the highest.

Two of the poems have been published in an earlier book, "*The Choice of the Will*," and the wonderful national anthem, "*What have I done for you, England, my England?*" but the others have nearly all a direct contemporary reference. Two are exercises in music-hall jargon, done cunningly and effectively, for the author of the famous slang ballades and rondeaus is a past-master in this dialect. In the first the "*Man in the Street*" soliloquises on the ethics of fighting. In the second Mr. Henley has written a song of empire with a most catching chorus:—

"Storm along, John! Storm along, John!
Frenchman and Russian and Dutchman and Don
Know the sea's yours from the Coast to Canton!
Storm along, storm along, storm along, John!"

Of the song itself we must quote at least one stanza:—

"Storm along, John! There was work to be done
With a foe in full blast ere you'd sighted a gun!
Came, the news came, that you reeled in the brunt,
And at home, in a flash, it was 'Who's for the front?'
And your whelps overseas, John—the whelps that you knew
For the native, original pattern true-blue—
O, your whelps wanted bleeding, they cried to come on,
And—Hark to them chorusing:—'Storm along, John!'"

But Mr. Henley has other accompaniments than the orchestra of the halls. He can sing the song of savage and triumphant pride of war, with a knowledge of the genius of his tongue for which no praise can be sufficient. It is the privilege of poetry to be above generosity, and to be able to exult without meanness. Here is a song written in the dark days of last December, which is the very type of the true folk-war-song, done without obvious art and clear and emphatic as an order of Cromwell's:—

"Ours is the race
That tore the Spaniard's ruff,
That flung the Dutchman by the breech,
The Frenchman by the scruff;
Through his diurnal round of dawns
Our drum-tap squires the sun;
And yet, an old mad burgher-man
Can put us on the run!"

* *For England's Sake: Verses and Songs in Time of War.* By William Ernest Henley. London: David Nutt. [1s.]

Finer, and perhaps the finest of the many fine poems, is "The Levy of Shields," with its historical imagery weaving together past and present. It tells of the Black Prince sleeping in Canterbury Minster, and the bugles blowing outside in the working world, in Canterbury Barracks. It is an old fancy—the dead hero's spirit still aiding his successors—but the commonplace of great poetry is not unworthily revived when he tells how

"Round the quarterings on the card,
Greatly willing, hurrying hard,
Storms the soul of the Black Prince with all the fury of long ago."

The poem in which Mr. Henley approaches nearest to Mr. Kipling's manner is "Our Chief of Men," a noble eulogy of Lord Roberts. We make the comparison because Mr. Henley has usually a preference for a kind of delicate irregularity of rhythm, a sudden exchange of the drum for the flute, while here the verse moves from beginning to end with a sustained and sonorous passion. This is war-poetry as it alone can be written, whole-hearted, fierce, and triumphant:—

"By the dismal fords, the thankless hills, the desolate, half-dead flats

He has shepherded them like silly sheep, and cornered them like rats.

He has driven and headed them strength by strength, as a hunter deals with his deer,

And has filled the place of the heart in their breast with a living devil of fear.

They have seen themselves out-marched, out-fought, out-captured early and late,

They've scarce a decent town to their name but he's ridden in at the gate.

Patient, hardy, masterful, merciful, high, irresistible, just,
For a dead man's sake, and in England's name, he has done as he would and must."

The temptation to quote is great, but the book is so slim that in common justice we must set ourselves limits. Mr. Henley is not everywhere successful. He frequently, in our opinion, allows his love for a lapse in rhythm to lead him into awkwardness. Sometimes, too, his emphasis is a little strained, he is a little apt to mistake robustness for strength, and a false rhetorical note is struck which is alien to the real temper of the book. The poem, "A Health unto Her Majesty," save for the last verse, seems to us forced and clumsy, and it comes as a shock to an admirer to find a line like—

"Grown venerable in storms of cheers."

But such carpings are out of place in the case of a book which is so gallant and single-hearted, and, as in the "Prologue" and the "Last Post," so keenly alive to both sorrow and joy. It is well to take war solemnly, to remember our shortcomings, to criticise our leaders, and to augur gloomily our national future. But, unless we are to be a nation of shopkeepers indeed, we must be touched at times with its purple and splendour, and feel, rightly and sincerely, the pride of race and power without which no people can endure. Says the *Envoy* to the book:—

"They call us proud?—Look at our English Rose!
Shedders of blood?—When hath our own been spared?
Shopkeepers?—Our accout the high God knows.
Close?—In our bounty half the world hath shared."

It may not be the whole truth, but it is a part of it, though many to-day would bid us forget it.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

THE great publishing firms who have branch houses on the other shore of the Atlantic have done a great service to their English readers by introducing them to a completely new set of Transatlantic novelists. We have for some time enjoyed the work of what has been irreverently called the school of "Howell and James," but it is only within the last year or two that the ordinary American novel has travelled across the ocean, and we are glad to welcome it for more reasons than one. In the first place, the Transatlantic novel is very good reading, and in the second place, whilst reading the American novel the Englishman can look at life from the point of view

of an American. *The Web of Life*, by Mr. Robert Herrick, is an interesting specimen of this new class of story. It deals with life in Chicago as if there were no other place than Chicago in the world, and it gives a picture which is interesting geographically, socially, and psychologically. The hero of the book, Howard Sommers, is a doctor, and early in the story joins the staff of a famous consultant, Dr. Lindsay. Now, unless he reads American novels, how is the Englishman, fresh from the dark sarcophagus dining room in Harley Street where, with a beating heart, he has awaited the verdict of his particular Great Man, to know that in Chicago the consultant doctors work, if Mr. Herrick is to be believed, in a "firm"? The whole thing, apparently, is run rather on the lines of a hairdresser's shop, or of a photographer's establishment. The patient goes in, pays beforehand, and then sees whichever of Dr. Lindsay's staff fate sends him to. In a large and popular firm, as this is represented, the doctors get into a routine, and have a series of formulæ which they prescribe. These medicines are merely indicated by numbers, and the patient is given a card with a number on it, which is exchanged for his medicine in the chemist's store in the flat below. It is certainly an unattractive picture of the business side of healing, and Sommers, a man with ideals, refuses to remain part and parcel of such a machine. But Dr. Lindsay's staff and his appointment are only a stage in the story, the next development of which is concerned with Sommers's love for a woman whose drunken husband he has saved from death by an operation which has, nevertheless, irretrievably injured the brain. The problem of the evil effects of this contravention of the rough law of the survival of the fittest is thus forcibly brought home to Sommers,—who is always much addicted to analysing all the problems of life. Indeed, though the book as a story is readable enough, it is chiefly interesting as a study of character, with the, to English readers, additional good point that it gives an "inside view" of life in Chicago. The stay-at-home Briton will possibly rejoice, after reading this novel, that his lines are cast in a less modern city than Chicago. At the same time he will probably join with the present writer in being ready to welcome fresh work from the pen of Mr. Robert Herrick.

A fascinating pursuit in reading the work of collaborators is to try to find out which is responsible for the different parts of their joint work. Messrs. Wills and Burchett have kept their secret fairly well in the case of their story, *The Dean's Apron*, and though the intelligent critic may think he detects the work of two minds, he cannot trace the line of demarcation with any sort of certainty. The book is a very fair novel, which would not be a cause for grumbling were it not that at the beginning it promises to be a little more. Something rather more interesting than the mere "petty spites of the village spire" (for "village" here read "cathedral") is promised by the three characters to whom the reader is introduced. In the outcome, however, the book reduces itself to a rather commonplace story of the marriage of an elderly clergyman, the non-reception of his wife by the society of the Close, and the quarrel of the couple in consequence of a misunderstanding over local gossip. In the end the Dean and his wife are reconciled, which, as they have no cause of quarrel, would perhaps in real life, paradoxically enough, have been impossible. The descriptions of cathedral society are fairly entertaining, but the novel, in spite of its good opening, does not rise above the commonplace.

The inevitable moral which adorned the tales of the nursery is recklessly abandoned by Mr. T. Parkes in his novel, *The Flick of Fortune*. Jack Martin, the hero, is at the end of the story rewarded for his evil-doing, with the most complete disregard for moral effect. Jack makes love and becomes engaged to two young women at once, to the first one because he was in the condition described by St. Augustine when he wrote "Not yet a lover, but in love with loving, sought something to love, longing to be in love." The second girl is the real "one woman in the world" to him, but, unfortunately, Jack is too weak to insist on being off with the old love before he is on with the new. Hence a very *mauvais quart d'heure*, richly deserved, awaits him before he can marry Nell Hardcastle, his real sweetheart. Nell is an attractive heroine, much too good for Jack, and it costs her a considerable struggle to accept her happiness at the cost of the sacrifice of another woman. The best part of

* (1.) *The Web of Life*. By Robert Herrick. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]
(2.) *The Dean's Apron*. By C. J. Wills and G. Burchett. London: Ward, Lock, and Co. [3s. 6d.]—(3.) *The Flick of Fortune*. By Thomas Parkes. London: F. V. White and Co. [6s.]—(4.) *The Complicated Bachelor*. By Oliver Onions. London: John Murray. [2s. 6d.]—(5.) *Town Lady and Country Lass*. By Florence Warden. London: F. V. White and Co. [6s.]—(6.) *The Goddess: a Demon*. By Richard Marsh. London: F. V. White and Co. [6s.]—(7.) *His Laurel Crown*. By A. M. P. Cooke. London: Dowling and Co. [3s. 6d.]

the book is the *mise-en-scène*. The descriptions of the Dale country are well drawn, and a pleasant, breezy air is provided for the atmosphere of the story. The book is slight but readable.

When reading "smart" little books like *The Compleat Bachelor* the plain man is apt to breathe a prayer of thankfulness at not having been born in a society the members of which say clever things from morning to night. "Mr. Oliver Onions"—the name is surely a pseudonym—takes M. Le Beau as the type for his Compleat Bachelor. Had M. Le Beau but lived in the nineteenth century he would have attended tea-tables with just as much assiduity as the Bachelor; he would have had just such dainty "little silver and spirit affairs" for making coffee, he would have fed as delicately, and flirted as oleagiously, and in short have taken just the same means to become the "compleat" modern fop. It is enough to hurry all but the very young, who would think Rollo Butterfield a fine fellow, into matrimony if bachelorhood involved a life of pettiness such as is painted here. "If there wasn't some of that sort, there wouldn't be some of all sorts," said the old countrywoman. But as for the type of the Compleat Bachelor,—“it never would be missed.”

Miss Warden puts the date of her novel, *Town Lady and Country Lass*, back into the days of George II. The King himself makes a dramatic appearance at the end, and bestows his blessings on the two young couples who stand before him quite in the best style of an old-fashioned comedy. There are plenty of adventures in the book and a very odious villain, and all the characters play up finely to their parts and do what is expected of them "like fine old English gentlemen." The book contains an intangible, but irresistible, reminder of Christmas, and no one in it ever certainly sat down to a smaller joint than a Baron of beef.

Mr. Marsh sets out to make one's flesh creep in his story, *The Goddess: a Demon*, and his sanguinary idol is certainly a very ingenious invention. The book is drenched in gore. There are only two violent deaths in it, but the general effect is what "Helen's Babies" would have called "buggy." The novel makes no pretensions to being anything but a sensational story pure and simple, and it is not at all a bad specimen of its class.

There is always something histrionic in the loves of actors in fiction—and, by the way, what fine impersonations these shadowy gentlemen do give—and the tale of Leicester Greville, the actor-hero of *His Laurel Crown*, is no exception to the rule. It is not a very remarkable little story, though fairly readable to people who like a flavour of "the boards" even in their fiction.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

AN ESSAY TOWARD FAITH.

An Essay Toward Faith. By Wilford L. Robbins, D.D., Dean of the Cathedral of All Saints, Albany, New York. (Longmans and Co. 3s.)—We can hardly speak too highly of this modest, unpretending little book. Small in bulk, it is charged with spiritual meaning, and its style is as excellent as its thought. It is, in effect, an effort to show to the faithless that the attitude of faith in the unseen perfect Good is reasonable and wise, and to brace up those "fearful saints" whose spiritual courage is faint and low. The book is not ratiocinative, it is rather the outcome of an intense conviction, and is written as one man would speak to his friend. When we say that it is not a piece of Rationalism, we must not be understood as suggesting that it is merely emotional. Indeed, one of the best passages in the book warns us against mere emotional thrills, which, as the author says, may as easily be produced by a glass of champagne as by dwelling on some mystical text or some religious rite. Here is an admirable passage from the chapter on spiritual pride:—"The essence of Pharisaism does not consist in broad phylacteries or prayers at the corners of the streets. It lies rather in a low standard fairly well fulfilled, in a generally-diffused sense of satisfaction which forbids progress by crushing the motive-power at its source. Faith is never rendered restless by glimpses of unreachd heights of holiness. Past achievement is as though it were not in view of the boundless horizon which stretches before. . . . Easygoing contentment and the heavenly vision are of necessity incompatible and mutually exclusive." This aspect of the spiritual life is well followed up by the chapter on "The Ease-loving Heart," which compels one to ask of oneself

some searching root questions. The love of spiritual ease, the taking one's ease in Zion, is so natural, so acceptable to the mind, that we are continually sliding back from the rugged path of achievement. We must examine our hearts, as good Bishop Wilson said; and yet, as Dean Robbins, with great wisdom, urges, we must never be the victims of morbid self-analysis. Indeed, it is the excellent balancing of this work which is so attractive. It is seldom that a writer is found in such dead earnest, and who yet is not carried away into asceticism or fanaticism. One of the problematical chapters is that on the difficult subject of the proper attitude of the man of faith toward what Christ and his Apostles called "the world." We are inclined to think that the meaning of the New Testament goes somewhat farther than Dean Robbins states. The word used both by Christ and by St. Paul and St. John to express "the world" is not only "aionos," but "kosmos," as if the very globe itself and the institutions that spring from physical life were, in a way, to be as far as possible ignored by men of faith. But the author makes a good point when he says that it is "the cares of the world" as well as the "deceitfulness of riches" which were declared by Christ to war against the soul. Probably the apostolic injunction to "use the world as not abusing it, knowing that the fashion of this world (kosmos) passeth away," is the true attitude. It would be difficult to find a wiser help to the inner life than this suggestive little work.

HYMNS OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

Hymns of the Greek Church. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. John Brownlie. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 2s.)—The increasing interest in the Eastern Church, partly due to the study of the Eastern Empire, partly to the increasing sway and importance of the Slavonic people, who have taken the place of the ancient Byzantines, ought to gain many readers for the only translation of the hymns of that Church since the collection of John Mason Neale. The translator thinks that the ignorance which prevails in England as to Greek in comparison with Latin hymnology is due largely to the decadent Greek used by the former. But the Latin hymnology was also produced when the Latin language was in a state of decline. The cause seems to us to be the age-long sovereignty of the Roman Catholic Church in Western Europe, and the fact that we have, as a matter of fact, derived from it, and not in any appreciable sense from the Eastern Church. But now we have arrived at a period when theology is taking up the dropped threads of Eastern Christian thought. The imperialistic idea of God, which the Roman Church has moulded into a cult, is manifestly giving way to the idea of the divine immanence, which in the Eastern writers was tinged with Greek and Neo-Greek philosophy. It is therefore time we paid more heed to Eastern Christianity, especially as it is far more likely to make its way in the far Orient than the forms of the Western Church. These ancient Greek hymns were produced during some six centuries of our era. The majority are by John of Damascus, but there are others by Athenogenes, Methodius, Gregory, Synesius, and Leo VI., the Byzantine Emperor. There is a certain tone and feeling common to all these hymns, and that tone is well stated by the translator to be objective. Most of the Latin hymns which are in use in the Western Church, or have found their way in a mutilated or modified form into our own hymn-books, are introspective, and in many cases sorrowful, in some morbid, as Matthew Arnold pointed out in his too sweeping diatribe against hymns. But the Greek hymns are mostly bright, objective, triumphant; the passion and crucifixion are but the prelude to resurrection and glory. Indeed, here we think we see an analogy to Eastern Christian art, so brilliant, so glowing, so firm, such an opening to a new world to those who have seen nothing but the Christian art of the West. One must not view these hymns as literature, or expect to find any reproduction of the old classic Greek forms. But as devout, if at times ebullient, expressions of religious faith and feeling, they are deeply interesting and even beautiful.

STUDIES IN EASTERN RELIGIONS.

Studies in Eastern Religions. By Alfred S. Geden, M.A. (Charles H. Kelly. 3s. 6d.)—In his preface to this excellent little work Mr. Geden says:—"It is becoming increasingly impossible, and I trust increasingly rare, for a Christian missionary, still less a missionary in foreign countries, to regard himself as adequately equipped for his work while he remains in ignorance of the habits and thoughts of alien peoples, who, with different preconceptions and from different standpoints, have stretched out their hands towards God." With this sentiment

we are in the fullest agreement. The cause of missions has in the past been undoubtedly injured by classing together all non-Christian peoples as "heathen," and by implying that the learned Brahmin of India or the sage of China, who has a philosophy and culture reaching back thousands of years, should be approached in precisely the same way as the fetich-worshipper of an African village. We cannot know too much of the ideas underlying the great Oriental religions, and the conditions under which they arose, and it is quite possible that such a study might not only open our minds to what is good in them, but might also lead us to a deeper conception of the meaning of Christianity,—itself an Oriental religion, however clothed by us in Western forms. For the purpose in question Mr. Geden's work is well adapted. It deals exclusively with the religions of India, the various forms of Brahminism and Buddhism. We do not know of any volume of similar size which contains so good an account of these varieties of religious faith and the philosophy bound up with them, the whole brought up to the extreme limits of research, and conveyed in an admirable tone, full of sympathy and yet critical and discriminating. To one statement only can we take exception, and that is in the introductory chapter. It is scarcely accurate to say that the Moslem creed has mainly taken hold of Semitic peoples. The Turks are Mongols, so are the Chinese followers of the Prophet. Nor can we look on Islam as "nearest in character and belief to Christianity." To our thinking, there are no great religions so wide apart. Surely Buddhism, in spite of its agnostic creed, is in temper and spirit nearer to Christianity than any other of the world's religions. The author is right in thinking that it is impossible to force Eastern thought into a Western mould. If Christianity is to be accepted in the East, it will be accepted in Eastern forms, and not through the Romanic forms in which we (unfortunately, in some respects) have received it. We bespeak the attention of all students of religious life and thought to this unpretending but able and well-arranged work.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.

History of Ancient Philosophy. By Dr. W. Windelband, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Strassburg. Authorised Translation by Herbert Ernest Cushman, Ph.D. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)—It was time that the important work on ancient philosophy by Professor Windelband appeared in English dress, and one is grateful to the translator for this excellent version. Once more, by the way, we find an American, not an English, translator,—a fact on which we may congratulate the ripening scholarship and keen intellectual interest of America, but on which we cannot congratulate English scholarship. There seems to be a slackening in intellectual work since the more palmy days of Wallace and T. H. Green. There are two special factors in the work of Professor Windelband which render his treatment of Greek philosophy important. In the first place, as the translator says, "Professor Windelband has gone far to lead the general reader to the history of thought through the history of the affairs of the Greek nation." This is the only way to make the history of philosophy a living reality, since it shows out of what human materials philosophy was born. Philosophy, it cannot be too often said, is not a series of dogmas evolved out of the inner consciousness, but a criticism of life and a reaching out towards the supreme object, based on the inner and outer experience of actual life. Professor Windelband's general view of the history of Greek thought is thus excellently stated:—"Subjectively viewed, the development of Greek science is a fully rounded whole. Like all naïve and natural thinking, it began with a recognition of the outer world. Its first tendency was entirely cosmological, and it passed through the physical into metaphysical problems. Foundering in these, and at the same time troubled by the dialectic of public life, the Spirit made itself an object of reflection. An anthropological period began, in which man appeared as the most worthy object of consideration, and ultimately as the only object of investigation. Finally, science in its perfected strength, acquired in the profound study of the laws of its reason, turned back to the old problems, the conquest of which came to it now in great systematic continuity." The second peculiar factor in Professor Windelband's work lies, to quote his own words, in the "separation of Pythagoras from the Pythagoreans, and the discussion of the latter under 'Efforts toward Reconciliation between Heraclitism and the Theory of Parmenides,' the separation of the two phases of Atomism by the Protagorean Sophistic, the juxtaposition of Democritus and Plato, the conception of the Hellenic-Roman philosophy as a progressive application—first ethical and then religious—of science, to which I have also organically connected Patristics." It will be evident that Professor

Windelband has thus applied original methods in his study of the most critical periods in the history of philosophy, and it is this independent treatment which renders this work so fresh and stimulating to the serious student.

WESLEY AND METHODISM.

Wesley and Methodism. By F. J. Snell, M.A. (T. and T. Clark. 3s.)—There are few English biographies more fascinating than that of John Wesley, since he combined a life of thought with one of action in a most unusual degree, and was one of the most remarkable Englishmen of his age, or, indeed, of any age of English history. From his birth in the old house at Epworth, where the strange ghostly phenomena took place, down to his death, with his weeping friends round his bedside, his life was a series of marvellous incidents, and a record of untiring energy in many fields of work which amazes the reader. The standard Life of Wesley is that of Tyerman, a painstaking piece of work, but in the present monograph one finds the essential facts relating to Wesley, and a most impartial and intelligent survey of his character, written in an agreeable style. Mr. Snell is not a mere eulogist of Wesley. He finds occasion for criticism which is just, while at the same time he is in full sympathy with the character and work of Wesley. His general conclusion may be stated in his own words:—"Wesley was a glorious being. His zeal was matchless; and he accomplished, by prodigies of mental and physical effort, a vast and necessary work. The physic may have been nasty—those fits, especially—but Methodism arrested national decay and infused new life into Christianity." The judgment is just. Although, as Mr. Snell admits, Wesley was too much of a high Tory to see the inevitable drift of things, yet he aided that inward emancipation of the soul which helped on the outward emancipation of society, as in the notable instance of negro slavery. He was not, says Mr. Snell, "precisely a saint. He was too active, too full of fight to merit that description, but he was pre-eminently a man." Mr. Snell touches with much prudence on the one mistake of Wesley's life, his unfortunate relations with women. His marriage was ill-judged, and it is easy to understand that his singular relation to his housekeeper caused at the time much scandal. He would probably have done well to follow St. Paul's advice. The weakness of Methodism has lain in its too great reliance on emotion divorced from reason. But for this little blame must be laid on Wesley himself. The "scenes" which characterised the early preaching of the Methodists were usually absent on the occasions when Wesley himself preached. We heartily commend this useful and interesting addition to the series of books of which it forms a part.

CHRISTIAN AND ECCLESIASTICAL ROME.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. By M. A. R. Tucker and Hope Malleon. Part III., "Monasticism in Rome." Part IV., "Ecclesiastical Rome." (A. and C. Black. 10s. 6d.)—This work is a veritable treasure-house for the visitor to Rome. Doubtless the man of great learning who has absorbed, let us say, the "Acta Sanctorum," the "Liber Pontificalis," Montalembert's "Monks of the West," might well be able to do without it. But for the majority of us, who have neither time nor ability for research, and who want our guide to Roman ecclesiasticism in portable form, we know of nothing like this work, which does for Catholic and ecclesiastical Rome what Professor Lanciani has done for pagan Rome. This work tells us all that we need to know about the Orders of monks, friars, canons, and sisterhoods, about the clergy, the Papal ceremonies, the Cardinals, and so forth, from their purposes and foundation down to the details of their dress. The details which seem so complex to visitors to Rome are here simplified. The account of the religious Orders is the most interesting portion of this work. The authors show the important distinction between the Eastern and Western monks. The former were mere ascetics, the latter were the true pioneers of Western civilisation. St. Benedict and St. Bernard did more for European culture and civilised life than all the secular authorities of the Middle Ages. Interesting also is it to observe the jealous attitude of the early monks towards the Bishops and ecclesiastical authorities. The monks were originally laymen pure and simple, and it was only after they had existed for centuries that they became "regular clergy." The distinctions between the various Orders and what may be called Sub-Orders are here made plain. The headquarters of each Order in Rome is given. Few persons realise when they are passing by some apparently obscure building in Rome that they are passing some centre of a community which has shaken the world. The account of the Papal ceremonies is very exact, and very useful to those who desire to witness these imposing

functions. All visitors to Rome should take this valuable work with them.

EDUCATIONAL AIMS AND METHODS.

Educational Aims and Methods. By Sir Joshua Fitch. (Cambridge University Press. 5s.)—Sir Joshua Fitch is in all probability the Nestor of theoretical educationists, and the lectures and addresses contained in this volume, which have been given at various times within the past few years before academic audiences in England and America, "deal with some aspects of educational work to which my own attention during a long official life has been specially directed, and which, though not usually dealt with in formal treatises on pedagogy, deserve, and often demand, the consideration of those who as teachers, school trustees, or legislators, possess influence in determining the goal to be attained in public education, and the processes by which that goal can best be reached." Sir Joshua's lectures, which are fifteen in number, range over all sorts of subjects that have any connection with education, from "The Evolution of Character" and "The Training of the Reason" to "The Sunday School of the Future" and "The French Leaving Certificate." Some of the best are brief monographs on eminent educational reformers, theorists, and practitioners, such as Socrates, Ascham, Rousseau, Lancaster, Pestalozzi, and Thring. Sir Joshua is known as the master of an admirable English style, equally free from dullness and from artificial smartness, and it is well exhibited in these papers, which are full of the mellow wisdom which comes of experience. Though conservative in many things, he is no mere *laudator temporis acti*. He has no hesitation in recommending for imitation at home things that, in his opinion, they do better on the Continent or in America, nor has he any compunction in saying that from at least one point of view, "the Darwinian hypothesis and all the facts which biologists have accumulated are full of illimitable promise for the future of the race and of encouragement to the true and earnest teacher." This is one of the few books on education that can be commended to parents as well as teachers.

WAR AND LABOUR.

War and Labour. By Michael Anitchow. (Constable and Co. 18s.)—This is a strange, rambling, scrambling, but by no means useless book. The keynote is given—we can hardly say the purpose is revealed—in the opening sentences of the preface:—"The nineteenth century put an end to slavery. The twentieth ought to do the same with war. We hope that the generation which enters the third thousand years of the Christian era will be as little troubled by the remains of martial days as we are troubled by the traces of slavery in distant and still inaccessible countries." M. Anitchow goes round about his subject instead of tackling it directly; he gives a great deal of information, statistical and other, upon war and labour, tariffs and co-operation, wages and capital, closed frontiers and international tribunals, but his theorisings from his facts are dreamy and lacking in genuine grip. In fact, his volume is valuable mainly as a dictionary of knowledge—always assuming that it is authenticated—upon the various subjects treated of in it. But then the chapters invariably wind up with some weak prophecy or generalisation, such as that "war will disappear in the same way as slavery disappeared, not from causes which depend very little or not at all on human will, but from the effect of conscious efforts made with a view to eradicating from contemporary life much that at present breeds and nourishes enmity among civilised nations." If M. Anitchow can be said to have a panacea at all, it is free frontiers. We are assured that if these were universal no danger might be involved in Russia possessing Constantinople, while "with free frontiers the European Concert will as sincerely and amicably defend the Suez Canal from exterior dangers as the ports of the Mediterranean are defended against the Egyptian plague."

THE DIVINE PEDIGREE OF MAN.

The Divine Pedigree of Man. By Thomas Hay Hudson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.)—The author of this work is one of those fervid and yet scientific Theists of whom the American Continent has produced such a notable phalanx during recent years. Dr. Hudson, who has already produced two books in defence of the Faith, has written this fresh volume "for the benefit of that large and constantly enlarging class of men who are imbued with the ultra-scientific dogma that nothing in either physical science or spiritual philosophy is worthy of belief if it is not confirmed by a series of well-authenticated facts—a congeries of observable natural phenomena." The book is, in fact, a manual of Christian

Theism written from much the same standpoint as that occupied by the late Duke of Argyll. Like the Duke, and to some extent also Professor Henry Drummond, Dr. Hudson examines all the modern scientific theories which are or seem to be hostile to Christianity, fights the agnostic, the atheist, and the ultra-evolutionist, and "finds in the subjective faculties of man, without a change in their essential nature, the embryotic representatives of all that the finite mind can conceive of the essential attributes of God." The book is ingenious and closely reasoned, and is wonderfully free from "shriekiness," although we could well have been spared certain "humorous" touches, such as an allusion to "the late lamented Topsy."

The Further Training and Employment of Mounted Infantry and Yeomanry. By Major-General Parr. Second Edition. (Gale and Polden. 1s. 6d.)—Though this is a second edition we must draw attention to it, because the employment of mounted infantry has had to be reconsidered by our military leaders. Too often they were viewed with contempt. A Volunteer officer who was very proud of his mounted infantry had to give them up, and we can imagine the criticism passed on them by the inspecting officer, who had probably no more idea of their real use or handling than the man in the moon. This is the true reason of their eclipse till war against a nation of mounted infantry proved how essential they are. Major-General Parr's little guide is much to the point, being succinct and lucidness itself.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

China. By Professor Robert K. Douglas. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.)—Professor Douglas has added a chapter on recent events to the second edition of this book (one of the "Story of the Nations Series"). He sees the immediate cause of the troubles in the over-zealous efforts of the Emperor at reform, prompted as he was by K'ang Yuwei, a somewhat hot-headed person, and deprived of the moderating influence of Prince Kung (who died in June, 1898). What it was precisely that "upset the coach" Professor Douglas does not pretend to say, "an impenetrable veil being over all that goes on within the walls of the vermilion palace." But on September 21st, 1898, the Emperor published an edict announcing that the Dowager-Empress having "twice held the regency with much success," would "from to-day onwards conduct the affairs of State in the ordinary Throne-room." Of what followed every one knows about as much or as little as any one else. It is interesting, however, to be told on such excellent authority as Professor Douglas's that even in the statesmen who surround the Dowager Empress there are differences. Prince Ching and Jung-Lu being "men of comparatively moderate views," while Kangi and Tung Fuhsiang are "pronounced irreconcilables."—We have also a new—i.e., a "third"—edition of *China in Decay*, by Alexis Krausse (Chapman and Hall, 5s.), which "has been thoroughly overhauled and revised." Mr. Krausse also takes us back to the Palace revolution of September, 1898, an event which, he says, was welcome to the bulk of the Chinese people, though, as a matter of fact, he does not give reasons for the favour of any but the corrupt official class. The frontispiece of the volume is a portrait of the present Emperor Kwangsu, a very pleasing physiognomy indeed. Mr. Krausse believes that the non-interference of the European Powers when the party of reform was upset was due to the attitude of Russia, which declared that if any other Power intervened she would occupy Peking, the motive being to win the favour of the Dowager-Empress. If this be so, it is satisfactory to know that this promising plan has come to nothing. We observe that Professor Douglas and Mr. Krausse are at one about the affair of the lorcha 'Arrow,' viewing it as an insolent outrage by the Chinese officials. Not long ago one of those whose strange creed is that England is always in the wrong made a directly contrary assertion.

The Thirty-second Annual Co-operative Congress, 1900. Edited by J. C. Gray. (Co-operative Union, Manchester.)—We cannot pretend to give anything like an adequate account of this very important document. Its figures are certainly impressive. Individualism in the shape of the huge concerns managed by private persons in their own interest, or, what is much the same thing, in the interest of bodies of shareholders, is spreading on the one hand; and the Co-operative system is enlarging its borders on the other. Between the two the small distributor is

likely to be crushed. We must be content with giving some aggregate figures. The trade of all the Co-operative societies in the United Kingdom in 1899 amounted to £69,835,000, showing an increase of £4,374,129 over 1898; the net profit to £7,823,272, showing an increase of £657,579; the number of employes to 78,096, and the contributions to educational and charitable purposes to £83,335. The Civil Service Supply Association appears in the list, but the Army and Navy does not. The latter pays 250 per cent. on its capital.—*The Inaugural Address*, by W. H. Brown (same publishers), may be briefly noticed at the same time. Mr. Brown's recommendations as to the taxation of the land practically amount to much the same thing as Mr. George's. They may be right or wrong, but to put them in the disguise of a return to a past system is scarcely fair. "We go back to the principles of former times—gradually reimpose on all land a large portion of the taxation of the country." Land bore the greater part of the taxation of the country when it was the greater part of its wealth.—With this may be mentioned the Jubilee History of the Derby Co-operative Provident Society, by George Jacob Holyoake and Amos Scotton (same publishers).

Chaucer Memorial Lectures. Edited by Percy W. Ames. (Asher and Co. 6s. net.)—This volume contains five lectures giving in a popular form an account of Chaucer, his times, and his poems. The editor furnishes an introduction in which he speaks, among other matters, of the poet's habit of "conveying" what he wanted from other authors, pointing out with what singleness of mind this was done. He did not seek to get glory from other men's work, as does the modern plagiarist; it was good matter, and he made use of it. Mr. Imbert-Terry writes on Chaucer's poetical contemporaries, Mr. S. Davey on the Paston Letters as the best revelation of the social life of the time (Chaucer, however, died nearly a quarter of a century before the earliest Paston Letter), Mr. W. E. A. Axon on "Italian Influence on Chaucer," Mr. M. H. Spielmann on "The Portraits of Geoffrey Chaucer," and the editor on "The Life and Characteristics of Chaucer." The volume needs no apology on the score of being superfluous in view of the Chaucer literature already in existence. It popularises this very usefully.

The Battle of Maldon, and other Renderings from the Anglo-Saxon. By F. W. L. B. (J. Parker and Co., Oxford. 3s. 6d.)—The song of the great fight at Maldon (fought in 991 between the English and the Danes) is one of the most famous of Old English poems. Many of our readers will know it from Professor Freeman's translation, and will be able to judge by the comparison of the present effort. It is certainly spirited and clear. How curiously these genuine epic utterances resemble each other. Here is Homer, again, with a difference:—

"Your talk in the mead-hall remember now,
Remember your boasts as ye sat on the bench;
How in hall ye boasted of battle, O warriors!
Now shall the brave by fighting be known.
As for me my lineage here I proclaim:
Of the race ever proud of Myrcu am I;
My grandfather, know, Eadhelm was called,
An alderman wise and prosperous he."

Three other specimens are given, "Caedmon's Hymn" among them. "F. W. L. B." has added some original verse. We wish that he had given us a clue to the prosody which he uses. "Preferably written on the principle of Stress," he says in his preface, but we must own to not being able always to scan the lines. Here are four lines from Wagner:—

"What chryselephantine Zeus could nobler be
In complex finish than that fateful roll,
Companioning thee to Panitation goal,
With sculptured themes and counterpoint free?"

Line 1 has eleven syllables and line 4 has nine. Does one count syllables in writing by Stress? Possibly he is trying to carry out the metrical principle suggested in Coleridge's "Christabel"?

Joel Dorman Steele. By Mrs. George Archibald. (Gay and Bird. 5s.)—Mr. Steele's name is probably known to few persons in England beyond those who make a professional study of educational work and literature. At the age of twenty-three, after being a bookkeeper in a bank, and a clerk in a book-store, and having passed through college and spent a year as a junior teacher in Mexico Academy, Oswego, N.Y., he was appointed Principal of the Academy. From this he went to Elmira. He found this place in a condition of great disorder, and came to the conclusion that only the severest measures would avail. He tells in his autobiography, written a few weeks before his sudden and early death, and only too short (it contains twenty-two pages), "how he laid a raw-hide whip on the desk before him, and declared he would flog the first girl or boy who moved from her or his seat." He never had to use it. The theorising opponents of corporal punishment should "make a note." Mr. Steele was indeed no

common man, being one of those magically powerful personalities, of the Arnold type, with which the world is blessed from time to time. This volume contains, besides the autobiography, an account of his life and work (he died in his fifty-first year), and various papers from his pen.

SCHOOL-BOOKS.—Exercises in the Syntax and Idioms of Attic Greek. By W. H. D. Rouse and J. M. Sing. (Rivingtons. 3s. 6d.)—These exercises, meant for upper forms, as a store of useful materials, are arranged on a system. First the pupil is exercised in Greek syntax; then he is introduced to characteristic differences between English and Greek idioms; these divisions are followed by one that is meant to familiarise him with the technical terms used in war, and other great divisions of human life. The remainder is of a miscellaneous kind.—In "Dent's Modern Language Series" (J. M. Dent and Co.), under the general editorship of Mr. Walter Rippman, we have *Une Joyeuse Nichee*, by Madame E. de Pressensé (3s. 6d. net), edited by S. Alge.—*Cours de Grammaire Française Élémentaire*, by W. G. Hartog (A. and C. Black), claiming to be the "first French grammar written entirely in French for the use of English pupils in English schools." We have now, for some time, given up the practice of writing Latin grammars in Latin (Greek grammars were never, as far as we know, written in Greek). Ought we to return to it, following Mr. Hartog's example?—From the same publishers we have in the series of "Synthetical Maps," by W. R. Taylor, *Germany* (2d. net). There are three maps, one of political divisions, one of manufacturing centres, and a third in blank, by way, we presume, of exercise. On the verso we have "Notes on Historical Development."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Flora of Bournemouth, including the Isle of Purbeck. By Edward E. Linton, M.A. (H. G. Commin, Bournemouth. 8s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Linton concedes that the immediate neighbourhood of Bournemouth is not rich in flowers—save for the autumn show of heather—but tells us that search further afield is well rewarded. The area includes "a circle drawn with a twelve-mile radius from the Square, Bournemouth." With this range granted, "we begin to wonder whether there is any limit to the floral wealth of the district."—Of holiday books we have to mention *Illustrated Pocket Guide to the West Highland Railway* (Frederick W. Welson and Co., Glasgow.)—In the "Temple Classics" (J. M. Dent and Co., 1s. 6d. net per vol.) we have *Tully's Offices*, turned out of Latin into English by Roger L'Estrange, and *Areopagitica, and other Tracts*, by John Milton.—In *Patriotism or Self-Advertisement?* (Greening and Co., 2d.) Miss Marie Corelli employs the *patruelis verbera lingue* pretty freely. Mr. Rudyard Kipling comes in for some strokes which are at least meant to be severe. Here we cannot think that the censure is just, and we should be sorry to commit ourselves to a general approval of this "Social Note on the War," as the author calls it. But that it says some true things and says them forcibly can hardly be denied. Perhaps it is when the author is most remote from the war that she is at her best. Her criticism of certain successful novels and plays, and, we may add, of certain fashionable women, is very much to the point.—*Shakespeare's "As You Like It" Adapted for Amateur Performance*. By Elsie Foggerty. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)—This one of a series of "Standard Plays for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools." It is an excellent idea, and to judge from this specimen, promising to be well carried out. We wish that amateur performers generally would consider the claims of such a series. The choice of a play in a school is commonly in competent hands; but a casual concourse of amateurs will offer take, from sheer ignorance or helplessness, something quite unfit. Then there are directions for the practical needs of representation, hints for stage management, and pictures representing characters as they should be dressed. The "stage directions" are usefully copious and full.

(For Publications of the Week see page 218.)

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Blatchford (R.), My Favorite Books, 12mo	(W. Scott)	2/6
Bower (Marian), The Puppet Show, cr 8vo	(Constable)	6/0
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Davis (W. S.), A Friend of Cæsar, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Drury (B. S.), Neo-Christian Epistles, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	2/6
Fricker (Karl), The Antarctic Regions, roy 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	7/6
Gray (Eleanor), A Modern Prophet, and other Poems, 12mo	(K. Paul)	5/0
Green (G. E.), A Short History of the British Empire, cr 8vo	(Dent)	3/6
Griffith (G.), Brothers of the Chain, cr 8vo	(F. V. White)	6/0
Little (C. J.), Christianity and the Nineteenth Century, 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	2/0
Lynch (L. L.), Under Fate's Wheel, cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	3/6
McLean (W.) and Shackleton (E. H.), O. H. M. S.: an Illustrated Record of the Voyage of S.S. 'Tintagel Castle,' imp 8vo	(Simpkin)	2/6
Macray (G. D.), Rawlinson Catalogue of MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Part 5, 4to	(Clarendon Press)	21/0
Making of the British Colonies (The), by the Author of "The Making of Europe," cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	2/6
Malet (Lucas), The Gateless Barrier, cr 8vo	(Metbuen)	6/0
Marsh (Richard), The Seen and the Unseen, cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Mildmay (Aubrey N.), In the Waiting Time of War, and other Poems, 12mo	(Sonnenschein)	2/6
Ouida, Critical Studies: a Set of Essays, 8vo	(Unwin)	7/6
Pickering (E.), The Dogs of War: a Romance, cr 8vo	(Warne)	6/0
Purvis (John B.), Handbook to British East Africa and Uganda (Sonnenschein)		2/6
Sidney (Sir P.), Sonnets and Songs, with Memorial Introduction by Philip Sidney, cr 8vo	(Burlingh)	7/6
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White (W. W.), Studies in Old Testament Records, roy 16mo (Marshall Bros.)		8/0
Young (R.), From Cape Horn to Panama, roy 16mo	(Simpkin)	2/6

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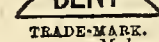
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Allies are in possession of Pekin; the Legations have been relieved; and the Empress-Regent has fled; that is the authentic news of the week. But though the news from Pekin is still meagre and confused, Friday’s papers contain a certain amount of detail. There is a short official telegram from Sir A. Gaselee, dated Pekin, August 15th, and a telegram, also dated the 15th, from the special correspondent of the *Times*, who, we are heartily glad to see, is not too ill from his wounds to be able to serve his newspaper with all his old promptitude and vigour. Sir A. Gaselee’s telegram shows that the attack on Pekin began early on the morning of the 14th. By 3 p.m. the British force had got on the canal opposite the water gate and were signalled to from the wall held by the Legations. “I with some of my staff and about seventy men of the 7th Rajputs and 1st Sikhs rushed across the almost dry moat and entered through water gate without any loss. We found all well in Legations.” Meanwhile the British field artillery was brought up to fire at the central gate of the Tartar City, “but a sortie by Americans and Russians of the garrison along the wall anticipated the bombardment, and the gate fell into our hands.” About 5 p.m. the Americans under General Chaffee entered the Legation, and then moved on towards the central gate of the Tartar City for the night. The *Times* correspondent adds some details and records the heaviness of the attacks on the Legations during the last two days. “Relief came just in time.” Besides this news, which is certain, there are many rumours, but they differ too much to be worth recording in detail. Some of them declare that several ladies died during the siege from exhaustion, while others absolutely contradict this. The most conflicting evidence of all, however, is in regard to the Imperial Palace and the Forbidden City, some versions saying they were occupied, and others that they were not entered. The balance of evidence seems, however, to show that they were entered and occupied by the Allies.

Though Pekin has been taken, it is by no means certain that it will be quietly held; while the American General Chaffee reports that both in the city and on the road to Tientsin there will be “further fighting,” which means that the Chinese are not impressed, as Europeans would have been, by the loss of their capital. Though the Legations, again, are safe, it has become clear that they were not attacked by rebels of any sort, but by the regular forces under the command of the regular Government,—a most serious difference. Lastly, the retreat of the Empress with the machinery of government to Segan, seven hundred and fifty miles away, “the true strategical

centre of China,” signifies that the Government of the Empire has become inaccessible and means to continue the war. There is evidence, in fact, that the war will not come to a sudden end, but, as Count von Waldenrode stated on Wednesday, will last a long time, and may have unexpected developments. As all Europe would like to be out of the trouble in any way consistent with honour and future security, the general effect of the news is one of relief rather than exultation.

All the Ambassadors except the German and apparently all the women and children were found alive, but nothing is said of their condition except that they were “emaciated.” The American Minister, however, reports that the Chinese Government, who, he says, ordered everything, sent no food except some vegetables, which were refused. It is also intimated by Sir Claude Macdonald that the Chinese broke every promise, and by another authority that “the armistice” was not observed. The shelling was persistent, and the greatest danger was a few hours before the relief, when the Chinese attacked so fiercely that the sound of their firing warned the relieving generals to be speedy. No hint is given us how it happened that the Legations were provisioned for a siege, how the non-combatants were protected, or why the shells did comparatively so little execution. Of the British only one officer, Captain Strouts, was killed, two members of the Legation, Messrs. Oliphant and Warren, and one missionary, while Mr. Richardson, Dr. Morrison, and twenty Marines were wounded. We suspect that only a limited number of Chinese have been trained to use the fine weapons they possess, and few of these were in the capital.

We pointed out a month ago with some care that the Empress, if she found she could not arrest the march of the Allies, would transfer the seat of Government to Segan, in Shensi, the ancient capital. As this movement would be most inconvenient to Europe, its probability was denied, but it is now admitted that it has occurred. For weeks past a strong force has been employed in moving all treasures, three separate bodies of troops at least have been ordered from the South to Segan and points along the road, and either on August 6th or 10th the Empress set out on her westward journey, which, if she covers twenty miles a day, will take her at least six weeks. She probably took with her the phantom Emperor, Kwangsu, Prince Tuan and his son, the next heir, most of the Manchu Princes, perhaps all, the great officials, and the picked troops of the Army. She has ordered the Pekin share of the revenue to be forwarded to Segan, and doubtless intends to make it her future abode. It is much more convenient as a capital of China than Pekin, is approached by all roads, and cannot be raided from the sea-coast. By Christmas, we imagine, the Court will be seated there as if it had never left it, and will be negotiating serenely and at ease with the outer barbarians. The same thing happened when the barbarians took Rome, and Constantinople defied them, and will happen when, Constantinople being untenable, the Sultan retreats to Broussa.

Shanghai is obtaining unusual protection from the jealousies of the Powers. All Europe suspects that Great Britain, which is fully occupied elsewhere, is about to strike some grand but undefined *coup* for predominance in the Yangtse Valley. They are therefore hurrying men-of-war to Wusung until it is reported that the combined fleet there has seven thousand sailors and Marines on board, and could land a really formidable naval brigade for the defence of Shanghai. The residents, however, are still alarmed, and the Americans have asked their Government for troops, pointing out that Shanghai requires at least fifteen thousand men. We believe that is scarcely an exaggeration, and cannot but muse over

the question how many men China, if partitioned, would require as garrison. If garrisoned like India a small force might do, say four hundred thousand men, but then India is not full of potential "Boxers." Her secret societies are not pure criminals, like the Thugs, but criminal politicians.

The seventieth birthday of the Emperor Francis Joseph was celebrated on the 18th inst. throughout his eighteen States with a unanimity which speaks strongly for the unity of the Hapsburg Dominion. Every city illuminated splendidly, and the rich vied with one another in expenditure on charities, some of them quite new. Congratulatory addresses poured in in hundreds, and there is no sign anywhere of a break in the rejoicings. The fact is important, for the unity of Austria is one of the guarantees for European order. In the present rush for "world power," Austria, which seeks no power outside Europe, slips a little out of public notice, but she remains one of the greatest of Empires, with a splendid geographical position, with an available Army of two millions, and with finances so far restored that she could support a great war. The hostility of Austria would at any moment throw down Germany from its pre-eminence, while if she allied herself with Russia no German would feel safe. It is well, therefore, that she has still at her head a cool diplomatist who knows the true interests of Europe, and who knows, also, having for ten years been a tyrant, that no power is so real as that which is based on the approval of a whole people. Francis Joseph, never successful in battle, has won that approval, and is therefore a great Monarch.

The Dutch believe, perhaps rightly, that the failure of the house of Orange would be the signal for an attack on their independence. They are, therefore, almost morbidly anxious that the young Queen, who is the last of her great race, should marry, and a new report that her Majesty has agreed to do so is circulated every week. Last week it was held to be certain that a Prince of Wied would be the lucky bridegroom; this week it is Duke Adolf of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Either is probable, and so is an unknown third, the only thing certain being that the Queen will choose for herself. Her choice, however, is rather limited by the conditions, as the Prince Consort of Holland must not be an Englishman, because we have conquered the Boers, or a Russian, because Russians are too devoted to prerogative, or a Catholic, because Holland is still fiercely Protestant. He must, therefore, be a German Prince, and though German Princes are numerous, they are not all likely to find favour with a young Queen who has æsthetic tastes, and intends to govern her dominions for herself. That last clause shuts out the Hohenzollerns, as otherwise William II. would seize the opportunity to acquire "ships, colonies, and commerce" at a blow.

The news from South Africa continues unsensational, but for all that there is real progress. The chief item of importance is that De Wet, though not caught, has been headed off from the region north-east of Pretoria, where he hoped to join Botha, and has been obliged to make a plunge back into the Orange River Colony. His condition can best be described in Lord Roberts's own words, given in a telegram in Friday's morning papers. De Wet, he tells us, will arrive in the Orange River Colony "in a very different condition from that in which he started from Bethlehem. Then he had ~~six~~ or eight guns and some 2,000 men with him, and left Prinsloo with 5,000 or 6,000 in the Bethlehem hills; between 4,000 and 5,000 of these are on their way to Ceylon, the guns have mostly been buried, and De Wet's personal following cannot amount to much more than 300." President Steyn, with a small bodyguard, is, we are told, trying to join President Kruger. Meantime, General Buller is advancing slowly but surely on Machadodorp, and we do not doubt that before long we shall hear of him on the Delagoa Bay Railway. When once the Boer railway communications are cut with the sea, as they will be when we can take and hold Koomati Poort, the resistance of the Transvaal will be very nearly finished.

The only other items of war news of moment are the conviction of Cordua and Lord Roberts's last proclamation. Cordua was found guilty by the Military Tribunal which tried him, but sentence was deferred for the approval of the Commander-in-Chief. It was rumoured on Friday that the

sentence was one of death, and had been approved by Lord Roberts, but this is not confirmed. In any event, we may feel, not merely that the prisoner had a fair trial—nothing else was possible before a Court of British officers—but that he had every advantage given him, and that there was nothing approaching harshness or vindictiveness in the attitude of the prosecution. Lord Roberts's new proclamation is directed against the monstrous breaches of the oath of neutrality that have so frequently occurred. "In future all persons," we quote Reuter's summary of the proclamation, "who have taken the oath and broken it will be punished with death, imprisonment, or fine; all burghers in districts occupied by British forces, except those who have sworn the oath, will be regarded as prisoners of war and transported; and all buildings, structures, and farms where the enemy's scouts are harboured will be liable to be razed to the ground." That Lord Roberts's action is entirely justified we do not doubt, but we cannot agree that he was wrong in first trying a more lenient policy. Now that has been fairly tried and failed, the sanction behind the policy of severity is of double force. No one can honestly feel that we are harrying brave and honest men unjustly.

On Friday was published a Blue-book containing the letters from Members of Parliament and others found at Bloemfontein. Though not nearly so sensational as was supposed, they are of very considerable interest and importance,—especially the letters from Sir Henry de Villiers, Mr. Merriman, and other Cape politicians. These letters convey, in fact, a complete answer to the most serious and often repeated allegations of the Pro-Boer party. The Pro-Boers here have always been furious when we or others have described the Transvaal Government as an oligarchy, have represented the Boers as having become demoralised by the corruptions of their Government, and have declared that President Kruger and his satellites were determined to cling to their monopoly of authority at all risks, and preferred war to sharing their power in the least degree with the Outlanders. For taking this view, indeed, we have been denounced as either demented or corrupt, or both. Yet now it appears that Mr. Merriman, who is, so to speak, the oracle of the Pro-Boers, held very similar views. A picture of President Kruger contained in one of the letters based on a conversation with "Lippert" would have been regarded as a gross calumny if it had come from Mr. Chamberlain. We cannot unfortunately find space to quote at length from these letters, but it is impossible to read them and not to realise that it was the Boer Government, and not the British, who made war inevitable.

Dr. Clark's letter to President Kruger, dated November 14th, 1899, is not a very important document, except in three respects. It shows that Mr. Chamberlain by no means took up a *non possumus* attitude in regard to the arbitration proposal, and, in fact, only asked that a majority of the arbitrators should not be Pro-Boers. Dr. Clark also discusses with our potential enemy the question whether it would be wise or not to "seize all the passes," but on the whole advises against the proposal. Dr. Clark ends his letter by suggesting a scheme by which, "if war should now begin," he can communicate through Dr. Leyds and Mr. Montagu White. "I shall keep them acquainted as far as possible with the trend of feeling here, and they will be able to send on any information they may think desirable to you. If you want to communicate with me at any time, you will be able to do so through them." We must leave the House of Commons and the proper authorities to decide how far Dr. Clark was justified in making these preparations for communicating information.

The letters addressed by Mr. Labouchere to Mr. Montagu White, the Consul of the Transvaal Government, are not of any great importance *per se*, but they show a vindictiveness towards Mr. Chamberlain which deserves the condemnation of honest men of all parties. If Mr. Labouchere's advice to the Transvaal Government had really been the outcome of a genuine desire for peace one might pardon him, however reckless and mistaken in his methods. But we do not think any impartial person can read his words and not see that what he wanted was not to secure peace, but to do

something to injure Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Labouchere writes an impudent and frivolous letter to Mr. Chamberlain in reply to the official communication sent to him with copies of his two letters. Mr. Labouchere is very angry that Mr. Chamberlain should have asked him whether he had any explanations and observations to make in regard to them,—a very proper course. The incident is not worth dwelling on, but we trust that we shall hear less in future of Mr. Labouchere's excursions into the realms of politics.

On Wednesday the second reading of the Treason Bill in the Cape Parliament was carried by a majority of 10 in a crowded house, which may be regarded in all probability as decisive for the ultimate success of Mr. Rose-Innes's measure. We are glad to observe that only two of Mr. Schreiner's party refrained from voting for the Government, which speaks much for the influence of Mr. Schreiner's wise and patriotic conduct. The Bill provides for the usual indemnity for acts done in good faith under martial law, for a certain degree of compensation to loyalists, and for the punishment of rebels. It is not the martial law or compensation clauses which apparently excite most opposition, nor even the proposed special Tribunal of three Judges to try to punish the leading rebels, but the erection of quasi-judicial Tribunals with power to disfranchise the disloyal rank-and-file for five years. The Bond party, who can face with equanimity the punishment of notorious offenders, and even the existence of martial law, shrink from a measure which will deprive a large part of their *clientèle* of their votes. But if we may judge from a speech of Mr. Wessels, reported in the *Times* of Wednesday, the rebels themselves regard their coming disfranchisement as an easy escape.

Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking at Plymouth on Friday week, dealt with the subject of Army Reform in a spirit of temperate and well-informed criticism. He disclaimed the authority of an expert, but "he knew enough to say that there were very few things in military administration which a business man of common-sense and a little imagination could not understand if he turned his attention to the subject." The War Office had neglected the great essentials of military equipment. The Mauser was better than the Lee-Metford, the German Service rifle was better than the Mauser, and he believed that a still better Norwegian rifle was now made, and used in the American Army. Again, till lately our Volunteers were armed with the old Martini-Henry, a weapon still used by our native Indian troops. In the matter of artillery it was a pity that the War Office should have had to wait to be taught by ignorant Dutchmen that the Pom-pom and heavy field-gun were useful patterns. Finally, he pointed out that our Volunteer garrison artillery were still armed with muzzle-loading guns of a pattern which went out fifteen years ago. He was inclined to lay the blame for this state of affairs largely upon "Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who handed over the land defences in a shocking condition," and thought that Lord Lansdowne had "not done so badly according to his lights." In conclusion, he suggested that the supply of artillery should be accelerated by distributing contracts more widely, a suggestion with which we thoroughly agree. Mr. Churchill is so shrewd an observer that his facts are always to be respected, however we may differ from his deductions, but in this matter his conclusions seem to us as valuable as his data.

In Tuesday's *Daily Mail* Mr. Julian Ralph gives a memorable account of the way in which Russia led the way in trying to get up the coalition which was to forbid America to go to war with Spain, just as a coalition the year before had forbidden Japan to reap the fruits of her victory over China. According to an eminent foreign diplomat who talked to Mr. Ralph on the subject, Count Mouravieff and the Russian Cabinet agreed with the German statesman who declared that "the United States was a huge and shapeless monster, which was as like as not to wrest the mastery of the world from the European Powers, if it be not throttled there and then." Russia conceived and tried to ripen the plan of a European combination against the United States. "All the Powers of Europe were sounded, and all those Powers welcomed the idea, except England. Some countries, like Austria, grew hot and excited for its fruition. It pleased Germany. France

had at last found a Papa in Russia, and played a more eager part than might be expected, even of an obedient child. But England broke up the plot."

We believe this to be in essence a perfectly true statement of what occurred, but, of course, the diplomatic forms were most strictly observed. All that actually happened was that the question was unofficially raised whether it would not be better in the interests of both parties to prevent war breaking out by a joint intervention of the European Powers. Long before the matter took any more definite shape, however, it was found that Britain not only did not favour the notion of joint action, but had politely made it quite clear where she and her Fleet would be if joint action were attempted. Then the question whether "it would not be in the interest of both parties, &c., &c., &c.," gently faded away, and now if you ask a Russian or a French or a German diplomatist, he will swear he never even heard of such a preposterous proposition as that for the coercing of America,—which in the literal sense of the words will be quite true.

The *Times* of last Saturday contains a most striking account by Sir Martin Conway of a Central American revolution. "A revolution is our substitute for cricket," a Columbian gentleman said to him; "our young men must have their game." Sir Martin started in the morning train from Colon, and ran straight into the middle of a very pretty little revolution in the neighbourhood of Panama. The train entered a narrow cutting on the different sides of which the two forces were posted, and, says Sir Martin Conway, "before we realised what was happening the train was between two lines of some two thousand fighting men, separated by less than a quarter of a mile, and pumping lead at one another from Mauser rifles." The passengers all dropped on the floor and crawled forward to the baggage van, and by and by the train arrived at the goods station of Panama. Here also there was fighting, and in his attempt to find the American Consulate Sir Martin was exposed to much miscellaneous shooting. "The streets were practically deserted, but almost every house displayed a flag, English and American flags being commonest. It looked as though some fête were about to take place." Apparently the fighting, though exceedingly chaotic, was conducted with the utmost fierceness and courage. Sir Martin's conclusion is that any wandering European will do well to avoid the cricketing season of a Central American Republic.

Monday's *Times* contains a very able letter from the Bishop of Winchester addressed to Lord Portsmouth in regard to an appeal for £20,000, headed "Protestantism before Politics," and signed among others by Lord Portsmouth. In dealing with the allegation that the people had appealed to the Bishops in vain—i.e., that the Bishops habitually use their veto to stop prosecutions—the Bishop of Winchester states that he is now in the tenth year of his Episcopate, yet "during that time no Bishop in England, to the best of my knowledge or belief, has exercised the veto in any case whatever. Of living Bishops, only three have, I believe, ever exercised it, and one of these cases was a quarter of a century ago." It was not the Episcopal veto, "but the popular opinion of the Church as a whole (an opinion expressed as strenuously by Evangelicals as by High Churchmen), which stayed Ritual prosecutions some fifteen years ago." The Bishop ends his letter with an appeal to those who are faithful to the Church's teaching to "unite on the one hand in discouraging disloyalty, from whatever side it comes, and, on the other, from narrowing the legitimate comprehensiveness which is characteristic of the Church of England, Catholic and Reformed, and the legitimate variety of teaching and usage permissible within her pale." It is of course both easy and popular for partisans on both sides to abuse the Bishops as timid time-servers, and we are quite aware that it is considered a mark of a feeble and lukewarm nature to defend them. Nevertheless, we believe that when the dust of the present controversy has subsided, it will be generally recognised that they have done their duty wisely and well, and under circumstances of no little difficulty.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
New Consols ($2\frac{3}{4}$) were on Friday 98 $\frac{1}{4}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE CAPTURE OF PEKIN.

AFFAIRS in China are going, except upon one point, much as we ventured to anticipate. We had expected that the Chinese, who are not cowards and who have obtained good arms, would have made a vigorous instead of a fitful and half-hearted resistance to the relieving force, would have covered the road with ditches and have so defended every ditch that the little army would have arrived before Peking worn down to half its strength. The country is no doubt flat, but a plain can be defended as well as a mountain if the defenders have the skill and the numbers to use the spade. The Chinese soldiers, however, fight like mobsmen, now with tenacity, as at Tientsin and Peitsang, and now, as at Yangtsun, with tumultuous indecision, and it is probable that their numbers have been greatly exaggerated, the reserve forces of the Empire, which were mainly on the frontiers, not having had time to arrive. The march of the relieving force therefore proved on the whole a comparatively easy one. It took only ten days. Even the city has not been well defended, and the invaders have forced their way to the "Sacred" Palace without a fiftieth part of the loss which the Prussians would have suffered if they had cloven their way to the Tuileries. For the rest, however, the anticipations of the pessimists have proved correct. The Legations were found alive, but it is clear that the Manchu nobles and their Empress intended to slaughter them out, and that they owe their safety solely to their own courage and power of resolute endurance. The Chinese shelled them mercilessly to the very last day, gave them none of the food about which Li Hung Chang prated, and it is more than possible even tried to poison them. At least the Ambassadors found it necessary to refuse some vegetables sent them as a present. Finally, the Government have adopted the one plan which, as General Gordon told them would restore their independence of Europe; they have moved quietly away to the ancient capital, Segan, in Shensi—why should we call it by the unpronounceable name Hsien when history and Petermann and Johnstone all offer us the alternative?—where they will be inaccessible except to an enormous army. If we thought of pursuit it would take a hundred thousand men merely to protect communications, and the Government could disappear again. It is very easy to call this a flight from Peking, and of course it is in one way a flight, but the Empress has carried with her the Imperial treasure and the machinery of government, and is concentrating a new army for her defence. It is supposed that her authority will be weakened, but there is no proof of that. The Viceroy originally approved the plan, the Ambassadors in Europe who record it are as obedient as possible, and large forces are moving towards Segan as readily as they would towards Peking. That the Empress will make peace on her own terms we do not doubt, but the evidence all points to the facts that there is still a Government in China, that it has made itself inaccessible, and that it has not the smallest intention, unless coerced, of deposing the Empress, or of surrendering her great agents, or of giving any guarantees for the future which Europe can accept as satisfactory. It will simply hold on in a dully immovable way until Europe has wearied of its task, or until some mode of pressure has been devised which the Court will feel so severely as to induce it to accept European terms.

What, then, is that mode to be? The Allies when strengthened by the reinforcements now on their way may of course, if they are ready to risk quarrels among themselves, continue to hold Peking, and in Europe that method of compulsion would be an effectual one, because the necessity of recovering the general capital would be a paramount consideration. One cannot conceive an Emperor of Austria living tranquilly at Buda-Pesth while Vienna was occupied by Italians. There is no proof, however, that Segan will be greatly concerned to rescue Peking. The Empire is still in the molluscous stage, time is of no importance to its rulers, and the Segan Government, if it collects taxes and is generally obeyed, will be quite content to live on for a century or two

with the second city of the Empire in barbarian hands. It has so lived aforetime without the unity of its people suffering any perceptible diminution. To set up a rival Emperor, who must, from the necessity of the case, be a native Chinese, would be only to inaugurate a civil war which might last for a generation, and bring into the field the tribes of Mongolia, of whose force when fully armed no European has any clear idea. To cultivate the independence of the Viceroy, even if that is possible, the central Sovereign being as necessary in Chinese idea to a country as a householder to a house, is only to make partition ultimately inevitable. Under these circumstances we do not wonder that diplomatists are beginning to consider the plan of pardoning the Empress-Regent, and offering her good terms on condition that she shall reoccupy her palace in Peking. It would be so convenient, they think, to have a Government capable of negotiation and liable to pressure. Anarchy strikes historians as deplorable and diplomatists as impertinent. They become as useless as lawyers when dealing with a mutiny. They do not care two straws about the wickedness of the Empress, which is no greater than that of the Sultan, and they care a great deal to relieve Europe of a burden which, if China cannot be held together, might prove very serious. We quite understand their point of view, which is really that if Rome obeys Nero, one must negotiate with Nero even if the number 666 was really formed from his name; but there are two objections to the suggested course which may prove final. One is that it leaves the real victory to the Empress-Regent. She will have accomplished the very end for which she broke with Europe without having endangered her dynasty or her own power. She remains Semiramis, Queen of Babylon, and Babylon is greater than ever. At the price of a considerable but not irremediable blow to Peking and Tientsin she will have compelled the foreigner to give up his aggressions upon China. No Power will again ask her for provinces, or attempt to secure railway concessions by threats of using physical force. The idea that China is a dead body will have disappeared, and the lesson as to the consequences of aggression will have been so severe that it must remain impressive for years to come. No Power will again place Europe in such a position as she finds herself in to-day, and the Chinese, perceiving a novel immunity from threats, and a novel liberty to murder missionaries at discretion, may very well believe that their ruler has achieved a grand triumph without too much expense. It is nothing to them that a few braves have been killed, or that certain inhabitants of Pechili have been suddenly reduced to poverty. They are accustomed to such incidents, and, provided they themselves are not soldiers or owners of palaces in Pechili, they care nothing about them, or will hold the humiliation of the barbarians an ample compensation. The other objection is that no treaty which will meet the views of the Empress will also meet those of Germany and Russia. One object of the explosion was to drive Russia back, and Russia certainly will not consent to register the driving in a treaty, while Germany has a big grievance, which her Emperor has made even bigger than it is. William II. cannot, after all his speeches, pass over the murder of his Ambassador, and Europe mistakes his character if he has not resolved upon some large concession as compensation. Some method of pressure must be resorted to, and we repeat that the one which will most directly punish the Court is to levy all import dues in the name of Europe, to pay the interest due to the bondholders, and to hold the remainder as an instrument for controlling the Central Government. When the Manchu nobles behave well their Treasury will be well supplied, but when they are violent or offensive it will stay empty. It is a strange course to take, but it will produce the result desired—namely, a guarantee for the future—which cannot be said of any other of the plans suggested yet.

THE TALK OF A FRENCH INVASION.

WE do not agree with the alarmist writers in the Press who think that we are in danger of being invaded by the French in November. We do not, that is, in the least believe in the existence of any definite project for invasion at the time named,—though from some points of view we cannot be altogether sorry that there

should be a certain amount of uneasiness in the public mind on the question of national defence. Our people are too much inclined to be "drowned in security," and the contemplation of the possibilities of invasion may be distinctly useful. It may make them determine that they will be more vigilant in the future than they have been in the past in the matter of keeping our Army and Navy in full vigour, in seeing to it that we are never left without proper supplies of ammunition of all kinds, that we do not arm a large portion of our artillery with "antiquated toys," and that we do not neglect to organise and equip the Auxiliary forces in a way which would make them of real service in the case of any attempt on the part of a foreign nation to strike "the blow at the heart" of which Lord Salisbury spoke. But though the encouragement of keenness and vigilance as to the condition of our Naval and Military forces is of the utmost importance, it is also of importance that we should not indulge in sudden panics and scares, for they are calculated to prevent that serious consideration of problems of defence which all sensible men must desire. A scare of invasion arises, and for a time there are widespread fears and doubts as to our safety. But the danger passes and nothing happens, and people then feel ashamed of their nervousness and resolve never to be so foolish again. The result is a reaction exceedingly damaging to a sound and reasonable attitude of mind.

Hence, though we by no means wish to say anything which can encourage people to think that there is no cause for keeping a strenuous watch and ward over our national defences, and though we desire to make people realise that our present condition is a very unsatisfactory one in many respects, we cannot think it right to allow the scare as to an attempt at a French invasion in November to receive any encouragement. The first thing to remember about any scheme of French invasion is that to give it a reasonable chance of success it must be a surprise. There must be no open mobilisation, no calling up of reserves, no previous movements of troops. The thing must be done literally at twelve hours' notice, and the moment chosen must be one when we are not expecting an attack. Depend upon it, if the French ever try to invade it will be when the fear of invasion is not in men's minds, and not when the project of invasion has been discussed for six months previously. If France had meant invasion her moment would have been last March, when the regular troops had for the most part left the country, and when our stores of ammunition and of guns were at their lowest. To wait till our stores of ammunition at any rate have been replenished, till our deficiency in artillery has been to some extent, if not adequately, supplied, till we have given our Militia and Volunteers a great deal of extra training, till we have raised twenty thousand extra soldiers from among our trained men, and till generally we have placed ourselves in an infinitely better posture of defence than we were in last spring, is a piece of unwisdom that we cannot attribute to any nation, however hostile. If the French were to try to invade us in the autumn they would be letting us choose the time, and not choosing it themselves. Again, as has been pointed out by a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, November is a peculiarly bad time for the French Army to make us a surprise visit, for the regiments have just lost their trained men and are full of recruits. These are general arguments against a French attempt on our coasts in November. There are, however, plenty of other grounds for disbelieving in the possibility. No serious person, of course, imagines that the present French Government would venture upon any such mad project, but it is argued that as soon as the Chamber meets, or at any rate when the Exhibition closes at the beginning of November, the present Government will fall, the military party will come into power, and either by a *coup d'état* or by other means will drive President Loubet from office and possess themselves of complete control of France. We cannot deny that this is a possibility, and we are aware that some of the wisest minds in Europe regard it as likely. Without, however, determining the question whether or not the military party will really have so easy and so complete a triumph in France, we will assume that this is destined to be the course of events, and that next November the soldiers will be in power in Paris. Even then we

see no reason why the military party should be so mad as to rush into war with England, even admitting that such a war would be extremely popular. Think for a moment of the risks and difficulties which France must encounter. Germany no doubt would in the abstract be very glad to see France and England at each other's throats, but dare she run the risk of standing neutral? Germany remembers the last time France prepared to invade England and what actually happened. Napoleon prepared his great army at Boulogne, but it never touched us, perhaps even was never seriously intended to do so. Instead, it swung suddenly round and entered Germany, and almost before Europe knew what was happening General Mack was hemmed in at Ulm and forced to surrender and the French were before Vienna. That risk still exists. But even supposing Napoleon's example were not followed, but that France succeeded in subduing England, are the Germans inclined to believe that the victorious Army would quietly go home and not remember the Provinces? Is it not far more likely, far more in accordance with the French character and history, that, flushed with victory, the troops would demand to be led to Berlin unless Germany gave back the soil of France now in her possession. Even if we beat the French at sea the Germans would still be in a dangerous position. In such circumstances the French would be exasperated beyond measure, and the Army would in all probability declare that it must show once more that if Frenchmen could be beaten at sea, they were invincible on land. But in that case Germany must fight without England. Germany, therefore, could hardly think it prudent to see which way the war was going, but must choose sides at once. It is true that Russia might say that if Germany went against France she (Russia) must help her ally; but even then it might be better policy for Germany to act. If not she might find that when the make-weight of England had gone she would be in too great danger between France and Russia. But in all probability the Russian Emperor would not countenance France in suddenly springing at England's throat. If consulted beforehand he would object to the project. If not consulted he would not be very likely to favour France. He might arrange with Austria and Italy to stand neutral, but we cannot believe that he would care to bring on a universal war in order to save France from the effects of an act of madness. He would not be bound in honour to help France when she was the assailant, and meantime all North-Eastern Asia would lie open to Russia. But even if the Czar took a higher view of his obligations to France, we do not see that it would make things easier for France. Russia would not follow France wherever she led, but would tell her that she must not attack England, as to do so would mean a general European war. In truth the international difficulties would be too great for France, unless she could get up a coalition against us, or unless she were prepared to take the Revolutionary standpoint and defy all Europe. But the military party are not likely to do that. Possibly they will want to make war, but if they do, it will not be war with England, and so a naval war, but war with a land Power.

Even if all these difficulties could be got over, and France could throw up a Talleyrand who would persuade the world to form a ring while France and England had it out, we need not feel alarmed. Unless and until our Fleet is destroyed—when we are beaten by starvation—serious invasion is impossible. A raid of fifty thousand men with nothing but their rifles and a few light field-pieces no doubt is possible, but granted that we have plenty of good artillery—which we ought to have by now, even though we had it not six months ago—we do not hesitate to say that we could repel any raid. Let no one suppose that we should give up the game even if the French got to London. If we did not know it before, the Boers have taught us the art of changing capitals. But imagine the difficulty of a force of foreign raiders trying to enter London while their advance was being opposed. The French could no more destroy London than the Boers could destroy Ladysmith or Kimberley, and who would care if they burnt a block or two? No army of less than one hundred thousand men would dare to trust themselves to enter London, and if we starved so would they. However, we do not wish to dwell upon this aspect of the matter. We may feel that an invasion would not

succeed, but we do not want to see it tried or even seriously projected. But to make sure that this evil shall not befall us, there is only one way. We must make our preparations so sound and so thorough that no one will think it worth while to attempt the impossible. Now in theory no doubt all that is necessary for us in the way of preparation to prevent invasion is an invincible Fleet. We agree, but if we want to be safe, not only from invasion, but from the attempt, we must not stop here. Mobs and ambitious statesmen, the two influences that produce sudden wars, do not clearly realise the nature of sea-power, and might try to invade us from want of a proper understanding of our strength on the water. Therefore let us have also an adequate force of men on shore, plenty of good artillery, and a population conversant with the use of the rifle. If we have that, the golden fleece will not seem worth stealing, and we shall not tempt unfairly any sanguine gentlemen to break their heads against our iron walls.

THE INTERNATIONAL PAGEANT IN CHINA.

IT is always vain to speculate as to the future purposes of Providence in arranging the destinies of the nations. Man does not know them, and if he did, would usually be baffled in using his knowledge by the feebleness of his conceptions about time. The change he expects to-morrow may not arrive for five hundred years—the fall of Constantinople seemed imminent for a far longer period than that—the catastrophe which he thinks conceivable after centuries may be rushing upon him within months or weeks. It is a little difficult, nevertheless, for an observer, if he has any dreaminess at all in his composition, not to fancy sometimes that this movement in China is intended to produce some result that will modify the entire future of the world. The scene, considered historically, is so wonderful, so nearly without precedent. *Ætius*, it is true, led whole nations of tamed barbarians against the untamed Mongols under Attila, but even he, the great *Magister Militum* who commanded Goths, and Germans, and Greeks, and Romans, and Moors, would have stared with wonder, perhaps with admiration, at the endless medley of nations, civilisations, and colours which is now pouring into China, with their eyes all turned towards Peking. It is strange enough that a Chinese Semiramis, once a slave girl, now the richest woman on earth, should have the power and the will and the audacity to open fire on all the Embassies of the world; but even that marvellous incident does not excite the imagination like the composition of the host which has been roused to avenge that insult and atrocity. It seems as if the Empress's deed had stirred earth to its remotest limits, and moved to vengeance races of whom its performer had scarcely heard. In the force now besieging the Pink Palace not only are all the Great Powers of Europe represented, Englishmen and Russians, Germans and Frenchmen, Italians and Austrians, but by their side is fighting a large force of white men from a continent of which *Ætius* never heard, and a larger force of dark men of whom he knew only that Alexander had once seen some of them. Think of men from the United States and men from the broad plains of the Punjab, men from Australia and men from the green villages of Southern India, New Englanders and Rajpoots and Japanese, all called together within three months for an attack on the Forbidden City where dwells in unapproachable seclusion the lord of the Chinese hundreds of millions. From the high slopes of the Himalaya the British Queen has summoned the Nepalese, from the hottest delta of Asia the French are sending the Annamese, while, as if to show that no continent is unconcerned in the affray, Washington has despatched from Manila one purely negro regiment. There must be twelve languages at least spoken in the army which is invading China; and though no people has as yet sent many of its soldiers, all the world knows that it needs but a great disaster to the representative force to draw to the Chinese coast a real army of each nationality and each colour to repair at any sacrifice the effects of defeat. We talk much of the four hundred millions of Chinese, but each nation that sends one soldier pledges itself to win the battle, and it is in reality all Europe, all North America, all Australia, all India, and at least five of the fighting tribes of Africa, more than five hundred

millions of men in all, which is marching on the Manchu. Was there ever anything like that in the history of the world! We can think of nothing, and find it hard to believe that it will all end in a patched-up peace or in new protection for the railway that is to stretch from Moscow to the Yellow Sea. Yet there is no reason why events should have dramatic completeness—the Western Empire of Rome was two hundred years in dying—or why the meaning of the movement of which we see the faint beginning should not be hidden for centuries to come. Akbar's son did not dream that when Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to a company of merchants to trade to the East, she was dooming the last Mogul to die in a hut on the Irrawaddy.

The journalists of the world seem pleased with the scene, even though they perceive its strangeness but dimly, but we doubt if the statesmen are quite as contented. Forces are moving on which their grip is most imperfect. They do not know, do not pretend to know, what China as an entity is seeking, still less what China will do, least of all what strength for doing China, in the last resort, may possess. They find it hard to hold Europe together, and to hold together Europe and America and half Asia may take more ability than they can, when called on so suddenly, command. It is clear, for instance, that the ruling men at Washington have not made up their minds as to what they want now that Mr. Conger has been liberated, or to what decision of Europe they would feel called on to object. The Continental statesmen look askance at the new force, whose limits they do not clearly discern—which, for example, can send black troops to China—mutter words about “the possible Anglo-Saxon understanding,” and would, if they could, gladly postpone all action, so as to have more time for reflection and combinations. Only, you see, Peking is in flames, the Chinese Semiramis is on her way to Segan, and a Russian general has publicly reported that “the Amur now flows through Russian territory,”—all of them facts requiring that decision should be rapid. They turn glances towards Japan and are not consoled. Every step in the movement for the relief of the Legations has increased the importance of Japan in the world by revealing the completeness of her military organisation, the capacity of her generals, and the bravery of her troops. Her supplies are always there, her Commander-in-Chief has always a plan, her soldiers die silently in heaps. Statesmen see that Japan is formidable, and are not in the least certain what Japan intends. She has been helping Europe, but there are signs that she thinks Europe might prove a bad neighbour, that she does not desire China to be too much pressed, and that she might even stand forward as her protector. The hesitation in Tokio is natural enough, for the Mikado is not horrified because China has exploded in the murderous Asiatic way, and is horrified at the idea of a strong Russia or a strong Germany on the Pacific; but the policy of Japan is none the less a pre-occupation for all who have to decide what shall be done next. Their action must depend in part upon Tokio, and who among the statesmen even thinks that he can read the Japanese soul? Then there is India. Did anybody in Europe ever realise before how strong India is even when acting alone, how easily she sends out thirty thousand men, how completely her great Barons have accepted the leadership of the Empress? Altogether there is much to be thought of, too much; so much that there is still some doubt whether in the rushing multitude of thoughts any coherent purpose can be framed, announced, and followed by all alike. All men of business know that there is a point of expansion at which the real difficulty is to secure adequate brain-power to manage such a complex machine, and it is by no means sure that this difficulty may not weigh heavily upon the minds of Europe in dealing with China. There are men in the world who would undertake to drive any possible team composed of horses alone, but who would say that to drive all animals harnessed together would have overtaxed Dionysus. It may all go well, for the statesmen are not alone in governing the world; but our readers will do well to realise to themselves what is going on, and to recognise that one of the gravest tasks recorded in history is to be accomplished by agents diversified and separated from each other beyond all precedent. Europe in China is very much in the position of Kehama in his final battle. “Wielding all weapons

in his countless hands, Around the Lord of Hell Kehama stands;" but then Kehama had a semi-divine intelligence, and yet was defeated.

THE TRAINING OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

THE speech made by Lord Wolseley to the officers of the troops now stationed at Aldershot after their abortive field-day was an excellent beginning, and we hope it may be repeated when needed in every camp in the Kingdom. What Lord Wolseley said wanted saying badly, and it was his business to say it. Our only complaint in the matter, indeed, is that Lord Wolseley did not say things of the kind he has just said at Aldershot long ago. He has been nearly five years Commander-in-Chief, and yet he has waited till now to speak out concerning matters in regard to which he had not merely a perfect right to speak, but in regard to which he had a positive duty to speak. It cannot be urged, remember, that the occasion has only just arisen, and that speaking out was not needful before, but merely now because we have nothing but raw levies, Militia and Volunteers, left in the country. All competent authorities will agree that there have been plenty of field-days in the past five years every bit as badly managed, and showing quite as great a lack of military qualities, nay, of sound common-sense applied in the handling of troops. Besides, the blunders complained of were the blunders of officers, and of highly placed officers, and not of the men. It was not the rawness of the men which was at fault, but the want of strategic and tactical efficiency in their commanders, and those commanders were almost all men who have been subjected for years to the training provided by the military authorities of the British Army. Lord Wolseley was not indicting our scratch levies, but the training of our officers,—a training for which he has borne a large share of responsibility during the past ten or twelve years. However, better late than never. It is a matter of deep regret that Lord Wolseley did not speak before, but at any rate he has spoken at last, and the great thing now is that the military authorities should give their minds to the proper training of the Army.

It is not for us, who make no claim to be experts, to lay down the principles upon which the training of the Army should be conducted, but one or two points are clear. All the world is agreed that manœuvres and field-days are of the utmost importance in teaching officers how to handle their men, and the men the kind of work they have to do in actual war. But if manœuvres and field-days are of this great practical value, it is obvious that they ought to be taken extremely seriously,—that they should be watched with the utmost care and minuteness by the chiefs of the Army, and that officers should obtain or fail to obtain promotion according as they do well or ill therein. But, unless the general opinion prevailing in the Army is strangely mistaken, errors made at manœuvres and field-days make little or no difference to an officer's career. As far as rising in the profession is concerned they are regarded as quite immaterial. To have commanded in the smallest expedition in a tropical swamp will get a man on far better than the most skilful hauling of troops at Aldershot or on Salisbury Plain. When a field-day is over—and, remember, it is almost always got over in time that everybody shall have a comfortable dinner—there is a *pow-wow* at which the General in supreme command makes a number of agreeable or disagreeable and sarcastic remarks. But no one is ever a penny the worse or better for these. They are to all practical intents and purposes forgotten, and everybody goes home quite sure that nothing further will come either of the mishaps or the success. It would be regarded as the height of injustice to make a man suffer severely in his career, however badly he had done. The result of all this is that in the British Army manœuvres and field-days are never taken seriously. They are merely a kind of military picnic. The serious business of the military profession with us consists in drills and parades, and in making the private into a fine athletic fellow, who is clean and well disciplined and ready to perform all the minor military evolutions with ease and quickness. Now we do not wish to fall into the common civilian error of unduly depreciating these matters, or to speak as if smartness and good drill had not an importance of their

own. Undoubtedly they are important, but not they, but very different matters, should be the touchstone of military efficiency. Regimental smartness and perfection in drill should be regarded as by-products, of great value no doubt as giving cohesion and *esprit de corps*, but the essentials should be good shooting for the men and good handling of the units, from the company to the regiment, the brigade, and the division, for the officers. It is by such matters as the power to grasp the military features and possibilities of a position, to get his men there quickly and without being exposed, and when there to use the position to the best advantage, that the capacity of the leader should be tested, and not by being merely a smart regimental officer. In an excellent article by Mr. J. Emerson Neilly, appearing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Tuesday, entitled "Lessons of the War, III.," great stress is laid upon the other point we have dealt with,—the necessity for making good shooting the essential thing in the training of the private. At present, though no doubt certain efforts are made to encourage marksmanship, there is little determined effort to raise the standard of the average shooting. No one, that is, thinks of making good shooting and careful shooting as regards ammunition the test of a regiment's position in the Army. When a Colonel is said to have worked up his regiment into a condition of extraordinary efficiency, and to have raised its position in the Army, it does not necessarily mean that he has made it a magnificent shooting machine. To win the highest praise it must, no doubt, not be actually remiss about shooting, but good shooting is not the touchstone of excellence as it should be. To show what bad shooting can be tolerated in the Army, Mr. Emerson Neilly speaks from his own observation:—"As an example of what can be done on the present lines, I may quote an instance that came under my own observation some years ago when I was with a brigade that took over new ranges. This particular brigade included a Rifle battalion and a battalion of Guards. The firing was at large mantlets, and commenced at one thousand yards, from which point the men advanced, firing up to five hundred yards. Fully one hundred thousand rounds of ammunition were expended, all in volley firing, and the total number of hits was well under one hundred! This was in the peace field at large marks, when no enemy returned the fire to disconcert the men and make their aim shaky." Any sensible man will, he goes on, see the obvious lesson that is to be drawn. "Spend less time on making your Army a Lord Mayor's show. Let us have less glitter and more usefulness and workmanlike perfection." Here we most heartily agree with Mr. Neilly. Before we can get a proper system of training for officers and men in the British Army, we must abandon false ideals as to show and adapt our Army to modern needs. When armies habitually fought at close quarters, it is quite possible that it was impossible to spend too much time on teaching men to drill with the utmost precision, and so to secure that when the regiment charged it should charge like one man. Now, when battles are conducted with a space of a mile between the firing lines, the thing on which the chief energy of the soldier should be devoted is good shooting. Marksmanship is the ideal, and not fancy marksmanship for a few, but a very high average.

Of course, we shall be told that the Army cannot learn to shoot because Parliament will not spend the money on ammunition. We are glad to see that Mr. Neilly meets this point, and meets it very successfully. "High officers in the Department," he says, "will make that excuse to you. They always blame Parliament. While on my way to the front in October, I asked a staff officer of exalted rank why we were not prepared for war, and his reply was, 'So long as we have Parliamentary control of the Army we never will be prepared when the time comes.' This shifting of the saddle is undoubtedly very neat; but it scarcely suits. If the Secretary of State for War tells Parliament that we must have so many millions of rounds of ammunition to turn our soldiers into riflemen, the House is not likely to refuse him." The notion that there would be any difficulty in getting the money for rifle practice cannot be entertained for a single moment. It is utterly absurd. No doubt there is not, and cannot be, an indefinite amount of money to spend, and if more were spent on ammunition there would, of course, be a strong case for cutting down the money now often uselessly ex-

pended on mere smartness. But such expenditure is dearly loved by a considerable number of influential men who make a fetish of smartness. Hence they do not insist upon expenditure on essentials lest some of the gilding should be cut off. No doubt this assertion will be indignantly repudiated, and no doubt a great deal of this protection of non-essential expenditure at the expense of essential is unconscious, but all the same it remains a fact that the real trouble is that the military chiefs will not face the changed aspect of modern war, and will not realise what is the *sine quâ non* in war and what is of lesser import. What is wanted before there can be any real improvement is to change the spirit in which the training of the Army is approached, and to set up a series of sound and sensible military ideals. The object of an army is not to look nice on parade, but for the men to be able to out-shoot and out-march the enemy, and for the officers to be able to out-manceuvre him.

COAL AND ELECTRICITY.

THE *Daily Mail* of Tuesday gave an account of a new electrical discovery which promises, if all that is claimed for it proves true, to have consequences of extraordinary importance. It is rather, indeed, a combination of previous discoveries than anything positively new, but it is a combination which, in the opinion of the discoverer, will revolutionise all known applications of electricity. Until now, the chief difficulty in the way of the transmission of the electrical current over long distances has been the loss of power. The conducting metal gradually becomes hot, and the heat develops resistance. A good deal has been heard from time to time of Professor Dewar and Professor Fleming's experiments in the liquefaction of gases. Oxygen, air, hydrogen have one after another been subjected to the process, the last named only becoming liquid at a temperature of 421 below zero (Fahrenheit). Many non-scientific persons have probably wondered whether researches of this kind are ever likely to be of practical value. If Mr. Tesla is right, this very Philistine question is on the eve of receiving a triumphant answer. These liquid gases have been found to have a very remarkable action upon metals cooled in them, and the diminution of heat means a corresponding diminution of electrical resistance. These are the facts established by Professor Dewar and Professor Fleming, but it has been reserved for Mr. Tesla to show what lies behind the facts. He proposes to carry a metal tube, immersed in a trough containing sawdust and water, and placed some 6 ft. below the surface, as far from the source of power as may be wanted. Through this surrounding material he will force a current of liquid gas, which will freeze the enclosed metal, and thus neutralise the heat generated by the passage of the electric current. There is no reason why this trough should not be carried across an entire continent, and probably none why it should not be laid, like any ordinary cable, under the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean. Thus no appreciable electricity will be wasted in transmission. The power derived in the first instance from Niagara may be carried as far as the trough goes, and be for all practical purposes as effective at the end of its journey as at the beginning.

At any time this discovery would have extraordinary interest, but at a moment when every industry and every housekeeper is alarmed by the rise in the price of coal it comes with exceptional opportuneness. Englishmen have long cherished vague alarms as to what is to happen to the country when its coal supply is exhausted, and now to this is added the less serious but more present uneasiness as to what is to happen when coal becomes very dear. The latter calamity is nothing like the former in magnitude, but as it is very much nearer to the eye it fills an apparently larger space. Cheap coal is a term of far-reaching significance. It is indispensable to industrial prosperity, for there is not an industry which does not employ steam, and to home comfort, since in this climate we need fires for warmth during the larger part of the year, and for cooking during the whole of it. Even a slight rise in price may have disastrous consequences to trade, and a slight rise at the pit's mouth is apt to reproduce itself far more than proportionately as regards house coal. The annoyance and suffering consequent on dear coal grows as we think of it. It means lower wages—to

all but colliers—and more men out of work. As the cost of each industry becomes greater the smaller factories are closed one by one, and the larger factories reduce their output. This is what dear coal means to the producers,—ruin to small employers, diminished profits to large employers, and less work and less pay for the men employed. To the consumers it means higher prices, and to the poor even a slight increase in the cost of necessary articles is a positive hardship. There is not much left for clothes, for example, out of an agricultural labourer's income, and when woollen goods become dearer, the family have to pinch in their food in order to get them, or to put up with something less warm and less lasting. When we come to the hearth the consequences are felt even more universally. Fires are a necessary of health,—in some winters almost a necessary of life. But among the poor even the preservation of life has to be disregarded when coal passes beyond a certain figure. Even to the classes who will use whatever coal is necessary to life or health no matter what may be the cost, dear coal means a great diminution of comfort and, consequently, of energy. Warmth in winter greases the wheels in a marvellous way, but apart from considerations of life and health, warmth is a luxury for which people will not, indeed cannot, pay more than a certain price. This is what follows from dear coal. But by a curious perversity of things cheap coal is the cause of another class of evils. Cheap coal means more smoke,—more factory chimneys, more house chimneys, and both of them at work more regularly and for longer times. We have grown so accustomed to the atmosphere of our great towns that we have for the most part ceased to consider what it means to human lungs and human eyes and human comfort. We have learned to breathe smoke and to see every object around us discoloured by smoke. The London winter in particular owes to smoke one of its chief features,—its peculiar and persistent darkness. But persistent darkness means to many of us persistent depression. We work less well, and with a greater expenditure of energy. All these results are aggravated by cheap coal. It may seem a small matter how much coal is burned when anyway a great deal must be burned; but any one who has noticed the difference that there sometimes is between the London atmosphere on a weekday and on a Sunday will know that every chimney contributes its share, and that every fraction cut off does something, however infinitesimal, towards lessening the total.

Here, then, are two directions in which Mr. Tesla's scheme would effect an incalculable improvement. The possibility of conveying electricity to any distance with no appreciable loss of power opens out a prospect of altogether dispensing with coal. It would become a simple luxury—not used at all in industrial undertakings, and used in houses only as we now use wood—to give the pleasant sensations attendant upon an open fire. Electric lighting would be so cheapened that we should no more be poisoned by gas or run risk of fire from lamps. Electric heating would be introduced, and place Englishmen as regards the air in their houses on a level with the inhabitants of Southern Europe, while retaining all the vigour of the colder climate. Light and warmth would be supplied with as much ease as water, and possibly at a smaller cost. It has been calculated that "with established conditions and prices" electricity generated at Niagara could be delivered at Albany, three hundred and thirty miles away, at a cheaper rate than steam-power can be generated there with coal at 12s. a ton. What Mr. Tesla's invention promises is to make distance of no importance, except for the actual cost of the apparatus laid down. It will be as easy to take the electric current three thousand miles as to take it three hundred. With this consummation in view, we could look with composure on the ultimate dearness of coal—we fear that for some years to come its present dearness would remain a source of uneasiness—because we might hope soon to be provided with a substitute. We do not mean that the cheapening of electricity, and the consequent increase in its use, will not have their disadvantages. England will lose the predominant position that the possession of coal has so long given her. But she is within measurable distance of losing this pre-eminence even now, owing to the discovery of coal in

other countries. The new discovery, if it comes to anything, will distribute electricity all over the world, and thus, at least, secure her a fair field and no favour. It will be her own fault if her energy and inventiveness do not enable her to hold her own under these new conditions.

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIALS.

THE Americans have succeeded in doing what we should have thought impossible,—they have spread the impression of a funeral service at one and the same indivisible point of time throughout a continent. Mr. Huntington, the great builder and manager of American South-Western railways, died, and as he was very popular throughout his lines, those who had been in his employ wished to pay to his memory some special and striking honour. With the half-poetic, half-practical feeling which often distinguishes American acts, they arranged that at the moment when in New York the body of their late chief was carried from the church to the grave the trains upon the many systems of lines which he had controlled should as by some common and self-derived impulse arrest their movement. As the coffin was lifted, through thousands of miles of line covering the whole distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific every train stopped. The communication of a continent was arrested as by some supernatural command. Not a wheel turned until the body had been lowered, when, as if released by some impulse common to all, communication and ordinary life were resumed. That was a really fine idea finely carried out. The dead man had created the lines, had, as it were, given them breath, and when life stopped with him so, as in sympathy, it momentarily did with them. The ceremony, it is said, was really felt through the whole Huntington system of railways, and its impressiveness fully bears out the theory we have often endeavoured to defend,—that impressiveness can always be produced by an immense repetition at the same moment of the same act, however simple. Let but half a million of men turn their faces at the same moment in the same direction, and the spectator gains for that moment an impression which is almost awful in its distinctness, an impression which neither years nor events will ever quite efface. That is the point at which almost all our great ceremonies fail. There should always be in them some one moment, settled beforehand by tradition, or by agreement, or by command, at which all alike should do something, it hardly matters what, in precisely the same way. Nothing produces such a thrill, and that thrill is the secret of impressiveness. Let any one who doubts this take his stand in a church where it is the custom for all to bow simultaneously at the name of Christ, and he will at once obtain conviction. The action may be mechanical, and therefore as part of Christian worship objectionable, but of its impressiveness to the beholder there can be no sort of question. He is thrilled, if those who bow are not. The same thing was noticed in the Senate Hall of Rome the other day, when, as the King referred to his mother and his wife, the whole vast assemblage, as by a common impulse, rose and bowed to the ladies named. Every reporter instantly fixed on those bows as features in the ceremonial which it was impossible to forget, any more than any one of all who were present ever forgot the sudden spontaneous and simultaneous thrusting forward of hands when the Deputies of France assembled to make a Revolution took the "Oath of the Tennis Court."

It is in these qualities of simultaneousness and similarity that impressiveness is to be sought, rather than in elaboration. Suppose a city wishes after some death which is really felt as a universal loss to express the intensity of its grief. Let every man appear at the same moment in the streets with a veiled or, rather, a shawled face, and the sight would arouse an emotion the impression of which those who saw it would carry to their graves. That will never be done, and we mention its possibility, not as recommending it, but only to make our meaning clear. Or let all householders during one and the same hour hang out of each window a piece of black drapery, no matter what, and it would seem for that hour as if the city were a living entity, awful in its vastness, and steeped in melancholy gloom. The impression in a city like London would be almost terrible, one that every one would feel to be nearly unbearable for any

protracted period. If in the same hour all traffic ceased, and all street noises, the total effect would be one of almost unearthly solemnity. We do manage something of the kind on days of rejoicing for a victory, the custom of suddenly exhibiting flags having pretty well established itself. But one half of its effect is lost by the absence of simultaneousness, which would be obtained at once if custom prescribed that the flags should all appear at one and the same hour, or that every man who rejoiced should, when in the street by daylight, be carrying a flower. We lose by small delays and premature anticipations half the effect of our vast mass, and also something else, the electric thrill which runs through a multitude whenever under any impulse whatever its components all perform the same visible and expected act. What that thrill is remains still unexplained, but its occurrence must be a certainty to any one who has ever seen a really great multitude suddenly stand bareheaded.

We incline to believe that as time goes on the inclination to appreciate and develop the impressiveness of ceremonial will increase. It certainly does in America, and it will do so here also. We all imagine that we are growing realistic, but the wish to be excited, startled, surprised, if only there is no fear in the emotion, remains as strong as ever. The spread of education enables the multitude to see the joyous or sad meaning of events much more quickly, while at the same time there is a decrease in the shyness, the fear of not being understood, which formerly arrested demonstration. Nobody is ashamed now to rejoice publicly in victory or sorrow over loss, and by and by the desire to make expressions of general feeling more effective will induce men to devise methods which, once accepted, will act like commands, and, so to speak, discipline the multitude. They will learn to act on a signal, as Mr. Huntington's railwaymen had been trained to do, and the moment that faculty is acquired the power of making ceremonial impressive is acquired with it. You might even produce silence in London, silence in flashes, when it would seem to every one with hearing as if the heart of the world had stopped to listen, breathless, to some great message. The organisation of great ceremonials, coronations, triumphs, great funerals, has been studied for ages, and to make them splendid much thought is indispensable, but to secure impressiveness only one thing is needful: that all should do simultaneously some one thing. No procession that could march through the Strand would produce the electric shock that would be felt if every man in that great street at the same moment stopped and lifted his hat in air.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF NESCIENCE.

OUR British incapacity for philosophy was markedly shown upwards of a generation ago by the reception given to the late Dean Mansel's speculations as to the Absolute and Infinite. A religious Daniel was come to judgment to show to unbelievers the error of their ways. We doubt not that Dean Mansel was a sincere believer, but it would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that his celebrated book was more likely to lead to atheism than any work ever written in this country. John Stuart Mill immediately pointed that out, and declared with that noble courage and sincerity which were a part of his inmost being that a Deity with a fundamentally different moral nature from that of man, a Deity with whom man could have no moral relations, was for him no Deity at all. And for this absolutely true declaration Mill was vilified and driven from political life, while Mansel was hailed as a great defender of the faith. Seldom, if ever, from the intellectual point of view have we English made ourselves so ridiculous.

We are reminded of that famous controversy by the appearance of the sixth edition of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" (London: Williams and Norgate, 16s.), on the issue of which we may all, without distinction of philosophic creed, congratulate the veteran thinker whose single-minded devotion to thought and truth recalls the days of Greek philosophy and puts to the blush an age so dominated by practical materialism as our own. For Mr. Spencer starts his entire philosophical system by "carrying a step further the doctrine put into shape by Hamilton and Mansel; pointing out the various directions in which science leads to the same conclusions." Such is really the main achievement of Mr.

Spencer,—the development on new lines of Mansel's agnostic philosophy.

To Mr. Spencer, as a first principle, there are two worlds, a known and an unknown, the latter of which he assures us is also unknowable,—a stretch of dogmatic assertion which is imposing in its magnificent sweep. The known world is that which is the object of science, while religion has to content itself with the unknown and unknowable. The question inevitably arises,—What, then, is the use of religion, seeing that it has no objective content? It can but be a mere subjective emotion, nothing more. But to Mr. Spencer both science and religion approximate in a conviction purely negative; that there is a great Cause, but that it is inscrutable. Religion appears to Mr. Spencer in its ultimate form as "belief in a Power which transcends Knowledge"; this is "that fundamental element in Religion which survives all its changes of form." On the side of science there is ultimately the recognition of a "persistent force" which "unifies all concrete interpretations." It is, it seems, a belief in this universal X, this unknown quantity, this unknown and unknowable Absolute, which affords the sole possible reconciliation of science and religion. These are the very first of the first principles of the Spencerian philosophy.

Mr. Spencer's scientific attainments are as vast and admirably displayed as his religious consciousness is weak. How any thinker of his calibre could suppose that such an empty formula could furnish the world with a reconciliation between religion and science it is indeed difficult to comprehend. Mr. Spencer has studied the external aspects of the world's religions, but he seems to have no conception of their inward aim and meaning, while he has exactly reversed the real course of religious evolution. Instead of the religious consciousness coming ultimately to Mr. Spencer's conclusion that "the Power which the Universe manifests to us is inscrutable" (note, by the way, the admission that the Divine Power is manifested in the visible universe, a very "palpable hit" at Mr. Spencer's dualism), it is precisely from that standpoint that mankind started. It is the primitive man who finds the universe a great object of terror because the Power behind it is to him inscrutable. To the religious mind the world in its development is a veritable revelation of this Power; it affords an ever-growing insight into its methods and aims, and so through ages of history renders man more at home in the universe. Without entering into the question of the direct revelation of God which all Christians believe has been made in the person, life, and death of Christ, and which has brought God and man into intimate union, it may be laid down as certain that what may be called natural religion, founding itself on the records of Nature and humanity, has arrived at a conclusion which may be stated in the Apostolic words that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen from the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." Our human personality grows through experience; to the inscrutable Power of Mr. Spencer, which must be conscious, or it could never have developed consciousness in us, all experience, past, present, and to come, is unrolled; and in proportion as our experience grows and our inner life grows also do we enter into deeper relations with the Power that formed our being. That may be all a delusion, but at least it is the view taken by the expanding religious consciousness, and it therefore makes against the conception that science is to be reconciled to religion by an emptying of all religious content save the one barren conviction that the object of religious consciousness is inscrutable. Mr. Spencer has read history backwards.

Professor John Watson, Dr. Martineau, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and other critics have dealt in so masterly a fashion with the worship of the "Unknown God" that it is hardly necessary for us to add to what they have so well said. Religion is not a passionless recognition of an unknown Power. It is an attempt to enter into relations with that Power, it involves prayer, adoration, and therefore a belief that there is such a degree of common nature between that Power and oneself as to render real communication possible. The worship, "mostly of the silent sort, at the altar of the unknown and unknowable," which Professor Huxley commended, is a perfectly useless expenditure of mental and moral energy, if there is any expenditure at all. As well might an Australian savage

attempt to converse on philosophy with Mr. Spencer himself. The mind of Mr. Spencer is "inscrutable" to the savage; there is absolutely no medium of communication, and so all is a barren, dumb show. If God is unknown and unknowable to man, then religion has no *raison d'être*, and the sole way of "reconciling" such a bloodless entity to science will be similar to that suggested by the American humourist as to the lamb and the lion. Religion will lie down inside the voracious body of science. Whatever, therefore, Mr. Spencer may or may not have accomplished, he has certainly not succeeded in reconciling science and religion.

Among other of the "first principles" of Mr. Spencer, we recognise his conclusion that "we have a veritable revelation in science,—a continuous disclosure of the established order of the Universe." This is Mr. Spencer's "known" universe, and we assume that, in this great ocean of nescience, we have at length, after much buffeting with the waves, reached the secure land of knowledge. But Mr. Spencer's solid land is as truly a mirage as any that ever cheated weary travellers in the desert. For we are told that ultimate scientific ideas "are all representative of realities that cannot be comprehended." The man of science, "more than any other, truly knows that in its ultimate nature nothing can be known." In the words of Pope, "universal darkness buries all." Science is no more to be depended on, save for empirical purposes, than religion; we do not know, for all our probing and analysis, the real universe at all, but only a merely subjective representation, dignified, to save appearances, by the title of "relativity of knowledge." The formidable array of knowledge and argument, the wide survey of man and Nature, only leads to universal nescience. Such is the philosophy offered to us at the close of this century. After this conclusion we confess that we can find but little in the final evolution formula: "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." If we do not and cannot know what matter and motion in their true sense are, this sentence is nothing but words.

CANVEY ISLAND.

A RECENT writer on the art of reclaiming land from the sea gives £40 per acre as the cost of making "warp" land. Warping is the art of stealing land from the waters. Reclamation is forcible rescue by building a bank round ground already rising above the tide-level. The would-be warper looks out for an estuary where tons of mud are being carried down from inland, or are set awash to and fro by the coursing tide. He runs out cunning fences, sometimes of earth, often of faggots and wood, against which the mud hangs, and lies in an ever-growing bank after each tide. At last the time comes when part of the mud grows solid, and the rest holds so much more earth than water that the proper moment has arrived to shut out the tide altogether and leave the mud dry, and then to convert it from sea-mud, with no worms and a great deal of salt, into sweet-water earth, which the worms will live in and till nightly, and on which first rape and roots, and later corn and clover and potatoes, will grow. The drawback to warping is that a big storm or high tide may wash out and obliterate all the work that the tide has so obligingly done for ten years. On the other hand, reclamation by building walls entails all the risks of violent interference with Nature. It means a great sinking of capital in the first place, and the liability to a breach in the wall and utter ruin at any subsequent time. Canvey Island, on the Essex shore of the Thames mouth, has lately been held up as an example of a successful reclamation by forcible means, and quoted as an encouragement to do the same elsewhere on the Thames shore. If it is worth repeating at all, the best place to begin would be just above Canvey Island itself. There, between the island and the Essex hills, lies Benfleet. The "fleet" itself, where the Danes laid their ships for the winter, has on either side thousands of acres of marsh like the North Norfolk meal marshes, already three parts saved from the sea. It has the same deep hoary growth of orach and crab grass, it is sprinkled with the sea-asters' purple stars, and spread in places with sea-lavender. Even the new-made graves in the venerable churchyard, under the

grey sea-eaten, storm-furrowed walls of the tower, have wreaths of sea-lavender laid upon them. But there is not the same rich carpet of sea-flowers as at Wells or Blakeney. Nor is the deposit so rich, so soft, so ready to be covered with smiling meadows as those of North Norfolk, built up from the mud-clouds of the Fen. Canvey Island itself is a heavy indurated soil in parts, now well established, and producing fine crops. But is it the kind of ground which would pay a fair return on the cost of "inning it" to-day? The wheat is good, the straw long, and the ears full. The oats are less good, perhaps because the soil is too heavy. The beans are strong and healthy; clover, which does not mind a salty soil, thrives there; and there are strong crops of mangold. But it is not like the Fenland; it cracks under the sun, "pans" upon the surface, and is not adapted for inexpensive or for intensive cultivation. Such was the writer's impression from a careful view of the farms in the middle of harvest. But as a fact in the history of English agriculture, and in its relation to the past story of the Thames mouth, and its possibilities as a future health resort, this work of the enterprising Dutchmen in the beginning of the seventeenth century is full of interest. In 1622 Sir Henry Appleton, the owner of the marsh, agreed to give one-third of it to Joas Croppenburg, a Dutchman skilled in the making of dikes, if he "inned" the marsh. This the Dutchman did off hand, and enclosed six thousand acres by a wall twenty miles round. Like many parts of the Fens, the island was peopled for a time by Dutchmen engaged on the works, and Croppenburg is said to have built there a church. Two small Dutch cottages remain, built in 1621. The general aspect of the island is like that part of Holland near the mouth of the "old" Rhine, but less closely cultivated and cared for.

It has always been a separate region. Never yet has it entered the heads of its proprietors to join it permanently to the mainland. For three centuries its visitors and people have driven or walked over a tide-washed causeway at low water, or ferried over at high tide. You do so still, in a scrubbed and salty boat, while an ancient road-mender is occupied in the oddest of all forms of road maintenance. He stirs and swirls the mud as the tide goes down, to wash it out of the hollow way, otherwise it would be turned into warpland every day, and become impassable. The Dutchmen's roads are sound and straight enough on the island. Outside the wall the samphire and orach beds are wholly marine. Inside the dikes and ditches are filled with a purely sweet-water vegetation. Further seawards, or rather riverwards, at a place called "Sluis," they are fringed with wild rose and wild plum, and the ditches are deep in rushes, in willow herb, in purple nightshade, water-mint, and reeds.

Camden gives a curious account of the island in his day. It was constantly almost submerged. The people lived by keeping sheep on it. There were four thousand of a very excellent flavour. Evidently this was the origin of *pré-salé* mutton in England. Camden saw them milking their sheep, from which they made ewe-milk cheeses. When the floods rose the sheep used to be driven on to low mounds which studded the central parts of the marsh. These mounds are there still. Some are covered with wild-plum bushes. One, in the centre of the island, is the site of the village of Canvey; and on one, at the time of the writer's last visit, two fine old Essex rams were sleeping in the sun. There was no flood; the island had not known even a partial one for some years. But true to the instincts of their race, they had occupied the highest ground, though it was only a few feet above the levels. There are few land-birds on Canvey Island, because there are few trees. A few greenfinches, a whinchat or two, almost no pipits or larks, and very few sparrows. The shore-birds are numerous and increasing, for the Essex County Council strictly protect all the eggs and birds during the breeding season. Enormous areas of breeding ground are now protected in the wide fringe of private fresh-water marshes of this river-intersected shore. Golden plovers, redshanks, terns, ducks, especially the wild mallards, are increasing. So are the black-headed gulls; even the oyster-catchers are returning. After nesting the birds lead their young to the southern point of Canvey Island. It is too near the growing and popular Southend for the birds to be other than shy. But as they are not allowed to be shot till the middle of August, they are able to take care of themselves. At the flow of the tide, before the shooting

begins, the visitor who makes his way to this distant and unpeopled promontory sees the birds in thousands. Out at sea the ducks were this year as numerous as in the old days before breechloaders and railways. Stints and ringed plover, golden plover and redshanks, were flitting everywhere from island to island on the mud and ooze; curlews were floating and flapping over the "fleets"; and all were in security. As the tide rose, they crowded on to the highest and last-covered islets, whence, as the inexorable tide again rose, they took wing and flew swiftly to the Essex shore. The Sluis, looking across to the Kentish shore, is the home of the seagulls. Fifty quaint ships lie anchored there,—Dutch eel-boats, which call for refreshment after selling the cargo; barges; hoys from the Medway bound to Harwich; and fishing-smacks and timber-brigs. Round these the seagulls float, as tame almost as London pigeons. They prefer company, at least the lesser gulls do; the big herring gulls and black-headed gulls keep aloof in the marshes.

The hope of reclaiming land from the waves exercises a peculiar fascination over most minds. It presents itself in more than one form as a most desirable activity. It is something like creation,—a form of making earth from sea. The clothing of the fringe of ocean's bed with herbage, the reaping of a harvest where rolled the tide, the barring out of the dominant sea, the vision, not altogether illusive, of planting industrious and deserving men on the ground so won, all these are alluring ideas. The undertaker, to use the word in vogue in the Stuart days when such enterprises were in high favour, always leaves a name among posterity, generally an honoured name, and in nearly every case one associated with courage, perseverance, and in some measure with benevolence. The picturesque and sentimental side will always remain to the credit of the reclaimers of the waste of Neptune's manor. But if the balance of profitable expenditure, or of good done to others, is weighed between winning land from the sea and expenditure in improving the cultivation of land already accessible, the award should probably be given to the latter. Intensive cultivation and the improvement of the millions of acres which we now possess is a more thankworthy task, demands more brains, and should give greater results than the gaining of a few thousands of acres now covered by water. This conclusion is not the one which any lover of enterprise or of picturesque endeavour would prefer. It is a pity that it is so. Perhaps in days to come when wheat is once more precious the sea wastes may once more be worth recovery. But even so they are not desirable spots on which to plant a population. They are by natural causes on the way to nowhere, and out of communication with the towns and villages. Brading Harbour, in the Isle of Wight, is an exception, for it ran up inland. Lord Leicester's marshes at Holkham are narrow though long, and while splendidly fertile, are all well within reach of the farms and villages. But to scatter farms and labourers' cottages on the dreary flats of a place like Canvey Island is not likely to appeal to the wishes of modern agriculturists, who feel the dulness of rural life acutely already. The growth of the Jewish colonies not far off on the mainland, where poor Hebrews continually reinforce a community devoted to field and garden labour, and content to begin by earning the barest living, seems to indicate that a population from the poorest urban class might be found for reclaimed land. But the industrious town artisans of English blood have not yet found life so intolerable as to be ready to try the experiment.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COLONIAL TIES AND SOCIAL FRICTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—No question is fraught with more dangers and pitfalls for the unwary writer than that of manners, especially when he makes it a subject of comparison between two classes of people who are similar, and yet dissimilar, in their ideas and habits. It is so natural to say, "How true that is!" when he dwells on our neighbours' peculiarities; and "I wonder what kind of people he has been associating with?" when he touches on our own. Further, so many complex schemes are being elaborated for the political *rapprochement* between the Mother-country and her Colonies, that it may seem trivial to

call attention to little differences of social training, fruitful cause though they be of friction between relations who are, at heart, sincerely desirous of a better mutual understanding. But it is the little things that count. Where not one man in a hundred may know or care that one single qualification shall enable him to practise law indiscriminately in London, or Adelaide, or Vancouver, a dozen will be strongly influenced by mere accidents of behaviour, or even of personal appearance. It is a strange fact that an Englishman of twenty years of age may go out to the Colonies, settle there, form the closest ties of intimacy, and yet to the day of his death find that his adopted fellow-countrymen will say, or do, some little thing which will upset all his previous calculations altogether; and, of course, the converse holds equally true. The causes are far to seek, for they lie deep in human nature itself. For the purposes of the present discussion it is obviously necessary to eliminate the "bounder" element, which is offensive *per se*; while the people who have travelled so much as to become practically cosmopolitan are also of little avail for argument or illustration. But why should an ordinary English gentleman, visiting the Colonies for the first time, with every desire to please and be pleased, almost unavoidably tread on other people's toes, and get his own trodden on, before he can adapt himself to his surroundings? There are faults and misapprehensions on both sides. First and foremost comes that Anglo-Saxon self-sufficiency, or self-complacency, which makes the old countryman think that he can teach everything to the new, and the new that he has nothing to learn from the old. The farmer, fresh from the shires, is filled with contempt for the makeshift expedients that are necessary in a newly-settled district, while the "autochthon" laughs openly at the clumsy and old-fashioned methods of the "new chum" or "tender-foot." The young Englishman of good family has undergone a training which is almost deliberately calculated to blind him as to the difference between essentials and non-essentials in ordinary social intercourse. He has been taught to judge men and women largely by their observance of certain shibboleths,—by their use or misuse of such words as "stylish," and of such terms as "ladies" and "gentlemen." When he finds people misapplying these, he concludes, unconsciously, but quite naturally, that they are of inferior status to himself, and hence—without meaning it—adopts a *de haut en bas* tone, which is very quickly felt and resented. He finds his mistake later on; but it takes time. The Colonist, on the other hand, will boast of the "freedom" that disdains such trammels as the wearing of evening dress at dinner, and at the same time allow any set of faddists who have sufficient organisation and time at their disposal to dictate to him what he shall drink, or not drink, at that meal. The ordinary code of etiquette is affected by all sorts of local conditions which experience alone can enable a new-comer to appreciate. In the average Colonial town the houses are small, and the number of guests at any one entertainment necessarily restricted. Chaperons are regarded as a superfluous incumbrance, and their room is, very literally, better than their company. The resulting difference in the general tone of a Colonial girl from that of her sister across the seas is twofold. She will make independent engagements with men on short acquaintance, and treat them with a frank (and perfectly innocent) *camaraderie* that would shock an Old-Country dowager. On the other hand, an English girl, by force of circumstances, rarely meets men who are not on the same social plane as herself. She never expects to be treated with rudeness, and if any *contretemps* should occur, she knows that she always has her chaperon to refer to. This gives her just the touch of fearlessness necessary to enable her to cope coolly with an emergency, just as a mountaineer with the use of the rope will easily surmount difficulties which, unaided, he would find almost impracticable. In young cities with a fluctuating population a decent business situation, with a fairly presentable appearance, will give a man a passport into almost any society. The Colonial girl has to depend on herself, and the result is occasionally a disconcerting readiness to act on the defensive when no aggression whatever was intended. Again, in the matter of seeking introductions, an Englishman's instinct is to wait until a lady, or her belongings, shall have shown some desire to make his acquaintance; in fact, to leave the initiative with her. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule, but it may be taken as representing the general standard of feeling in the matter. Not so in the Colonies,

where, owing to the lack of chaperons and other reasons, a man is expected to ask to be presented, and resentment is not unfrequently felt at his remissness to do so. Take an ordinary example. Mrs. B., a married woman, has a sister staying with her on a visit. A., an Englishman, has known Mrs. B. slightly for some time, and meets the two at a friend's house. He takes the opportunity of offering some slight civility, such as handing tea, when the sisters are together, hoping to be introduced. But unless he actually asks for it, this will not be done,—or in many cases certainly is not done. In Colonial families the sons usually cut adrift from family ties at a much earlier age than is the case in England. While the English boy is still at school the Australian or Canadian will be probably earning his living as clerk in a bank or a lawyer's office, and that probably in a town hundreds of miles distant from the place of his birth. The Englishman, with his inbred love for home and its surroundings, has a cuckoo-like instinct for ensconcing himself in a nest of some kind; and it is a very high tribute to the genuine hospitality and kindness of Colonial families that he rarely fails to do so. (If he does, it is probably his own fault.) He longs for some house where he can go and grumble when little things go wrong with him; where he can bully the girls, and be bullied by them; where he can play with the children, and accept with meekness and gratitude the scolding that the mother will never fail to administer if she thinks fit. This particular trait is probably more effective in causing mutual understanding and self-revelation than nine-tenths of the legislation of politicians. The Englishman can explain away, or apologise for, all sorts of little indiscretions on the part of his countrymen, as, for instance, their insistence on the use of the letters U.S.A. in addressing letters to Canada, or their travelling in the Colonies (this applies equally to both sexes) attired in clothes which they would be ashamed to wear outside the precincts of their own park at home. He may also be able to impress on his own people the desirability of modifying their expressions of delighted surprise when they find that, after all, life across the ocean is conducted very much on the same lines as at home. Not a few of the English newspapers lately have shown a parallel tendency in their somewhat exaggerated laudations of the behaviour of Colonial troops in the field. Considering that this is the first time that all the cousins have fought side by side, a little exuberance is perhaps pardonable, but the true standard of criticism, and the most complimentary, should be exactly the same for Englishmen and for Colonials. Brave? of course they are brave! Intelligent? of course they are intelligent! There is no more reason for laying special stress on these facts than there is for labelling your friends as "ladies and gentlemen." When it comes to be praising them at the expense of British troops, regular or irregular, the indiscretion is worse and its effects graver. For those among them who are intelligent will conclude that you are "talking through your hat"—to use an expressive colloquialism—while those who are *not* will simply be confirmed in their own conceit, and in a certain contempt for the Mother-country which it is neither just nor wise to foster.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. H. W.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

OUR MEDICAL DEPARTMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—As a constant reader of the *Spectator*, I was much distressed to read in your issue of August 11th Mr. Edmonds's letter *re* military hospitals in Natal. His statements are totally at variance with my actual personal experience, and I hold that an ounce of experience is worth a ton of hearsay evidence. My husband left Johannesburg on October 8th, 1899, *via* Delagoa Bay, and was attached to the staff of the Fort Hospital, Maritzburg, on October 22nd. From there he was sent to organise a stationary hospital at Estcourt on November 2nd. To this hospital he remained attached till April 30th, when he was transferred to a hospital ship. During this time he was a patient from January 18th to March 25th with a severe attack of enteric. Owing to the kindness and courtesy of the military authorities, I was permitted to come from Cape Town to nurse him, and I remained at Estcourt till May 14th. The whole time I had free access to the hospital and ample opportunities of observing the

treatment of patients, the provision made for their comfort, and of conversing with the convalescents. I hardly once heard a complaint from the men as to their treatment either at Estcourt or in the field hospitals at the front. They admitted that in the field hospitals they had to put up with hardships, but they cheerfully accepted these as the inevitable accompaniments of active service. I may add that although at the time of my arrival Estcourt was rail-head, yet 100lb. of ice came up daily from Durban for the patients, and if anything was needed, a telegram to the officer in charge of the Government stores at the point always resulted in the article required arriving by next possible train.—I am, Sir, &c.,

MARGARET NAPIER.

Forest Cottage, Minstead, near Lyndhurst, Hants.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Having just returned from South Africa after an attack of enteric fever, and having had some experience of the hospitals out there, I should be pleased if you can find space for this letter. I went out to the war to act as medical orderly to a battalion of mounted infantry. I have been through a six months' course of medicine and surgical dressing at one of the largest London hospitals. I was also a patient in a London hospital for three months, and unpleasant though it was to be ill so long, yet it gave me an insight into the workings of a hospital, which served as a basis of comparison in whatsoever could be fairly compared in the workings of a London hospital and a hospital in South Africa. The hospitals in South Africa of which I had personal knowledge were Maitland Detention, No. 3 General at Rondebosch, Stellenbosch, Kroonstad Dutch Church, and Wynberg No. 2. As regards the supply of stores and medical comforts, probably, after the experience the R.A.M.C. has now had, better arrangements will be made. I believe what was done was the best possible. But one thing was lacking which is almost as necessary as stores, and that was medical knowledge. I do not refer to the many civilian doctors and dressers, who displayed skill and energy of the highest order. But there is no doubt that, with the necessary exceptions to the rule, the R.A.M.C. as a whole are not nearly as competent as they might be. In the case of the doctors there is little inducement for them to keep in the front rank of medical knowledge, and therefore what they have learnt as students at their hospital is bound to get rusty. A young man qualifies, holds perhaps a house appointment at some hospital, passes the Army Medical examination, undergoes a year's special training at Netley, and is then practically settled for life. He has not the stimulus that the general practitioner at home has of constant competition. There is not the same necessity in his case to rub up the old and acquire new knowledge by reading and study. The Army is very conservative, specified methods are followed for the treatment of common diseases, and attempts to introduce new methods and any originality on the part of some more ambitious doctor are eyed with disfavour. Also the doctor of the R.A.M.C. has not to be so careful of his "professional manner" when dealing with poor "Tommy" as the general practitioner with his more fastidious patients. The consequence of all this is that one constantly came across cases in which the doctor of the R.A.M.C. was unable to reduce a dislocation or set a fracture by the proper methods, and it was often necessary for the civilian to step in and perform the operation successfully. The same remarks apply to the nurses. I had more experience of volunteer nurses than of the R.A.M.C., and speak from my experience. At the Dutch hospital at Kroonstad, where there was no lack of Sisters, I never saw one do any nursing. It was all done by the medical orderlies. And surely the prevention and treatment of bed-sores is most important in all illnesses, and should have been undertaken by these qualified nurses. In one or two cases, where there were no dressers, and when the doctors did not dress the wounds, the nurses did so, but they did not dress them well. At the hospital above mentioned all dressings, fomentations, &c., were prepared and put on by the R.A.M.C. orderlies. The nurses were employed cutting up the bread-and-jam, preparing arrowroot, &c., giving the medicines, and taking the temperatures. Here again is a great danger. The nurses are ignorant of "Tommy's" little ways. "Tommy" on milk diet thinks he is being starved. Enteric

fever too causes a ravenous appetite. Hence all "Tommy's" efforts are directed to obtain solid food. The nurses would give the thermometers to about ten patients at a time, and then go away for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and thus kept no watch to see that the temperatures were rightly taken. Consequently the majority of the patients never let their thermometers rise above normal. They were kept in the mouth until the desired result was reached, or if necessary were shaken down. One favourite method was to hold the bulb between the thumb and two fingers. There were of course many very serious, and even fatal, results of this trickery, which would have been prevented if the nurses had taken the temperatures more carefully. As regards the R.A.M.C. orderlies, they receive, I believe, three months' training as recruits. After this they receive no more training, and, except when a war, such as that in South Africa, gives them plenty of practice, have very little opportunity or inducement to keep that training fresh in their minds. But when knowledge has to be acquired in time of war and at the expense of the sick "Tommy," which could be learnt before such a crisis, the methods are radically wrong. It is quite time that competent men should set to work and alter the methods at present in vogue.—I am, Sir, &c.,

G. T. WRENCH.

INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—No one familiar with the inside of our public offices will be likely to quarrel with the spirit of your most useful article in the *Spectator* of August 18th on "Intelligence Departments." But one or two criticisms suggest themselves which I should be glad to put forward. In the first place, I think you underrate what has been done—in quite recent years I admit—in the desired direction. I doubt if there are many first-class Departments, with the exception of the Foreign Office, which have not organised for themselves a useful intelligence branch, such as that, for instance, in the Education Office, a model of its kind. It should not be forgotten, also, that a great deal of work of this kind, work for which an active administrative office finds no time, is done by the investigations of Royal Commissions on social, economic, and financial questions. In the next place, I cannot agree with your suggestion to create a Central Intelligence Department, which would co-ordinate the various existing departmental branches. By such a device you would, I fear, run the risk of still further divorcing knowledge and research from the actual work of administration. A busy official wants his intelligence staff close at hand. Could not your main object, which I take to be to inspire the handling of matters of Imperial policy with greater grasp and certainty, be attained by a less ambitious expedient,—viz., the organisation of a small highly confidential Intelligence Department in the Foreign Office, such as I understand exists in the German Foreign Office? Each of the points on which friction may be expected with foreign Powers, or in which British interests would be involved, would form the object of a separate study by such a Department embracing the various features of the case, historical, political, commercial, geographical, military, and the different courses of action which might be taken and their probable consequences would be sketched out. The officials in charge of this Department would have free access to the political and secret information of the India and Colonial Offices, and would be able to call on the Admiralty and War Office intelligence branches for any information they might require, but their main function would be political. The value of accurate and systematised knowledge really at hand would, as you well say, be incalculable on the occurrence of a sudden crisis in international affairs, and in course of time the work of the Department would probably help to formulate a consciousness, now almost entirely lacking, of what are really the most important objects of our foreign policy, and of the extent to which we are or are not in a position to maintain them. Such a result if it came about would do far more to ensure continuity and consistency in our foreign and military policy than any tinkering of our much-abused Parliamentary and party institutions.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Z.

[We did not wish to dogmatise on the exact manner in which organised intelligence should be provided for the use

of the Administration, so much as to indicate the want of efficient arrangements for its collection and analysis. Our correspondent writes with great knowledge and experience of his subject, and we are quite prepared to believe that his plan of a perfectly equipped Intelligence Department within the Foreign Office might be the best arrangement. The essential point is that we should have "further and better particulars" in all that it concerns our statesmen to know.—*Ed. Spectator.*

THE FUTURE EMPLOYMENT OF OUR DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Through the medium of your columns I would beg to place before the public a proposal which has been well recommended from influential quarters, and which I feel will have great interest throughout the country at the present moment,—the employment of our partially disabled soldiers. Already the War Office is feeling the burden of this responsibility, and various plans such as "military registries, local organisations for furthering the employment of ex-soldiers, appeals, Press advertisements, influential aids, &c.," are being put forward by the Secretary of State for War for the future employment of those who have been willing to risk, for the honour and welfare of their country, life, limb, and indeed the whole of their future careers, thereby not only affecting themselves, but those dependent upon them. It is, then, the duty of the Government, and our duty, to ameliorate this condition as far as possible, and to find work for the disabled or partially disabled, so that they are at least provided with a fair means of sustenance, and I venture through your columns to draw public attention to the suggestion "that such partially disabled soldiers as may be capable, having first qualified as instructors, might be given permanent occupation for the purpose of drilling and training the youth of the country to the use of arms through the introduction of manual drill for boys in the curriculum of the higher standards of the schools under the Board of Education." If accepted the proposal would have a double advantage,—(a) the permanent employment of those whom it should be the pleasure and duty of the country to reward; (b) the foundation of a practically trained body which in time of need might be called upon as a very valuable reserve. With regard to the payment of these men, it is suggested that in addition to their pensions a weekly salary should be provided from the school funds, and it is not unreasonable that one man should attend as many as ten different classes per week. Frequent expression has been made by many public men of the desire that the normal strength of the Army should be increased, and although the recruiting returns may at present be satisfactory, yet at the end of our present wars a falling off must be expected. It is not possible to overrate the importance of obtaining the views of the country on this suggestion, and the probability of an early dissolution of Parliament makes the present time a fitting one for public discussion of the merits of the proposal, which is now put forward with that object. It is also suggested with regard to the local rifle clubs, shooting ranges, &c., which it is desired by all to see established, that these should be systematically conducted from official quarters and under the superintendence of our discharged soldiers, qualified to instruct; a secondary advantage being thereby gained through the influence of these men acting indirectly as recruiting sergeants.—I am, Sir, &c.,

REGINALD R. GARRATT.

THE ORNITHOLOGY OF TENNYSON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your contributor in the *Spectator* of August 18th is, of course, aware that Tennyson substituted "fly" for "bee" in the verse:—

"The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee."

Another less noticed correction is perhaps even a better example of his desire for accuracy. In an early poem he wrote of the "sudden laughter of the jay." Now laughter is hardly the word to use of the harsh squawk in which the jay vents his anger at being disturbed over his acorns or his more questionable proceedings. And so the poet saw, for he altered it to the less soft but more descriptive "scratches," a word borrowed from our local dialect. More accurately he

makes the forest-knight Tristram refer to the "laughter" of the red-headed woodpecker, again, however, using a local word:—

"I am woodman of the woods
And hear the garnet-headed gaffingale
Mock them."

—I am, Sir, &c.,
Eversley, Poole.

W. K. GILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In connection with your article on "The Ornithology of Tennyson" in the *Spectator* of August 18th, I am not aware whether the following anecdote has been published. It was told to me by the late John Addington Symonds. An ardent, but not highly discriminating, admirer of the poet, sitting next to him at dinner, referred to his lines:—

"Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling."

"Beautiful description," said she; "one can almost hear the nightingales singing." "Nonsense, Madam," retorted Tennyson, in his abrupt manner, "they were rooks—rooks!"

—I am, Sir, &c.,
24 Nelson Road South, Great Yarmouth.

UNOCCUPIED COAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your interesting article on this subject in the *Spectator* of July 21st, and the casual mention of the stretch from Bognor to Selsey Bill, "with the break of Pagham Harbour," makes me wonder when poor "Pagham Harbour" is to be finally laid to rest. Dead it is, long ago—about twenty years I am told—but it still enjoys a supposititious existence in maps. Even Bartholomew's latest contour map for cyclists shows blue water where in fact there is nothing but green grass, for in point of fact the sea has been banked out and the old mill at Sidlesham, direct descendant I believe of one that stood there in Thomas à Becket's days when he had a palace at Pagham, stands now high and dry, with a deserted and meaningless wharf, by the side of a mere dribble of a river that drains the surrounding meadows into the sea. Nevertheless Pagham Harbour as an obstruction exists in full force. Roads go round it, not through or over it, and the visitor who would drive or cycle from Bognor to Selsey has to make a detour of many miles inland. Some day no doubt a coast road will be constructed along the bar of shingle that keeps out the sea. Only a little more than a mile is needed to connect the ends of two existing roads; and as it would run over a sort of "no man's land" right on the coast the undertaking would not be expensive. A great attraction would thus be added to the neighbourhood, and the drive would be a charming one, shortened by many miles.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. DE N.

RIFLE CLUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have been very much interested by reading the long correspondence which has taken place in the *Spectator* concerning the proposed formation of rifle associations in England and the many divergent ideas expressed as to the aim, object, and scope of such associations. I enclose you a small booklet containing (1) Government regulations for the Natal Rifle Associations, (2) special rules of the Pietermaritzburg Rifle Association. I think that this booklet will be of interest to you, and will well repay perusal, more especially that part containing the Government regulations for the formation, subsidy, and duties of all associations in this Colony. Of course every village and district almost in the Colony has its rifle association. I think one of the arguments much used in England, more especially by military men, that the formation of rifle clubs would detract from the numbers and efficiency of the Volunteers, is absolutely disproved by the fact that this Colony, with a population of from forty thousand to fifty thousand and with a rifle association in every district, did yet maintain in peace and put into the field on the outbreak of war considerably over two thousand trained Volunteers, exclusive of the emergency corps specially raised for this campaign. Of course many members of different rifle associations joined these special corps after the outbreak of war; and a man who

can shoot, as the Imperial Light Horse demonstrated at Elands-laagte, needs but very little preliminary training to be made an efficient soldier. Another point is that many men here have done two or three years in a Volunteer regiment, but cannot afford time to keep it up. They have to retire; but all of them keep up their shooting by joining the local association. In case of emergency these men rejoin their old regiments; they have good knowledge of camp life and drill, or can pick it up in a couple of days,—and the important point, rifle-shooting, they are probably better at than when they left the corps. In England, on the contrary, a man may, owing to pressure of business, have to leave his Volunteer regiment; and, owing to lack of facilities such as local rifle clubs, he is absolutely unable to keep up the essential part of volunteering,—i.e., rifle practice.—I am, Sir, &c., P. C. LOFTUS.

Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Being much interested in the correspondence now going on in the *Spectator* about rifle clubs and cyclist riflemen, I venture to say a few words in favour of short ranges rather than no range at all. Any one possessing an ordinary sporting rook-rifle can do much to make himself a fair shot and help others to become shots. A .300 bore rook-rifle is very suitable. The short diameter of the bullet is very nearly that of the Lee-Metford bullet, while in other respects the ammunition is quite the equivalent of the Morris tube kind. It is, moreover, cheap. If your garden has a bank, targets may be improvised out of almost anything; if not, boiler-plate is a wise precaution. I do not agree with one of your correspondents, who seems to regard a short range as a toy. The vital principles of rifle-shooting are as necessary on a short as on a long range. The "short-range" man can learn to aim correctly, to manage his breath, and to acquire a steady hand as well as his more fortunate "long-range" rival. In any case, when the "real thing" does come, a man who has learnt something of rifle-shooting on a short range will be far more useful than the self-elected Volunteer who does not know one end of a rifle from the other. I may add that since leaving Cambridge I have not been able to rejoin the Volunteers, but I am still able to get rifle-shooting on a modest scale.—I am, Sir, &c., E. A. ROSS.

Bushey Ruff House, River, Dover.

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[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Oswald St. Clair's letter (*Spectator*, August 18th) leads me to believe that some of your readers will be interested to learn what provisions the new Bill, which passed the House of Lords and was introduced in the House of Commons last Session, proposes to make for lectures. I therefore append the clauses referring to this subject. The need of a new Act is more urgently felt every year, but, unfortunately, such a Bill has but little chance of becoming law unless Government gives it active support in the House of Commons, and because the question of copyright influences (or is supposed to influence) a comparatively small number of votes, it suffers from undue neglect. I am surprised that Mr. St. Clair introduces the familiar illustration of Milton and "Paradise Lost." There is no analogy whatsoever, so far as the law is concerned, between the private employment of an amanuensis and the reporting of a publicly delivered speech.—I am, Sir, &c., JOHN MURRAY.

50 Albemarle Street, W.

"[63 and 64 VICT.]
Lecturing Right.

6.—(1.) Lecturing right means the exclusive right of the owner of such right to deliver, or authorise the delivery of, a lecture in public throughout the dominions of Her Majesty.

(2.) Lecturing right shall subsist in respect of any lecture, whether the author is or is not a British subject, which has, after the commencement of this Act, been first delivered in Her Majesty's dominions before or simultaneously with its publication out of such dominions.

(3.) The author of the lecture shall be the first owner of the lecturing right in a lecture.

(4.) The lecturing right shall begin with the first delivery of the lecture in public, and shall, subject as in this Act mentioned,

subsist for the term of the author's life, and thirty years after the end of the year in which he dies, and no longer.

(5.) The lecturing right, and the right to publish the lecture as a book, may be held by the same or different persons, and shall be deemed to be distinct rights for the purpose of assignment or otherwise.

(6.) If the lecture is published as a book with the consent in writing of the owner of the lecturing right, the lecturing right shall cease.

(7.) The lecturing right shall not subsist in any lecture containing profane, indecent, seditious, or libellous matter.

(8.) The lecturing right shall not be infringed by a report made of a lecture in a newspaper or periodical, unless such report is prohibited by such notice as in this section mentioned.

(9.) The report of a lecture in a newspaper or periodical may not, without the consent in writing of the owner of the lecturing right, be published in any other shape, and such report shall not authorise any other person without such consent to deliver the lecture in public.

(10.) The notice prohibiting such report must be given in some one of the following methods:—

(a.) Orally at the beginning of the lecture to be protected; or

(b.) By a written or printed notice affixed, before the lecture is given, on the entrance doors of the building in which the lecture is given, or in a conspicuous place near the lecturer in letters not less than an inch in height.

(11.) When a series of lectures is intended to be given by the same lecturer on the same subject, one notice may be applied to the whole series."

THE SURRENDER OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The discussion in the *Spectator* of the credit for the preservation of peace at the Mason and Slidell crisis, which I led off in replying to the review of the Life of Mr. Seward, has wandered widely from the two points I then presented. These were, firstly, that Seward was the pacific influence in America, and Lincoln the refractory, which was directly opposed to the position stated in the review; and second, that the insistence of her Majesty on the modification of the terms of the demand for the surrender of the Envoys was, in the opinion of Mr. Adams, a most competent witness in the matter, decisive of the pacific issue of the question. The authoritative communication of Sir Edmund Monson, I was glad to see, distinctly confirmed the first point, and I make no question that the attitude of Mr. Seward was, as it must have been, strongly influenced by the English diplomats at Washington, and on that matter Sir Edmund is an absolutely competent authority, as in diplomatic questions generally touching the United States, and no dispute can be maintained against him on it. With my second point he does not deal. The letter of Mr. Evelyn Ashley, though it is uncontestable authority as regards Lord Palmerston, does not contest either of my points, though it conveys an impression that Mr. Seward had prepared the surrender before the English demand had reached the United States. As Mr. Ashley says, Sir Edmund was behind the scenes on one side of the Atlantic and he on the other; but I was on one side when the Envoys were seized and on the other when it was decided to surrender them, and, through Mr. Adams, a perfectly competent authority on the official action of the English Government as on the disposition of his own, informed as to both sides; and what I learned before leaving the United States was absolutely in confirmation of what Sir Edmund says, while what I heard from Mr. Adams does not contradict what Mr. Evelyn Ashley says. The absurd pretension that Admiral Milne superseded the English Minister at Washington hardly needed Sir Edmund's crushing, but I was glad he put his foot on it. I knew before sailing for England that Seward advised the surrender of the Envoys before the demand should be made, and that Lincoln refused his assent. Seward's despatch was temporising only, and did not preclude a disagreement in the end, and, what seems to have been lost sight of through the whole discussion is that Mr. Seward had no deciding voice in the matter, for his position was not that of an English Prime Minister. The Secretaries of State in the United States are irresponsible advisers, and all decisions rest with the President, and he alone is responsible for their consequences. A large part of the country, including all the West, was in favour of holding the Envoys, *coûte que coûte*, and this was known to be the disposition of Lincoln, and the sending of the Guards to America was only fuel on the fire, as probably Palmerston intended it to be. All that Seward had the power to do was to persuade the President to wait for the demand

of the English Government, but, in the opinion of Mr. Adams, if that demand had been made in the terms in which it was at first formulated, the refusal would have been inevitable, and it was the mitigation of the imperativeness which the Queen insisted on, and not "Mr. Seward's strong views of the justice and policy of yielding," to which the peaceful termination of the dispute was due. If Mr. Seward's "strong views" had had the power Mr. Evelyn Ashley supposes, the Envoys would have been liberated without waiting for formalities. The critical point was the wording of the despatch of Lord Palmerston. A less politic and admirable diplomat than Lord Lyons might easily have driven Lincoln's obstinate nature to extremes, and at that moment Seward's influence on the President was not great. It must be remembered that the tradition of American politics imposes on the successful candidate of the party his most influential rival as Secretary of State, and it was well known that Seward was not Lincoln's preference but his defeated rival, accepted *malgré* through the necessity of party usage. But in spite of Lord Lyons, Mr. Seward, and all the dangers of the position (which the masses in the United States with their passions at fighting pitch absolutely ignored), I remain convinced that a peremptory demand for the Envoys would have met with a refusal from Mr. Lincoln. That this was avoided was due directly to the Queen, and through her to these of her advisers, official and unofficial, who were wiser than Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Gladstone. The latter name I add with pain, for Mr. Gladstone's kindness to me in a most painful conjuncture was of inestimable value and will never be forgotten by me; but history is one thing and personal sympathies another.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. J. STILLMAN.

Deepdene, Frimley Green, Surrey.

PROTESTANTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—A Committee was appointed in Chicago, April 2nd, 1894, to direct a movement to secure for Protestants in the Republics of Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia that same liberty of conscience which is enjoyed by Roman Catholics in the United States of America. Since it commenced its labours, Peru has amended its marriage laws "so as to give legal status to the non-Catholic and civil marriages of aliens within its jurisdiction." President McKinley in his Message to Congress of December 5th, 1899, states that "our representative has been instructed to use all permissible friendly endeavours to induce the Government of Bolivia to amend its marriage laws." This utterance of the President and the action of the State Department gave great cheer. In Ecuador the *patronato* law received the approval of the Executive, September 27th, 1899. The communications which I have received from the Secretary of State indicate an unmistakable progress in the South American Republics. To the following condition of things in South America earnest attention is kindly invited. A Protestant Bishop—Bishop Ninde, of the Methodist Episcopal Church—describing a very recent visit to Peru, says:—"It seems a burning shame that in this advanced period the rights of conscience are so restricted that no public religious services are permitted outside the Roman Catholic churches. I was myself admitted to a prayer meeting in Callao by a ticket handed me by the door-keeper in evidence that the meeting was private, and thus not held in violation of law." Every reader of the *Spectator* who believes that there should be accorded to Protestant churches in Peru what is cheerfully accorded to Roman Catholic churches in the British Empire and this Republic—the right of holding public religious services—can help the cause of religious liberty most materially. Liberty-loving Americans will gladly welcome communications advocating for Protestant churches in Peru the precious right that is now denied them. Such communications addressed to the Rev. John Lee, M.A., 57 Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., will be potent factors in bringing about a new era in Peru. Most heartily, indeed, in behalf of the Committee that I have served, do I express its gratitude to the good and great men in the British Isles whose letters nobly helped to amend the marriage laws of Peru, so

that that South American Republic, as far as these laws are concerned, has been brought, to use the language of President McKinley, "into harmony with the general practice of modern nations."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

JOHN LEE.

SWALLOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I wonder whether your readers generally who live in the country have this year observed a great diminution in the number of house-martins? Here I do not see a third of the usual numbers, nor did I see any until late in June. Possibly the very prolonged cold of the spring has something to do with this. I have noticed everywhere that I have been of late years how very much these beautiful little birds are troubled by the house-sparrow. No sooner is a nest built than it is appropriated by that impudent bird, who seems to delight in interfering all round, for in May when a splendid pair of grey woodpeckers bored a hole into a horse-chestnut tree close by my front door, no sooner had they finished than the sparrow's perky head appeared at the entrance! We usually have two or three pairs of house-martins building on this house. Last year no nest was begun until July 14th or 15th; this year we saw nothing of them until August 11th, when they commenced to build. There is a curious point connected with the proceedings of a pair of barn swallows who build in our church porch every year. They nest twice, and rear on an average eight birds, never using the same nest twice in the same year. If the nest is pulled down after the first brood has flown they will build in the same spot; if not they use another corner. But what becomes of the four pairs besides the parent birds? We *never* have had in the nine years I have been here more than one pair occupying the porch, nor have I ever seen more than one pair trying to build. Does the same pair come back annually, and what is the length of a swallow's life, and if the parent birds die after four or five years, say, what rule is there as to which pair shall succeed? But we may ask, I think, many questions connected with the economics of the bird life around us without being able to get any answer. I may also mention that three splendid storks alighted in a field close by in May,—one was shot, and a very handsome specimen he has made in a glass case.—I am, Sir, &c.,

P. POTTER.

Bishopston Rectory, Glamorgan.

A COBDEN-CLUBBITE NOTION OF "FAILURE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—A letter from the Secretary of the Cobden Club has appeared broadcast in the Press, including the *Spectator* of August 18th, in which Mr. Cox purports to hold up to scorn the action of the Indian countervailing duties which were recently imposed on imported bounty-fed sugar. The Secretary of the Cobden Club gives his letter the heading, "Failure of the Indian Countervailing Sugar-Duties," and hasty people who only notice this heading and refrain from reading the letter might easily imagine that Mr. Cox gave some good reason for assuming that the Indian duties had really failed in their object. It may therefore be as well to warn them that he does nothing of the kind. What Mr. Cox does is to enclose an extract from the last Report on Austrian trade from her Majesty's Consul at Vienna, in which that official states that, in spite of pessimistic expectations, the duties have not ultimately caused any "change worthy of notice" in the business done between Austria-Hungary and India; and he proceeds as follows:—"It was always anticipated that the primary effect of the new impost would be to bring about an advance in the price, not only of the bounty-fed commodity, but also of Colonial sugar. This supposition has proved correct." I have ventured to italicise in this passage the first four words, since they knock the bottom out of the argument which Mr. Cox bases upon it,—namely, that the countervailing duties are now shown to have failed because "the contention of the Cobden Club" has been borne out that "their main effect would be to add to the profits of Mauritian sugar-growers at the expense of the unrepresented taxpayers of India." This introduction of the "unrepresented taxpayers

of India" is, of course, mere clap-trap; whether the taxpayers are represented or not, they have no natural right to get their sugar at a lower price than it can fairly be sold at without the assistance of a bounty. But what I should wish to emphasise is the extraordinary audacity with which Mr. Cox ventures to call the duties a "failure" (*i.e.*, a failure, presumably, in respect of their intended object), on the ground that they have had one particular effect which, as his own witness remarks, "was always anticipated." As a matter of fact, it was no special "contention of the Cobden Club" that countervailing duties would slightly raise the price of sugar. Every one who has followed, for instance, the argument for a British countervailing duty to assist the West Indies must remember that this duty was asked for to a large extent with the distinct object of raising the price of sugar to a point at which it would be profitable to grow it in the West Indies, instead of its being sold to the British consumer at a price which, in consequence of the foreign bounty given to German and French imported beet, was not equal to the cost of production. The sole question is whether this rise in price is just, and whether it represents equivalent benefits to the community. The mere fact that the imposition of the Indian countervailing duties has been followed by a rise in the price of sugar to the Indian consumer has nothing directly to do with their failure or their success. Whether they have failed or not is not for me to say here. I have not the necessary data at my disposal. But when the Government of India decided to adopt the policy represented by these duties, and to strike a blow for real Free-trade in sugar by equalising the footing of Austrian and Mauritian sugar-growers in the Indian market, their action was not taken, I presume, with the intention of damaging business between Austria-Hungary and India, nor without the knowledge that our own Colonial sugar-growers would profit (in fact, that was their object); and the Cobden Club, through its zealous Secretary, cannot show that this policy has been a failure simply by pointing to one effect which was always anticipated, and which, taken by itself, is quite irrelevant to the end aimed at by the Government of India. The Cobden Club idea seems to be merely that the consumer is to get his sugar at the lowest price, however that price is fixed, and at however great damage alike to the cause of Free-trade (which abhors bounties) and to our own Colonial interests. But if the Government of India have done good to Mauritius without injuring Austria-Hungary, I should myself have supposed that their policy had been a successful one.—I am, Sir, &c.,

HUGH CHISHOLM.

[Though we must refuse to reopen the sugar-bounty controversy in our columns just now, we publish this letter, as we are always anxious to see the other side fairly put. We have no right to speak for the Cobden Club, but we imagine that what it desires is to maintain the essential principle of free exchange,—the principle of the free and open market. Let all men come here and sell what they have got freely, and let us refuse to haggle with them as to whether their low prices are due to virgin soil, or cheap transport, or special legislation. If we once depart from that principle, and "plod with statisticians" as to whether goods are naturally or unnaturally cheap, farewell to a free market.—ED. *Spectator*.]

MINISTERS' RELATIONS AND GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—There are three degrees of honesty. First, a man "does nothing dishonest," avails himself of a "pull" when he can get one, and generally is on the look-out for his own advantage. Then from a feeling of false sentimentality, the pendulum swings the other way, and he penalises himself and his relations to show his impartiality. Lastly, comes even-handed justice. Your attitude on the position of public men is of the second period, and is of a piece with your former article on Cabinet Ministers as the directors of limited companies, when you suggested that Ministers themselves should resign their directorates. Should we not be bringing the golden age a little nearer if we acted as if we lived in it? To create a new disability is, indeed, putting the clock back. John Doe and Richard Roe are dead, and a prisoner may give evidence on his own behalf. To interfere

with the absolute commercial independence of Cabinet Ministers and their relations is to infringe on that trusty maxim, that a man shall be deemed innocent until he be proved guilty. The new rule would only hamper the honest; the corrupt would soon find some subterfuge to evade it; and there is another aspect of the question not to be overlooked. If you create a new category of Ministers—men whose independence you hamper—you reintroduce nepotism; you give them at once a specious claim to comfortable sinecures, or, at least, safe berths under Government; or, on the other hand, you create the class of professional politicians who have no other position or interests. It is far better to ignore all accidentals, and like Sir Arthur Wellesley (Duke of Wellington) to address a superior (and a brother) as "My Lord" when on official business. Your attitude of "impartiality" might well have robbed the nation of that mighty champion. Your very next article commends the Government for buying funds in the open market; let it buy its Ministers there too, and not do anything to restrict the market.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. F. ALCOCK.

Evesham.

POETRY.

OESCHENEN.

You should have stay'd, and stay'd alone,
Beneath those shadows of the pines,
Until the golden day was done:
Then, that lone lake looks up, and shines
With such a smile as might express
The best of human happiness.

No foot is near; a marmot's cry
Strikes the deep silence deeper still;
And those great mountain-walls on high
Are dark with various glooms, that fill
The dusky vale. Whence comes it, then,
The glow that burns on Oeschenen?

Ah, look yet higher, toward the East!
Yon white Alp in the far blue sky
Bares to the sun her virgin breast
That he may kiss her ere he die;
Then, blushes through her trackless snows
One pure illimitable rose.

ARTHUR MUNBY.

BOOKS.

MR. FIRTH'S "CROMWELL."*

MR. FIRTH'S short *Life of Cromwell* is a most welcome addition to historical literature. A short *Life of the Protector* which should give a true picture of the man and yet be suitable for the general reader has long been wanted. Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches* produces no doubt a wonderfully vivid impression, but unless the reader knows something of Cromwell's life from other sources it is apt to cause a good deal of mental confusion. Its full effect is only perceived by those who know the history of Cromwell and his period fairly well already. Hitherto there has been no short book which could be recommended as an introduction to the *Letters and Speeches*, for Dr. Gardiner's admirable contribution to the "Goupil Series" is rather a study for the historical scholar than for the man who wants to learn. At last, however, we have a book which can be recommended to those who desire to realise what manner of man Cromwell really was. Mr. Firth's biography gives exactly the right amount of information in the right way. It is, in truth, an excellent piece of work, moderate, judicious, impartial, and yet thoroughly appreciative of its mighty subject. No one, indeed, can rise from its perusal without feeling the splendid qualities of head and heart possessed by Cromwell, or fail to realise that he was among the greatest of patriots and of Englishmen. And yet it is just the kind of biography Cromwell would have himself appreciated. Nothing is extenuated and nothing concealed. At the same time

* *Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans in England*. By Charles Firth, M.A. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. [5s.]

nothing severe is said as to Charles and his followers. Indeed, Mr. Firth almost goes too far in this direction, and we confess to feeling that he might have expressed a little more indignation at "the sullen tyranny of Charles and Laud." However, that is a fault very much on the right side, and we must commend Mr. Firth for not falling into the common error of trying to raise one man in our esteem by abusing all who differed from him. Mr. Firth, though he is no flabby indifferentist, is never over-zealous. His strong feeling for Cromwell neither blinds him to his hero's faults nor makes him unjust to the Royalists.

Perhaps the best thing in a thoroughly sound book is the excellent account of Cromwell's political attitude. An opportunist, in a sense, Cromwell certainly was, but not in the sense usually given to the word. He was only an opportunist or waiter on events because he firmly believed God would show him the way. No doubt this attitude often gave quite as bad results as the baser opportunism which makes politicians follow those they are under trust to lead, but the source of the opportunism of Cromwell must never be forgotten. He was no time-server, but one who devoutly, if not always successfully, tried to be a servant of God. Here is Mr. Firth's account of the matter:—

"For his own part, Cromwell believed in 'dispensations' rather than 'revelations.' Since all things which happened in the world were determined by God's will, the statesman's problem was to discover the hidden purpose which underlay events. When he announced his victory at Preston he bade Parliament enquire 'what the mind of God is in all that and what our duty is.' 'Seek to know what the mind of God is in all that chain of Providence,' was his counsel to his doubting friend, Colonel Hammond. With Cromwell, in every political crisis this attempt to interpret the meaning of events was part of the mental process which preceded action. As it was difficult to be sure what that meaning was, he was often slow to make up his mind, preferring to watch events a little longer and to allow them to develop in order to get more light. This slowness was not the result of indecision, but a deliberate suspension of judgment. When his mind was made up there was no hesitation, no looking back; he struck with the same energy in politics as in war. This system of being guided by events had its dangers. Political inconsistency is generally attributed to dishonesty, and Cromwell's inconsistency was open and palpable. One year he was foremost in pressing for an agreement with the King, another foremost in bringing him to the block; now all for a republic, now all for a government with some element of monarchy in it. His changes of policy were so sudden that even friends found it difficult to excuse them. A pamphleteer, who believed in the honesty of Cromwell's motives, lamented his 'sudden engaging for and sudden turning from things,' as arguing inconstancy and want of foresight. Moreover the effect of this inconsistency was aggravated by the violent zeal with which Cromwell threw himself into the execution of each new policy. It was part of his nature, like 'the exceeding fiery temper' mentioned by his steward. 'I am often taken,' said Cromwell in 1647, 'for one that goes too fast,' adding that men of such a kind were disposed to think the dangers in their way rather imaginary than real, and sometimes to make more haste than good speed. This piece of self-criticism was just, and it explains some of his mistakes. The forcible dissolution of the Long Parliament in 1653 would never have taken place if Cromwell had fully appreciated the dangers which it would bring upon the Puritan cause. On the other hand, this failure to look far enough ahead, while it detracts from Cromwell's statesmanship, helps to vindicate his integrity. He was too much taken up with the necessities of the present to devise a deep-laid scheme for making himself great. He told the French Ambassador in 1647, with a sort of surprise, that a man never rose so high as when he did not know where he was going. To his Parliaments he spoke of himself as having seen nothing in God's dispensations long beforehand. 'These issues and events,' he said in 1656, 'have not been forecast, but were sudden providences in things.' By this series of unforeseen events, necessitating first one step on his part and then the next, he had been raised to the post of Protector. 'I did out of necessity undertake that business,' said he, 'which place I undertook, not so much out of a hope of doing any good, as out of a desire to prevent mischief and evil which I did see was imminent in the nation.' Conscious, therefore, that he had not plotted to bring about his own elevation, Cromwell resented nothing so much as the charge that he had 'made the necessities' to which it was due. For it was not merely an imputation on his own honesty, but a kind of atheism, as if the world was governed by the craft of men, not by the wisdom of God. People said, 'It was the cunning of my Lord Protector that hath brought it about,' when in reality these great revolutions were 'God's revolutions.' 'Whatsoever you may judge men for, however you may say this is cunning, and politic, and subtle, take heed how you judge His revolutions as the product of men's invention.'"

It would be difficult to find a better or fairer description of Cromwell's attitude towards politics than this.

Mr. Firth very properly insists upon the intense patriotic pride which dominated the mind of Cromwell; as he says:—"Cromwell was full of patriotic pride. Once, when he

was enumerating to Parliament the dangers which threatened the State, he wound up by saying that the enumeration should cause no despondency, 'as truly I think it will not; for we are Englishmen: that is one good fact.' 'The English,' he said on another occasion, 'are a people that have been like other nations, sometimes up and sometimes down in our honour in the world, but never yet so low but we might measure with other nations.' Several times in his speeches he termed the English 'the best people in the world.' But in truth this ardent patriotism was the mark and seal of Puritanism. We see it in Milton's declaration of God revealing himself as is his wont "first to his Englishmen," in Mrs. Hutchinson's fervent panegyric of the English nation, and indeed throughout all the Puritan writers. The Cavaliers were brave enough, but their devotion was largely personal, and the best minds among them were more cosmopolitan than national. They were followers of the King first and Englishmen after.

We cannot leave Mr. Firth's book without a quotation from his interesting and original chapter on Cromwell and his family. Here is his description of the Protector's household:—

"The Protector's household was naturally organised on a more magnificent scale than that which had sufficed him as General. The sum allowed for its maintenance was sixty thousand pounds during the first Protectorate, and a hundred thousand pounds during the second. But many other expenses were defrayed from this fund, and Cromwell spent a large amount in charity; according to one biographer as much as forty thousand pounds a year. Speaking of the Protector's second installation, and the increased state which was its consequence, Sir Philip Warwick says: 'Now he models his household so that it might have some resemblance to a Court, and his liveries, lackies, and yeomen of the guard are known whom they belong to by their habit.' The forty or fifty gentlemen employed in the internal service of Whitehall and Hampton Court, or in attendance upon the Protector's person, wore coats of grey cloth with black velvet collars, and black velvet or silver lace trimming. And besides these 'yeomen of the guard' he had the life-guard of horse which has been mentioned before. All this show and state offended many rigid Puritans, to whom even the semblance of a Court was hateful. Others held that it was 'necessary for the honour of the English nation' that its head should be surrounded by a certain amount of pomp, and this opinion was generally accepted."

We must leave Mr. Firth's book, but not without one more warm recommendation to all those who desire to know the real Cromwell. They can nowhere find a better, nay, as good an historical miniature of Cromwell. We may add that the book is very well illustrated.

PARIS.*

It is a fascinating idea to write the life of a city, and Paris, more than most cities, lends herself to the purposes of a picturesque biography. Mr. Belloc's chief point, to which he keeps successfully, is the striking historical continuity of Paris, her growth and development on the same lines, her conservatism, the peculiar personal character which belongs to the city from her earliest days till now, and makes it reasonable to write her life, as if it were the life of a person, whom, however, no biographer has quite arrived at understanding.

This book cannot then be called a history of Paris, which indeed, in a volume of this size, could hardly be more than a dry list of facts. These facts, or a knowledge of them, are mostly taken for granted by Mr. Belloc; perhaps a little too much so for the ordinary reader, for the ignorance of French history possessed by the English public is not easily to be measured. Therefore this very interesting book is likely to be enjoyed especially by those who already know the subject, and will be glad to meet with something pleasantly familiar in a new and romantic dress. Written, after all, by a Frenchman, the book springs from a real love and intelligent sympathy for its subject. If it has not appeared simultaneously in French, it is sure, we imagine, to be very soon translated, and it ought to meet with a cordial welcome in France, where such studies are carried to perfection. French people knew, before M. Robert de la Sizeranne had introduced them to Ruskin, how the buildings of Paris, changing from century to century, speak and moralise on the character of the time, so that the Parisian mind, from Childebert to Soufflot—we take Mr. Belloc's limits—may be read, for instance, in the great book of Notre Dame.

* Paris. By Hilaire Belloc. London: Edward Arnold. [7s. 6d.]

We have used the word "romantic," but this does not mean that Mr. Belloc's book is not on a serious historical basis. On the contrary, it is the result of a very complete study of all the chronicles and traditions of Paris, from the Gaulish village and the Roman town to the eighteenth century and the Revolution. Here the story ends, and wisely, for the Revolution began a new age which has hardly yet shown its true end and character. But the subject is treated in a romantic way, and sometimes almost fancifully, as, for instance, in the pages dealing with the fourteenth-century statue of Our Lady of Paris, which in its rather quaint beauty appears as the frontispiece to the book. Such pages as these have a slightly puzzling effect,—by the by, may *La Cathédrale* possibly have inspired them? When Mr. Belloc writes of that mediæval statue as the symbol, the emblem of Paris, even "the figure of Paris itself,"—"of its religion, of its civic ideals, of all that varied message which fails unceasingly and seems continually lost, as a ship—and a ship is also the symbol of Paris—seems to be lost in the trough of a high sea, and is hidden for a time, but in the end is saved,"—we ask ourselves whether the recent revival of a more devotional mind among Parisian men, which has altered the tone of M. Bourget and produced M. Coppée's *Bonne Souffrance* and M. Huysmans's later books, and influenced practically the very different mind of M. Brunetière, appears to him as a real change tending to righteousness, or merely as one of those fluctuations that interest the student. In either case, he might take it to prove the justice of the Parisian motto,—*Fluctuat nec mergitur*.

Mr. Belloc draws very vivid and poetical pictures of the state of Paris at the various periods of her growth. By means of maps and plans he shows us the lie of the country from the earliest times, and working back, as it were, from the Paris we know so well, he brings before us the lonely river valley with its marshes and forests, and the islands on which the first settlers built their huts. Then the Roman town, white and stately, loved by Julian the Apostate, of which a famous relic, the altar of the Nautæ, found a few feet from the altar of Notre Dame—here we have one out of many instances of the conservatism of Paris—is now to be seen in the Roman bath at the Hôtel Cluny. Paris lived on through the Dark Ages, wrecked, besieged, but standing, till at last Hugh Capet lifted her out of barbarism and founded the kingdom. Then followed those early Middle Ages, of which Mr. Belloc's account is especially charming. He, with other historians, believes the thirteenth century, the days of St. Louis, to be the noblest time through which Europe has passed. He looks upon a Paris all new as to buildings, fresh and young as to spirit, full of ideals in which she honestly believed:—

"The note, then, of that Paris which had reached the climax of her second civilisation, was one of order, of unity, and of simplicity. That dear quality which is like humility in stone, the restraint and dignity that yet linger in our older towns, marked the city upon which St. Louis had set in some way the seal of his admirable spirit."

In these years Gothic architecture had appeared, "it was as though the city had adopted an attitude of prayer," and the University of Paris had begun to teach men to look round and ask questions. This whole chapter on the early Middle Ages reminds one—with a difference—of M. de Montalembert's famous introduction to his *St. Elizabeth of Hungary*.

Some of the most interesting pages are concerned with those features and monuments of old Paris which, for one reason or another, have entirely disappeared; such as the great enclosure of the Templars, and that wonderful palace of Charles VI., the Hôtel St. Paul, with all the luxury and sadness of the later Middle Ages; and the other smaller palace, the Tournelles, where the Duke of Bedford made his home when the English occupied Paris. Among such vanished monuments it seems strange to count the Tuileries, which, however, most of us who have seen it at all remember only as a blackened ruin. Older people will hardly agree that the vista of the Champs Elysées is more beautiful without the Tuileries, but they are not likely to accept the doctrine—implied if not expressed—that Paris in the way of her development can do no wrong.

The French Renaissance style, as we know, was a creation of France herself, little borrowed from Italy, and we have here an excellent account of the way in which Paris made it her own. Then the rise and history and long gradual build-

ing of the Louvre, rivalled and surpassed by Versailles to the destruction of Royalty; the transformation of Ste. Geneviève into the Panthéon, and all the other horrid things done by Soufflot and his architectural fellows in the eighteenth century, especially to the beautiful ancient work of Notre Dame;—these and many more développements of the Parisian spirit are set before us with vigour and charm. As we approach the river in these modern days from the Rue du Bac, still retaining so much of its old character, the origin of its name brings a whole picture before us, and it is in these pictures that Mr. Belloc excels. Delorme was building the Tuileries in 1564 for Catherine de Medicis; it was a delicate, fantastic building, planned by the architect to suit the Queen's character. Most of the quarries were by now exhausted, and Delorme had to bring his stone from the southern hill, now called Mont Parnasse. To avoid the delay and long round by the bridges he arranged with the Abbey of St. Germain des Prés to make a road through their fields and vineyards, all outside the city; and this road ended in a *bac* or ferry across the river, close to the present Pont Royal. That rough road for the stone-carts became the Rue du Bac, the chief street of the Faubourg St. Germain, before it was much older.

There are certain signs of youth, more in the manner than the matter of Mr. Belloc's book. It is perhaps that he takes his own impressions a little too seriously, treats himself at times a little too much as a teacher, and is, we fancy, slightly distracted here and there between his very diverse admirations. But these are all faults that time will mend, and in the meanwhile he has written an original, agreeable, and useful book.

AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE.*

IF, as we gather to be the case, the chapters of this volume have appeared in the pages of the American paper, the *Outlook*, they count greatly to the credit of Transatlantic journalism. The author, Mr. Charles B. Spahr, is a remarkably frank and open-minded student of industrial questions, ready at any time to modify opinions which he may have previously formed when he finds new facts at variance with them, and is also endowed in a high degree with that blend of the gifts of the interviewer and the cross-examiner which is needed for the successful pursuit of social investigations. His book does not profess to be a complete or exhaustive treatment of his subject, but it deals in a very illuminating fashion with several of the most important departments and aspects of industrial life in the United States. Included among these are the old factory towns of New England and the new factory towns of the South; the negro as an industrial factor and as a citizen; the "iron centres" of Pennsylvania, where Trade-Unionism is suppressed, and the building and other trades at Chicago, where it is flourishing almost to the point of triumph; the coal-mines of Pennsylvania; and farming, both in the backwoods of Arkansas and under the influence of State education, and experimentation in agriculture, in Minnesota.

The mere enumeration of these topics illustrates the immense diversity of industrial and economic conditions presented by the United States as compared with those to be found in this country,—a diversity so profound, and so cogent in its influence, that there are not wanting thoughtful citizens of the Republic who believe that in the long-run the centrifugal forces so developed will overmaster those making for political cohesion. No such apprehension is suggested by Mr. Spahr. He is an intense believer in the educating and unifying influence of life under the flag of the great Republic of the West. Speaking of the constant influx of foreigners with traditions as remote as possible from those of the States, he says: "The ideals, the opportunities, the responsibilities of our democracy change the immigrants into a new order of men. . . . The power of our democracy to transform hands into men awakens new faith in American institutions." We do not question the general truth of this proud claim, and yet there is a good deal to be found in Mr. Spahr's volume which shows that powerful combinations of individuals and interests may avail to arrest, and for a time, at least, even to reverse, the tendencies making in the States for freedom, at any rate as it is understood in England. Notably there is the case of

* *America's Working People*. By Charles B. Spahr. London: Longmans and Co. [5s. net.]

the colossal Carnegie Works. There, where from a manufacturing point of view the most conspicuous successes have been achieved, liberty of combination among the workmen has been completely crushed. Mr. Spahr seems to have satisfied himself that wages had been lowered at the Homestead Works since the great strike in 1892, but it was not that which—

“Caused the most bitter complaints amongst the men. Their wages, even when lowered, were not low, and most of them realised it. Their real grievances were the long hours, the Sunday labour, the strain under which they were compelled to work, and above all—or rather at the basis of all—the want of freedom to organise. Nobody in Homestead dared openly to join a Trade-Union. The President (Mr. Charles M. Schwab) said without reserve that he would discharge any man for this offence, and the men all understood that this was the foundation principle of the present order. So far as I could see, no secret Union had yet grown up. . . . The Union movement to all appearances was dead, except in the hopes of the workmen. The management, I afterwards learnt, believed that it was dead even here, and that most of the men were glad to have the Union outlawed; but I saw nothing to support this view. Some of the men I met did not wish to be connected with Trade-Unions. But there was not one of them but regarded the loss of the right to organise as a restriction to freedom.”

This state of things is attributed by Mr. Spahr not principally to Mr. Carnegie, who is said to have sympathised with organisation among his employes, but to the present head of this vast business, Mr. Schwab, who is a convinced believer in the pernicious operation of Trade-Unions. Institutions, it is true, of the best kind, and on the most liberal scale, have been established and are maintained by the management for the benefit of the workmen; but freedom to organise themselves is resolutely withheld from them. Mr. Schwab holds that Unionism is incompatible with that complete individual independence which is essential to the best welfare of the men, and he relies on English experience as showing that the arbitrary regulations of Trade-Unions are inimical to the free development of industries on the most enlightened lines. There is much to be said for the truth of Mr. Schwab's position, from the manufacturer's point of view, and it is interesting to notice that the writer of the able and interesting series of articles on American engineering competition which has lately been appearing in the *Times* plainly holds that to give English engineering a fair chance Unionism must be broken down here. That is as it may be, but one thing is quite certain, and that is that individual freedom secured by a benevolent despot's prohibition of combination is not real freedom. And no one who knows anything of life in any of the great centres of the metal and engineering trades in the North of England can read Mr. Spahr's account of Homestead without feeling that it is here, and not there under the Schwab régime, that conditions are on the whole most favourable to the wholesome development of individual character. Still more markedly unfavourable to the States must be a comparison between, let us say, life in any of the pit villages in which the householders are mainly members of the Northumberland Miners' Union, whose secretary is Mr. Burt, M.P., and that in the town of Harwood, Pennsylvania, mainly inhabited by Hungarians working in the neighbouring collieries. Mr. Spahr visited it with a Welshman who had been discharged from his mining employment on account of his sympathy with the Huns on the occasion of a calamitous riot, but who appeared to Mr. Spahr a remarkably fair-minded man. Mainly, as it appears, on his authority, we learn that—

“Only the men who were not now employed by the coal company dared talk with me about labour troubles. It was not a free town. One point of freedom, however, the people had gained by the great strike. They were now allowed to employ their own doctor. . . . The more important object of the strike, however—the removal of the company-store system—has not been attained at all. Conditions in this respect were almost as bad as in the South. Pay-day was the fifteenth of the month, but the men were paid only up to the first. Their wages, therefore, were never less than two weeks in arrears. In this way only the thrifty were able to buy at other than company stores, and even the thrifty did not dare to do so. Upon this point,” proceeds Mr. Spahr, “my escort laid none of the blame upon the head of the company. ‘Mr. Pardee,’ he said, ‘tells the men to trade where they please, and I believe he means it. But the under-officers managing the different departments work together to make good returns, and when they make them their management isn't criticised.’ Justly or unjustly, the men were firmly convinced that their jobs were in danger unless they traded with the company.”

The law passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature for the

protection of these miners contained two words nullifying its ostensible intention. For it prescribed that all mine labour should be paid for in money “on demand”; and “for any individual miner to demand money when the company preferred to pay in scrip—or checks on the company store—was considered the equivalent of demanding a discharge and change of residence.” The state of things thus depicted is not freedom or anything like it, and there seems no reason whatever for confidence that the range within which capital can work its will, good or bad, unchecked will not be widely extended in the States. Thus we learn that the cigarette-making trade is already controlled by a Trust, “to the utter suppression of Unions,” and the cigar-makers, whose Union, from Mr. Spahr's account, seems to be a vigorous and in many ways useful one, feel that if the same agency of concentrated capital were to enter their trade, the prospect would be gloomy indeed. Nor would it seem unnatural that, in various directions, employers should be tempted to seek for the same kind of exemption from Trade-Union interference with their business as has been secured by the Carnegie Company, from whose works come, be it remembered, some three-fifths of all the steel produced in Pennsylvania. Mr. Spahr's visit to Chicago revealed to him a state of feeling with regard to machinery among the well-organised carpenters there which convinced him that “the omnipotence of Trade-Unions would mean industrial stagnation as surely as the omnipotence of Trusts.” We should have doubted whether “industrial stagnation” was one of the evils to be expected from the omnipotence of Trusts, but that there are very serious evils connected with such a state of things is quite certain. Among other things, it would seem likely to contribute to the enhancement of the strain at which labour is carried on in many trades in America, and which, apparently, is already widely producing premature exhaustion of industrial efficiency. Mr. Spahr gathered the impression that in steel-rolling mills a man is “old at forty.” In the cotton-spinning factories of New England he noticed an absence of men over forty-five, except at such work as sweeping, and was told by the head of the Spinners' Union that *before* that age “the strain of the work wore men out, and their fingers were no longer nimble enough to keep up with work demanded.” He even found many “households upside down,” where the women did the factory work and the men took care of the home. Mr. Spahr's picture of the new factory towns in the South is, on the whole, distinctly more cheerful than that which he gives of the old factory towns in New England, but the early retirement of adults is carried even farther. At Lindale, in South Carolina, the superintendent of the mills told him that they had few men in the cotton mills over thirty-five! “He suggested that early marriages had much to do with it. The people marry young, and when they get to middle life, they expect their children to support them.” And it appears that in the South there is no legal restriction with regard to the age at which children may be required by their parents to begin factory life.

Whatever the explanation, it is difficult to regard the various evidences afforded by Mr. Spahr's book of the premature disuse of workpeople in early middle life, of the oppressive power exercised by masses of capital, and of the temper animating many Trade-Unionists, as combining to throw an encouraging light on the industrial outlook in the States. Nor can we be surprised that our author himself, great as is his general faith in the “American” spirit, looks upon the rural districts as its real stronghold. His concluding paper on “The Northern Farm” is full of interest and attraction, and exhibits much good reason for the hope that is in him.

A GROUP OF CHINESE BOOKS.*

MISS SCIDMORE is an American lady who, having previously travelled much in Japan and the Archipelago, made a journey through the chief cities of China and attempted to see something of the life behind the gates of the P'us. The result of her travels is a book which seems to us to be the most brilliant

* (1.) *China, the Long-Lived Empire*. By Eliza Ruhamah Seldmore. London: Macmillan and Co. [8s. 6d. net.]—(2.) *European Settlements in the Far East*. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *China and the Present Crisis*. By Joseph Walton, M.P. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. [6s.]—(4.) *A Narrative of Events in China during Lord Elgin's Second Embassy in 1860*. By the late Lord Loch. Third Edition. London: John Murray. [2s. 6d.]—(5.) *The Problem in China and British Policy*. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. London: P. S. King. [2s.]

and interesting picture of the long-lived Empire that we are acquainted with. The author is learned in Chinese history and the bibliography of Chinese travel; she has an artist's eye for effects of scene and weather, and she has a vein of mild philosophy to point an occasional moral. In the main she is the observer, the chronicler of every detail in the coloured pageant of Chinese life; but she has also something of the poet's feeling for moving contrasts and the pathos of decadence. Her knowledge is great, her power of pictorial writing remarkable, and her style is full of light and grace. So that from the book the Western reader, to whom the Great Wall and the Summer Palace are only names, may get a very real impression of the frosts and damps, the hills and the riversides, the squalor and splendour and tradition of that incomprehensible land. The results which the author arrives at are not a number of clear definitions and criticisms. "That oilskin mystery, the Chinaman," is as inscrutable to her at the end as at the beginning. It is impossible to sum up so vast a territory and population in any dapper epigram. She calls the Empire "degenerate," but is compelled to admit certain qualities in its exclusive aristocracy and the tarnished magnificence of its cities. It is a civilisation, essentially, but a weedy, crazy growth, obstinate in the wrong places, without aim and coherence. Two facts were constantly forcing themselves upon her attention,—that China was about to be the prey of stronger peoples, but that the old tawdry tradition would not die without a mad struggle. The terrible capacity of the Chinaman for "getting distracted in cold blood," which he has in common with most Orientals, means that there will be no gentle Europeanising as in Japan. It will be a gross commercial and bloodthirsty exploitation, Miss Scidmore thinks, necessary but ugly. One progressive Chinese official said to her: "Oh, why did not the English keep the country when they were at Peking in 1860? Then we should have had progress in an honest and rational way. Now we have been delivered over, sold to the Russians, and all Europe will devour us piecemeal. Our end has come." The author reaches the same conclusions as Mr. Colquhoun on the lack of any common Chinese national feeling. She quotes again from a Chinese official:—

"It is impossible to regenerate China from within. The motive power is not here. They do not want to be regenerated. They do not see that there is anything the matter. It would not disturb the Pekingese to have France seize all Kwangtung, nor excite the Cantonese to have Russia seize all north of the Yangtze. . . . They do not realise that China, the nation, was whipped by Japan. It was only Li Hung Chang and those Manchus up north who lost 'face.' Not until the foreign bayonet actually pricks them do they feel. As a province of Asiatic Russia, North China might improve. A strong government is good for them. See what the Dutch have done with them in Java. Until they cut their queues there is no hope of their awakening. They can never be men while they wear those petticoats and soft-soled shoes. A century of subjection, of good, hard European tyranny . . . might make a man of him. After that, a century or two of enlightened struggle for liberty, then united China and the millennium."

And her conclusion is that "a raw-hide and hobnail civilisation may do much for this paper-soled race."

But Miss Scidmore is far more the sentimental journeyer than the political theorist. Her description of Peking is so minutely picturesque, so full of incident and colour, that one is apt to overlook the many shrewd comments. Of the Emperor Kwangsu, the Empress-Dowager, and Li Hung Chang she has much curious gossip to tell, and many significant facts. But she is at her best when she writes merely as the cultivated visitor with a mind sensitive to scene and weather and romance. She visits an old Tartar noblewoman in her own house, and is received by the whole family in gorgeous raiment. "It was a clothes show beyond compare, and the dazzling group in that sun-flooded old court made one wonder what the Imperial palace groups could be, since this was but one yellow-girdled, green-tiled family of dilapidated fortunes." The Manchu ladies discussed the X-rays, and were full of inquiries about the Western world. And this was the hostess's good-bye:—"We are friends for ever. I spend my heart upon you; my heart speaks your language, but not my poor tongue." Miss Scidmore has much to tell of the Chinese city and the Peking racecourse, the Great Wall, and the valley of the Ming Tombs. Everywhere the exceeding beauty of the climate mellowed her view, and for a moment North China seemed a land of rose-coloured pastorals. Here is one such picture:—

"The near hills were as bare as those of our New Mexico, and, like them, veined and fretted with marvellous transparent blue shadows, every distance softly, hazily lilac and purple, and the far hills duskily wine-red. . . . We had ten miles of such orchard scenery, everywhere the dull-blue clothes of the people giving a last touch to the colour-scheme, and everywhere the brown earth heaped with the glistening, gorgeous fruits. The air was the wine of the year; every sound came through it softly; and the blue-cotton people seemed to have gone abroad to plough the amber earth, to climb the crimson and-gold trees, only to produce artistic effects."

But Miss Scidmore's book is not all a study in rose-purple. She went south to Canton and saw the dirt and misery of Chinese slums, and the cruel farce of Chinese justice. She ascended the Yangtze beyond the Gorges, she paid a visit to a South China *yamen*, and she met with many comic misadventures, all of which are admirably told. And in her last chapter she attempts to sum up her impressions, and can only quote a number of Chinese opinions, of which the prevailing burden is "Ichabod, Ichabod!" The remedies are as varied as the diagnosis. "Soap and carbolic," says one; "Gunpowder and heavy boots," says another; "Burn the classics and behead the literati," says a third. But all agree that the land is without life, and yet has vast possibilities of vigour. For behind the anachronisms and the rottenness there is a deft and frugal peasantry which groans under the present conditions of life. First, to be sure, must come the heavy boots, but afterwards, it may be, a little general justice and good government will work a sudden change in her attitude towards the West. At any rate, the next few years will give us light upon the problem.

European Settlements in the Far East is a useful guide to the part of the world to which for the moment men's eyes are turned. It is half guide-book and half gazetteer, for it contains minute details of the population, commerce, and government of each settlement. We have no doubt that it will prove useful, as the editor hopes, to the political student, the merchant, and the traveller.

Mr. Joseph Walton's *China and the Present Crisis* is also a kind of gazetteer, *disjecta membra* of school-book information, with political comments interspersed. Mr. Walton hastily visited the most important Treaty-ports and kept an elaborate diary of his doings. It is a pity that he did not limit his intention, and instead of this cursory survey of places which a thousand Englishmen have been to, collect his impressions into some orderly and coherent survey of Chinese politics, a task for which his experience has thoroughly fitted him. As it is, when he writes on his proper subject he is shrewd, temperate, and well informed. He did well to reprint his admirable statement in the House of Commons on March 30th last, which is a very complete statement of the difficulties before us in the Far East. But otherwise he is the ordinary globe-trotter, and when he gives us his hasty and not very interesting impressions of Ceylon and India as well, we begin to wonder whether the author does not underrate the intelligence of his countrymen. Who wants to read under a separate paragraph such sensational and recondite information as: "The public gardens at Hong-kong are large and well kept. Brilliant tropical flowers abound"? And why does he trouble to elaborate such truisms as that the Tsung-li-Yamen has no executive power? Surely we did not need the authority of Mr. Pethick to believe this. However, let us be grateful for one charming fact which the book records. Walton, it seems, is in Chinese "Wha-li-Tun," which means the "flower of propriety."

We have scarcely left ourselves space to notice the new edition of Lord Loch's admirable narrative of the Chinese Expedition in 1860, when he himself was Lord Elgin's private secretary. The difficulty of an allied advance on Peking was strikingly illustrated by the frequent disagreements between the French and English forces. The situation then was not so unlike the crisis to-day,—a rebellion, checked by a War party among the Chinese, and the ascendancy thus obtained used in a general anti-foreign crusade. Lord Elgin attempted to spare the people as much as possible and confine the suffering to the governing classes, a wise policy of which we reaped the reward.

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun in his slim yellow-boarded brochure repeats the conclusions which he has already stated in his larger work. He wishes to see the establishment of a

China League to promote a clearer understanding of our vital interests in the Far East. *The Problem in China and British Policy* is to be cordially recommended as a striking appeal by one who has every right to be heard.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

IN attempting a criticism of "Lucas Malet's" new novel, *The Gateless Barrier*, it behoves the diffident critic to walk as delicately as Agag. For, as is implied in the prefatory quotation from the works of Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, this story is practically a "Dhyâna text," and "they are not explanatory," for "any thought narrowed into utterance loses all Dhyâna quality." Wherefore the critic who narrows his thoughts on this book into words sufficiently definite for the unimaginative columns of a newspaper has by the mere act of writing down his reflections removed them from the plane of thought of the book. In view of this disastrous consequence, the only thing left seems to be to refrain from revealing the thoughts which arose during the perusal of the book, and merely to give the reader a slight sketch of its contents. Put briefly and brutally, the book is the story of a spiritual infidelity. For Laurence Rivers, though he has left a brilliant living wife in America, falls desperately in love with a ghost, and through the strength of his passion almost succeeds in re-incarnating her. The situation is further complicated by Laurence himself being a reincarnation of the ghost-lady's former lover, killed at Trafalgar. This fact, indeed, makes the question of infidelity doubtful, for the betrothal of the former Laurence to the ghost-lady in life took place of course many long years before the marriage of the *fin-de-siècle* Laurence to his American wife. Which only shows into what dreadful tangles marital relations would get by the introduction of the theory of reincarnation and of the memory of old love affairs. The ghost-lady (whom Laurence calls his "Fairy Lady" as a more poetic name) is gradually enabled to talk and walk like a real woman. She has no objection to going into the garden (presumably through the window), but cannot without a terrible struggle pass the threshold of the room she haunts. As a spectre, therefore, the ghost-lady is what "Elizabeth's" gardener would call "*zehr modern*." Yet, nevertheless, she "faded on the crowing of the cock" every night near the place where her body lay in its unconsecrated grave, and she is practically "laid" like any old-fashioned ghost in shroud and fetters, by having her coffin buried in holy ground. It is true that she has first given up her lover on fully realising the "gateless barrier" between them, but peace follows holy burial all the same. When one is given spirits as the *dramatis personæ* of a novel, one is inclined to apply the ordinary rules of conduct to them, and it is difficult to understand why, when these two unhappy lovers were both dead together near the beginning of the century, they did not stay dead. Why did one come back to an earthly body, and the other remain in the spirit? This thought, however, has undoubtedly no Dhyâna quality, and should have been at once suppressed. But one thing we will venture to say in all seriousness. To our feeling "Lucas Malet" in this book confounds the love which is immortal, eternal, and ennobling with the human passion, which, though natural and necessary, is none of these things. The human passion of the live man for the spirit is not natural or necessary, and it is difficult for the most clever pen to make it even tolerable as a subject for fiction.

Mr. John Oxenham gives us what Stevenson's Pinkerton would call "a monster olio of attractions" in his new story, *A Princess of Vascovy*. We have in Book I. adventures with American Indians, a shipwreck, a tidal wave, and an adventurous voyage of thousands of miles in a small boat constructed by a shipwrecked captain of a yacht. Then, not considering this material enough for one novel, he turns two of his adventurers into Royal personages inhabiting that convenient "East of Europe"; and in Book II. gives us a modern "Royalty" romance, with secret passages, Highnesses, Kings,

and revolutions *ad libitum*. It is obvious that in a novel crammed with events as is this one, there is not very much room for subtle characterisation or charm of writing. At the same time, the style is above that of ordinary books of adventure, and the heroine, Alix, remains a distinct personage to our minds. Little King Karl, too, is a delightful and living child, and altogether the book is decidedly to be commended to readers who enjoy a novel of adventure.

Though Mr. Tighe Hopkins represents his gaols as sufficiently unpleasant places, the prisoners who figure in his stories are, on the whole, a fairly lively set. His book, *The Silent Gate*, contains a collection of stories dealing with prisons and nothing but prisons. The most ingenious of the series is "Miss Pocket in B Wing," a lady who is "wooded and married and a'" in prison. She manages to become engaged by exchanging remarks with the *objet aimé* in daring interpolations of the hymns sung in chapel. The book is good reading to people who are not particular as to the mental company they keep. Perforce, seeing only the punishment and hearing little or nothing of the crime, the reader's sympathies are all on the side of the prisoners, and against "the brutal minions of the law." Prison literature is never very cheerful reading to those who take the problem of the reformation of prisoners seriously. We must all of us long for a "Mikado" who will be sufficiently ingenious to invent a system by which "his object all sublime, he will attain in time, to make the punishment fit the crime." Students of Mr. Herbert Spencer will remember the stress he lays in his book on education (we quote from memory, and hope we do not misrepresent Mr. Spencer's views) on the necessity of parents inventing punishments which shall be the logical sequence of the faults committed by the children. For instance, the child has carelessly made a rent in his best clothes,—therefore, because he has no clothes fit to appear in, he must forfeit the privilege of coming down to a birthday party,—a hideously harsh measure from which some way out would be found by the ingenious parent. This system of inevitable consequences is what the logically-minded among us would apply to ideal prisons,—for it seems at present such a complete *non sequitur* that the man who has committed a forgery should be set to picking oakum. In the story of the boy-prisoner, "Turkey," Mr. Tighe Hopkins gives us a picture of the horrible inverted Public Opinion current among the criminal classes. The boy is ashamed of this being his first conviction; he tries to represent himself as an "old hand," and envies the aristocracy of the prison, the "toffs" with long sentences. It is obvious that when once a man or woman becomes a prisoner he changes his class and his species. He becomes one of the fraternity whose profession is crime, and will remain in that class for life. So that although, as said above, the prisoners suffer no great cruelty, and their lot while being punished is no harder than they deserve, we may still write with bitter truth on the threshold of our prisons "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

As a study in involuntary self-revelation "*Eliza*," by Barry Pain, is extremely clever. The "self" is the nameless gentleman, the husband of Eliza, who writes the book. He is a small clerk in the City, and unconsciously exhibits his narrow little character, his petty aims and objects, in a most ingenuous fashion. The little story is only a slight sketch, but we must congratulate Mr. Barry Pain on having in its pages dissected the mind of a man, and given him to the world "in his habit as he lives."

The author of *The Leavenworth Case* is no mean disciple in the school of Gaboriau and Fortuné du Boisgobey. Mrs. A. K. Green is always ingenious in the windings and ramifications of her plots, and though perhaps she has never quite attained to the level of her first story, *Agatha Webb* shows no falling off in her usual method. There is very little to be said about this class of book, but readers who want a good "murder" story will be well advised to send for this one.

When one has said that Mrs. C. W. Young handles her pen with a certain bright felicity of expression, one has given as much praise as the book deserves to her story, *On Parole*. It is impossible to speak well of the credibility of the plot, nor do the characters detach themselves in the least from the "common form" of the personages of fiction. The fact seems to be that though her story is not original in any way, Mrs. Young tells it freshly and well.

* (1.) *The Gateless Barrier*. By Lucas Malet. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(2.) *A Princess of Vascovy*. By John Oxenham. London: S. H. Bousfield and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *The Silent Gate: a Voyage into Prison*. By Tighe Hopkins. London: Hurst and Blackett. [6s.]—(4.) "*Eliza*." By Barry Pain. London: S. H. Bousfield and Co. [1s.]—(5.) *Agatha Webb*. By A. K. Green. London: Ward, Lock, and Co. [3s. 6d.]—(6.) *On Parole*. By Mina Doyle (Mrs. C. W. Young). London: John Long. [3s. 6d.]

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN.

The Anglo-American Magazine. July, 1900. (The Anglo-American Publishing Company, New York. 25 cents.)—This magazine is "published monthly in the interest of all whose language is English," and is designed to promote a common feeling between the two great English-speaking peoples of America. The number before us contains an interesting article on Joseph Arch and an elaborate forecast of the future of mining by Mr. W. H. Lynch. The most important paper is an able and lucid statement of the legal aspect of the question at issue in the present South African War by Mr. John Stuart Buchan, Q.C., in which an effective reply is made to the statements of Dr. Karl Blind and Professor Bryce in the *North American Review*. Mr. Buchan examines in detail the terms of the Convention of 1884, and shows that by that Convention Great Britain had a right to interfere in the internal affairs of the Transvaal if certain conditions were not fulfilled. "Her right to interfere," he says, "is primarily that of a contracting party which has granted another certain rights, subject to certain conditions which the latter is bound to observe as the consideration, in part at least, of the agreement under which such rights are enjoyed. In other words, the common and well-understood principles of contract apply with all their force in the present case." He then proceeds to show how the conditions have been repeatedly broken by the South African Republic. Mr. Buchan's argument, going no further than the Convention of 1884, which is the sheet-anchor of the anti-war party, is a timely and able reply from a lawyer's point of view.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The North American Review for July is chiefly composed of theories about China. No less than seven articles deal with the different aspects of this most urgent question of the moment. Mr. John Barrett writes on "The Duty of America," in which he seems to us to overstate very considerably the part which America can play in any settlement. He has much interesting information to give, but his style is too much that of the rhetorical lecturer to please. The omnipresent Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger discusses "America's Share in the Event of Partition," and the President of the Anglo-Chinese College at Foochow in a very interesting article traces "The Causes of Anti Foreign Feeling." He is of opinion that missionary work has much to do with it, and he insists rightly upon "the tremendous responsibility which our missionary societies incur in sending missionaries to China, and the solemn obligation under which such responsibility puts them to send to that distant, difficult, and dangerous field only the choicest men and women they can find." Zeal without tact and sympathy has been the parent of many disorders. He points out at the same time how much harm has been done to foreign prestige by acts of unmeaning brutality, such as the conduct of the French Fleet at Foochow in 1884, and the burning down of villages in Shantung by the Germans. A "Japanese Diplomat" expounds the Japanese view of the situation with what seems to us unjustifiable optimism. Mr. T. P. O'Connor has a readable article on "Some Absurdities of the House of Commons," and there is a very academic discussion on the best way of choosing the President of the United States, by Mr. Walter Hawley and Mr. John Handiboe. For us the most interesting paper is one by Mr. H. G. Wells on the late Mr. Stephen Crane, a kindly and judicious appreciation of the man and his work.

MORE COLONIAL HOMESTEADS.

More Colonial Homesteads and their Stories. By Marion Harland. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12s. 6d.)—There is a great deal of very pleasant reading in this book. Miss Harland knows how to make us feel that the people she writes about are real and interesting. They are not the dull abstractions that too often people the byways of history. The chapters on Johnson Hall are particularly good. The Irishman, Sir William Johnson, who built it in the middle of the eighteenth century, had a fascinating personality. On one side he was a polished gentleman, and on the other a savage. "There was never any blending or confusion of boundary lines between the two personalities in the single body. European and Mohawk, aristocrat and savage, —each was sharply drawn and definite. Neither infringed upon the other's rights, and the unities of the queer double-action life-drama were never violated." He did much to keep the peace between the Indians and the settlers, and a Mohawk sachem said of him after his death: "Sir William Johnson never deceived us."

In the account of Morven, the Stockton homestead in New Jersey, there are some extracts from letters of Richard Stockton written to his wife from England, where he went on business in 1766. He tells her "of 'a charming collection of bulbous roots' he is getting together to send her as soon as the American spring opens." Again, "Suppose, in the next place, I inform you that I design a ride to Twickenham the latter end of next month, principally to view Mr. Pope's garden and grotto, and that I shall take with me a gentleman who draws well to lay down an exact plan of the whole." George Washington was also a correspondent of Mrs. Stockton's, and writes amusingly to thank her for a "Pastoral," in which he is the principal character. The story of the Carrolls of Doughoregan Manor in Maryland is full of romantic love affairs, illustrated by contemporary letters which make them live again for us. The chapters on the Langdon and Wentworth Houses are more concerned with politics, though amusing domestic touches are not wanting. The book is well illustrated with photographs of the places, and of the family portraits and heirlooms.

AN OXFORD POET.

The Choice of Achilles, and other Poems. By Arthur Gray Butler. (Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d.)—In this slim vellum-bound book Mr. Butler has collected from our own columns and elsewhere a number of verses which well deserved reprinting. They are the work of a man of cultivated mind, and a ready sympathy with many diverse sides of Nature and art. The poems are full of cadences and echoes, which pleasantly recall their originals without ever suggesting imitation, but Mr. Butler, in addition to this scholarship in verse, has a power and freshness of his own, and at times a very real lyrical gift. We do not care so much for the longer poems at the beginning of the book, "The Choice of Achilles" and "The Choice of Heracles." The blank verse has a certain monotony, and though there is much scholarly feeling and an occasional sonorous line, the metre and the subjects compel the author to a constant reminiscence of Tennyson or Matthew Arnold. But in the lyrics, and more particularly in the sonnets, the feeling is at once simple, direct, and true, and at its best the verse has a singular charm. Occasionally, to be sure, Mr. Butler has the defects of his qualities, for in his verses on subjects of contemporary interest he sometimes compels himself to a jingling measure, which scarcely suits his gentle and scholarly talent. There is no tortured jewellery-work in the lines, no straining after a phrase or extravagant use of the hiatus which is so common to-day, but the verses flow so freely and spontaneously that one can forgive the occasional bathos for the sake of the simplicity. Here is such a verse from "The Coming o' the Green":—

"Now the spirit of the flood is awake,
And the spirit of the wood is stirred,
And the spirit of the air is beautiful and fair,
And so is the song of the bird.
And the bare bough is rustling with leaves,
And the dark earth is glistening with gold,
And the land is all shewn with the coming o' the green,
And a new world is born of the old."

Many of the longer poems are gentle meditations linked to a description of some scene. Such is the fine "Ruined Cottage in the Highlands," and the poem "Oxford to London," a Horatian invitation to a friend to visit him. "A 'Parson's Pleasure' Gr und" has the same note of sympathetic and contented philosophy, and in the "Sunt Lacrimæ" he has made the old Virgilian cry the text of a very pretty piece of sentiment. In all the pages, quite apart from the local references, the influence of Oxford is writ large. The constant echoes of Clough and Arnold, the quietness, and at the same time the genuine keenness of temper, the sensitiveness to tradition and memory, and, above all, the kindly worldly-wise philosophy, all are part of the atmosphere of the Oxford life of to-day. As an example of Mr. Butler at his best we give the sonnet "Antonio":—

"In youth, when idle hearts to love inclined
Flit on from flower to flower, love passed me by:
This one the senses charmed, but not the mind;
That one the judgment pleased, but not the eye.
So seeming inward cold and outward blind,
I lived, love's baffled votary. Swift would fly
The dream I clasped at; till I left behind
Fair youth, and thought, sweet love unfound, to die.
But now when love has found me, 'tis too late;
As stars at dawn love yields to nobler fire:
Lo, honour calls, the summoner of fate;
Dead in its ashes lies extinct desire.
Sound trumpets, sound! Blow bangle's maddening breath!
Child, we have loved too late. Farewell! my bride is Death."

EUROPEAN TRAVEL FOR WOMEN.

European Travel for Women. By Mary Cadwalader Jones. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. 6d.)—Reading this book makes one long to set out on a journey. It is not a guide-book in the ordinary sense of the word, but it is full of practical advice intended

for women travelling alone, and even the stay-at-home reader will get a good deal of pleasure out of it. In the chapter about England it is curious to see how things that seem to us as a matter of course strike an American. For instance, there is a paragraph on our way of taking luggage by train, which the author thinks has some advantages over the "check system." The facility of getting about London in cabs and omnibuses is also pointed out as one of the advantages of England. This chapter is summed up in the following words:—"If you love the old country—which you will find out after you have been there a few days—in every corner there will be something to attract you, and you will feel that nowhere else do sea and sky 'so enclose infinite riches in a little room.'" The chapters on France, Germany, and Italy are full of practical advice, and given in such a pleasant and interesting way that the reader is sure to remember it. There are lists of books relating to each country, which should be of great use in helping people to choose appropriate literature for their travels, and at the end of the book there are "some useful phrases" in English, French, Italian, and German, and also a list of "some terms used differently in America and in England." We will finish the notice of Miss Jones's pleasant book by quoting her advice to travellers:—"Remember, when you go to a strange country, that its inhabitants have not sent for you; you go among them presumably of your own accord, and their manners and customs cannot possibly seem stranger to you than yours do to them. . . . Differences of usage often seem much greater than they really are; what strikes you as wrong or uncommon is in reality, for that particular place, correct and normal; therefore, you should try to compel yourself to look at things, in so far as you can, from the point of view of the average citizen of the place where you may happen to be."

Over the Alps on a Bicycle. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.)—Mrs. Pennell's achievement of crossing nine Alpine passes on a bicycle does not seem altogether an enviable one. She says that she "was scorched by the sun, stifled by the dust, drenched by the rain." Perhaps the pleasure of some of the splendid coasts, and, above all, that of record-breaking, may have made up to her for the discomfort. One wishes that she had not chosen such a jocular style of writing about her experiences. Mr. Pennell's sketches are very pretty. He has been most successful in those where there is least contrast of black and white. The one of Dijon is specially worth notice.

Sketches of Lowly Life in a Great City. By M. A. Woolf. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d.)—Mr. Joseph Henius in his introduction says that the pictures in this book have been chiefly collected from *Life and Judge*. The sketches are of street arabs, and the influence of Leech is apparent in them.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Golden Deeds of the War. By Alfred Thomas Story. (G. Newnes. 6s.)—Mr. Story has collected together narratives of deeds of courage and devotion done in the South African War, and where it has been found possible has illustrated them with photographs of the doers. Great trouble has evidently been taken with the volume, and its writer deserves well of the country. It is difficult to select when there is so much to admire. We may, however, direct special attention to the account of Spion Kop, and the very interesting details given there about Colonel Thorneycroft and the affair generally. One point is in complete agreement with a statement in a private letter from a young officer, a relative of the writer of this notice: "'O, God; if we could only see something to fire at!' the men frequently exclaimed." So writes Mr. Story, and the letter-writer declared that he saw but one Boer all day (and hoped that he had shot him). He was sure—this we do not see mentioned—that the most damaging fire came from under the shelter of an ambulance waggon.

Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute. Edited by the Secretary. Vol. XXXI, 1899-1900. (The Institute, Northumberland Avenue.)—There are always a number of interesting papers in these volumes, most of them being of a kind which the reviewer is better qualified to describe than to criticise. First in order of merit and interest we should place Sir John Colomb's truly admirable paper on "British Defence." Next come Mr. Everard F. im Thurn's paper on "British Guiana and its Boundary," and Mr. Lionel Phillips's "Out-

look in South Africa." Nothing could be more to the point than the encomium pronounced on Mr. im Thurn's lecture by Lord Justice Collins, one of the Venezuela boundary arbitrators. It had told him, he gave the audience to understand, in fifty minutes more than counsel's speeches for fifty days had done. "No speech lasted less than ten days." It must have been a great pleasure to his Lordship to point out that it was the rôle of the American lawyers representing Venezuela to magnify the good deeds of Spain (which had Christianised the natives by driving them into her territory and there enslaving them), while the British counsel had been equally laudatory of the Dutch. Yet the American counsel "represented a nation which had just succeeded in wresting from Spain the last remnant of those colonies of which Venezuela and Guiana were the first," while "scarcely was the ink dry upon the award when Great Britain found itself at death grips with the Dutch." "We do not hear so much now," goes on the Lord Justice, "of those gentler qualities of the Dutch nation." Mr. Lionel Phillips's paper takes us over subjects which have been already, and will have to be hereafter, much discussed. We will content ourselves with saying that it is well worth studying, and that it was supplemented by the conversation which followed.

We have received Part XIII. of *A Picturesque History of Yorkshire*, by J. S. Fletcher (J. M. Dent and Co., 1s. net). It contains "The Lower Derwent," in four chapters (43-51), and the opening part of "The Upper Derwent," as contained in chap. 52. Among the places described are Stamford Bridge, Foston (where Sydney Smith had his first benefice), Castle Howard, Malton (to which a whole chapter is devoted), Duncombe Park, Rievaulx Abbey, Kirkby Moorside, and Pickering. The illustrations are good as usual; we must specially mention Mr. Herbert Railton's "Byland Abbey."

All the World's Fighting Ships. By F. T. Jane. Illustrated. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)—This cosmopolitan guide to warships is certainly a most compact and concentrated collection of essential figures relating to the several vessels. In this year's issue the number of photographs has been increased, though the pen-and-ink sketches are more interesting, and details of importance have more prominence assigned them. The facts relating to machinery and armour can be seen at a glance in the letterpress, and we notice a great many accidental notes which distinguish ships of a class from one another. For instance, in the German ships 'Blitz' and 'Pfeil,' one has a fighting-top on the foremast, the other being without it. Ignorance of such a fact might mean a great deal in time of war, the position of an entire fleet being misjudged. The frequent sketches of dissimilar funnels show Mr. Jane's appreciation of this. We are not sure that the absence of all class distinctions is to be recommended: they are a considerable help. A silhouette index of the principal liners has been added, and small warships are now represented by silhouettes instead of pen-and-ink drawings.

THEOLOGY.—*Oxford Conferences, Hilary Term, 1900.* By Father Raphael M. Moss. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)—"Conferences," it must be understood, is used in the technical sense of "Lectures," the speaker contributing the doctrine and the audience the attention. The term, therefore, is eminently symbolic of the Communion from which they proceed. They are powerful, and even eloquent, discourses, much of them being of a kind that any preacher might be glad to use. The specially Roman teaching—e.g., what is implied in giving the title of Co-Redemptrix to the Virgin—is not made prominent. But Father Moss does not relax the severity of what he holds to be orthodox doctrine. Let any one read "Conference VII." on "Hell the Failure of Grace," and he will find all the realism of mediæval teaching. "In the ages of faith, the common Catholic teaching maintained that the fire of hell was a real material fire." Nowadays we "look askance at these old-fashioned teachers and even reject them as impossible in the light of our superior education." Not so Father Moss. So far, at least, the "superior education" has not touched him.—*I Say Unto You.* By John Wellington Owen, B.A. (Melville, Mullen, and Slade.)—Here is another volume of "Conferences," but proceeding from a very different source. They are preceded by an interesting "Autobiographical Introduction," from which we learn something of the mental and spiritual experiences through which the author has gone. It is not easy to define the position in which he now finds himself. Orthodox it can hardly be called, for he holds to "the creed of Nicæa in its original form," that which bears the name being really the creed of Chalcedon with a later addition of the "Filioque." That Mr. Owen has read much and thought much is quite evident, and we do not doubt that what he has written here may be read with no little

profit.—*Treatise on the Epistles of St. Paul.* By R. C. Reed. (Dresser and Co., Darlington.)—Mr. Reed has doubtless taken much pains with this book, and spent much study, "careful and delicate study," he says; but we doubt whether he has come to his task, one of the most difficult that can be undertaken, with the full equipment necessary. His Greek, for instance, presents a strange aspect; possibly it may have been left to the printer; but the English is not irreproachable. There are good things in the volume, the writer generally taking a common-sense view of the questions that present themselves. But we cannot see any special excellence in the book, except, it may be, its brevity.—*Our National Church Trouble.* By Andrew Simon Lamb. (Nisbet and Co. 1s.)—Mr. Lamb's remedy is practically an appeal to the electors. The difficulty is that a violent interference by Parliament would lead to disruption. But, after all, the real difficulty is inherent in the situation. For many years we have been content to accept a compromise. It is impossible to deny that there are things in the Prayer-book (though Mr. Lamb does his best to dispose of them) which support the Ritualist clergy in their position. Whether left by accident or by design, there they are. And then, again, there are things in the Articles which it is difficult to accept *toto animo*. Mr. Lamb, probably brought up under the influence of the Westminster Confession, finds no difficulty in fully accepting the statement that "works done before the grace of Christ are of the nature of sin," but there are many who have less capacity in this direction, and who consequently feel that they "live in glass houses."

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Pedigree Work*, by W. P. W. Phillimore, M.A. (Phillimore and Co., 1s. net), is "a handbook for the genealogist," putting in a briefer and simpler form some of the hints and instructions given in the author's "How to Write the History of a Family."—*The Library Association Year-Book, 1900.* Edited by the Hon. Secretary. (H. Marshall and Son. 1s. net.)—*The Building News and Engineering Journal, January-June, 1900.* (Building News Office.)—Of holiday books we have to mention:—*The Health Resorts of Europe*, by Thomas Linn, M.D. (H. Kimpton), its eighth annual issue; *A Pictorial and Descriptive Guide to Lynton, Lynmouth, and North-East Devon* (Ward, Lock, and Co., 1s.); and from the same publishers, *Pictorial and Descriptive Guide to Oban, Fort William, the Western Highlands* (1s.)—*The Complete Prose Works of R. W. Emerson.* (Same publishers.)

SCHOOL-BOOKS.—*The Technical School French Grammar*, by Dr. W. Krisch (J. Murray, 2s. 6d.), specially meant for technical schools, but capable of being used elsewhere.—*Elementary Physics and Chemistry: Second Stage.* By R. A. Gregory and A. T. Simmons. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d.)

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Andés (L. E.), Iron Corrosion, 8vo	(Scott & Greenwood)	10/6
Catalogue of Eastern and Australian Lepidoptera in the Collection of the Oxford University Museum, Part II., 8vo	(Oxford Univ. Press)	42/0
Fenwick (E. H.), Ulceration of the Bladder, 8vo.....	(Churchill)	5/0
Flynt (J.), Tramping with Tramps, cr 8vo.....	(Unwin)	6/0
Gilchrist (R. M.), The Courtesy Dame, cr 8vo	(Heinemann)	6/0
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MacDongall (A.), The Autobiography of Allen Lorne, Minister of Religion, cr 8vo	(Unwin)	6/0
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Paterson (D.), The Science of Colour Mixing, 8vo	(Scott & Greenwood)	7/6
Perkins (J. B.), Richelleu and the Growth of French Power, cr 8vo (Putnam)		5/0
Pope (G. U.), The Tiruvacagam in Sacred Utterances of the Tamil Poet, Saint and Sage Manikka-Vacagar, 8vo	(Oxford Univ. Press)	21/0
Rhys (E.), The Whistling Maid: a Romance, cr 8vo.....	(Hutchinson)	6/0
Rhys (J.) and Jones (D. B.), The Welsh People, 8vo	(Unwin)	16/0
Rideal (S.), Glue and Glue Testing, 8vo	(Scott & Greenwood)	10/6
Rothenstein (W.), Goya (Artist's Library), 4to	(Unicorn Press)	2/6
Sclater (W. L.), Fauna of South Africa: Mammals, 2 vols. 8vo.....	(Porter)	30/0
Sergeant (Adeline), Daunay's Tower, cr 8vo	(F. V. White)	6/0
Stocker (R. D.), Physiology, Ancient and Modern, 8vo.....	(Simpkin)	5/0
Tod (J.) and McGibbon (W. C.), Marine Engineers' Board of Trade Examination Fully Explained, 8vo	(Simpkin)	2/6
Tucker (T. G.), The Poem to the Ideal Commonwealth of Plato, 12mo (Bell)		6/0
Vallings (H.), The World's Slow Stain, cr 8vo.....	(Hurst & Blackett)	6/0
Warden (Florence), The Love that Lasts, cr 8vo.....	(Ward & Lock)	3/6
Wills (G. S. V.), Practical Physics and Specific Gravities, with Key (Simpkin)		3/0
Wood (J. E.), A Daughter of Witches, cr 8vo.....	(Hurst & Blackett)	6/0
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The Spectator

FOR THE

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WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE most important piece of news in regard to the Chinese crisis is that telegraphed from America to Friday's papers. It is to the effect that America is about to propose to the Powers that they should withdraw from Peking, and permit the Empress and the Imperial party to return to the capital and there open negotiations,—these negotiations to be conducted, it is said in some of the telegrams, by Li Hung Chang. Many of the correspondents allege that Russia has instigated this step as she wants the Powers out of Peking, and also because Li is under her influence. It is of course possible that Russia may have suggested the proposal to America—what harm if she has?—but it is to be noted that it is just the kind of proposal to be expected from the United States, and also that it is in accordance with the traditions of journalistic Russophobia to attribute all new and unexpected departures in diplomacy to a Russian plot. The Washington correspondent of the *Morning Post*, we may also note, sends on Friday a very curious item of news. An official of the State Department, "whose name cannot be given," has, he declares, "authorised the statement to the Press this afternoon that 'the territorial ambition of the German Emperor is one of the principal reasons for the inconclusive peace negotiations among the Powers.'" This statement, he adds, "was made unreservedly, and may be taken as official." Clearly there are many cross-currents in the China seas. But that being so, there is all the more need for our Government, as we have urged elsewhere, to adopt a clear and definite policy.

Broadly speaking, there has been no direct war news from Peking this week. A mass of snippety telegrams have arrived, but they tell us nothing except that the Empress-Regent and her Court are fast approaching Segan, that the victorious Expedition is still watching Peking, and waiting orders as to its next step, and that European and Japanese troops are slowly collecting on the coast of China. The rumours of efforts to regain Peking are repeated and denied every second day, and are probably all misreadings of local insurrections. No policy or hint of policy is yet announced. There are many dribbles of information as to past events, but of connected narratives we have only one, and that one, an account of the capture of Tientsin, reads like ancient history. We fancy there is a disposition among the Powers to wait and see what the Chinese Court will do, but there is also a real delay in forming the army of invasion owing to the distance from Europe, and an apparent delay due to the occasional cutting of the land telegraph wires. The public mind throughout Europe is, therefore, more bewildered than we can remember

in any juncture so important, and as usual when bewildered, is growing cross and suspicious. We are attributing "designs" to Russia and Japan, the French are attributing them to us, and the Germans are censuring everybody, Berlin fashion, except the Russians.

The dominant idea among the Great Powers seems to be that China must pay an indemnity for the attack on the Legations, that some kind of "security" not described is to be given against such attacks in the future, and then Europe, America, and Japan are to retire. Russia, however, is to go on with her own special war until her railway is safe, and Germany is to exact some special compensation for the murder of her Ambassador, while Japan is to receive a reward for her efficiency. A thousand rumours are circulated as to details, but all have this general programme for central pivot. It seems certain that Russia is accumulating a large force in Manchuria, and will hold on to Newchwang; that Germany is despatching a force—thirty thousand men—too large to be considered a contingent; and that Japan, under one pretext or another, is gathering a considerable army in Korea. We do not see that Great Britain, which asks only trade, is menaced at all; but it is quite clear that if when the general war ends three separate wars are to be carried on, we are very far from seeing the end of Chinese troubles. Our readers should note the outburst of suspicion against Japan because, her Consul being threatened, she has occupied Amoy and is there protecting everybody.

The fate of Peking, considering its history, is rather a melancholy one, even if it has been well deserved. It was three months ago, in the judgment of at least a fourth of mankind, the Imperial City of Asia; but to-day the Chinese troops and "Boxers" have looted and nearly destroyed its largest or outer section; the Tartar or inner section has been bombarded and fired, and is now in the hands of foreigners who are sorely tempted to plunder; the innermost, or Forbidden City, is empty and strictly guarded; and the Palace, which is the axle of the wheel, is deserted, its captors awaiting orders to destroy or utilise it. The sources from which wages are drawn must be suspended, and it is not easy to understand how the population, still exceeding a million in number, obtain food. They used to be supplied by fleets of barges bearing grain, but do those barges arrive now? Adding to these facts a quite horrible destruction of life, troops, "Boxers," and victors having killed anybody they met, and the sentence passed on the prosperity of the city by the settlement of the Court in Shensi, we arrive at a picture of desolation such as has been infrequent in modern history. If any are thirsting for mere vengeance as apart from just retribution, let them think on the suffering there must be in Peking, and be content.

Is there not a laxer tone growing among us on the subject of "loot"? We hear of it from China and from Ashanti, and always in words that indicate approval, and of grumbling because Lord Roberts sternly forbids it in South Africa. We thought that all true soldiers condemned the practice, not only as leading to indiscipline, but as producing excessive injustice to the fighting regiments. The old rule used to be that all which could rightfully be taken, public treasure for example, belonged to all the troops engaged, but if looting is tolerated, a regiment which occupies the Lombard Street, say, of Peking, grows suddenly rich, while a regiment which has suffered heavily, but is ordered to guard a gate, may get nothing. We are quite aware of the excessive difficulty of preventing loot in an international force, but surely the generals could arrive at some working rule and compel their soldiers to abide by it. If they do not they will find some day that they have lost a battle because the enemy's baggage

offered too strong a temptation to the victors, or that some city rising upon its garrison has destroyed itself and ten thousand of its conquerors. Europe, which is now a camp, does not want its soldiers to find their reward in license.

Admiral Seymour on June 27th addressed to Admiral Courrejolles a letter expressing his warm appreciation of the aid given him by Captain de Marolles. "The indefatigable energy," he writes, "and zeal displayed in singularly critical circumstances by the French officers and Marines are above all praise. Their courage was what was to be expected from their noble traditions." The Admiral praises especially Captain de Marolles, who in seizing the arsenal "chose the most dangerous task, and was thus placed at the post of honour." "I beg your Excellency therefore to express my thanks to Captain de Marolles for support which reminded me with pleasure of our alliance during the Crimean campaign." This cordial acknowledgment has been published and has delighted the French, who thought themselves overlooked, and who know that British Admirals do not scatter praise out of a pepperbox. Such an acknowledgment of merit in a rival service is most creditable to both, and will give pleasure not only in France but in England, where, indeed, the only criticism ventured is that to applaud the courage of French sailors is always surplusage. Even Nelson, who did not love Frenchmen, never doubted that.

The South African news during the week has been excellent. Its main feature has been the advance of the troops immediately under General Buller—Lord Roberts has, however, been in the field throughout and in general command—upon the Delagoa Railway in the neighbourhood of Machadodorp. The Boers had fortified certain defiles and heights in this region with trenches and some fifty guns, many of them of high calibre, and it was believed that they intended to make a final stand. On Sunday last our troops were ordered to turn them out of their position. In order to do this General French moved to the north, while General Lyttelton's division assaulted the ridges near Dalmanutha. In both cases the attack was "stubbornly opposed"—our casualties, however, were only thirty-seven and twenty-six—and on the Sunday little progress was made. On the Monday, however, we captured some kopjes near Bergendal Farm which proved to be the centre of the Boer position. Two infantry battalions were engaged in this attack, the Rifle Brigade and the Inniskilling Fusiliers, and magnificently they did their work, driving out the Johannesburg Police, who had stuck to their position with great courage under a terrible artillery fire. Nineteen prisoners and a pom-pom were taken, and the Boers left twenty dead.

This proved to be the end of the resistance in that position, and on Tuesday Sir Redvers Buller entered Machadodorp, while General French continued to sweep round to the northward. Since the reception of these items of news we have had no authentic information from the front, but on Friday morning rumours were received from Lourenço Marquez to the effect that the Boers admitted to a total defeat, and that the three thousand British prisoners had been released at Nooitgedacht and were marching to Watervalboven to join Lord Roberts's forces. It was also stated that President Kruger and all the Boer officials had retired to Nelspruit, and that he and President Steyn were expected to take refuge in Portuguese territory. It is impossible to know exactly what amount of reliance to place on these rumours, but it is evident that the British arms have had a very great success. We have released all the remaining prisoners, we have got possession of the only railway line left in the Boer hands and their only source of supply, and we have demoralised their remaining armed force. It is said that the remnant of the Boers will now retreat into the fastnesses of the Lydenburg district. If they are not headed off from this by a British force operating from the north, which is just possible, we must no doubt expect a continuance of mountain war. But this, though disagreeable, need cause no anxiety. Meantime it is clear that our progress towards ultimate victory and peace has been greatly advanced.

The sentence on Cordua, the ex-Boer officer of German origin, was carried out within the precincts of the Pretoria prison on the morning of August 24th, no one being present

but the warders, chaplain, doctor, firing party and General Maxwell, and Colonel Maxse, the head of the new police. The condemned man met his fate bravely and was not bound. We cannot pretend to feeling any sympathy with Cordua. If he had not given his parole, but had engaged in an ordinary plot or attempt at insurrection, it would have been different, and one would have pitied him, even if it had been necessary to make an example. As it was, he gave his solemn word of honour not to do the very thing he did, and deliberately broke faith knowing that death was the penalty of falseness. Even admitting (which, however, does not seem to have been the case) that he was lured into his breach of parole solely by an *agent-provocateur*, his act cannot be condoned. An honest man may be lured into a plot, but not into breaking his word. A man of honour and good faith, however much he believed the secret service agent to be a Boer patriot, could only have had one answer to his persuasions. The system of parole is one of the greatest powers for mitigating the horrors of war, and he who breaks parole commits a crime against humanity. Remember, too, no man is forced to give his parole. Cordua, if he had chosen, might have fled with the rest of the Boers, or when the oath was tendered to him might have instead become a prisoner of war.

We do not suppose that Roumania and Bulgaria will go to war. King Charles is a cool politician who knows that war will bring his country nothing, while Prince Ferdinand is a *rusé* intriguer who does not wish to place his chance of a throne on the hazard of a stricken field. Still, the bitterness between the two States is very great and is well justified. Stated briefly the cause of collision is this. The Macedonian Committee of Sofia, seeing a chance of liberating Macedonia, have been collecting money by the evil practice of blackmailing wealthy Macedonians in Roumania, and have even, it is asserted, executed three recalcitrants, one a Professor in Bucharest. The Roumanian Government accordingly demanded that the Committee should be prosecuted, but the Bulgarian Government, which is in some way *lié* with the accused, shelters them, and as the Roumanians assert, tells lies in their defence. The Roumanians therefore threaten war, and the Bulgarians have armed to resist attack. As both St. Petersburg and Vienna deprecate disturbance just now, the danger will probably be averted, but the slightest accident might put troops on either side in motion, and a shot would produce war. Prince Ferdinand is too unscrupulous in his ambitions, and will come to grief before his career has ended. Sheltering crime seldom pays Princes, and he is destroying the sympathy of Europe for his people.

Bresci, the Anarchist who murdered King Humbert, was tried at Milan on August 28th, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, the first *seven years* to be passed in solitary confinement. The sentence is in reality a far heavier one than death, but it has none of its deterrent effect. Bresci, who admits that he grooved his bullets with a penknife in order that they might have a more deadly effect, declared his indifference in Court, as he should be released by the Revolution. It is quite possible, too, that he believes it. Thousands of fanatics all over the world expect the Millennium in the immediate future, and if they can believe in that, why not in the Revolution? The only real deterrent, more especially among an infidel people, is the dread of death, which at least prohibits their gaining any personal benefit from crime. It may be said that brave men do not dread death; but if so, how does a regiment hold down a populous city in which every citizen thinks the slaughter of the invader not only just but righteous?

The Viceroy of India has been making a tour through the native States affected by the Famine, and has not been pleased with all he saw. Some of the Princes have behaved well, but some have practically refused assistance, pleading that it is not their business to question the will of God, while others have actually quitted their States upon holiday tours. Lord Curzon has addressed to these latter a well-merited rebuke in the shape of a circular to the provincial Governments. In this circular he condemns the growing practice of frequently visiting Europe, which he declares is incompatible with the duties owing by a Prince to his State, and not to be excused by assertions that such visits are intended for the pursuit of knowledge or dictated by a thirst

for civilisation. They produce, he says, habits of restlessness and extravagance, and their result is more often expensive palace furniture than an increase of capacity for public or political service. His Lordship therefore forbids such journeyings without the permission of the Government of India, which will "regard them as a dereliction, not a discharge, of public duty." The rebuke falls as much upon those who have encouraged such visits as upon those who have paid them, and testifies not only to the Viceroy's regard for the people he rules, but to his social courage.

Considerable interest has been excited in the fate of the little Welsh boy, aged five years, who strayed from the side of his father on the Brecon Beacons some few weeks ago, and has not been seen since. Various theories have been put forward to account for his disappearance, the most reassuring being that he was kidnapped by gipsies, whose camping-grounds were not far off, while some have hazarded the view that the child was carried off by an eagle. As the district has now been thoroughly searched and a handsome reward offered, suspicions of foul play have grown with the continued absence of any satisfactory clue. But if, as an experienced police officer interviewed by the *Daily Mail* suggests, the child was abducted by some childless woman who had taken a fancy to him, no reward would induce her to give him up. Cases of this sort, he asserts, are by no means uncommon in the Western counties, and while occasionally a child is stolen in the hope of earning the reward, it is more often because some lonely woman yields to an overpowering desire for such companionship.

On Wednesday Mr. St. John Brodrick spoke at Bramley, in Surrey, on Army Reform. We are glad to note that he laid great stress upon the absolute necessity for military reorganisation and War Office reform, and warned his hearers that we should have to struggle against the apathy in regard to military affairs which will result from the reaction that is sure to follow the present excitement. That is a most useful warning, and we trust will be taken to heart, not only by the people, but by their leaders, for they are quite as likely to be affected by the reaction as the rest of the country. Mr. Brodrick ended his speech by showing that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had no right to throw stones at the present Ministry in regard to a failure to make proper provision for war. That is, of course, absolutely true, and it is also true that the present Government did do something to repair the evils caused by the slackness of their predecessors. Unfortunately, however, they did not do enough, and to do less than enough in such a case was to become *particeps criminis* with the late Government. When Lord Lansdowne entered office the Army was in a bad state and he knew it. He had three years in which to put matters right, and he did not put them right, and therefore he stands condemned as having failed in a public duty. It is idle to say that his colleagues would not support him when he asked them to make sacrifices for the Army. It was always open to him to resign, and resignation under such circumstances would have been a most beneficial act,—it would have rallied the whole country to the cause of Army Reform.

In Monday's *Times* Lord Farrer boldly raises the question whether the monopoly of the Post Office is desirable either in the interests of the Post Office or the taxpayer. At present the Post Office contributes about three and a half millions to the Revenue, and the official answer is that if you allow competition you will take away all the profitable business from the Post Office, and leave it with only that portion of its work which it does rather as the servant of the public and for public convenience than on a commercial basis. Lord Farrer contends, however, and we think there is a good deal of truth in what he says, that competition would only stimulate the Post Office, and make it discover, to the ultimate advantage of the taxpayer, sources of revenue of which it is now oblivious. He instances the parcel post, where there is competition, and where nevertheless the Post Office holds its own. As to the improvement in convenience caused by competition we have no doubt. It is an immense advantage to be able to send off a special messenger with a parcel or letter from almost any rural or urban post-office, but

we should never have acquired this boon but for the messenger companies. We confess, however, that we cannot face the risk of revenue quite so lightly as Lord Farrer, or altogether endorse his drastic proposal.

We record with great satisfaction that the Taff Vale Railway strike has come to an end, the Company having acceded to the men's request regarding reinstatement. The Company were, we think, well advised to yield on this point. Of course they must stick loyally by their free-labourers, and make it well worth their while to fill the gaps at a strike, but maintaining them in their temporary places is not the only way of doing this. Liberal money compensation is, indeed, probably preferred by the free-labourers. We do not wish, on the present occasion, to deal with all the details of the quarrel, but we cannot help feeling that the companies are mistaken in refusing to treat with men whom they call outsiders. If the so-called outsider has got a proper mandate from the Company's servants, and if it is clear that they have entrusted him with the conduct of their case, it is surely not worth while to fight over his right of audience. It is probably better to deal with him direct than with dummies who refer every item to him. Though the Taff Vale strike is over, there still, we fear, remains a good deal of unrest in the railway world generally.

It is with deep and sincere regret that we record the death of Professor Henry Sidgwick, which occurred on Tuesday at Terling Place, Essex, the house of his brother-in-law, Lord Rayleigh. We do not wish to discount the value of Professor Sidgwick's books and occasional writings, for they were of high value, but we shall, we believe, have the agreement of most competent authorities when we say that he will be remembered chiefly as a great intellectual influence. His fine character and strong personal charm, added to his mental powers, which were ready and keen as well as deep and thorough, made his "view" on the numberless points of morals, politics, economics, and literature with which he dealt almost as useful to those who disagreed as to those who agreed with him. *Nihil tetigit quod non illustravit* would be a fitting epitaph for this true scholar,—using the word in its wider and better sense. If one had been asked to name a man from Oxford and a man from Cambridge who, during the last thirty years of the century, would serve as examples of the intellectual spirit of our Universities at their best, one must have named Green for Oxford and Sidgwick for Cambridge. One need say no more. Professor Sidgwick was married to a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour, and to Mrs. Sidgwick he owed not a little in the matter of spiritual help and sympathy. They were co-workers in the region of psychical research, and it is not too much to say that it was to their combined influence that work of real value and importance in the region of psychology was done by the Psychical Society.

Mr. Davitt, who spoke at Borris in Ossory during the past week, while reiterating his resolve not to be "a member of this or of any other Parliamentary party," joins his Parliamentary colleagues, Messrs. Dillon and T. P. O'Connor, in blessing the United Irish League—Mr. William O'Brien's *réchauffé* of the Land League—as an indispensable engine of emancipation. His attacks on the British Empire and on Irish soldiers, in view of his recent visit to the Transvaal, need not excite surprise. Of the sincerity of Mr. Davitt's Anglophobia there can be no doubt whatever. What is really deserving of note by the "balancing elector" is that such English Radicals as profess a more than purely Platonic affection for Home-rule commit themselves to the support of a policy which, in the opinion of the majority of Nationalists, can only be rendered effectual by the adoption of the old League methods. The *Times* does well, therefore, to point out the absurdity of Mr. Storey, a pronounced sympathiser with the Irish Nationalists, standing as a fellow-candidate with Captain Hedworth Lambton, who is not a Home-ruler, who is content that the Crimes Act should remain on the Statute-book, and the specific sign of whose Liberalism, in short, resides in the fact that he disapproves of Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
New Consols (2½) were on Friday 98½.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE GOVERNMENT, CHINA, AND THE COUNTRY.

NO one can doubt that the international situation in the Far East becomes daily more anxious and critical. That is the necessary result of the taking of Peking and the rescue of the Legations. As long as the fate of the Ministers was undecided, and as long as it was doubtful whether the Allies would be able to march to Peking, there was no fear of any friction among the Powers. All efforts were bent, and loyally bent, on the one supreme object, and there was neither time nor inclination to disagree. Now, however, that the Allies have had their triumph, there is a very real and great danger, if not of actual conflict among the Powers, at least of counter-aims and cross-currents which may prove most perplexing. Under these circumstances it is of the utmost importance that the Government should have not only a clear and definite policy, but also a clear and definite course of action. Without it the interests of this country are sure to suffer. The nations are like ships tossed about by a heavy swell in narrow waters, and the only way to avoid collisions is to stop drifting. To drift is to court disaster. We shall be told, of course, that this demand for a definite policy is conventional, and the utterance of such a truism entirely unhelpful. Further, it will be suggested that we must not suppose that because the public does not know it, therefore the Government has not a perfectly clear and well-defined policy in regard to China. Again, we shall be told that because we generally have confidence in the Government we ought to assume that they know exactly what they want to do, and mean to do, in China. We most sincerely hope that this is so. But even granted that it is, we go further and say that the time has come when the Government, through the Prime Minister, should let the country understand the main lines of its policy.

No doubt there are difficulties in the way of such action, and it is possible that a declaration of policy just now might, from certain points of view, embarrass our diplomacy, but nevertheless we think it ought to be taken. Our reason for holding this view is that the alternative of silence is likely to prove even more embarrassing. Lord Salisbury has given the country to understand that a British Prime Minister or a British Foreign Minister is always to a great extent controlled by public opinion. If public opinion strongly dictates or strongly negatives a particular course of action, it is practically impossible for him to run counter to it. But if that is so—which, however, we do not admit without large reservations—then it is most necessary that the Government should, when possible, guide and form public opinion on foreign affairs. Sometimes, of course, such an attempt would be useless, but often, again, the Government can, if it chooses, distinctly lead the country. The present is a case in point. The greater public is just now utterly bewildered in regard to Chinese affairs, and quite unable to make up its mind as to what ought to be, or can be, done. In this state of uncertainty almost the only counsel it gets is from the thick-and-thin Russophobes—the men who regard Russia as our natural and inevitable enemy in the East—and from the representatives of the China trade, men who, perhaps not unnaturally, are in a state of panic, and who, like all people who have had their judgments warped, think that nothing but extreme measures and strenuous action will save the situation. Hitherto the public has not listened to these self-chosen guides with very much attention, but we do not doubt that ultimately, and if no alternative is presented to them, they will be converted to the extreme view, and we shall find that an anti-Russian and excitable state of mind has been created throughout the nation with the watchwords of “Russia our natural enemy” and “British interests in danger” everywhere in evidence. Then we shall be told that public opinion has become too strong to be withstood, and that the most that the Government can hope to do is to mitigate the worst results of public opinion. Surely the best way to escape from this vicious circle would be for the Government to seize the present opportunity, and, as we have said, to guide and form public opinion in regard to China. The British public is not, we believe, at

heart any more Russophobe than Lord Salisbury is, and with careful and prudent leading it will, we feel sure, back up Lord Salisbury in the wise and prudent courses which it is quite safe to assume he desires. If, however, public opinion is left to drift, and the Government gives no sign, we run very great risks.

It is necessary to meet the point that possibly the Government cannot take the country into its confidence because it has as yet no policy,—and this not because of any weakness or indecision, but because matters have not yet sufficiently developed to allow of a policy being laid down. In regard to an allegation of this kind, we can only say that this is the policy of drifting under an *alias*. The main features of the situation are quite clear, and only require the exercise of the power of choice. Russia's policy is the pivot of the situation. We have to decide whether we mean to take our stand against Russia, or whether we mean to make terms with her. If we refuse to come to terms with her—and that means, for the most part, in the present case, we freely admit, letting her have her own way—we shall probably encounter in the Far East the combination which was encountered by Japan in 1895—i.e., the combination of France, Russia, and Germany—a combination which we surely do not want to encourage. If, however, we come to terms with Russia, then the rest of the world will follow the lines we two have agreed upon, and France and Germany will come into line. What are Russia's terms? As far as we can see they are, while preventing the general partition of China, to treat the Manchurian question separately and to allow Russia's annexation of that great province. Now, of course, it is perfectly easy to represent any such scheme as utterly unjust and absurd. It can be said with truth that Russia is merely proposing to seize her piece, and then to say that the rest of the world shall not have theirs. But this easy “score” seems to us to be the wrong way of looking at the matter. The question is not whether Russia gets what she wants, but whether we are injured by her getting what she wants. Of course if we wanted a piece of China, and if she were keeping us out of it, things would be different. But we do not want a piece of China. China still existing but *minus* Manchuria is for our purposes quite as good as China *plus* Manchuria. Therefore Russia's alleged refusal to allow any one else to nibble except herself is no hurt to us. In fact, we would expand this principle, and say that as far as we were concerned we had no objection to Germany taking the Shantung Peninsula, or to France extending her possessions in the South by taking the great island of Hainan, provided only that no Power encroached upon, or did anything to make it impossible for us to claim, the Yangtse Valley if at some future time China were actually to break up. In fact our policy, as we conceive it, would be to say to the Powers: “When we have rescued our Legation, and have joined in exacting an indemnity from China, we shall retire from all further action on land and shall merely protect our trade interests at the ports.” If any of the other Powers choose to exact territorial compensation from China that is their affair and not ours. We shall merely ask that such territorial compensation is not taken in the Yangtse Valley. We shall, meantime, take nothing for ourselves either there or elsewhere as long as China remains an independent State. Mere loss of territory by China will not bring us into the field of action, but only (1) the complete destruction of China, in which case we shall take the Yangtse Valley, or (2) the attempt by any other Power to seize a portion of our “sphere of influence.” The Powers would then be left to the difficult task of dealing with China. Possibly they would not manage to lop off provinces so easily as they imagine, or to come to terms among themselves; but if they did succeed in forcing China to yield to their territorial demands, how should we be worse off than we are now? Russia would have Manchuria, but her gain would be balanced by the German acquisition of Shantung. But in all probability when the Powers saw that we were really going to stand out and take nothing, their zeal would diminish, and save for the acquisition of Manchuria by Russia, which is a necessity to her Far Eastern Empire, it is quite possible that there would be no dismemberment. Germany and France, when they came to look into the financial side of Chinese

colonies, would very likely be inclined to stay their hands, while Japan would probably be able to come to some arrangement with Russia as to Korea. In any case, we should have a clear and definite policy which all the world could know and understand. At present our want of any settled, or at any rate of any acknowledged, policy makes every other Power suspicious and anxious. They might not altogether like our proposals, but they like uncertainty less. To put our policy in a nutshell, it would be this. We should say to the Powers: 'Do what you like with China as long as you leave the Yangtse alone and also leave China enough independence to enable her to hold the Yangtse. If you do that we shall not want to go there.' Of course it can be said that this is partition, and also the destruction of most of our trade, except at Shanghai and Hong-kong, but to this objection we would oppose the question,—Why must we assume that the Powers would be so easily able to chop off large provinces of China, or that, even if they were, China would be destroyed? Lord Salisbury once said, and quite truly, that Turkey gained by the concentration which resulted from the loss of Bulgaria and Bosnia. China would not necessarily be an impotent or derelict Power if she lost Manchuria and Shantung. However, we do not wish to plead for our own policy so much as to urge the Government to settle on a policy of their own, and then to lead, instead of following, public opinion. Why will not Lord Salisbury believe in the confidence which the country still reposes in his knowledge and wisdom? If he will only tell the British people plainly and strongly what is their true policy in China, they will follow him in spite of all the newspapers in the Kingdom,—and in spite, too, of the loudest jeers that he is yielding to Russia.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CHINA.

IT is felt universally through Europe that, apart altogether from the broad question of the relation between the West and the Far East, something must be done to punish China for her recent breach of international law. The attack on the Legations was not only an unprecedented insult to Europe, America, and Japan, it was also an outrage which threatens, if unavenged, to make all negotiation between Europe and Asia difficult, hesitating, and, as far as the Envoys are concerned, unsafe. Some striking punishment, therefore, must be inflicted on the Manchu Court, and at first there was little doubt as to what this punishment must be. The Empress-Regent, it was said, must be sent into exile as the last Emperor of Delhi was, and such of her great nobles and generals as could be proved to have instigated or aided in the crime must be executed in front of the Legation buildings. That proposal was fairly just, for it struck at the actual authors of the crime; it was adequate, for those authors were the rulers of China; and it promised, by setting a precedent, to inspire a terror which would protect all Embassies for the future. It has, however, apparently been given up. The Russian Government never liked it, the Japanese have never agreed to it, and the transfer of the capital to Segan has made its execution nearly impracticable. Europe cannot, even to avenge its Ambassadors, hunt a reigning family all over China. It has not the means or the perseverance. Other plans must therefore be proposed, and the general mind appears to be fixing itself on two, for both of which something may be said, but neither of which strikes us as satisfactory.

It is proposed to plunder, and as far as possible destroy, the Purple Palace, the secluded and in a way "sacred" residence of twenty generations of Emperors. That, it is said, would not be inhuman as a sack of Pekin would be, it would be a visible testimony to all China that the foreigner could punish any insult, even if inflicted by supreme order, and it would for ever prevent the repetition of such outrages. We doubt the two last of those assertions and demur to the first. The Purple Palace is, in fact, a series of very beautiful buildings, many of them old and all highly characteristic, in a park which is one of the wonders of Asia, and it does not seem to us worthy of the dignity or the civilisation of Europe to destroy such a national monument. The world would lose in beauty by its absence. We prefer the policy of Lord Canning, who, in the utmost strain of the Mutiny,

directed, when it was necessary to recover Agra, that no gun should be fired against the Taj Mehal, except under pressure of inexorable military necessity. Nor do we believe that the effect on the Chinese mind would be the one anticipated. They were not impressed, as the present explosion shows, by the ruin wrought in the Summer Palace, and probably care little for the fate of any building. The majority of them would attribute the destruction to barbarian caprice and violence, forgetting entirely the provocation, while the few who understood would think it fairly safe to attack Legations, since vengeance, if it came, would fall, not on Mandarins, but upon stone and wood. Moreover—and this seems to us a really unanswerable argument—by destroying the Palace we render it nearly impossible for the dynasty to return to Pekin. They will not come back to a scene of such appalling disgrace. They will remain at Segan, or possibly build a new capital for themselves. To make them abandon Pekin finally is precisely what the Powers do not want to do. Most of them are maritime, and it is to them matter of high policy that the Chinese Court should be accessible by sea; while Russia, which could strike by land even at Segan, has no wish for the terrible effort and expense which would be involved in clearing her road through the riding tribes of Mongolia. The statesmen would rather, in fact, see the rulers of China living in Pekin, and in destroying the Purple Palace they make it certain that those rulers will rather choose to live anywhere else. They have now no reason for living in Pekin except its amenity, and the proposed punishment would destroy its amenity for ever. Apart, therefore, altogether from the vandalism of the act, the destruction of the Purple Palace would be unwise.

There is more to be said for the second proposal, the imposition of a large indemnity, say thirty millions sterling. There is a case for a fine of that sort, besides the numerous precedents, for it is unreasonable that all Europe should be subjected to outrage, and then required to pay the expenses of bringing outrages to an end. Whatever abstract justice may dictate, it certainly will not decree that because an Empress of China was wroth with the Ministers accredited to her Court, therefore the peasantry of the Punjab ought to pay an increased assessment. If it is argued that the fine falls on the wrong persons, there are three answers to the objection,—first, that whenever a State is punished it is the people of the State, like the relatives of a criminal, who endure the heaviest penalty; secondly, that the penalty does not fall unfairly, for the Court and the Mandarins feel first any reduction of free revenue; and thirdly, that in this particular case the "man in the street" was as responsible as his masters. It was the popular loathing for the foreigner which gave the Empress courage to take his life, and a majority of the murdered have been killed by "simple and innocent" villagers. The real objections to the indemnity are, first, that it will not arrest outrage for five minutes, either from the Court or the populace, any more than the Japanese indemnity did; and secondly, that the money cannot be raised without a financial control, which would, in fact, involve the placing of China in the hands of an International Commission. The external revenue can be collected by anybody who controls a fleet, but the external revenue is already appropriated, and the internal revenue must be gathered through Mandarins, who will plunder the people in the name of the foreigner and then steal the proceeds. Europe would be compelled in a year or two to "control" and supervise and advise the Chinese Court, just as Lord Cromer advises and supervises and controls the Khedive, and a function of that kind can only be performed when the Prince to be educated is aware that his tutor possesses irresistible force. The Khedive is so aware, but nothing on earth will teach the Chinese Court the lesson, or persuade them to believe that they are not robbed of funds which rightfully should pass into their possession. Europe would from the first be compelled to govern, and governing China through a Commission appointed by rival and jealous Powers is an unthinkable proposal. Even Egypt could not be so governed, and, while Egypt is nearly powerless, China, if oppressed beyond bearing, can always make of herself one of the strongest Empires in the world. She has only to teach her masses the use of the rifle, and all

the armies of Europe with all the resources they derive from their science would not suffice for her subjugation. The population has at present no wish for that knowledge, but within ten years, if harried as it would be by Mandarins, and taxed as it would be in "scientific," which means irresistible, methods, China would be honey-combed with secret societies whose two objects would be to learn the rifle and to expel the foreigner. It would therefore, in our judgment, be unwise to demand an indemnity, which could be collected only by foreign assistance even if it were certain that China would consent to pay one, which is not certain at all. Everybody assumes in the easiest way that China is beaten and must submit to any terms Europe chooses to demand; but suppose the Empress-Regent is of a different opinion, and, safely ensconced at Segan, calmly rejects all terms, warning her Viceroy that if they do not support her she will assuredly have their heads? Count von Waldersee is not Napoleon, and when Napoleon found that there was in all Moscow not so much as a Mayor, it is reported that even Napoleon felt his situation, posted there as a conqueror in empty space, just a little bewildering. Li Hung Chang is, it is true, quite ready to discuss the indemnity or anything else, but Li Hung Chang dare not go to Segan without a European army to guarantee his head.

ABSENTEE PRINCES.

LORD CURZON is doing very well as Viceroy. That seems to be the conclusion of all who are interested in watching the administration of India. He talked a little too much at first, as was natural in one fresh from Parliamentary debates, but he has since avoided that mistake, and his judgment, firmness, and energy are winning universal recognition. His specialty as Viceroy is a disposition to arrive at the reality of things, and root out evils which may underlie even the most plausible arrangements. His blow at the co-optative corporation which, under the name of the Staff, rules India from Simla, restored hope to two Services, and will in the end restore power to the men who have acquired their experience in the burden and heat of the day. Within the last ten days, again, he has struck a hard blow at a practice which in this country was considered beneficial, but which threatened to produce a variety of mischiefs, the habit into which many native Princes had fallen of perpetually trotting about, and especially of paying incessant visits to Europe. The position of the great feudal Barons of India—for they are feudal Barons rather than Princes—is a very singular one. They are not so conspicuous in India itself as is imagined here, being, so to speak, lost in the greater organisation, as the eighteen lesser Princes of Germany are lost in the Empire, but they are nevertheless very important personages. They govern a third of the total population with absolute authority, taxing them, judging them, and legislating for them according to their own ideas and traditional customs. It is true they are bound by Treaties to accept the advice of the British Resident when tendered, but it is at once a policy and an etiquette that he should advise as little as possible, and that initiative should be left to the native chief. A bad Prince can very nearly ruin his State, and a tyrannical one make his subjects wretchedly unhappy, the Prince, in fact, being their landlord as well as their immediate ruler. The Princes as a rule accept the position, understand that the guarantee they receive against their subjects is full compensation for a partial loss of independence, and both profess and feel a certain loyalty to the far-away Empress whose power shelters and supports while it restrains them. Their security, however, from the first developed an evil which was not clearly foreseen. Formerly they had much to hope for if they governed well, and became popular, for they might acquire fame—very dear to Indians—increased territories, and lives of a certain lofty excitement like those of European Princes in the Middle Ages. Moreover they had much to dread, for the submissiveness of Indians lasts only to a point beyond which they rise in insurrection as readily as Parisians, and almost invariably shed blood. Under the shadow of the British Monarchy, on the other hand, the Princes found that whatever they did or left undone their positions were immutably fixed, and while

the door of adventure was closed, and ambition forbidden, insurrection against them was practically impossible. They tended therefore to become *rois fainéants*. They picked out or imported from other States clever men of business—always natives—resigned all power into their hands, and buried themselves in sport, in the enjoyments of the table, or in the harem.

The Government of India, well aware of these evils, endeavoured to correct them by a system of education borrowed from Europe. The Princes were carefully taught by European tutors, or sent to the Indian Eton, a school for Princes in Rajpootana, or even in a few cases despatched to England. The result in a few instances was improvement, but almost immediately a new class of evils developed themselves. The Princes became mentally separated too far from their subjects, and their relatives; they found, as one of them said, "nobody to speak to in their States"; ceased to care about their people, "mere animals," as one of them described them; and became furiously restless. Unlike the Princes of Europe, who generally remain within their own dominions, they began to travel incessantly, and found a novel excitement in visiting Europe, where they were unwisely worshipped and flattered at several Courts, and at last neglected their States as completely as the *fainéants*, with this aggravation, that they spent enormous sums abroad. The object of their flatterers is money; they know no more of finance than Victor Emanuel II., who, with all his capacity for ruling, could not understand a sum; they give unheard-of prices for rare furniture; and, in short, they scatter resources which ultimately can come only from their people. The evil is greatly aggravated by the fact that at home people think these visits must be dictated by "enlightened curiosity," and pay to the Princes honour not only as great personages—which they are, though it was a blunder to class them among Royalties—but as philosophic gentlemen intent on self-improvement. Lord Curzon, who has visited during the Famine the territories of some of these travellers, has perceived with his own eyes the magnitude of the evil, and has struck at it with characteristic energy. In a circular to the different Presidencies he has pointed out that the plea of self-improvement is seldom well-founded, that the result of European tours "is more often the collection of expensive furniture in the palace, and of questionable proclivities in the mind of the returned traveller, than in the increase of his capacity for public or political service," and that even if the Prince spent his own money the line of division between his own fortune and the Treasury of the State was often very "thin." For the future, therefore, the Viceroy has prohibited such tours without the permission of the Government of India, which will consider repeated absence "as a dereliction and not as a discharge of public duty." The Princes, in fact, are to do the work for which they are lavishly paid, instead of gadding about.

We have no doubt that this drastic order is wise, for we do not believe that the effect of Europe upon the Oriental mind is always beneficial. It is very often much more like the effect which our fathers said residence in Italy had upon Englishmen,—a complete uprooting of all home-grown ideas of duty, and a complete failure to gain other ideas in their place. Even Dhuleep Singh did not become an Englishman, while the worst and most treacherous enemy the British ever had was the adviser of Nana Sahib, who had been for years a flattered favourite in London. Nevertheless, we can feel some pity for these Princes, who have been educated and "enlightened" until the humdrum work of governing ignorant and superstitious subjects suffocates them with ennui, and who cannot relieve themselves either by travel, or by adventure, or by battle. They are not, for the most part, highly born—the Maharajah of Travancore and some of the Rajpoot Princes are exceptions—but they have usually the blood of brave soldiers or wily statesmen in their veins, and they fret under the absence of careers such as their fathers enjoyed. The philanthropy enjoined upon them by the Indian Government seems to most of them a mere fad—"The Famine?" said one of them the other day, "what have I to do with the Famine? That is God's work"—they long for excitement, and but that it is so hopeless would risk all in a rebellion rather than lead lives so tame. The interestingness of life, in fact, is

gone from them, and now the only distraction they found sufficient is suddenly taken away. They will feel like soldiers condemned without any vocation to do rector's work. It is much better that they should do it—for their parishioners count by the million and their parishes are States—but we can understand that to many of them, to the Mahratta Princes, for instance, all grandsons or great-grandsons of reivers who cut their way to thrones, their lot must seem a dull one, and even a tropical storm more endurable than such a tropical calm. They will not abdicate, however. Even constitutional Kings do not do that.

LORD ROBERTS AND THE OFFICE OF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

DURING the week the papers have been full of paragraphs announcing that when Lord Wolseley's term of office as Commander-in-Chief comes to an end, as it will on November 1st, Lord Roberts will be appointed to succeed him, even though for a short time the post will have to be temporarily held. That these paragraphs are substantially true we do not doubt. If Lord Roberts will consent—and when has Lord Roberts failed to consent when he was told that the interests of the nation demanded his help?—he will, as soon as he gets home, be made Commander-in-Chief. But if Lord Roberts becomes Commander-in-Chief it is most devoutly to be hoped that the office of Commander-in-Chief will be greatly modified, and that its holder will become the real military head of the Army, and not merely a general holding an important post in the War Office as he is at present. At present the Commander-in-Chief is not Commander-in-Chief in any true sense. He has certain definite and important duties no doubt, but there are several other military officials who have powers equal to his, and at best he is only *primus inter pares*. The Secretary of State does not, that is, make him the sole channel through which all decisions affecting the Army pass, but can and does deal separately with the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General, the Inspector-General of Fortifications, and the Inspector-General of Ordnance. This system is, we believe, a very bad one, and we say this not because we want to see the civilian Secretary of State for War deprived of power and authority, but because we want to see his power and authority made effective. We desire to see the supreme authority in the Army kept in civilian hands, and have no sort of sympathy with those who ask that a general should be placed in the Cabinet. But in order to make the civilian control effective it must be exercised through one permanent military official on whom responsibility can rest, and not through several co-ordinate officials.

How would a man of reasonable mind and of experience in affairs set about the organisation of the War Department if he had a clean sheet of paper and was told to start from the beginning to develop a system fit for our Constitution,—a system in which the supreme authority and responsibility would rest in a Cabinet Minister responsible to Parliament? That is, how should the Department be arranged starting with nothing but a Secretary of State? Surely the first thing that a Secretary of State who knew his business and who was determined to make the Army effective would do would be to say: 'I must have immediately under me the ablest and most experienced soldier I can find—a man who shall hold his office for a fixed term of years—just as the Postmaster-General has under him a Secretary of the Post Office. This soldier,' he would go on, 'I will call Commander-in-Chief, and under me he shall have absolute control over the whole War Department. That is, if I give him an order, or entrust him with the carrying out of a principle upon which I have fixed, he shall have authority to put the matter through without further reference to me. I shall not have to go and explain my order to the particular departments concerned, but shall leave that to my official *alter ego*, the Commander-in-Chief.' Let no one suppose that this arrangement would give the military element too much power. On the contrary, it would curtail their power, for the Commander-in-Chief if he were the real head of the Army would be far more able to make the will of the Secretary of State executive than can a Secretary of

State who has to exercise his authority through three or four channels. A moment's reflection will show that this is so. A weak man may think that he keeps a firmer hold over his stables if the head-coachman is not really head, but if he gives orders separately to the under-coachman and half a dozen grooms. A man of experience, however, who wants a well-ordered stable, and who really means his will to prevail, will find he gains his end much better by getting an efficient head-coachman and making him the channel of all orders,—by saying to him, in fact: 'You are responsible for everything, and must see to it that all my orders are carried out.' In other words, under our system of civilian control, which is very like that of a householder over a big establishment, it is absolutely necessary to efficient organisation to have a supreme official head of every great Department of State. Under the system we advocate there need be no fear that the Secretary of State for War would become a mere King Log. If he were an able man—and we must, of course, presume that he would be that, or all argument is useless—he would stand in the sort of position to the Commander-in-Chief that the Emperor William stood in towards Moltke. He would insist on every important step being explained to him fully, and if the proposer could not show reason for it, he would veto it. He would talk over all great appointments, and if they could not be supported by good reasons he would refer them back. Experts, however able, are liable to be misled, and nothing is a better test of the worth of an expert's opinion than its explanation to a man of common-sense. If it will not stand that test, and cannot pass the ordeal of a few shrewd questions, in all probability it is not worth having.

The existence of an official head of the Army, under the Secretary of State, but supreme in all other respects, would greatly help the Secretary of State to assume his position of final referee. When the Secretary of State runs about from one department to another he is apt, if he is an anxious and conscientious man, to get drowned in detail. But the last thing the Secretary of State should do is to worry over minor details. His functions are,—(1) to settle after adequate discussion the main lines of policy, and when necessary to decide on organic reforms; (2) to exercise a vigilant supervision on all appointments and never to consent to the filling up of a great post unless the Commander-in-Chief has convinced him that his nomination is the best that can be made; (3) to infuse the right spirit throughout his Department,—i.e., the spirit of vigilance mixed with common-sense and a dire distrust of conventions. The last of these functions is perhaps the most important of all. A Secretary of State should remember what are the special defects of every office and bureaucratic organisation, however strong and well ordered, and should be on the look-out to correct them. He should, as it were, be the steersman in a light boat, who, besides steering, is on the look-out to keep his boat exactly "trimmed." He should be perpetually saying to himself,—'If I don't look out, those fellows in this or that particular department will go wrong in the new work they have been set, and I must see to it that the Commander-in-Chief keeps them on true lines.' Take as an example of what we mean the way in which things were managed last spring when the appeal was made for the Imperial Yeomanry. No doubt excellent work was done in raising the various corps, but no doubt also there was a good deal of blundering, because the Secretary of State did not manage to infuse the true spirit into the new organisation. One of the worst blunders, it seems to us, was that no provision was made for keeping a record of the men who volunteered but were rejected, and so for keeping in touch with a large body of possible recruits in case of another and greater emergency arising. The soldiers who were raising the force were intent only on getting the number of men asked for and on getting the best of those who applied. When they had got what they wanted they did not give another thought to the rejected men. They were "the leavings," and need not be bothered about. But the Secretary of State, being a wide-minded civilian, should have divined what would happen, and should also have realised that the men who were not wanted would not particularly appreciate being treated as "leavings." Therefore, he should have ordered that all men who offered their services as Imperial Yeomen,

or as Volunteers, or as Royal Reserve soldiers, who could not be taken, should receive a letter from the authorities thanking them for their patriotic offer of service, and further should be told that their names and addresses were recorded, and that if any fresh emergency arose they would be asked to renew their tender of service. In this way men would have felt pleased, and would have felt encouraged to come forward another time. Also, the names and addresses of thousands of potential soldiers might have been known. Instead, if a man could not be taken he was simply ignored. He made his application, possibly got medically examined and filled up his papers, and then never heard anything more about the matter unless he read in the newspaper that the corps he had applied to enter was full. Is it likely that a man thus treated would ever apply again? It is not necessary to suppose that he would be specially sore or angry, but he would certainly be convinced that he was not eligible. Now, we do not blame the executive soldiers for the resultant running to waste of what might some day have been valuable military material. They, naturally enough, thought only of getting the best men they could and sending them off as fast as possible. All we say is that here is an example of how a Secretary of State can "trim" the boat by the use of a little common-sense and prevision. Had the Secretary of State insisted that the material should not run to waste, he would have done very valuable work, and work of the kind suitable to his post. Plenty of other instances might be given of the kind of way in which the Secretary of State with an open mind can correct the blunders or fill up the voids in a military organisation. For example, though a Secretary of State cannot know whether common shell or shrapnel is better suited for a particular piece of work, he can say: 'Whatever my military advisers may say, I refuse to count as effective artillery muzzle-loading guns of forty years old.' However, we will not labour the point any further. Our present purpose is merely to insist (1) that if the War Office is properly organised there will be a real Commander-in-Chief who will be the permanent official responsible for the Army; (2) that such an official will not interfere with civilian control of the Army, but will render it real and efficient. When Lord Roberts is a Commander-in-Chief of the true kind, with Lord Kitchener under him as Chief of the Headquarter Staff, and with a statesman of the highest administrative ability as Secretary of State, we shall be able to place the Army on a proper footing. Let us trust that this happy combination will not be long delayed.

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

THE very careful and detailed Report on the wages of agricultural labourers in the United Kingdom which Mr. Wilson Fox has compiled for the Labour Department of the Board of Trade raises more questions than it answers. That it should do this is one of the chief merits of such a Report. Its function is to supply all the facts that can be ascertained on the subject to which it relates, and if the writer allowed himself to stop and consider how one set of facts bore upon another, he would inevitably be tempted to set up a theory of his own, and to give more or less prominence to such of his materials as did or did not happen to square with it. In this way he would end by writing a treatise on the labour question, instead of gathering together all the materials for such a treatise which he finds existing. Mr. Wilson Fox has conscientiously resisted this temptation. His Report tells us all that is to be known as to the various classes of labourers employed in agriculture, the amount and character of their wages, and the methods in which they are paid. Having done this, it leaves us to draw what conclusions we choose.

Beyond doubt the first feeling which this Report excites in the reader is one of satisfaction. The condition of the agricultural labourer is a subject which most of us have instinctively avoided. Now and again some instance of how little he can contrive to live on has been made public, and we have been afraid to inquire to what extent this instance is to be taken as a rule or as an exception. The Report shows that at this moment at all events the latter is the true explanation. The average weekly earnings of ordinary agricultural labourers in England for the year 1898 were 16s. 10d. This is not indeed the average for every

county. In Oxfordshire the average falls as low as 14s. 8d., in Suffolk as low as 14s. 5d.; and it is under 16s. in the counties of Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, Berks, Gloucester, Hereford, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Norfolk, and Essex. On the other hand, it is over 20s. in Northumberland and Durham, and over 19s. in Lancashire, Derby, Nottingham, Kent, and Middlesex. Nor do these figures represent a merely temporary improvement in the labourer's earnings. There has been a steady upward movement for the last five years, and a movement, fluctuating indeed, but on the whole upward, ever since 1850. Figures relating to this whole period are naturally hard to get. Few families have been in the same farm for half a century, and fewer still have kept accurate accounts for the whole time of their tenancy. This difficulty is specially great in the North of England. "Many of the employers there are small farmers who keep no books," and the quality and description of labour they employ varies with the times and with their own circumstances. That a farmer has paid more wages in one year and less in another proves nothing unless we are assured that he has paid them to the same class of labourers. The early "fifties" show the lowest rates of the century. The labourer in many counties got from 7s. to 9s. a week, and sometimes as little as 6s., though in this last case it is possible that some food was given in addition. Wiltshire presents an example of exceptionally slow progress. During the years between 1850 and 1897 the wages on one farm never rose above 12s. 6d. in the summer, and 11s. 6d. in the winter. In 1897 1s. was added to these rates, and in 1899 another 6d. On thirty-three farms which Mr. Wilson Fox has been able to select for comparison the wages between 1850 and 1899 have increased 48 per cent. This rise has not been continuous. Wages in 1877 were 46 per cent. higher than in 1850, but from that time to 1894 there was a constant decline, and in the last-named year "wages in certain counties were lower than they had been since the 'sixties.'" When this fact is borne in mind the satisfaction we spoke of is largely qualified. The high wages of the "seventies" were due to exceptional commercial prosperity, to an increase of exports consequent on the Franco-German War, with the consequent withdrawal of labour from agriculture in those countries, and to the Unionist movement started by Mr. Joseph Arch. Then came the bad seasons of 1879-80, and the subsequent agricultural depression, in which the labourers lost pretty well all that they had gained.

It will be seen that there is little in the record down to 1895 on which to build a hope that the present improvement in wages will last. Do the years from 1895 to 1899 yield any better prospect? In one respect they do. The rise from 1895 onwards is usually attributed by employers to the scarcity of labour. In part this may be accounted for by the recent calling out of the Reserves and the Militia. But this explanation can only apply to the last twelve months, whereas the scarcity was felt earlier. The main cause, no doubt, is the greater attraction of town life, an attraction which seems to operate independently of the amount of wages a man can earn if he stays in the country. "The complaints of scarcity of labour come from the high-wage districts in the North of England, where regular employment is afforded, as well as from the South of England, where the terms of engagement are usually short," and where, as we have seen, wages are lower. One element in this scarcity is the disappearance of some of the more skilled branches of agricultural industry. The complaint is universal that cottages cannot be thatched, hurdles cannot be made, hedges cannot be kept in proper order, because as the old men who used to do this kind of work die, they leave no one behind them to take their place. Even the common work of the fields is said to be less well done than formerly, but still it is done, whereas work requiring exceptional ability and experience is not done. The presumption, therefore, is that it is the men who possess this exceptional ability that are drawn to the towns. The difference between agricultural and urban wages in the North of England is hardly great enough to account for this tendency. It must rather be explained by the greater chances which work in towns affords. The utmost success that a labourer in the country can hope to achieve is to become a small tenant farmer, and if the labourer is a man of intelligence and observation he can hardly fail to

have noted how precarious a farmer's position is, and that, if it is to be maintained at all, the master must work as hard as his men.

Mr. Wilson Fox suggests as a possible motive of this migration to the towns the wish to secure employment to which a higher social position is attached, and to "lead a life which is less arduous and monotonous." The first of these causes is in substance that which we have just been considering. Higher social position is merely another name for that greater opening in work by which it is ordinarily reached. But the second, the desire to "lead a life which is less arduous and monotonous," appeals to a far wider class. It is common to the skilled and the unskilled, the energetic and the indolent. It is part, indeed, of that larger wave which has passed of late years over all classes. The desire for more amusement is universal. It is not confined to those who have too little, it is quite as strong in those who have already more than is good for them. The same feeling which fills the fashionable London restaurants with Sunday dinner parties is at the bottom of the farmers' complaint that "there is special difficulty in getting young men to take charge of animals" owing to "their objection to Sunday work." Education is not likely to check this drift townwards. If the mind were well stored already it is conceivable that the silence and solitude of much of agricultural labour might have attractions for certain temperaments. But the process of storing the mind, so far as this is done in our elementary schools, naturally turns the thoughts to the towns and to all that the towns supply. We cannot wish for the migration to stop, since that would almost certainly bring about a recurrence of low wages. At present the farmer gives his labourers as much as he can afford, because if he offered less he would not get them. Withdraw this motive, and he will at once seek to increase his profits by lessening his wages bill. Our town populations are constantly outgrowing the means of housing them and the possibilities of finding work for them. The population of the rural districts is either stationary or dwindling, and yet in this process, in itself so unsatisfactory, lies seemingly the only hope of maintaining the recent rise in agricultural wages. It is an awkward dilemma, and there is no visible way out of it.

THE GUARDING OF PRINCES.

WE should say, on the whole, and after allowing a good deal for the modern desire of sensation, that the Kings and some of the more prominent Presidents were just now in considerable danger. The groups of half-insane persons whose imaginations picture to them all rulers as enemies of human happiness are evidently under unusual excitement, and are moving about restlessly like men with plans. The police in all countries are watching eagerly to obtain clues, and are, we fancy, convinced that some considerable enterprise is at hand. Italian Anarchists in particular are observed with jealous care even in America, and special precautions are taken to guard Mr. McKinley, the German Emperor, and the new King of Italy. It seems certain that all three have been threatened, as well as the young Queen of Holland, though she is a mere girl whose youth and comparative political insignificance might, one would think, have protected her for some years to come. The Dutch police, however, who are efficient and sane, think the threats serious enough to justify them in expelling a great number of strangers who, when questioned, can give no satisfactory account of themselves. The Italian police, again, are making arrests in all directions, and we hear of proposals for extradition, and of warnings addressed, as, for instance, to the Executive Council of Switzerland, which indicate that great Governments are quietly on the alert. It may be thought that with so much stir and so much precaution the present danger cannot be pressing, as intending criminals would naturally lie low to let the storm pass by; and with evil-doers of the ordinary kind this would be true, but we are not sure that it is true of potential regicides. They belong to a type which is excited by commotion, and is more likely to do mischief while the warders are hurrying about than while they are half-asleep. Under these circumstances it is difficult for observers to avoid speculating whether

there really are any precautions not already taken by which the Kings and Presidents might be more efficiently protected.

To see clearly how the matter stands we must remember one or two facts. One is that character is no protection at all. Alexander II. was one of the best of the Czars, and had signed on the day of his murder a decree which would have done much to liberalise Russia. Carnot was a President against whose personal action no one had a word to say. King Humbert hated no one, offended no one, and was singularly free from vindictiveness. The Empress Elizabeth was a sufferer rather than a cause of suffering. Queen Wilhelmina, Queen Prettyface, as the French call her, can by no possibility have oppressed any living being. No change of conduct, therefore, can protect a threatened King. He is assailed as King, not as man, and he must be defended, if at all, by direct physical means; that is, either by high walls, or by guards, or by inspiring terror. The latter is, we conceive, of very little use. Christians cannot torture criminals even for murderous attacks on whole communities—every regicide is that—and neither death nor rigorous imprisonment acts as a deterrent. Every man who assails a King risks those punishments—unless, indeed, the intended victim is English, and the place of attack Belgium—and the only result of lynching or reprisals, which latter are clearly threatened in the curious letter from "A Monarchical Anarchist" published in the *Daily News* of Tuesday, would be that the criminal would execute himself. Imprisonment is no deterrent at all, for fanatics do not realise what it means, and in many cases seem to be buoyed up by a hope either of ultimate pardon or of rescue. We doubt the use either of savage threats or of specially sudden executions. Neither have ever been tried in England, and in the long line of English Sovereigns only one, if we omit the unproved suspicion about Rufus, has ever been assassinated in the strict sense of the term. Edward II. was murdered, but there were circumstances in the crime which differentiated it from assassination, and Edward V. was the victim of a palace plot. We doubt altogether the utility of terror as a protection for the Kings. High walls do protect them. Monarchs, as a rule, have been safe in their own houses. The immense difficulty of obtaining audience, the rules about carrying arms in a palace, the almost infinite chances against getting opportunity for a deadly stroke, baffle assassins, unless they are priests, and priests in our time do not grow fanatic enough to commit murder. It is true, we believe, that Alexander II. was twice assailed in his own house; but in the first case the explosion, though it blew up the room, failed to shatter him; and in the second the agent selected—an Aide-de-Camp—when he stood revolver in hand opposite his Sovereign, thought his chance of mercy would be greater if he killed himself, and so escaped both regular justice and the vengeance of his Nihilist comrades. We doubt, in spite of some sinister rumours, whether Anarchists ever try to use poison. That form of murder requires saner men than their agents usually are, and has not enough about it of the sudden and dramatic. The habitual poisoner is vain, no doubt, in his self-communings of his power of distributing life and death, but a single poisoning in our day would hardly gratify preternatural vanity as assassination by knife or bullet appears to do. The difficulty of finding opportunity, too, at least in the West, is excessively great. An Anarchist cook is not easily conceivable, and the attendants of a Western King usually become far too devoted to him to drop death into his wine.

The real danger of Sovereigns is out of doors, and must be reduced to a minimum by bullet-proof carriages, speed in travelling, and incessant watchfulness. The best carriage for the purpose is the motor-car which William II. has just purchased, for as weight matters comparatively little, it can have steel sides. Its speed, too, would bewilder any ordinary marksman. How to obtain the guards is the real difficulty. The watchfulness both of soldiers and policemen is apt to grow perfunctory—that is, in practice, lax—and sleepless personal devotion is not very easy to procure. The two Napoleons are said to have found it among their Corsicans, who in the latter case watched so intently that it was said to be impossible when the Emperor drove out in the Bois de Boulogne ever to get a pistol-barrel directly into line with him, but the devotion of Corsicans is given only to men of their island blood. No Sovereign of the present day is an object of the fanatic

devotion of a clan or caste—unless, indeed, it be the Pope, who seems beyond personal menace—and purchased devotion is not quite the same thing, though the old Kings of France obtained it alike from Switzers and from Scotchmen, the Sultan obtains it from Albanians, and the minor Kings of the Balkans are said to obtain something very like it from Montenegrins, the brave mountaineers, when they once accept service, being as faithful as good dogs. We cannot help thinking that a small band of resolute gentlemen, just numerous enough to allow of relays, would be the best security a King in our day could obtain. They would know how to suspect and how to plan. Shirts of mail are too heavy, but an impenetrable placard worn over the heart would at least diminish the chance of instant death, and with that, a few sleepless eyes around him whenever he left his palace, and rapid horses, a Sovereign ought to be fairly safe. Perfectly safe he can never be in a time when hundreds of marksmen can hit the bull's-eye at five hundred yards, and scores of fanatics are careless whether they live or die if only their comrades may know that they have killed a King. It must be a strange drawback to the pleasure of reigning, or of being the unquestioned First in a great land, to be aware that the eyes of the half-mad are always on you, and that at any unexpected moment all may end. The danger tried the nerves even of Cromwell, but the modern Kings seem to bear it very well; and to fret under the watchfulness of their police more than under the personal risk. The Cæsar, says De Quincey, *knew* that he would die a violent death; but then he also knew that he would have warning and could strike a blow for himself. He had the lot of a soldier during a brisk campaign rather than that of a modern King. The modern King is always struck at unawares, cannot even defend himself with his own hand—though it is said Alexander III. once did it—and is most in danger when tranquilly sitting in his own carriage.

FREDERICK NIETZSCHE.

AN old Puritan is said to have observed that he could never believe that God created two classes of men,—one born with saddles on their backs, the other born booted and spurred in order to ride them. The exact opposite view of mankind was held by the late Frederick Nietzsche, whose death at Weimar took place a few days ago. Shall we say that it is significant in some respects of the change wrought in Germany that the same beautiful little city which gave shelter to Herder, Goethe, and Schiller should have been the final home of Nietzsche? Herder, who constructed a universal history based on ideas which Nietzsche held up to ridicule. Goethe, the world-genius who declared but a few days before his death that the sole purpose of the world appeared to him to provide a physical basis for the growth of spirit. Schiller, the humane democratic poet, loved in the German home. What have these in common with the anarchic thinker and his brutal social philosophy of the slave and the *ueber-mensch*? Is the striking contrast paralleled by any change in German thought? Is it the outcome of any disbelief in those generous humanising visions of an earlier generation? Is it the result of a growing cult of brute force and practical materialism which the future historian will say marked the last years of the nineteenth century? Sixty-eight years separate the death of Goethe from that of Nietzsche; and in these years, if there is any truth in our suggestion, a spiritual revolution has been accomplished.

Nietzsche's life was a comparatively uneventful one until the mental malady overtook him which caused his retirement from the world. He was a University graduate, a learned man in the thorough German method, a soldier in the Franco-German War, a traveller until his mind gave way, and then a lunatic in close confinement. It is possible, however, to see in the leading events of his life some of the causes which led to his strange and scarcely sane theories of mankind and history. He was brought up in a Germany becoming more and more militarised, and he served in a war which probably led him to take a military point of view, to look on human society from the physical force standpoint. Few soldiers unless they were very great men, like Marcus Aurelius, Charles the Great, Alfred, Washington, have been able to regard mankind from a philosophically humane point

of view. To Napoleon or Frederick the Great men were convenient instruments to be sacrificed wholesale in furtherance of ulterior designs. Thus Nietzsche thought. But on the other hand he was a man of learning and intellect, and these qualities are reflected all through his scrappy and hysterical writings. Though he quite misconceived human history, and though his ideas if carried out would have robbed the world of much of its finest literature, yet it must be confessed that he knew history and literature as the scholar knows them. It is a delicate matter, and it would be unjust to the dead man to dwell on his insanity; but this much may be said, that Nietzsche never could have had a balanced mind, and that the final stage in his life's pilgrimage was but the outcome of fatal tendencies long lurking in his mind. His is really one of the instances in which there is something to be said for Lombroso's exaggerated notions of the close relations existing between intellect and abnormal conditions. No man can be entirely explained; the "abysmal deeps of personality" will never be sounded by any human plummet. But we suggest these conditions as tending to form the late writer, and to be accountable in some degree for his general views.

To Nietzsche, as we have said, the world was composed of two classes, masters and slaves,—the noble, free, handsome, blond, muscular, full-blooded ruling caste, and the black-browed, stunted, cringing, feeble servile caste. The former is the *ueber-mensch* or "over-man," whose will is his law, for whom all the best things in the world exist, for whom are the pleasures of wine, women, and song, who is the natural-born ruler, and upon whose reckless audacity the progress of the world depends. He owns no allegiance to any being or law (save the inevitable and purely physical laws of unconscious Nature), for Herr Nietzsche not only abolished God from the world, he frankly and logically abolished morality also, so far as the "over-man" is concerned. Morality is for Nietzsche the deadly thing, the fatal bar to human progress and happiness. What is called morality is, he says, an artificial product evolved by the slave mind to further his own interests. It is disagreeable to the slave to be used and regarded as a mere tool, as a serviceable agent to minister to the demands of the superior man, and therefore he invents a moral code supported by religious sanctions and set forth by corporations of priests, which will protect him and impose on the blond barbarian who rules his fate. This morality, this religion, is pretended to be divine, and it is in this way that religious and ethical codes have come to dominate mankind, and have even been partly accepted by the masters of the world. In this way the lower or slave element has contrived to exercise his share in the ruling of the world. By great slave combinations aided by priesthoods the physical activity, the imperious will, of the superior peoples has been checked, with the result of that human anæmia which we call civilisation.

To illustrate this curious proposition Nietzsche falls back on two great historical examples,—Roman Imperialism and Christianity. The Roman Empire is for him the great typical instance of a splendid Power, devoid of any moral scruples, joying in the pride of life, crushing out all mean rivals, all physical inferiors, enslaving without remorse all who are only worth being enslaved, dominating the world by valour, audacity, unbending will. Rome is the fullest expression known of the law and will of the "blond beast." On the other hand is the Christian Church, the refuge of the mean, cowering, black-browed slave, who, shivering in dread before his master, takes refuge in inwardness, in obedience to the will of God and in thoughts of the life to come. His visions and beliefs, his incantations and prayers, are, after a time, organised into a system by a great priesthood which will and must always rely ultimately on the poor, and thus the proud, imperious instincts of the governing part of the world are met by the pious, priest-ridden interests and emotions of the slave part.

Such in essence is the central idea of the dead German rhapsodist,—for thinker, in the true sense of the word, we cannot call him. To refute completely this extraordinary perversion of history, philosophy, and common-sense would need a volume, and then would be superfluous; for such a creed, though professed by some and unconsciously held by others, can never take serious hold of men. If it did, social relations would be impossible, and society itself (not this or that particular form of it) would dissolve in wild disorder.

It need scarcely be said that Nietzsche's history is so faulty as to be ridiculous. Rome, instead of being made up of the non-moral *ueber-mensch*, "beyond good and evil," was in its inception, and for centuries of its existence, perhaps the most moral community in history, and it was successful, and even beneficent, just so far as it was moral. The early Roman religion was a religion of strict moral duties, and it enjoined severe punishment for infraction of moral law. What would old Cato have said had this modern German theory been broached by some Greek philosopher in the Forum? He would have made short work of the *ueber-mensch*. As for Nietzsche's conception of Christianity and the purity and love it enjoins, it is of course waste of time to reason with one who believes that morality is a mere convention and that God does not exist. But it may at least be pointed out that Nietzsche's own hero, the great Iranian Zoroaster, based his entire religious system on absolute obedience to the commands of the Good Power,—a moral obedience to a Divinity whose commands were moral. The truth is that all mankind, "blond beasts" as well as low, stunted, black-browed slaves, Brahmins and Sudras, East and West, have been compelled to live by moral law; either held to be revealed by a living God or to be the expression of one's own being. And on that structure of innate morality have been laid the foundations of the stately temples of religion, ever more and more expressive of the deeper aspirations of the soul. If Nietzsche knew nothing of this aspiration, we can but pity his memory. What revelations God's minister of death has in keeping for such an unhappy soul!

BUTTERFLY SLEEP.

AT the time of writing a border of bright flowers runs in straight perspective from the window opposite, with a rose arcade by the border, and a yew hedge behind that. The shafts of the morning sun fly straight down to the flowers, and every blossom of hollyhock, sunflower, campanula, and convolvulus, and the scarlet ranks of the geraniums, are standing at "attention" to welcome this morning inspection by the ruler and commander-in-chief of all the world of flowers. The inspecting officers, rather late as inspecting officers are wont to be, are overhauling and examining the flowers and their "kits." These inspectors, also roused by the sun, are the butterflies and bees. Splendid red admirals are flying up, and alighting on the sunflowers, or hovering over the pink masses of valerian. Peacock butterflies, "eyed" like Emperors' robes, open and shut their wings upon the petals; large tortoiseshells are flitting from flower to flower; mouse-coloured humming-bird moths are poising before the red lips of the geraniums; and a stream of common white butterflies is crossing the lawn to the flowers at the rate of twenty a minute. They all come from the same direction, across a cornfield and meadow, behind which lies a wood. The bees came first, as they are fairly early risers; the butterflies later, some of them very late, and evidently not really ready for parade, for they are sitting on the flowers stretching, brushing themselves, and cleaning their boots,—or feet. The fact is that the butterflies, late though it is, are only just out of bed. You might look all the evening to find the place where these particular butterflies sleep, and not discover it, unless some of them have taken a fancy to the verandah or the inside of a dwelling-room in the house. But each and every one of them has been asleep in a place it has chosen, and it is probable that some, the red admirals, for instance, will go back to that place to sleep at evening.

Fond as the butterflies are of the light and sun, they dearly love their beds. Like most fashionable people who do nothing, they stay there very late. But their unwillingness to get up in the morning is equalled by their eager desire to leave the world and its pleasures early and be asleep in good time. They are the earliest of all our creatures to seek repose. An August day has about fifteen hours of light, and for that time the sun shines for twelve hours at least; but the butterflies weary of sun and flowers, colour and light, so early that by 6 o'clock, even on warm days, many of them have retired for the night. On the chalk hills live many of the exquisite blue butterflies, whose motto, like that of the reds, is "early to bed." Sometimes they may be found, long before sunset, sleeping in hundreds on the downs. Then may be seen the kind of bed a butterfly of this fragile yet hardy race chooses,

and the attitudes it sleeps in, its efforts to be comfortable, and its precautions to avoid being carried off and eaten by the tigers and lions of the butterfly world. Last week, in the cold windy days, they were all falling asleep at 5 o'clock. Their dormitory was in the tall, colourless grass, with dead seed-heads, that fringes the tracks over the hills, or the leaves that cross the hollows. Common blues in hundreds were there, and small heath butterflies almost as many. The former, each and every one of them, arrange themselves to look like part of the seed-spike that caps the grass-stem. Then the use and purpose of the parti-coloured grey and yellow under-colouring of their wings is seen. The butterfly invariably goes to sleep head downwards, its eyes looking straight down the stem of the grass. It folds and contracts its wings to the utmost, partly, perhaps, to wrap its body from the cold. But the effect is to reduce its size and shape to a narrow ridge, making an acute angle with the grass-stem, hardly distinguishable in shape and colour from the seed-heads on thousands of other stems around. The butterfly also sleeps on the top of the stem, which increases its likeness to the natural finial of the grass. In the morning, when the sunbeams warm them, all these grey-pied sleepers on the grass-tops open their wings, and the colourless bennets are starred with a thousand living flowers of purest azure. Side by side with the "blues" sleep the common "small heaths." They use the grass-stems for beds, but less carefully, and with no such obvious solicitude to compose their limbs in harmony with the lines of the plant. They also sleep with their heads downwards, but the body is allowed to droop sideways from the stem like a leaf. This, with their light colouring, makes them far more conspicuous than the blues. Moreover, as grass has no leaves shaped in any way like the sleeping butterfly, the contrast of shape attracts notice. Can it be that the blues, whose brilliant colouring by day makes them conspicuous to every enemy, have learnt caution, while the brown heaths, less exposed to risk, are less careful of concealment? Be it noticed that moths and butterflies go to sleep in different attitudes. Moths fold their wings back upon their bodies, covering the lower wing, which is usually bright in colour, with the upper wing. They fold their antennæ back on the line of their wings. Butterflies raise the wings above their bodies and lay them back to back, putting their antennæ between them if they move them at all. On these same dry grasses of the hills, another of the most brilliant insects of this country may often be seen sleeping in swarms,—the carmine and green burnet moth. But it is a sluggish creature, which often seems scarcely awake in the day, and its surrender to the dominion of sleep excites less surprise than the deep slumber of the active and vivacious butterflies. The heaths and "blues" should perhaps be regarded as the gipsies of the butterfly world, because they sleep in the open. They are even worse off than the nomads, because like that regiment which the War Office lately refused to grant field allowance to on the ground that they were "not under canvas," they do not seek even a temporary roof. What we may call the "garden butterflies," especially the red admirals, often do seek a roof, going into barns, sheds, churches, verandahs, and even houses to sleep. There, too, they often wake up in winter from their long hibernating sleep, and remind us of summer days gone by as they flicker on the sun-warmed panes. Mrs. Brightwen established the fact that they sometimes have fixed homes to which they return. Two butterflies, one a brimstone, the other, so far as the writer remembers, a red admiral, regularly came for admission to the house. One was killed by a rain-storm when the window was shut; the other hibernated in the house. Probably it was as a sleeping-place and bedroom that the butterflies made it their "home." There is a parallel instance, mentioned, we believe, by Mr. Wallace, when a butterfly came night after night to sleep on a particular spot in the roof of a verandah in the Eastern Archipelago. In the East the sun itself is so regular and so rapid in rising and setting that the sleeping hours of insects and birds are far more regular than in temperate lands with their shifting periods of light and darkness. Our twilight, that season that the tropics know not, has produced a curious race of moths, or rather, a curious habit confined to certain kinds. They are the creatures neither of day nor of night, but of twilight. They awake as twilight begins, go about their business and enjoy a brief and crepuscular activity, and go to sleep as soon as darkness settles on the

world. At the first glimmer of the dawn they awaken again to fly till sunrise, when they hurry off like the fairies, and sleep till twilight falls again.

As there are hundreds of moths that fly by night and sleep by day at seasons when there are perhaps only twenty species of butterflies flying by day and sleeping by night, it is strange that the sleeping moths are not more often found. Some kinds are often disturbed, and are seen. But the great majority are sleeping on the bark of trees, in hedges, in the crevices of pines, oaks, and elms, and other rough-skinned timber, and we see them not. Some prefer damp nights with a drizzle of rain to fly in, not the weather which we should choose as inviting us to leave repose. Few like moonlight nights; darkness is their idea of a "fine day" in which to get up and enjoy life, many, like the dreams in Virgil's Hades, being all day high among the leaves of lofty trees, whence they descend at the summons of night, the—

"Filmy shapes
That hannt the dusk, with ermine capes,
And woolly breasts, and beaded eyes."

The connection between character and bedtime which grew up from association when human life was less complex than now, has some counterpart in the world of butterflies and insects. The industrious bees go to bed much earlier than the roving wasps. The latter, which have been out stealing fruit and meat, and foraging on their own individual account, "knock in" at all hours till dark, and may sometimes be seen in a state of disgraceful intoxication, hardly able to find the way in at their own front door. The bees are all asleep by then in their communal dormitory.

It would not be human if some belief had not arisen that the insects that fly by night imitate human thieves and rob those which toil by day. There has always been a tradition that the death's-head moth, the largest of all our moths, does this, and that it creeps into the hives and robs the bees, which are said to be terrified by a squeaking noise made by the gigantic moth, which to a bee must appear as the roc did to its victims. It is said that the bees will close up the sides of the entrance to the hive with wax so as to make it too small for the moth to creep in. Probably this is a fable, due to the pirate badge which the moth bears on its head. But it is certainly fond of sweet things, and as it is often caught in empty sugar-barrels, it is quite possible that it does come to the hive-door at night and alarm the inmates in its search for honey.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE STORY OF A TERRIER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—This is the story of a terrier. 'Pat' has lived all his ten and a half years, except the first six weeks, in the middle of a large public school. Boys have always surrounded him, and seem to have imparted to him something of perpetual youth, though it must be admitted that his beard and moustache and the backs of his ears are very grey. He is the offspring of two highly bred parents, one a Yorkshire, the other a Skye terrier, and from the age of one and a half till now he has never failed to exhibit the pugnacious and virile spirit of his double lineage. Previously to that tender age his disposition was of the mildest; he threatened to grow up a Hopley Porter among dogs, and when assailed by a stranger would meekly turn his head away so as to avoid injury, and make it difficult to retaliate. But for some inscrutable reason this sweet reasonableness very suddenly passed away. Something happened which made reprisals a necessity, and from that moment 'Pat' has been a *circum compita pugnax*, the terror of the neighbourhood, and the vanquisher of every canine foe not wholly disparate in size. His two chief enemies have passed away. The first, after losing all his teeth, found the recurrent conflicts with 'Pat' too much for his old age, especially as on one occasion he met his younger assailant without a muzzle, himself muzzled pursuant to law. The other one, though made much of at home, saw fit to decamp into the woods, and has been no more seen.

But before describing 'Pat's' methods of compensating himself for these losses, some salient points of character must be indicated. His love for his master, which is very firm, dates

from a deed of rapine which he committed at the age of ten months on the poultry shed. His master detected him with a very young chicken in his mouth, hanging indecisively from his jaws, and on 'Pat's' speaking countenance there was a delicious expression of childlike geniality, and whimsical guilelessness. But this availed not to save him from a heavy visitation delivered on the spot, a switch of exactly the right size and weight being found close by. Since then his way of taking a licking has been a model for all terriers. Scarcely a sound escapes the door of his lips except a few most articulate maledictions, and immediately it is done he is brimming over with noisy *ferocia*, barking and jumping about and ready for any iniquity there and then. He is a person dramatic to the tip of his tail. He must know that his importance is not world-wide, but he always behaves as if it were. Again, he likes to pose as an absolute master of the ceremonies always, and yet he could be influenced, mostly for the bad, and by a female too, a half-sister of his own, poor little 'Cricket,' who was poisoned at three years of age. She, like many terriers, could stand anything except a small schoolboy running. The frequent spectacle of a lower boy late for lesson roused all the devilry in her, and 'Pat' was borne along by the impetus of her feelings till the two together, rushing unperceived behind, would, with sudden very loud yappings and snaps at the fleshy portion of the leg, reduce the poor urchin abruptly to a sense of the reality of life, and give him a signal lesson on punctuality. 'Pat' felt no animus whatever, but the part had to be played, and he played it to perfection. Again, when the squad of school recruits was being drilled on the terrace, 'Cricket' made up her mind, and told 'Pat' that the sharp words of command were so many insults directly hurled at her head, so the twin black-haired, shaggy little furies laid on with their sharp white teeth to the lower end of the drill-sergeant's pantaloons. He, like the sentry at Pompeii, continued at his post till the mischief was done, but afterwards bethought him of a way of compensation. He went to the dogs' master and pleaded that his unmentionables were in such a plight that he could no longer speak with his enemies in the gate. "Well, but the damage was not very great, I suppose; the trousers are not new, are they?"—"Beg pardon, Sir, but in a few days I am to be married, and these are the only pants I have in the world, and there is no time to get them mended." This was a closer. The man of war was given 16s. to purchase a ready-made pair at short notice, in flagrant disregard of the possibility of sweated labour.

But about the time that 'Cricket' died, 'Pat's' life was changed by the arrival of two beautiful golden collies, incredibly noisy animals and wholly without minds,—'Damon' and 'Daphne.' 'Damon' is a perfect embodiment of the charming picture drawn by William Watson. The "ancestral strenuousness" of the sheep-dog forbear has degenerated into mere noise and the silliest ballyragging. If he hears a cart a quarter-mile off, he rushes floundering through geranium beds and banging among the delphiniums, romping ferociously with his mate. On these occasions he began by trying to make a fool of 'Pat.' He would allure him as if to a bear-fight, too silly to see that 'Pat' was thirsting for his life blood, and, conceive it, would rudely thrust his huge paw right into 'Pat's' face or shove him shamefully back among the lobelias, and only bark with inane delight at what he had done. But 'Pat,' with Billingsgate—*horresco referens*—pouring from his lips, used to fly after him, his short furry legs twinkling along the gravel, and hurl himself at the throat of this big, shameless buffoon. The only result was that he would grip hold of a lot of yellow hair, and 'Damon' would go dashing along roaring with laughter, hardly knowing that he was there. Could an elderly gentleman with an iron-grey beard and a name for prowess in battle be expected to stand this? The end came in a strange fashion. Among 'Pat's' oddities is a habit he has of licking the chops of any friend or neighbour if haply there may be some rich remains of a stolen mutton bone. The spirit is that of the old woman with the jar of Falernian, but the gain seems more tangible. Anyhow, he often does it to 'Damon,' and on one occasion, the latter becoming restive, began to move away, when 'Pat' bit him sharply on the tender and hairless jowl. 'Damon,' formerly imperious, confessed this homethrust by a whimper, and from that day to this 'Pat' has known how to subdue him. No more boisterous gladness for poor 'Damon.' True, at the beginning of a walk he can still

bark and scamper across the cricket-field, but that is only because 'Pat' is too short in the leg to keep up. 'Damon' is a cowed and submissive beast now. Ofttimes he lies on the lawn *nescio quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis*, when 'Pat,' thinking times are slow, conjures up a whole Iliad of fiction, and assumes that the unhappy collie is a dangerous character requiring repression. So he utters the most sinister warnings to him from twenty yards away, and looking in the opposite direction, spurning the grass with his hind-legs with his tail cocked till it lies stiffly along his backbone. *Ingentes animas angusto in pectore versat*. Or he will patrol round and round his victim, tyrannising disgracefully and glancing askance to see if human beings are observing him. Then in two minutes he will be perfectly friendly for the rest of the afternoon. It is all sham, but it adds a great zest to life, and that is the grand object of this fine actor and prince of bullies, as indeed it is to many another controversialist better known in the wider world.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. LYTTLETON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

OUR ARTILLERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—“Y” R.H.A. is one of the new Horse Artillery batteries. It was “formed” at Aldershot in May. At the present moment its only “equipment” consists of two old guns, so old and worn that *blank* cartridges are not allowed to be fired from them.—I am, Sir, &c.,

GEO. S. HARVEY.

Ambarrow, Sandhurst, Berks.

THE NAVY AND THE MARINES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The open discontent of the corps of Royal Marines, as manifested in the recent Parliamentary agitation and public correspondence, has been such common knowledge amongst naval officers for generations that few of them are inclined to do more than accept the fact that it always must exist while the present position is maintained. Almost all agree that for the all-sufficient reason of discipline, which comprehensive word includes command, relative rank, and the administration of justice, the powers that be are well advised in the light of their long experience in the limitations they have imposed upon, and which are so galling to, the Marine officer afloat. The general public hears little of the continuous growl, and is content to rest happy in the knowledge that the Marines always have and always do distinguish themselves mightily whenever there are hard knocks to give and take or a tug-of-war to be won at the Military Tournament. One is half afraid to say it, but many have hazy notions as to what a Marine actually is, and certainly few unconnected with the Services have more than the most nebulous ideas of the constitution and duties of the corps. For the benefit of these, then, let me state briefly that the corps of Royal Marines consists of two huge regiments for service in the Navy. One is known as the Royal Marine Light Infantry, numbering fifteen thousand men, and the other as the Royal Marine Artillery, numbering four thousand men. The latter go through a more extended course of instruction in gunnery, and must be of higher physical development; but otherwise the duties and constitution of the two are the same, and for service afloat a proportion of the two units are blended into one detachment. This detachment is under the command of an officer, or, in small ships, a non-commissioned officer, of either corps, and no distinctions save those of uniform and pay are drawn between the two. Vast headquarters have been established at Gosport, Devonport, and Chatham for the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and at Eastney for the Royal Marine Artillery; and while serving on shore the Marine is for all purposes a soldier of the Line, and is under the Army Discipline Act. His first entry into the Service is made under precisely the same conditions as a recruit for the Line, and his first training is the same. Up to the time when the two are perfect in their drills, and in all respects duly qualified soldiers of the Queen, the parallel is maintained, but then the lines diverge, and widely. Whereas the soldier's knowledge of the sea is confined to certain unpleasant memories of the troopship which takes him from England to “Gawd knows where,” and on board of

which he is still a soldier in all his ways, words, and hopes; the Marine when he is played out of his barrack gates past the waving handkerchiefs and weeping women has already become in very truth one of those who goes down to the sea in ships and whose business is in the great waters. Henceforth for three years, or perhaps four, at a time, he must live, move, and think as a “soldier and sailor too,” and with the abiding knowledge that, save for uncertain periods in barracks, his life in the Service will be passed at sea. In his time in the Service he differs from his comrade of the Line in that the Marine is a continuous or long-service man,—i.e., engages for twelve years for the first period, and then re-engages, at his own option, for another nine years if he wishes to earn a pension. In detachments varying in number from half-a-dozen to a hundred, he serves her Majesty all the world over, *per mare*, *per terram*, forming a welcome and highly trained addition to the force at the disposal of any military Commander-in-Chief who needs him. Great, indeed, are his rejoicings when there is a chance of becoming a soldier again, while his officers' feeling is something deeper and more heartfelt still. But men-of-war are not troopships, and obviously this large force is not trained and maintained solely on the off-chance of its being a useful auxiliary to the Regular Army in distant operations. Originally (as Major Edye points out in his admirable history of the corps), “fleets were raised and manned, in most cases, with the specific object of carrying out some predetermined military descent, and not with the object of meeting the enemy at sea.” Hence arose the desirability of soldiers with some sea training who would not be more or less incapacitated by a sea voyage, and later, the crews being numerically weak, for sea duties generally. Later still (though here I differ from Major Edye), when these soldiers had evolved into Marines, they became recognised as the example and embodiment of the highest naval discipline, and the natural protection of the officers of the ship, while the companies on shore were naturally regarded as a magnificent reserve for the manning of the Fleet. At the present day they still remain as a magnificent reserve, but their duties on board ship have narrowed down to the following limits:—Firstly, as guard and sentries, in which department they are undoubtedly at present specialists; secondly, as working hands, where their military training is more of a drawback than otherwise; and, thirdly, as domestics, in which department they do anything but shine. As a fighting unit in the *ship* for *ship* purposes they man a comparatively insignificant number of guns and supply a small proportion of ammunition. As a mobile military force for shore purposes one can pay them no higher compliment than by saying that they always act up to their glorious history and traditions. I hope it will be seen from what I have said that many points present themselves for argument, though we have not reached the main point yet. In these days of education, and under the system that prevails of entering bluejackets as boys and bringing them up in the way they should go, the necessity for a guard of sworn men as a protection for the officers or for the maintenance of discipline has ceased to exist. The methods of a military fatigue party being totally different from those of a bluejacket working party, it is no exaggeration to say that as regards work on board a *ship* oil and water mix roughly as well as bluejackets and Marines. The seaman gunner of to-day is almost as highly trained and every bit as good a shot as your artilleryman, and has shown that on shore he is fit and ready to take his place in any fighting line or work any field battery with equal success, while for *ship* purposes generally he is incomparably superior. The domestic question is not so important, but a corps of trained domestics would add immensely to the officers' comfort, and could be taught to supply ammunition easily. With the establishment of naval barracks on shore bluejackets are rapidly learning guard and sentry duties, and would of a certainty show themselves more than equal to these duties were they definitely required to perform them as part of their work. From the *ship* point of view, then, one may say that there is nothing that a Marine does which a bluejacket with all his marvellous adaptability could not soon learn to do, while of the seaman's craft in general the Marine remains as ignorant as our friend “Tommy” on board the troopship. The ship and the best possible method of manning her is the great consideration, and it must surely be obvious that a man who has been brought up in a sea

school pure and simple must be the better man for ship purposes. The Empire will stand or fall by what we accomplish or fail to accomplish on blue water, not by what a handful of men may do on shore, so that the method of manning our ships is an Imperial question of the first magnitude. So far we have not mentioned the officers, yet this is where the main point lies. The Navy could not under any circumstances stand the loss of twenty thousand trained *men*, and if any change is made it must be very gradual, and such as not to affect numbers in any way, but Marine officers might, from a seaman's point of view, just as well remain on shore. They are a splendid set of fellows, but there is no place for them on board a ship. Apart from an hereditary interest in the corps or family connections with it, the great majority who enter are attracted by the prospect of seeing the world, avoiding the heavy expenses of a military mess, and the knowledge that the direct commission gives them the coveted position of "officer and gentleman" without the ordeal of eighteen months in leading-strings through which their comrades of Sandhurst must pass. Soldier's drill and soldier's routine are vigorously pumped into them to fit them for the sea service, and when they are at last sent to sea, they certainly inspect and report their detachment, and are endowed with a limited power of punishment, but of *ship* duties from a navigational or tactical point of view they are necessarily and absolutely ignorant. While the naval Lieutenant is keeping watch, navigating, looking after guns, torpedoes, or whatever his duty may be, the Marine is, and must be by reason of his training, content to read a novel or study the profession of a soldier in the privacy of his cabin, varying the monotony by writing letters in a wardroom which is empty save for himself. Is it any wonder then that when active service calls for men on shore the naval Lieutenant should hardly take it kindly when this passenger, who in so many cases has little interest in the ship and no *esprit de Navy*, emerges from below and says with all the weight of authority behind him: "I am the man for this"? That is, however, but a side issue. The point that calls for the most thoughtful consideration is that in a first-class battleship of to-day you have three officers, who, for all the good they are for working a ship at sea, might just as well be classed as non-combatants. There is one great difference, however, and that is that no officers of the other non-combatant branches on board could possibly be spared, and the Marine officers could. In no way can they relieve the unspeakable strain that must be brought upon the naval executive in time of war, and their departmental duties are almost nominal, while the others are vitally necessary. It is no use blinking facts, and I will only venture to state as my opinion that if the Marine officers afloat at this present moment were replaced by duly qualified Lieutenants, the consequences of more even distribution of ship work and less continuous strain on nerves and constitution which the addition of men available and *competent* for watch-keeping, &c., in time of war would ensure must mean vastly increased efficiency for the first line of defence. It is a big question, and space forbids that I should discuss the tremendously important questions of finance, recruiting, and scheme of amalgamation that it involves. On the question of sentiment my answer must be that for the same reason as an obsolete ship is put out of commission, no matter how good her lines or how glorious her fighting record, so some day the Marines as a separate entity must cease to exist. If it pleases my angry critics better, let us say that all bluejackets will become Marines. So be it, always provided that they are not half soldiers, and that their officers are wholly seamen. Messieurs the Marines, I have the honour to number among you many staunch friends and good comrades, and if by any chance these words of mine should meet the eyes of any of you I crave your pardon for treading on your toes. I can only ask you to believe that in what I have written I have been actuated by the sole desire of, if possible, at any rate giving rise to discussion as to what, in regard to your magnificent corps, is the best method of ensuring the strength of the British Navy, on which, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend.—I am, Sir, &c.,

NAVAL OFFICER.

THE TRAINING OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have read your article on "The Training of the British Army" in the *Spectator* of August 25th. To me as a professional soldier there is something pathetic in your appeal to the military authorities to "give their minds to the proper training of the Army." Who shall decide when doctors disagree as to what is really the "proper" training of the Army? Is the Army to fight the Boers or the Germans? Are our soldiers to be experts or machines? When you have settled this question, there is another one behind it. How is your system of training to be applied to an "Army" composed of men, regular and auxiliary, serving under different conditions in different parts of the world? How can you apply your system even to the smallest unit—the battalion—when the unit consists of officers and men in different stages of proficiency varying with the length of their service? When this second problem has been solved there remains the question of time and opportunity. As regards *time*, you must deduct from the working day of officer and private the hours now spent in clerical work and manual labour. The officer is not merely a fighting man and schoolmaster; he is a tailor, an accountant, a cashier, a magistrate, a cook, a caterer, and a juryman. Above all, he is a dandy who needs the services of one soldier to act as his valet. The private must be able to whitewash walls, scrub floors, carry coals, clean and mend clothes, wash dishes, and do scavenger's work. As regards *opportunity*, how can you train men for the field unless men and officers are all present in the ranks, prepared for a march into suitable country? To do this you must shut up the barracks, officers' mess, sergeants' mess, canteen, cook-house, tailors' shop, and all other regimental offices and institutions which absorb so large a proportion of the "strength" of a battalion. Finally, if you aspire to make professional soldiers of our three-year and five-year men you must pay them a living wage, and alter the system of promotion for officers, substituting *competition* for *seniority*, and rewarding industry and zeal at the expense of slackness and incapacity.—I am, Sir, &c., ADJUTANT.

STORKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—"Three splendid storks alighted in a field close by in May,—one was shot, and a very handsome specimen he has made in a glass case." There would not—the pity of it—be anything very curious, for all its blank brutality, in the above quotation, but for the connection in which it appears. The words quoted form the closing sentence of a letter about swallows in the *Spectator* of August 25th. The correspondent writes regretfully about the diminution in number of another migratory bird, the swallow. I thought as I read the letter (I never miss any letter or article about beast or bird life that appears in the *Spectator*) that the writer was a lover of birds, and I shared his interest in the swallow and the regret with which he spoke of the diminishing number of the martins visiting these shores of late years. I shared with him also his dislike of that cad of bird society, the sparrow. I was charmed with the letter as I went along. But never, never in all my life have words, written or spoken, more rudely shocked me than I was shocked by the sentence I have quoted at the end of a letter that otherwise seemed in sympathy with birds and birds' ways: "Three splendid storks ['splendid' in what sense?] alighted in a field close by in May [alighted for a little rest, poor birds, tired after their long flight to reach their summer home],—one was shot, and a very handsome specimen he has made in a glass case"! To me, who am neither sportsman nor collector, having, on the contrary, a sentimental regard, a feeling almost akin to reverence, for the stork, the shooting of one of these harmless and beautiful birds seems an unspeakably wanton and cruel act. To shoot, to stuff, to glass-case a stork,—the horror of it. I come, Sir, from a country where the stork is held nearly as sacred as in Egypt of old, where, on the low-roofed farms and cottages in country and in town, the storks build their nest and rear their young ones unmolested, in absolute peace and undisturbed quiet. The stork is indissolubly associated with life in Denmark, and ever present in the Danish summer landscape, whether in field or in meadow, where he stalks about with stately gait, filling his big bill with snakes and frogs for

the larder at home; or when standing still at a pool or in a low-lying meadow, as he does for hours on end on one of his long, red legs, the other one tucked away under his wing; or floating home at eve on his large, motionless wings like an angel of peace; or at the manœuvres in autumn, when the young ones' wings are tested before the grand passage, the "general," in mercy, sticking his bill through the weakling, for woe betide the unfortunate straggler that shall alight and seek rest, coming or going, on unfriendly shores; or at home, tame as the barn-door fowl, standing on the low roof of the farm, surveying the country, while guarding the nest, where his mate is busy with care for her downy wee ones. The stir in the yard or the street below disturbs him not. He is frightened at neither man nor beast. No one ever offered him violence or did him harm, and he comes back, therefore, to the cart-wheel placed on the roof as a framework for his nest, year after year, with faultless regularity,—and the Danish landscape retains one of its most charming and picturesque characteristics. No one in Denmark will ever need deplore the disappearance of the stork there because he was unkindly or inhospitably treated,—even to sportsmen and collectors is he sacred. To shoot a stork!—the bringer of our "little sisters and brothers," the darling of the children's stories—ah, no! that will surely never happen, or the character of my countrymen shall strangely alter.—I am, Sir, &c.,

L. OBEL.

London.

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—“No procession that could march through the Strand would produce the electric shock that would be felt if every man in that great street at the same moment stopped and lifted his hat in air.” Such is the conclusion, and practically the keynote, of your interesting and reflective article in the *Spectator* for August 25th. May I point out that in this connection England might well sit at the feet of the most historic instructress in the art of dignified and impressive simultaneousness,—the Catholic Church? Let a funeral pass through the crowded streets of any city in a Catholic country—let us even say Paris, where religion as such is anything but universal—and in the simultaneous uplifting of nearly every hat within sight may be seen a near approximation to the scene you have suggested. But even more impressive, dignified, and ennobling, if properly carried out, is the very beautiful custom of the Angelus, which, I venture to submit, has no equal in any other form of Christianity,—and this without special pleading. How far a universal observance of the Angelus is to be found to-day in any one place I cannot say; but this at least is certain, that granted such observance the impressiveness and solemnity of the occasion could hardly be surpassed. As the sixth hour chimes, so also chimes the Angelus from every steeple. At that moment every man uncovers, and every tongue gives utterance to prayer. The players pause in their game; the shopman and his customer both interrupt their bargaining; the peasants in the fields (as Millet shows us) cease their labour; the passers-by are arrested; housewives silence their gossip; business, pleasure, toil,—all alike are hushed for a tiny period, during which the thoughts of men return to God. Surely here is a simultaneousness, simple in its action and noble in its purpose, equal to anything else that the world can hope to show. As I write there is opposite my window the tower of a Dominican monastery whence every day the Angelus rings its call to prayer. But, alas, how few of the passing Londoners know aught of the beauty that might wait upon the bell!—I am, Sir, &c.,

G. ELLIOT ANSTRUTHER.

Southampton Road, N.W.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER ON RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your article in the *Spectator* of August 25th on “The First Principles of Nescience” leads me to crave permission to draw attention in your columns to a strange logical fallacy—as it seems to me—in Mr. Herbert Spencer’s “First Principles” (Fourth Edition, Fifth Thousand, 1880). As the conclusion he thus arrives at forms one of the two bases of his first principles, his error, if error it be, is ex-

ceedingly serious. I am rather reluctant to give publicity to the criticism, because I am one of those who hold Mr. Spencer in profound admiration, not only for his vast ability and learning, but also—and still more—for his splendid self-denial and lifelong tenacity of purpose in building up his monumental “Synthetic Philosophy.” The passage I refer to will be found on pp. 43-46. It forms the last section (§ 14) of his second chapter on “Ultimate Religious Ideas,” and embodies Mr. Spencer’s conclusions thereon. In the first paragraph of the section he states that “Atheism, Pantheism, and Theism, when rigorously analysed, severally prove to be absolutely unthinkable.” In the next paragraph he says, “A religious creed is definable as a theory of original causation,” and justifies that statement by brief references to several such theories. He then proceeds:—“Now every theory tacitly asserts two things: firstly, that there is something to be explained; secondly, that such and such is the explanation. Hence, however widely different speculators may disagree in the solutions they give of the same problem, yet by implication they agree that there is a problem to be solved. Here then is an element which all creeds have in common. Religions diametrically opposed in their overt dogmas are yet perfectly at one in the tacit conviction that the existence of the world with all it contains and all which surrounds it is a mystery ever pressing for interpretation. On this point, if on no other, there is entire unanimity.” And in the next paragraph Mr. Spencer very strongly enforces the importance of “the truth we have arrived at.” Then comes the fallacy. In the three remaining paragraphs Mr. Spencer—in apparent unconsciousness that his conclusion is the very reverse of that “truth”—works out his great dogma, “that the Power which the Universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable.” I humbly submit that that conclusion cannot by any logical process be drawn from “a problem to be solved,” and “a mystery ever pressing for interpretation,” unless the words which I have twice ventured to italicise are omitted, and I trust our venerable and venerated philosopher will pardon me for observing that even his opinions—expressed in the whole chapter, and particularly in the last three paragraphs—cannot evacuate the force of his own most true statement of what is the common element in all creeds. Just as the theory of free-will is not seriously affected by any discoveries as to its being more restricted than was at one time perceived; so the increasing sense of mystery which—in some respects, not all—is observable as creeds become more elevated in character, cannot invalidate the proposition with which Mr. Spencer started. And this is the more serious, because the very points he drops out are precisely those which constitute the life and meaning of any and every living religion, being *anterior to*, as well as involved in, the formulation of creeds.—I am, Sir, &c.,

United University Club.

C. LLOYD ENGSTRÖM.

P.S.—Though by quoting from the edition of 1880 (in my first draft I used that of 1870) I thought I was giving Mr. Spencer’s words, fully matured after nearly twenty years of publication, I have, by the courtesy of Messrs. Williams and Norgate, been allowed to glance at the edition of 1900, in which I find considerable changes, though none of them really affect my criticism. Still, it may be well to name any which are of the slightest moment. In my first quotation, “wholly” takes the place of “absolutely,” and in my third “calling” that of “ever pressing”; and at the end of that quotation, the sentence, “On this point . . . unanimity,” is omitted, as is also “utterly” in the last quotation. Besides which, Mr. Spencer has shortened the last three paragraphs into two.

OUR MEDICAL DEPARTMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—As you have opened your columns for weeks past to violent and unsupported attacks upon the *personnel* of the R.A.M.C. who are silently doing their duty in South Africa, I trust you will admit a word of temperate remonstrance. In the *Spectator* of August 25th you publish a letter from a person, G. T. Wrench, who gives as his sole qualification for becoming a surgical critic that he had “been through a six months’ course of medicine and surgical dressing at one of the largest London hospitals,” and had made a three months’ observation from a sick-bed in another London hospital. Equipped with such knowledge of a profession which now

exacts five years' studentship, Mr. Wrench asserts that "one constantly came across cases in which the doctor of the R.A.M.C. was unable to reduce a dislocation or set a fracture by the proper methods." Presumably Mr. Wrench had learned in six months all the "proper methods" of "both medicine and surgical dressing" which the officer of the R.A.M.C. had failed to acquire in five years. With the efficiency of the R.A.M.C. I am not concerned; the responsibility for that rests with the schools which taught them, the Boards which examined them, and the senior medical officers whose duty it is to inspect them; but I do most earnestly protest against a Journal holding the position of the *Spectator* sowing broadcast through its immense circulation libellous and defamatory statements without corroboration or support against a body of absent men who would be individually protected by the law of the land had the writer dared to name them.—I am, Sir, &c.,

NATHANIEL ALCOCK,

Lieutenant-Colonel, Army Medical Staff.

Bellevue, Ballybrack, co. Dublin.

[The best answer we can give to our correspondent's charges is to state the fact that other critics with equal acrimony accuse us of deliberately sheltering the hospital authorities. We incline to the belief that when the whole truth is known it will be discovered that the doctors and nurses, though terribly overworked, as a rule did their duty, and that the breakdowns, when they occurred, were generally unavoidable. The way, however, to arrive at the truth is not to suppress discussion, but to listen to both sides.—ED. *Spectator*.]

RIFLE CLUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—One of your correspondents seems to have misunderstood my remarks in my last letter with regard to the superiority of the long range over the Morris tube range, and I shall be obliged if you will allow me to justify myself if possible. In the county in which I resided at the time that rifle clubs began to be discussed, there was much interest in the matter, and a benevolent nobleman started a rifle club, but his range was further from my abode than the Volunteer range. I interviewed the Colonel of the Volunteer regiment and found that I could become an hon. member of the Volunteer regiment by a yearly payment of one guinea, with free use of a Service rifle and the charge of 1s. 3d. for every ten rounds of ammunition. I naturally wished others to know of the privileges that might thus be obtained, and nothing was further from my mind than to disparage rifle clubs. But I take it that any member of a rifle club would be glad to try his skill on a long range if he were able to do so, in spite of the odious presence of the insufferable person whom one of your able correspondents terms a "self-elected Volunteer." I admit that I am only a theorist, but even a "self-elected Volunteer" should be able to distinguish one end of his rifle from the other, unless overcome by the heat of the weather.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. URWICK,

Hon. Member Royal Sussex Regiment.

P.S.—As a supplement to the above I send you the rules for hon. members in the Royal Sussex Regiment.

1ST VOLUNTEER BATTALION ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT.

RULES for and PRIVILEGES of HONORARY MEMBERS of the Battalion who Subscribe not less than £1 Is. per Annum to the General Funds of the Battalion.

(1) Hon. Members may attend Plain Clothes Drill when approved by the Commanding Officer and are permitted to wear the Uniform of Privates of the Corps (to be provided at their own expense), with the addition of the letter R on the shoulder straps.

(2) An Hon. Member is entitled, with the written permission of the Commanding Officer, to use the Rifle Range on days and times when it is not required for Corps purposes, or is not let or granted to other Battalions or units of Her Majesty's Forces, or to any Rifle Association for practice. The Range is situated at Mile Oak, Portslade, and the Range Hut is on the road just beyond the Waterworks.

(3) Previous to the permission in paragraph 2 being granted, the Commanding Officer must be satisfied that the Hon. Member is sufficiently trained in the use of the Rifle to justify the permission being given, and this permission may be withdrawn at any time by the Commanding Officer for any reason he may think sufficient.

(4) Hon. Members must make their own arrangements as to providing Markers, and must provide their own Ammunition, which, however, may be purchased at the Range Hut, at the price of 1s. 3d. for 10 Rounds.

(5) For the present Hon. Members may use, free of charge, Rifles kept up at the Range, but they will be personally responsible to the Commanding Officer for their safe custody and for any damage to them. Under no consideration is any Rifle to be removed from the Range.

(6) Hon. Members may use their own Rifles (provided they fire .303 Ball Ammunition) and leave them at their own risk at the Range, but if they wish them kept clean they must make their own arrangements with the Marker.

(7) All Subscriptions are due on the 1st January in each year. An Hon. Member

must produce his Ticket of Membership to an officer, any member of the Permanent Staff, or to the Marker or Attendant at the Hut, whenever called upon, and is not entitled to any of the privileges as an Hon. Member until his Subscription is paid.

(8) The Commanding Officer reserves the right to close any Ranges or Targets from time to time as he may think proper.

(9) Hon. Members must be most particular that they observe and obey all orders laid down from time to time for working the Range, as the safety not only of themselves but of others may be imperilled by disregard or disobedience of such orders.

(10) Persons desirous of becoming Hon. Members may apply in writing to

The Hon. Secretary,
1st Vol Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment,
Headquarters, Church Street, Brighton.

Each application will then be considered and the applicant informed in due course whether he is admitted or not.

(11) These Rules will be subject to variation from time to time, but any alterations made during any year will be posted at Headquarters and at the Range.

N.B.—The Range is almost invariably occupied for Battalion Class Firing on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons.

Hon. Members may join the Battalion Shooting Club, and for particulars should apply to the Secretary, Sergt. BUTCHER, at Headquarters.

[The system of honorary membership is excellent, and we hope it will be widely extended; but a guinea is an impossible subscription for the major part of the population. Would it not be possible to reduce it, at any rate in the case of proved marksmen? Or why should not the battalion offer free honorary memberships as prizes to men who could reach a certain standard of shooting? That would be a great encouragement to the members of rifle clubs.—ED. *Spectator*.]

CONDENSED MILK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—We are surprised at the letter written to you on "Our Medical Department in South Africa" by Dr. H. W. Seager. His assertions that "there is scarcely any medical practitioner of experience and observation who has not seen the poisonous effects of condensed milk on infants, especially in gastric and enteric troubles," and also "the mere process of tinning milk makes it a doubtful article of nutrition," are such pure nonsense that we should not have thought you would print the same. If condensed milk were an article such as Dr. Seager suggests, Dr. Scholtze would not have, in his evidence before the Hospital Commission, stated that "he had found the Langman Hospital at Bloemfontein in an excellent condition. There was no overcrowding. It was true that there had been a scarcity of fresh milk, but the condensed milk supplied had answered admirably."—I am, Sir, &c.,
48 Cannon Street, London, E.C. HENRI NESTLÉ.

[We publish Mr. Nestlé's letter, but we can pronounce no opinion on the merits of the question, nor can we publish any more letters on the subject.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE SURRENDER OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I make a small contribution to this discussion? I was at the time a boy of twelve travelling with a tutor in America. We had an introduction to Mr. Lincoln, who received us at the White House. I well remember his firm (not to say painful) grip of the hand, and that a lady, who I fancied was Mrs. Lincoln, stood by the window. The President told us of the capture of the Envoys, and then continued:—"I have heard that they were taken out of a British ship. If that is the case, you will be having us on our marrow-bones." To me these words always seemed to imply that he knew from the first that he was bound to give them up.—I am, Sir, &c.,

HALSALL SEGAR,

M.A. Oxon., Vicar of Newferry.

Newferry Vicarage, Birkenhead.

THE ORNITHOLOGY OF TENNYSON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It has struck me as singular that none of your correspondents on this subject have cited the very remarkable words—

"Maud is Here, Here, Here, in amongst the Lilies,"

which is so wonderful a transliteration of the blackbird's song, that shortly after its publication I asked its author if he could explain to me its psychological genesis. Was it the product of a process of any kind, or did it formulate itself without conscious thought? His reply was that "it is one of those things which come to one with a flash; I cannot otherwise explain it."—I am, Sir, &c.,

ROBERT DRANE.

Queen Street, Cardiff.

MR. J. S. MILL'S DEFEAT IN WESTMINSTER
IN 1868.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the interesting article on "The First Principles of Nescience" in the *Spectator* of August 25th, you comment on the late Dean Mansel's speculations as to the absolute and infinite, as likely to lead to atheism, and then continue:—

"John Stuart Mill immediately pointed that out, and declared with that noble courage and sincerity which were a part of his inmost being that a Deity with a fundamentally different moral nature from that of man, a Deity with whom man could have no moral relations, was for him no Deity at all. And for this absolutely true declaration Mill was vilified and driven from political life, while Mansel was hailed as a great defender of the faith. Seldom, if ever, from the intellectual point of view have we English made ourselves so ridiculous."

I think I can show that this statement is not accurate. Mr. Mill returned to private life (as he puts it) after his defeat at the Westminster Election in 1868; he had been elected in 1865. He gives at some length in his autobiography his own view of the reasons for his non-success, but says no word of the cause which the *Spectator* assigns for his being "driven from political life," which, if true, would certainly have made Westminster "ridiculous." With regard to other parts of England, Mr. Mill expressly says that no sooner was the result of the election known, than he received three or four invitations to become a candidate for other constituencies, chiefly counties, but that he was not disposed to deny himself "the relief of returning to private life." The causes of his defeat to which Mr. Mill gives prominence are, first, the action of the Jamaica Committee, of which he was Chairman, in endeavouring to bring Governor Eyre before a Criminal Court for his conduct in Jamaica, which some of his constituents foolishly called "persecution"; and secondly, his subscription of £5 towards the election expenses of Mr. Bradlaugh, who was then chiefly known to the general public by his intemperate (to use Mr. Mill's word) advocacy of atheism. This subscription, to my knowledge, lost Mr. Mill a great deal of Nonconformist support, and he was aware what the effect would be. He says:—"In subscribing to his election, I did what would have been highly imprudent if I had been at liberty to consider only the interests of my own re-election." I might stop here and rest my case upon Mr. Mill's evidence only, but as I took an active part in both elections, and in that of 1868 was treasurer of the Election Fund and volunteered to act as Mr. Mill's (unpaid) election agent, I was in a position to know everything that was urged against him as a candidate, and I never heard his declaration against Dean Mansel even mentioned to his prejudice until I read in the *Spectator* that it had driven him from political life. There were other causes that contributed to the result. A slightly acrimonious correspondence in the newspapers between Mr. Mill and Mr. E. P. Bouverie displeased some of our Whig supporters, and Mr. Mill's opposition to the ballot chilled some Radical electors, while the disproportion between the full purse of Mr. W. H. Smith, who was the popular and successful Conservative candidate, and our Election Fund—dependent upon subscriptions—caused our organisation and canvass to be far less perfect than his. We had won the election of 1865 by a burst of enthusiasm for Mr. Mill's noble character, his transparent truthfulness, his great ability, and perfect independence; but it appeared that it is easier for a constituency to admire independence in the abstract than to continue doing so after experience had shown to certain sections their Member acting—although in comparatively minor matters—on his own opinion and against theirs. In 1868 the feeling was no longer at its former high level throughout the party; great enthusiasm and devotion were still there, but in some quarters they had lamentably cooled down.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Great Tew.

W. T. MALLESON.

POETRY.

TOWARD LONDON—AT NIGHTFALL.

THERE came the twilight poignant, sweet—
A swoon of anguish into ease;
From breathless calm in hushed retreat
I turned to meet the twilight breeze.

A blackbird fluttered through the bush
Trailing his mellow song behind,
Anon the spendthrift missel-thrush
Cast riotous trills upon the wind.

I left the sunlight on the hills,
I left the shadow on the trees;
Through cooling sounds of trickling rills
I heard the drowsy drone of bees.

I took the red path winding down
'Twixt hedgerows merged in fields of grain,
From vernal green and orpin brown
I passed toward the peopled plain.

I saw through twilight gloomier still
A moving form, a far-off light,
Some wandering bird—lone things, until
Rapt from earth's solitude in night.

Now, as the gloaming whelms the day,
I mark the bound to my advance,
A burning shadow dun and grey
Lit with a lurid radiance.

The lamps stretch out, like ordered stars
Set in a dusk of perished years:
Lo, there an engine linked to cars
With bars of light the darkness shears.

Faintly at first, then louder boom,
O'er spaces scarred and desolate,
Deep sounds as of some mighty loom
That weaves the fabric of men's fate.

I catch a raucous shout, I hear
Rumble of wheels, the ring of hoofs,
I scent the smoke, the world shuts near,
And night looks down on slaty roofs.

I swing into the populous street,
The peaceful country far behind;
About, unshapen toil, the beat
Of lives insurgent and confined.

GEORGE FRANCIS WILSON

BOOKS.

LONDON.*

THESE three books should prove very useful to Americans and those who do not know London, and two of them—*Darlington's London and its Environs*, and Mr. Troutbeck's *Westminster Abbey*—are certainly full of interest for those who know London well. Reading the former, which pretends only to be a guide-book, is like walking about the streets with a lively and well-read person, who knows every church and museum, every advantageous point of view, and who looks for every fine effect,—from the centre of the City where at sunset "the eternal mist about St. Paul's is turned to glittering haze," to the remoter corners of the parks where, as Dickens said, the sparrows call to one another, "Let us play at country." London, even as seen in the pages of a guide-book, has an indescribable fascination for some people, chiefly for those who were born and brought up there. They know it at every season. They have childish recollections of snow-clad roofs and parks shining in pale sunshine for a few brief but delightful hours while the snow was clean, and childish recollections of the joys of spring as vivid, perhaps, as those of country children,—visions of lifting fogs, and black trees tipped with light green, brilliant shop windows, and gay flower barrows. To such people the ideal life will always be the life of a town. The sight of the moving, changing crowd distracts them when they are dull, stimulates them when they are happy, and soothes them when they are sad. It has the same effect on their nerves as the sight of the sea has upon those brought up on its shores. To a student of human nature, however humble, who yet has "the attentive eye which sees the manners in the face," the streets of London are a perpetual drama. To him Nature,

* (1.) *Darlington's London and its Environs*. Third Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. [5s.]—(2.) *Westminster Abbey*. By G. E. Troutbeck. London: Methuen and Co. [3s.]—(3.) *London*. By G. W. Cundall. Third Edition. London: Greengate and Co. [6d.]

with her complete indifference to man, is often oppressive. The calm of the hills and plains rebukes his restlessness and belittles his joys and sorrows, the infinity of the stars confounds his faith and throws his theories of life out of scale. All his inspirations come through men. He gets more pleasure from a picture than from a scene. Nature says nothing to him at first hand. He drinks at the filter, not at the fountain. The sight of a passing crowd, with its countless happy and unhappy faces, is to him, whatever his mood, a continual offer of sympathy. The true townsman, like the writer of the Apocalypse, dreams of heaven as a city; his fancy never wanders in Elysian fields. To him life to be interesting must be social; an organised society held together by common ideals and mutual dependencies; cleared, as St. John hoped the New Jerusalem would be cleared, of murderers, drunkards, extortioners, liars,—all who disturb civic peace and corrupt justice.

Over such men London casts a spell from which they never break loose; yet the descriptions of the greatest city in the world most often in the mouths of Englishmen are unfavourable to her attractions. "A great wen," "A conglomeration of squalid villages," "Hell is a city very much like London," all these phrases we constantly hear. To be "a ruler over the city," which was to the ancient Jew so high an honour that he used the metaphor to describe the attainment of spiritual aspiration, is thought a second-rate post in London to-day,—a pretentious rather than a proud position. Men will argue to eternity about the Poor-law, indoor and outdoor relief, and old-age pensions, but how many people take the trouble to vote at the elections of Guardians and Vestrymen, or notice that the type of men pushed in by the local Press are generally more anxious to gain a little local *kudos* than to serve their country? How many people have any idea how much power is in the hands of a master of a Metropolitan workhouse, or what number of children are educated in Poor-law schools? Municipal office, from the Lord Mayor's to the relieving officer's, is ridiculed. London is loved, but London is not respected; to serve her is never the highest honour, whether the service be given for love or money. The High Church clergyman still turns towards Jerusalem when he repeats his Creed and prays for his congregation, but a man in the country would be thought mad who asked his congregation to turn towards the capital and pray "that peace might be within her walls and plentifulness within her palaces." Yet if he did so, he would be nearer to the spirit of those who conceived the ceremony of turning than he is at present. We express a hope in the Marriage Service that the couple whom the Church is blessing may "see Jerusalem in prosperity all their lives long." It would seem almost ludicrous to substitute the word "London," yet why should we not focus the echoes of a bygone civic enthusiasm upon the capital of this vast Empire? The explanation of the want of reverence for London must be that London is, as it were, the name of a district. London is not "built as a city that is at unity in itself." The terrible contrasts existing between the various parts shock even her most devoted children. It is not far from Lisson Grove to Portman Square, or from Trafalgar Square to Seven Dials, but if we go from the one to the other we, as it were, change our city. To which city does the Londoner owe his allegiance? In Whitechapel we forget Westminster, and in the monotony of the workman's suburb who remembers the stately variety of the river? We ought to think more than we do of our Cathedrals and fine buildings; even the Abbey is not familiar to very many people.

To such we recommend Mr. Troutbeck's book; it is small, inexpensive, well illustrated, and very easy to read. Perhaps too much of the author's limited space is taken up with descriptions of tombs and the inscriptions upon them, but where the epitaph is of no interest Mr. Troutbeck has chosen with much skill other sentences which have been written, often by contemporaries, about the persons whom the monuments commemorate. Until the present century it is wonderful what great interest people took in the place and manner of their own deaths and interments. We are amused to hear of a Duchess of Buckingham (an illegitimate daughter of James II.) "who made her ladies promise that if on her deathbed she became unconscious they would nevertheless stand in her presence until she was actually

dead." The same lady settled her own funeral, and "feared dying before the pomp should come home." "Why don't they send the canopy for me to see?" she said; "let them send it though all the tassels are not finished." The chapter devoted to "The Cloisters" is particularly entertaining, especially Mr. Troutbeck's description of the monks' infirmary, —a separate establishment with its chapel, cloisters, and garden, which stood—before the Reformation—on the site of the present arcaded court known as the Little Cloisters. Here lived "the seven playfellows (*sympectæ*), the name given to the elder monks, who after they had lived fifty years in the monastic profession were exempted from all ordinary regulations, were never told anything unpleasant, and themselves took the liberty of examining and censuring everything." How much sentiment existed in mediæval minds together with so much roughness and brutality. *Darlington's London* supplies another instance of this admixture. "St. Sepulchre's Church used to be noted for the ancient custom, provided for by an old benefaction, of presenting condemned criminals on its steps each with a nosegay on their last journey in the fated cart to be hanged at Tyburn." It is difficult for us to enter into the mind of the "old benefactor." The consolation offered seems a frivolous one, likely to seem a mockery to the poor wretch going up the "Heavy Hill," as Holborn used to be called, on his way to execution. Of course it was kindly meant, and showed the man so soon to be dead that he was not yet out of mind.

It is not so much the gloom and monotony of poorer London—these may easily be exaggerated—but the absence of civilisation, the dirt and squalor, consequent on overcrowding, which repel the visitor. This degradation, we believe, springs not so much from a low standard of civilisation as from the moral hopelessness engendered by the impossibility of acting up to a fairly high one. There is not room in London for the Londoners. Rent is exorbitant because room is scarce. A decent life means space, and space cannot be obtained. Decency must go to the wall; and, what is worse, a generation whose way of life insults its conscience must beget a generation with less conscience to insult. No way out of this *impasse* has yet been found. The country does not put its mind to the task. It has other concerns, both national and cosmopolitan. Building into the air, running electric cars, begging the housing question altogether by turning the factories and their "hands" right out of the Metropolis,—all these means have been suggested, nothing is done. Men of genius dream of Imperialism while London—the very pulse of the Imperial machine—is having its vitality, if not crushed out of it, at least terribly lowered by congestion. Will the New London which is the dream not only of the philanthropist but of every true "citizen of no mean city" ever descend out of the clouds?

SANSKRIT LITERATURE.*

THE Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford has given us here an excellent account of Sanskrit literature, which must greatly aid and stimulate the growing interest in the thought and writings of India. We agree with him in thinking that India will probably yet exert in the future as she has in the past a considerable influence on the Western world, as she in some way supplements what we lack, while, yet, her racial life being the same as ours—Aryan—she is nearer to us in thought than are the yellow peoples. Nearer, and yet how far distant! It has been at times claimed that the mass of people in India are believers in a personal God. Mr. Dutt in his recent interesting little primer on Indian civilisation takes this view. Perhaps it is the exoteric view, especially when given the fact that prayers are offered even for temporal blessings. But prayers must be offered to one who can hear and answer prayer, and that means that to the thought of the worshipper God is personal. But when we come to the esoteric ideas of the founders of the schools of Indian thought, the personal deity seems to vanish, and we get an impersonal pantheism. This is one of the root ideas of Indian thinking as presented to us in this volume. Another difference between ourselves and the Hindoos is the view taken by them of the world of sense. The typical Western mind has no doubt about the reality of the external world,

* *A History of Sanskrit Literature.* By Arthur A. Macdonell, M.A., Ph.D., Boden Professor of Sanskrit and Fellow of Balliol. London: William Heinemann. [6s.]

though philosophy says that he who has never doubted it may be sure he has no calling to philosophic study. But there seems no deeper conviction in the Indian mind that all this external show is but Maya or illusion, and that to transcend it is to attain to true knowledge and to salvation.

Hindoo religion, however, is not the simple homogeneous thing often supposed. There are six great systems of Indian philosophy, there are at least two final systems which are entirely opposed in fundamental concepts. Religion in India began as Nature-worship, the names of the old Vedic deities being expressions for natural facts familiar to the people. Like all Nature-worship, it was polytheistic, and it is singular to note a kind of competition among the deities and a survival of the fittest, or at least of those who most answered to the people's needs. Thus Vishnu was originally a kind of second-rate deity, but in the development of religious thought he ultimately became the great popular God of the Indian peoples, especially in his incarnation as Krishna. Other once popular deities fell into the background, and gradually the various gods began to appear as different forms of one Substance, the only true Being, from whom (or which) all proceeds. This, in the main, was the general progress of Indian thought. But, as we have said, that thought was not homogeneous. There came the great democratic Buddhist revolt, or perhaps we should call it development of one side of the ancient religion. The Indian religion had branched into two main courses, pantheist and atheist, or the Vedanta and the Sankhya systems. Buddhism was theoretically a growth from the non-theistic side of the Indian religion, while, on the other hand, when it disappeared from India the Vedanta (the word is connected with the old Veda) became the prevailing form of Indian religious belief. As such it remains to this day, but it is in the hands of a powerful priesthood which holds sway over the popular intelligence.

The Vedanta philosophy is what we should call a kind of spiritual monism, the chief point of which is the identity of the individual atman or soul with the universal Atman or World-soul. The doctrine is expressed in these words:—"Whoever knows this, 'I am brahma,' becomes the All. Even the gods are not able to prevent him from becoming it. For he becomes their self (atman)." The atheistic Sankhya philosophy, on the other hand, is dualistic, finds an absolute gulf between the worlds of mind and matter, admits the preservation of the soul after death, but denies it consciousness, thus giving a universe which has no clue and a theory of life with no solution of the human riddle. The Yoga theory, or the attainment of bliss and freedom from pain and illusion through absorption, was a later graft on the original tree of Indian thought, but quite in the line of what may be called its natural evolution. It is, as Professor Macdonell says, strange that the theory of transmigration, for which there is no evidence, should for two thousand five hundred years have taken so firm a hold on the Indian mind. He attributes it to the solution it seems to offer for some of the darker problems of human life. It must, however, have been first based on the doctrine of pre-existence, which is a philosophical rather than an ethical doctrine. We incline to think that the theory connects itself with speculation on life more than on ethics, especially since it made its appearance also in Greek philosophy at an early stage before Socrates had turned the Greek mind from physical to ethical philosophy.

Much of Professor Macdonell's work is taken up with Sanskrit literature proper, as well as with religious and philosophic thought. His analysis of the two great Indian epics, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, is interesting and admirable, as is his characterisation of the Sanskrit drama. "The characteristic features of the Indian drama which strike the Western student are the entire absence of tragedy, the interchange of lyrical stanzas with prose dialogue, and the use of Sanskrit for some characters, and of Prakrit for others." The Sanskrit dramatists are skilful in plot, but weak in invention, and love is generally the subject of their story, the hero, usually a King, being smitten with the charm of a fair girl. The play begins with a prologue, opening with a prayer or benediction invoking the deity in favour of the audience. The number of acts varies from one to ten, and Aristotle's unities are quite ignored. The best productions of

the Indian drama are comparatively late in Indian history running from the beginning of the fifth to the end of the eighth century of our era.

Professor Macdonell touches slightly on some interesting questions when he alludes to the influence of India on the development of European literature and philosophy. How far Indian thought influenced Greek thinkers is very problematical. That Pythagoras borrowed from India seems, indeed, certain. But we should be inclined to refer the resemblance between some aspects of Indian and Greek thought to the independent growth of the same ideas among different Aryan thinkers. At the same time, we admit that Greek thought is not the entirely autochthonous growth which former critics supposed it to be. There must have been a fairly close intercourse between Greece and India at an early age, especially since we know now that Greek civilisation is far older than we had imagined it to be. The influence of Indian thought on Neo-Platonism and Christian Gnosticism seems, as Professor Macdonell says, to be undoubted. But what is less familiar to Europe is the indebtedness of the West to India for its mediæval literature of fairy tales and fables. In much later times, Goethe, who was deeply interested in Oriental thought, modelled the prologue on the stage in *Faust* on the prelude of *Sakuntala*, a celebrated Sanskrit play. In addition to the influence of Indian philosophy, Europe owed no little science to India, particularly in the realm of mathematics. "During the eighth and ninth centuries the Indians became the teachers in arithmetic and algebra of the Arabs, and through them of the nations of the West." It is worth noting, too, that to India we owe the game of chess.

The universal lack in all Indian thought is a lack of positive content in the idea of God. This suggests that the world of Western Christianity may have something to impart to the heirs of this rich and old civilisation. We on our part might borrow from the Hindoo some of that "wise passiveness," to quote Wordsworth, which makes of the soul more than the body, and of true inward life more than meat or raiment. Such an interaction between East and West would indeed be a spiritual renaissance for the human race. It may be but a dream, but it is such a dream as good men cherish.

THE WALKERS OF SOUTHGATE.*

It has often been said, with scant truth, that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly. It might be asserted, without fear of denial, that they take them seriously. The game of cricket, for instance, is so grave that it wants three days, a vast field, and twenty-two players for its proper performance. Nor when the last ball is bowled is the game forgotten. Then the historians are busy, and many a great campaign lacks the lucid and elaborate exposition which is given to our famous cricket matches. The consequence is that the literature of cricket, already large, is constantly growing, and no better book has been lately added to the list than Mr. Bettesworth's *Walkers of Southgate*.

The book is amiable, accurate, and discriminating. It will not rank with the best of its kind. It lacks the literary skill which gives old Nyren's *The Young Cricketer's Tutor* a place apart; it has neither the grasp nor the style which distinguish K. S. Ranjitsinhji's admirable study; moreover, while its composition resembles that of a scrap-book, its dignity is impaired by an array of anecdotes, which should be humorous, and are not funny at all. But that is the fault of the unpractised hand. The repartees which aroused the quick laugh on the cricket-field are dear to the memory of the old players; but the old players cannot give a literary value to the treasured quip, and they would be wise not to ask for their jests the appreciation of strangers. But when so much has been said in dispraise it remains only to welcome a valuable addition to the literature of sport, which not only sketches the history of a well-known family, but contains the portraits of many an old player.

The cricket of to-day is a democratic game. The progress of each season is followed by an eager multitude, whose gate-money makes the sport self-supporting, and even lucrative. But time was when it needed the encouragement of patrons,

* *The Walkers of Southgate*. By W. A. Bettesworth. London: Methuen and Co. [15s.]

and it is difficult to overestimate the services which the Walkers of Southgate rendered to the game. They made a ground, they arranged matches, they watched with an intelligent eagerness for the advent of new players, and while Middlesex and Harrow owe a vast deal to their precept, the science of the sport has been greatly advanced by their practice. It is half a century ago that the ground was laid down at Southgate, and Mr. I. D. Walker only ceased to train the boys of Harrow with his death two years since; so that, though cricket has been dominated for a whole generation by the genius of W. G. Grace, the Walkers have witnessed the changing fashion of the game, and seen the sober methods of the "fifties" shift to the more assured and monotonous mastery of to-day. When Southgate won its first celebrity, the art of cricket was still bound by a set of laws which, pedantic as they were, are none the less a regret. Elegance and correctness were the essence of the game, and if runs followed, so much the better. But he who dared to hit a straight ball or to pull a long hop across his wicket was regarded almost as a criminal. Once upon a time, when Messrs. Thornton and I. D. Walker had each scored over fifty against Uppingham, H. H. Stephenson presented Mr. I. D. Walker with a bat. "As he didn't seem to have a second bat about him," says Mr. Thornton, "I asked him if he was going to give me one for my excellent innings, to which he replied: 'No; Mr. Walker played cricket, you didn't.'" Yet it was the Walkers who helped to introduce a more liberal policy, and doubtless the example of Mr. R. D. Walker, who made runs nobody quite knew how, did much to add variety and quickness to the game. In any case, rules should only be tyrannical when obedience to them produces an excellent result. Elegance and correctness are as necessary to cricket now as they ever were, because the exercise of these qualities aids the batsman's end, which is to make runs. But the elegance which forbade the striking of a straight ball was elegance pushed to vanity, and in spite of H. H. Stephenson we shall always hold that Mr. Thornton played cricket, and very lively cricket too.

The most difficult achievement for a writer upon cricket is to present such a picture of style and play as shall make visible to us the players of old time. Contemporary accounts are generally content to declare that Mr. A's batting or Mr. B's bowling baffled description. Now, this confession may be true, but it is inapposite, and it is the great merit of this book that we lay it down with a very clear impression of its heroes. For instance, we know on the united testimony of all who played under him that Mr. V. E. Walker was as fine a captain as ever lived; we know also that he was a sound and graceful batsman, hitting chiefly on the on-side and not sparing straight balls. But it is only when we come to Mr. Rutter's account of his bowling that we seem to see him:—

"He was a most formidable customer as a bowler, and he was the most athletic fellow I ever saw in a cricket field. I have seen him catch a man behind the batsman's wicket near short leg, which shows as well as anything that I can think of what a lot of ground he covered. It did not matter to him how hard the ball was driven back to him; if it was within reach he made a catch of it with either hand. His action was peculiar; it was a sort of half-cock action, for his hand, which was higher than his hip when the ball was leaving it, was at some distance from the body, not in the least like old Clarke, who bowled with his hand high up but close to his side. He always bowled round the wicket, so that the ball came at a considerable angle. But in my opinion the greatest reason for his success in bowling was the way he fielded it; he was all over the place."

It gives a clear enough picture, and it explains Mr. Walker's greatest triumph. Playing against Surrey in 1859 he not only scored twenty and one hundred and eight, but in Surrey's first innings he took all the ten wickets. That is a great achievement indeed, and a noble solace now that Mr. Walker has hung his arms upon the wall.

Similarly when we are told of Mr. R. D. Walker that he handled his bat like a racket, and struck horizontally at the ball, or that he played with his head more like a tennis-player than a cricketer, we already begin to understand his clumsy, puzzling, forcible style. And even to those who were never privileged to see Mr. I. D. Walker's spirited play, Mr. A. J. Webbe's description is perfectly lucid. His great stroke over cover-point's head has been imitated by many—by Mr. Webbe among them—and when once you are told that "it seemed as though he were facing cover-point and

making straight drives," it is easily intelligible. But that is the peculiar merit of this book: being written for the most part by practical cricketers, it explains and depicts the players themselves and their famous strokes. It is not content with praise, it must justify its praise, and for this it may be recommended to all who are interested in the best game ever invented by man.

AN ABSENT-MINDED WAR.*

OF the eight chapters which make up this little book, four are devoted to a general criticism of the education and organisation of our Army, and four to the particular lessons which are to be learnt from the present campaign. It is a very complete indictment, and though we think that some of the defects of our present system are exaggerated, yet many of the charges here brought forward are old and abundantly substantiated, and some of the more novel ones receive a curious confirmation from recent events. The author of this book appears to possess both good temper and genuine expert knowledge, and except for a little heat in the final chapter his criticisms are made temperately and skillfully. His first complaint is the one which has been most often on our lips of late,—the false attitude towards the Army which most of its members adopt. Soldiering is not sufficiently a profession; it is rather a graceful nominal calling to which young men of means habitually drift. And such a feeling is both a cause and an effect of the extravagant cost of living in the Army. "Kecness" is bad form, and "shop" is tabooed; a man who shows an interest in the science of arms has to undergo much snubbing, and support the reputation of one who is commercially eager for his own advancement. The popular officer is he who at the earliest opportunity hurries out of his uniform and for the rest of the day lives the life of a man of leisure, a good fellow, and a good sportsman, but one who knows nothing of his profession beyond the ordinary routine of barrack life. The mere cost of the thing effectually keeps out able young men who have their own way to make in the world. In an infantry regiment an officer must have a private income of at least £150; and Mr. Wyndham in the House of Commons has called it a scandal that no one can live in a cavalry regiment without £500 a year. The consequence is that the choice of men for the cavalry is very limited, and the average of capacity must therefore be low. And yet in few professions is such peculiar and specialised talent required as in that of a cavalry officer. The author of the book can imagine "a monument erected to the memory of the departed British Empire, with an inscription in letters of brass—no, of gold, of course—to the effect: 'Wrecked by a cavalry subaltern with a thousand a year.'" Even active service, which every officer longs for, "is regarded rather as a new and most exciting form of sport, a feeling which has been heightened by our numerous campaigns against savages, than as a deadly serious business where the stakes are the lives of men and the safety of an empire."

But even though the conditions of entrance into the Army were perfect and professional keenness universal, the training would be hopelessly inadequate. "I suppose our officers will learn the value of scouting in time," wrote General Buller in one of his despatches, but the author asks very pertinently why Sir Redvers Buller, when Adjutant-General, did not see to this, "seeing that you cannot teach the rudiments of a profession on the battlefield itself." Here it is the authorities who are to blame, and not the men. When the ordinary young officer has put in his recruits' drill and his recruits' musketry and gymnastics, he has little more to learn. The routine of barracks and going with his company to musketry will not teach him much, and manœuvring, as it is at present conducted, he looks upon as an expensive nuisance. If he goes to the Staff College, he will have to spend long hours in sketching and map-making, which will prove barren enough work unless he has a special talent for it, and he will be made to study minutely the official history of the Franco-German War, in spite of the fact that the invention of magazine rifles, smokeless powder, and quick-firing field guns has altered the conditions of the modern battle. The result is "that he will come to regard soldiers as machines, not as men, and grow afraid to assume the smallest

* *An Absent-minded War: being Some Reflections on our Reverses and the Causes which have Led to them.* By a British Officer. London: John Milne. [2s. 6d.]

responsibility." From education our author passes to the methods of appointment and promotion. Only wealthy men, he says, can hope for employment in the rank of a general officer, because in the first place appointments are largely determined by influence, and in the second place very few can be held by officers without private means. But suppose the appointment made, does the general officer get much chance of real experience? Suppose that he is given command of an infantry brigade at Aldershot. Here he gets a certain amount of practice in the handling of troops, but it is a country where every one knows every road and field and hill, and the training entirely disregards Service conditions. "Every field-day is limited, on the one hand, by the men's breakfast, on the other, by their dinner hour." The result is patent in the present campaign, where want of practice in providing supplies was responsible for many unnecessary hardships. "I believe," says the author with grim humour, "that when a man fights on an empty stomach and is so unfortunate as to be shot through the intestines, the wound is less likely to prove fatal; the empty stomach has no other military advantage that I am aware of." The three most distinguished soldiers in the present war, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and Major-General Baden-Powell, have none of them had the orthodox training, and no one of the others who have done well has passed through the Staff College.

The reforms which the book suggests have all of them been already insisted upon in print. Let soldiers, officers, and men be taught things that are useful, let a genuine professional zeal be encouraged, and let there be less suspicion of influence in appointments. On two matters we think the author dwells with proper emphasis. He desires to see just ten times as much ammunition allowed to each man for individual practices. He would have small moving targets used, and collective practices confined to long-range volleys. Again, in manœuvring he would have Service conditions observed, and some means found of changing the venue. We confess that we do not see why the Indian practice should not be followed, and barren and sparsely populated districts used for manœuvring, some moderate compensation being paid. Such a plan would give the constant change of scene which is necessary, and at the same time avoid the trouble raised by the permanent appropriation suggested in the recent Military Manœuvres Bill. The author rightly insists upon the enormous importance of accurate shooting, but we do not like the suggestion to reduce the fixed daily payment by one-half, and make the amount actually drawn by each man depend upon his skill with the rifle. The competitive element is good, but it can be overdone, and shooting, though important, is not the whole of war. We have purposely omitted any reference to the author's comments on the present war. He has nothing new to say, and so many of the questions have still to be decided that it is foolish to prejudge them. It is in its suggestions for reform in the future that the book is most valuable, and not in its allocation of blame for the past. We have only touched upon a few of the points raised, but we can heartily recommend it as a sane and judicious piece of criticism and a modest and feasible scheme of reform.

DARTMOOR.*

THE beginning of this book is a general account of Dartmoor and of the strange things to be seen on it. The first chapter is about bogs, but the reader need have no fear of sticking in it, nor, indeed, in any part of this amusing book. These bogs are very dangerous, and Mr. Baring-Gould tells us how in the autumn of 1891 he lost his way on one, and "all at once I went in over my waist and felt myself being sucked down as though an octopus had hold of me." Luckily, he was able to struggle out, but not without difficulty. The tors are the most striking feature in the landscape, and there are some good photographs of them in this book. The rugged masses of rock look like castles in the distance. The word "tor" is derived from the "Welsh *twr*, a tower, and from the same root as the Latin *turris*," we are told in a note. They are the remains of great mountains in which there must have been lakes, for a canoe 9 ft. long has been found in a bed of lignite. At the sides of the tors the ground is covered with rocks that have fallen down while the mountain has been wearing away, which

are called "clitters." In the caves made by these rocks the moss *schistostega osmundacea* is sometimes to be found:—

"It has a metallic lustre like green gold, and on entering a dark place under the rocks, the ground seems to be blazing with gold. . . . Professor Lloyd found that the luminous appearance was due to the presence of small crystals in the structure which reflect the light. Coleridge says:—

'Tis said in summer's evening hour
Flashes the golden-coloured flower,
A fair electric light.'

. It has the appearance of a handful of emeralds or aquamarine thrown into a dark hole, and is frequently associated with the bright green liverwort. It is to be found in a good many places, as Hound Tor, Widdecombe, Leather Tor, and in the Swincombe Valley, also in a cave under Lynx Tor. If found, please leave alone. Gathered, it is invisible; the hand or knife brings away only mud."

The chapters on the prehistoric remains are very good reading. Dartmoor seems to have been thickly inhabited in the Neolithic age by a pastoral people with long heads. They lived peaceably among themselves, as is evident from the fact that their fortresses, in which are found spears and arrow-heads, are on the outskirts of the moor, as a protection against invaders. Though there are but few weapons found on Dartmoor, there are plenty of household implements, such as small knives for cutting up meat and scrapers for cleaning hides. According to Mr. Baring-Gould, these people were as much ancestor-ridden as the Chinese are to-day. Instead of building a house for himself, primitive man made dolmens, kistvaens, and menhirs for the dead. But his efforts do not seem to have relieved him altogether from ghostly terrors, for there are traces of customs, which can be explained by the help of modern savage behaviour, which seem to show that his whole life turned on the dread of ghostly apparitions. Their burying places were in the wildest parts of the moor and as far from men's dwellings as possible. "In the howling wilderness about Cranmere Pool, where there are no traces of human habitation, there lie the dead. On every rise above the swamps and fathomless morasses of Fox Tor, there they are scattered thick." The huts and camps of the long-headed people are in some ways more interesting than their tombs, and the plans and pictures in this book give a very good idea of them:—

"[The huts] usually have a raised platform on the side that is towards the hill, and the circle bulges at this point to give additional space on this platform. It was probably used as a bed by night, and was sat upon by day. In one hut at Grimspound the platform was divided into two compartments. In some instances small upright stones planted in the floor show that the platform was made of logs and brushwood, held in place by these projections. The stone platforms on the other hand were paved. The doorways into the huts are composed of single upright stones as jambs, with a threshold and a lintel, this latter always fallen, and often found wedged between the uprights. The floor within is paved near the door. The huts must have been entered on all fours; the doorways are never higher than three feet six inches, usually less. Cooking-holes are sunk in the floor near the hearths; and piles of cooking-stones are found at hand much cracked by the fire."

Primitive man is so fascinating that we have left ourselves very little room to describe the other things Mr. Baring-Gould tells us about Dartmoor and its more modern inhabitants. There are many sad stories of the wanton destruction of antiquities, sometimes with excellent intentions on the part of the destroyers. This cannot be said, however, of the tripper who tears up, and then throws away, rare plants. It would be delightful to take some of the walks described here, and if the author's advice is followed no one need run any danger of being cast away in a quagmire. We wish the book had included a small general map of Dartmoor, as every one has not got the Ordnance sheets, to which reference is made, though, of course, they are the first thing that an intending explorer ought to get.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

THERE is an old saying which links together "a whistling lady and a crowing hen" as kindred monstrosities, but *The*

* *A Book of Dartmoor.* By S. Baring-Gould. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]

* (1.) *The Whistling Maid.* By Ernest Rhys. London: Hutchinson and Co. [6s.]—(2.) *The Autobiography of a Quack.* By S. Weir Mitchell. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [3s. 6d.]—(3.) *The Mesmerists: a Novel. The Mesmerist: an Original Play in Four Acts.* By B. L. Farjeon. London: Hutchinson and Co. [6s.]—(4.) *The Courtesy Dame.* By R. Murray Gilchrist. London: W. Heinemann. [6s.]—(5.) *A Friend of Cæsar.* By William Stearns Davis. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(6.) *An Eye for an Eye.* By William le Queux. London: F. V. White and Co. [6s.]—(7.) *The World's Slow Stain.* By Harold Vallings. London: Hurst and Blackett. [6s.]—(8.) *The Wonderful Career of Ebenezer Lobb.* Written by Himself. Edited, with an Appreciation, by Allen Upward. London: Hurst and Blackett. [3s. 6d.]

Whistling Maid of Mr. Ernest Rhys cannot come under any such condemnation. She was no forerunner of the *belles siffleuses* of the present day, but merely the possessor of a silver whistle, on which in moments of peril she was able to pipe certain warning notes, and, in spite of her frequent adoption of male attire and her excellent horsemanship, otherwise devoid of aggressively Amazonian attributes. The scene which Mr. Rhys has chosen for his tale is the Wales of the early fourteenth century, but though occasional references are made to Queen Isabella and the Despencers, this is in no sense a historical novel, or an elaborate attempt to reproduce the conditions of life nearly six hundred years ago. It belongs in its essence to the same category as the prose romances of the late William Morris and *The Forest Lovers* of Mr. Hewlett, stories which are wholly detached from sordid actuality, free from all intent to edify, and wholly and solely inspired by the desire to please and entertain the reader. In the volume before us Mr. Ernest Rhys sets forth with real charm of expression and an unflinching sense of the picturesque the adventures on field and flood of a young Welsh damsel of high degree. Her uncle, Howel Farf, a half-crazy noble perpetually at feud with his neighbours, wishes to marry her to his adopted son Jestyn, and, persuasion failing, raids her father's castle and pursues and kidnaps the escaping maiden. The story is full of mild excitement,—mild because, such is the gentleness of Mr. Rhys's manner and such his abstinence from brutalities of expression, that the ferocity of his *dramatis personæ* half disappears in a mist of Celtic glamour. Mr. Rhys turns his knowledge of Welsh folklore to excellent account in the course of the narrative, which is further enriched by some graceful lyrics from his pen. His scholarship, however, is not always above suspicion, unless we are to suppose that *bibule* on p. 60 is a misprint for *bibite*.

Dr. Weir Mitchell's command of circumstantial narrative is strikingly illustrated in the two stories which he has reprinted from the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The first, the life-history of a charlatan, written by him while dying in hospital of an incurable disease, traces with singular impressiveness the devious and downward career of a venal doctor in the United States, and *The Autobiography of a Quack* is all the more interesting and valuable in that it comes from the pen of one of the ablest, the most accomplished, and the most highly respected of American physicians. The narrator, as is generally the case with cultivated criminals in real life, is filled with self-pity: it is only on the very eve of his sudden death that he is troubled with vague stirrings of remorse over the sufferings of his victims. Spite of its necessarily sordid character, the narrative is enlivened by humorous episodes, notably those which describe the ingenious trickery by which the quack was enabled to impose on the credulity of his clients, and his simultaneous employment of the resources of homeopathy and allopathy. Finally, after earning considerable sums by offering himself as a substitute at the time of the Civil War, deserting and then repeating the process, he is reduced on one occasion to obtain his discharge by shamming epilepsy, and is detected by a test which will remind the reader of the famous device by which Brer Rabbit found out Brer Fox. The second story, "The Case of George Dedlow," purporting to relate the strange psycho-physiological experiences of a man successively deprived of all his limbs, is, in our opinion, rather spoilt by the grotesque incident of the spiritualistic *séance*, but here again the narrative is so convincing that we are not surprised to learn from the author that it was at once accepted as a real case, that money was collected in several places to assist the unfortunate man, and that benevolent persons actually went to the hospital of which he was supposed to be an inmate. Mr. Keller's illustrations are decidedly above the average in suggestiveness and choice of subject.

Mr. Farjeon tells us in a prefatory note that he cast *The Mesmerists* originally in the form of a play, and having rewritten it as a novel, has published the two together in the hope that the comparison may interest the public, and with the intent of safeguarding himself against the predatory onslaughts of the unauthorised dramatist. As the story is of a highly melodramatic complexion, the precaution is doubtless judicious, though it hardly falls within the province of the present reviewer, or is possible within the space at his disposal, to attempt a collation of the two versions. Confining our attention to the novel, we find in it an ingenious but elaborately

artificial plot and some entirely conventional portraiture,—characterisation being practically crowded out by the pressure of incident. The scene is laid in Switzerland, and the central figure is a famous painter who possesses the gift of mesmerism—which he exercises *pour le bon motif*—is afflicted, though he knows it not, with somnambulism, and for the rest is a widower with a grown-up daughter, the only child of his first wife, and happily engaged at the opening of the story to a rising young barrister. Now the painter's second wife had been seduced before her marriage by an unscrupulous adventurer and had died in giving birth to a child,—facts which her stepdaughter, who was with her at the time of her death, is at all hazards resolved to keep from the knowledge of her father. But the adventurer, who is seized with an unholy passion for the daughter, uses his knowledge to blackmail her into breaking off her engagement and consenting to accept him as a suitor; furthermore, he contrives that her father, while walking in his sleep, shall unconsciously murder a ruffian of whom he was himself anxious to be rid; and, finally, he induces the artist, while under the influence of mesmerism, to paint a picture incriminating himself. The strain of this intolerable situation is effectually though somewhat clumsily relieved. Valerie, yielding to her father's peremptory command, reveals the cause of her misery and the identity of Professor Laval with the betrayer of her stepmother, and the painter, after arranging for a sudden and clandestine marriage between his daughter and her lover, poisons the Professor and himself. The only humorous relief to the sentimental and criminal elements of which the story is compounded is furnished by a valetudinarian aunt of the young barrister, whose dialogue is punctuated with requests to her maid for various remedies. It may be noted that, as a commoner who has married an English aristocrat, she bears an impossible title in Lady Diana Farquhar.

The Courtesy Dame is the story of a beautiful girl whom circumstances compel a middle-aged and dying Lord to take to his house as his companion *en tout bien et tout honneur*. The situation is complicated by Lord Bostern and Anne falling in love with each other, for there is a Lady Bostern living. The book is written in an interesting way, and has a pleasant atmosphere of the country about it. Unfortunately, it contains a picture of a horrible old man which is a grave blot on the book. It may be true that a man in old age sometimes presents just such a spectacle of senile depravity as Mr. Palfreyman, but we hold it not handsome to be here set down with such fulness of detail. Let us reverence old age, and not hold up in front of our eyes examples which make such an attitude impossible.

Readers who like to take their historical fiction strenuously, seriously, and with footnotes will enjoy reading *A Friend of Cæsar*. It contains a most careful and painstaking picture of life in ancient Rome about fifty years before the Christian era. But, unfortunately, fulness of detail is no sure guarantee for pictorial vividness, and the most accurately dressed puppet is not interesting if its author fails to endue it with the breath of life. Mr. Stearns Davis does not possess the incomparable art of life-giving, with the result that, though his book is very scholarly and very carefully put together, it is rather a treatise on the condition of Rome illustrated by fictitious characters than a romance of Roman life.

Mr. Le Queux creates a fine nebulous atmosphere of mystery about his new story, *An Eye for an Eye*, but unfortunately the mystery in its solving is not equal to its promise. It is an extremely difficult thing to create a mystery which will stand the crucial test of being solved. In this book the interest quite evaporates at the end, and the reader yawns through the long story in which the heroine, Eva, explains the extremely questionable doings of her companions. The thread by which the female villain binds the virtuous Eva to keeping her secrets seems so slight that the average girl would have run the risk of snapping it rather than hazard compassing the death of her lover, and complicity after the fact in a case of double murder. But, as said above, until the mystery is solved the book furnishes fairly exciting if undistinguished reading.

It is the hero of Mr. Vallings's book who suffers from "the world's slow stain," and the stain shows at its worst when he develops into a Baronet. This, of course, is entirely in accordance with the ethics of fiction, in which a Baronet is nine times

out of ten an iniquitous person. However, even this bad Baronet reforms at the end, and by the mere power of affection cures himself of drink, which is his most prominent misdemeanour. *The World's Slow Stain* is of the ordinary type of society novel, and as such offers a reviewer little or no opportunity for the exercise of the critical faculty.

Mr. Allen Upward gives us in *The Wonderful Career of Ebenezer Lobb* the imaginary autobiography of a middle-class megalomaniac. Such a task demands for its successful execution an amount of finesse and delicacy which, we regret to say, is not at Mr. Upward's command. Mr. Lobb, as delineated by him, is an extraordinarily vulgar and offensive buffoon, and nothing more. The chapters recounting his exploits as a sportsman and a cricketer are monumental examples of forced fun. Now and then we light on a humorous situation, but it is invariably spoiled by heavy-handed elaboration.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THREE COLLEGE HISTORIES.

Christ's College. By John Peile, Litt.D. (F. E. Robinson and Co. 5s. net.)—Christ's College had, as not a few other Colleges have had, a forgotten founder, who began the work which more powerful hands carried to completion. This was William Bingham, who in 1442 received a license to found a new College by the name of "God's House." The land he acquired for this purpose was actually used for King's College, but in 1446 he bought some other land, which now forms part of the First and Second Courts of Christ's. Dr. Peile has done this first benefactor due honour, an honour which does not at all diminish the credit due to the Lady Margaret. William Bingham had scanty means, and after fifty years his foundation was very poorly off indeed, and the intervention of the second foundress was greatly needed. And here comes in another name, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, Lady Margaret Beaufort's confessor, whom Dr. Peile ranks with Bingham. The early history of the College was hardly such as the foundress would have liked to anticipate. In no direction had her benefactions been more munificent than in the ecclesiastical. She gave vestments of the enormous value of £566 8s. 8d. to the chapel, but her foundation became notorious for its Puritanic and Nonconformist tendencies. "Puritanism in the Time of Elizabeth" is the title of Dr. Peile's most interesting chapters. In the seventeenth century things were somewhat altered, though the Puritan Milton remains the greatest individual name of which the College can boast. But the general tone of the place was Royalist. One cause was the frequency of Royal nominations to fellowships. "Lycidas" (Edward King) was thus brought into Christ's, being intruded, one might say, into the place which Milton should have had. Next to Milton, the Platonists, Cudworth, Whichcote, More, and others, are the glory of the College. It is difficult to compare one College with another in respect of famous *alumni*, but Christ's certainly need fear no rival. Of course there is a great element of luck in the matter, and prestige and wealth go for much. The Colleges that have consciously worked out their own greatness are the exceptions. Were one asked to name them one would look to Oxford and say Balliol and Oriel, but in both cases this distinction is recent. Neither of these two had acquired it a century ago. Dr. Peile has written an admirable book, full of matter excellently arranged.—*Christ Church.* By the Rev. Henry L. Thompson. (Same publishers and price.)—Mr. Thompson has, we take it, and his preface seems to confirm the conjecture, been overpowered by the magnitude of his task. Christ Church has been so large a part of the national life that it is impossible to tell its story fully in the space available in these "College Histories." To sketch the careers of the Deans alone, were it at all adequately done, would leave little room for anything else. Here are a few of the names,—Brian Duppa, John Owen, Henry Aldrich, Francis Atterbury, Hugh Boulter, Cyril Jackson, George Gaisford, Henry Liddell, men curiously differing from each other in character and work. The succession has been rapid, thirty-five in three centuries and a half, whereas Christ's, with nearly fifty more years of age, has had but twenty-four masters. Christ Church, also, has to look to a founder who, if not forgotten, is not recognised. Thomas Wolsey's Cardinal College was the real beginning, and had it been permitted to continue, would have been far more splendid than that which acknowledges Henry VIII. as its founder, though, indeed, this is of ample magnitude. (Mr. Thompson properly censures the unhistorical

statement actually made by some preachers in the Bidding Prayer that Wolsey was the founder. Let him have his proper credit, but not at the sacrifice of truth.) Mr. Thompson tells the story of the "House" with clearness and dignity, and never permits himself to write as a partisan. If his book is not as interesting as we might have expected, and is more of a chronicle than a history, it is the conditions of his task, and not his ability, that must be blamed.—*Worcester College.* By G. Henry Daniel, M.A., and W. R. Barker, B.A. (Same publishers and price.)—This is a particularly interesting book; the subject is of a manageable size, and has been well managed. Worcester dates back no further than the beginning of the eighteenth century, but it has a prehistorical period, so to speak, of great interest. And it has thus a claim, not of legal force indeed, but not to be lightly put aside, to rank with the oldest of Oxford Colleges. "It stands in the first group of Colleges as distinguished from Halls," and so may be reckoned with University, Balliol, and Merton. Its first form of existence was Gloucester College, the Oxford headquarters of the Order of St. Benedict (the gateway to the north-east of the College is one of the visible relics of the first period, as are also the domestic buildings on the left-hand side of the Quadrangle). The chapters which deal with this period are as interesting as any in the book, and throw no little light on that much-discussed question, the condition of the monasteries in the century before their fall. Gloucester College was succeeded by Gloucester Hall, which had a not very eventful history, though it received within its walls several notable persons. Then came the curious episode of "Dr. Woodroffe and the Greek College." Dr. Woodroffe's ultimate object was to make an alliance between the Anglican and the Eastern Churches, and he sought to attain it by educating promising young Greeks. But he was hampered by want of means and sometimes want of judgment, while his pupils were too often of the type of the *Græculus esuriens*. The College of the present day owes its origin to Sir Thomas Cookes, though he was hardly an ideal of the "pious founder." It has not wanted for benefactors since, and it has been not unworthy of their patronage. But it would be beyond our province to settle its place in the academical hierarchy. Anyhow it has found two very adequate historians in Messrs. Daniel and Barker.

TWO SAXON CHRONICLES PARALLEL.

Two Saxon Chronicles Parallel. A Revised Text, with Introduction, Notes, &c. Edited by Charles Plummer. On the Basis of Professor Earle's Edition. Vol. II. (The Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d.)—Vol. I. of this work appeared in 1892; Mr. Plummer's occupation with the "Historia Ecclesiastica" of Bede having hindered an earlier appearance of this completing volume. Doubtless it has benefited from the delay. The analysis of the text of the Chronicles is a very elaborate business, as soon becomes evident to a reader of Mr. Plummer's most interesting introduction. It is a great satisfaction to find that his conclusion, evidently reached after a most careful study of all available materials, is that on the great question to whom the earliest form of the Chronicle should be attributed "the popular answer is the right one: it is the work of Alfred the Great." So many beliefs of this kind have been dissolved by critical inquiry that it is a positive pleasure to find that we may still hold one of the most precious of them all. He is even inclined to think that the actual words came from the great King's dictation, in places where his own wars are concerned. The notes are full of valuable matter, not unfrequently introducing us to matters of present interest. This description can hardly be applied, it may be said, to the question of the Canterbury and York primacy. Yet it may come to the front again, should the policy of Disestablishment prevail. "The Canterbury claim rested on a series of most unblushing forgeries," is Mr. Plummer's summing up. The King was moved by political reasons, and Lanfranc was induced to help him by means that were anything but creditable.

THE MINISTERS OF JESUS CHRIST.

The Ministers of Jesus Christ. By J. Foster Lepine. 2 vols. (Longmans and Co. 10s.)—Mr. Lepine has given us here a very carefully constructed treatise on the teaching of Scripture about the Christian ministry, and on the views held by writers in the Ante-Nicene period. He begins with an account of the Hebrew Hierarchy. Here it might have been as well to give a provisional character to his statements. It saves much trouble to take the popular view for granted, but few serious students hold that the Hebrew ritual, from the Aaronic priesthood downwards, was as highly developed in the early times of the nation's history as it was in the post-exilic period. This introductory part concluded, the rest of the first volume is given to an account of

what is said of the ministry in the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles. Mr. Lepine holds the views of moderate Episcopalians, which may be briefly summarised by saying that episcopacy was an early development of Church government, but not of the very earliest date. The terms "Bishop" and "Presbyter" are at one time interchangeable; but if the Pastoral Epistles are really Pauline it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that they indicate a separation of function between two Orders, not completed, perhaps, but imminent. (We are glad to see that Mr. Lepine condemns the unjustifiable importation of a sacrificial meaning into *τοῦτο ποιείτε*.) The second volume examines in a most painstaking way the testimony of the early Christian writers, from St. Clement of Rome onwards. We do not know that this work contributes anything positively new to our knowledge of the subject, but it is a very serviceable statement of the whole case.

SONNETS OF MICHELANGELO.

Sonnets and Madrigals of Michelangelo Buonarroti. Rendered into English Verse by William Wells Newell. With Italian Text, Introduction, and Notes. (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.)—In this little book Mr. Newell has given us an attractive selection of the sculptor's poems. The grace and charm of the originals have been well kept in the translations, and help us to realise the gentler side of Michelangelo's character. In the introductory essay Mr. Newell gives a delightful glimpse of the convent of San Silvestro, where Vittoria Colonna "reigned as queen of an intelligent circle." The end of the book is taken up with notes, in which Mr. Newell gives his reasons for differing from Mr. Symonds as to the kind of love which inspired the poet. Here is a madrigal as an example of Mr. Newell's work:—

"O Love, thou art divine,
A god to work thy will;
Prithee, for me fulfil
All I would do for thee, if deity were mine."
'He were no friend of thine,
Who hope of lofty beauty should bestow
On one who presently must life forego;
'Come, put thee in my place,
Thy idle prayer retrace;
Wilt thou implore a gain
That granted only would enlarge thy pain?
Death hath a sober face;
If even the unhappy find him rude,
How stern to one arrived at full beatitude?"

A THEOLOGICAL SYMPOSIUM.

The Atonement in Modern Religious Thought: a Theological Symposium. (James Clarke and Co.)—This interesting work consists of a series of essays written in order to convey some clear conception of the prevailing view of the general Protestant reply to Anselm's famous question, *Cur Deus homo?* It goes without saying that the answer is not that of Anselm. Each writer is quite independent, and in some respects there is a difference of statement, though not, we think, much difference of fundamental idea. We are inclined to say that this modern statement differs most essentially from earlier utterances on the same most difficult and most contested of Christian themes, first, by elimination of both purely Jewish and mediæval elements, and, second, by an inwardness as contrasted with the old theological legalism which Augustine bequeathed as a doubtful legacy to the Christian world. The modern writer does not see in the Atonement a divine bargain with the individual soul, but rather an expression of the divine character as seen in the life and death of Christ, and as a response of the soul to the divine quickening. The fact of sin is just as truly insisted on, but the remedial spiritual forces are far more discernible, so that the outlook is happier than in former times. Another sign of the modern attitude is the insistence on man becoming a co-worker with God, thus making of the Atonement no mere solitary incident in the inner life, no transaction made in a moment, over and done with, but a perpetual process renewed in the heart, and but one aspect at the same time of the new life. Indeed, in the final essay, the Atonement almost fades into the doctrine of Incarnation. "By the Incarnation is not meant anything of an ontological nature, but simply the oneness of God and humanity. This is the central truth of Christianity and the source of its doctrines and duties. It carries us into the life of Christ, where—in its ongoing—we see the way in which man comes into his oneness with God. Thus the Atonement is merged into the Incarnation as the more comprehensive factor." Without holding all these writers to that doctrine of universal salvation which has sometimes been deduced from the Pauline Epistles, we think the general tendency of these essays is in that direction. Among the writers are men of great distinction, including Professor Harnack, of Berlin, Professor Sabatier, of Paris, Dean Fremantle, Dr. Marcus Dods, Professor Godet, and Dr. Munger, of America. It is needless to say that whatever these and other

writers of distinction have to declare respecting the great doctrines of Christianity deserves careful attention.

PROFESSOR BURY'S "GREECE."

A History of Greece to the Death of Alexander the Great. By J. B. Bury, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d.)—It is natural and easier, says Professor Bury in his preface, to allow a history to range into several volumes, but "compression into a single volume often produces a more useful book." So in some eight hundred pages he has told the whole varied and complex tale of Greek history down to Alexander's death, and told it with such clearness, fulness, and sense of proportion that the book will stand as a model of a one-volume history, rivalled only by J. R. Green's similar work on the English people. Professor Bury follows the latest lines in the method of writing Greek history. He provides the fullest account we know in a short compass of the investigations into the early Ægean civilisations, and he has the cardinal merit of summarising the results of each investigation he refers to, and not leaving the lay reader to wander in the void. He points out very properly that the history of Greece in the seventh and sixth centuries is really the history of the young Greek colonies in the East and West, and that the perspective of history has been violated by the undue importance given by most writers to the affairs of Athens and Sparta during that period. So while he in no way neglects the parent-cities, he does his best to write the history of the whole Greek world. The various campaigns, from Miltiades to Alexander, are treated in detail, and equally good is the study of the growth and development of political parties in the Greek cities. In a history which embraces many different peoples and extends from the Bronze Age to within three centuries of Christ, there must necessarily be some discursive and unrelated matter, but it is the highest compliment we can pay Professor Bury's book to say that we are especially struck by its synoptic quality and the impression which it produces of the organic connection of all Greek history. In the criticism of a summary it is unnecessary to quote or enlarge; we can only repeat that it has all the qualities of accuracy, lucidity, and art in arrangement which are the special merits of a short history. The book also contains numerous excellent illustrations.

A QUAKER ON THE WAR.

The Truth about the Transvaal War and the Truth about War. By John Bellows. (Printed by the Author, Gloucester. 2d.)—The author of this pamphlet, while travelling on the Continent, was dismayed by the ignorance of facts and the anti English prejudice which he found prevalent. As a Quaker he was expected to condemn the war, but, as he points out, it is one thing to be opposed to war on principle, and quite another to regard England as the cause of an unjust war. So he has written the present paper to show that "the British Government before this war had not the smallest intention of touching the independence of the Boers, which it now justly refuses to re-establish, but has been dragged into it, as the Orange Free State has been inveigled in, by Paul Kruger only." For this purpose he gives a short sketch of South African history, and then analyses minutely the progress of events in the past two years. His conclusion is that "except on the ground that all war is wrong, England cannot be blamed for this war in the Transvaal." From this he proceeds to show that the force which is already diminishing the horrors of war will finally lead to its extinction, and the pamphlet ends, in a very interesting plea for universal peace. Mr. Bellows has given us a most valuable vindication of England's conduct from a Quaker standpoint, and he has shown finally that they are no true friends of peace who shut their eyes to the crimes of our enemies and devote themselves to anti-capitalist ravings and unintelligent fault-finding with their own Government.

THE DOCTRINES OF NICHIVEN.

The Doctrines of Nichiven: with a Sketch of his Life. Compiled by the Right Virtuous Abbot Kobayashi. (Kelly and Walsh, Tokio.)—Nichiven was a Japanese Buddhist reformer born in a Japanese village in the year A.D. 1222. After long travels and much study to ascertain the true doctrines of Buddhism, Nichiven began at the age of thirty-two a life of action and of the promulgation of his ideas, writing many books, which still survive. He died at the age of sixty-one, his most distinguished disciples then numbering about forty, and to-day his sect has five thousand temples, seven thousand priests, and more than two million adherents. Nichiven's special offshoot from the main tree of Buddhism has, of course, its own features, some

of which perhaps would scarcely be recognised as original Buddhism. His aim was partly political, as avowed in his own formula, "to establish the good law and to tranquillise the State." He probably helped to impart to the Japanese character that evenness which seems to characterise it. Philosophically Nichiven brings out that emptiness which theoretical Buddhism seems always to suggest, though we know there is more than one interpretation. His system is pure subjective idealism, the outer world existing only in our mind. That mind, when enlightened as to this supposed truth, becomes identical with the Buddha,—not the flesh-and-blood man who lived long centuries ago, but the Enlightenment of which he was the greatest manifestation. To perceive the nothingness of things, to idealise oneself, and to repeat the "Daimoku" or "Title of the Holy Book" are the chief means for attaining Nirvana. The author thinks this gospel will spread over and regenerate the world. After many centuries it has accomplished neither in Japan, and it is not likely to satisfy either the mind or heart of humanity.

HENRY KNOX.

Henry Knox. By Noah Brooks. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.)—If it was desirable that a series of volumes giving biographies of "American men of energy" should be published—the series should perhaps be accounted a sign of the progress of Imperialism on the American Continent—it was but right that there should be included in it a memoir of Henry Knox, who is described as "Major-General in the Continental Army, Washington's Chief of Artillery, First Secretary of War under the Constitution, Founder of the Society of the Cincinnati." He was not a brilliant soldier or an epoch-making statesman; he was not of the calibre of Hamilton, or even of Franklin, much less of Washington. He was simply a hearty civilian patriot and man of business—he was originally a bookseller, stationer, and bookbinder in Boston—who took the side of the Colonials in the War of Independence, rose to be one of Washington's right-hand men and Secretary at War, and when the struggle was over retired to administer his estates in Maine, and died in 1806. Knox was perhaps valuable to Washington mainly because, besides being a sturdy fighter, he was an incurable optimist, and in the darkest days of the war never despaired of the commonwealth. His story, including his romantic courtship of "a young lady of high intellectual endowments, very fond of books," is told pleasantly, but at rather too great length, by Mr. Brooks. It is valuable mainly for the sidelights it sheds on the condition of the Colonies during the great struggle.

An excellent little book called *Talks with Mothers*, by C. Northcote (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., 1s.), has come to a second edition. Its very excellent advice on all questions of home duties and trials will make it welcome to those who have to do with "mothers" in either villages or towns. "The Mothers' Union" should spread it everywhere, as its author manages to combine common-sense with a sense of humour, and has also avoided anything like "preaching" or priggish suggestions. The proceeds of this edition are to be devoted to one of the war funds under Princess Henry of Battenberg.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Forestry in British India. By B. Ribbentrop. (Government Printing Office, Calcutta. 4s. 6d.)—Mr. Ribbentrop holds the office of "Inspector-General of Forests to the Government of India," and probably possesses an experience and a knowledge which are not to be matched elsewhere. Forests scattered over a country which stretches from 8 deg. to 35 deg. N. lat., where the rainfall varies from 15 in. to 100 in., and which contains twelve hundred kinds of trees, are such as no other country in the world possesses. Mr. Ribbentrop begins by discussing the location of the various kinds of forest according to rainfall, elevation, &c., reviews the history of the subject, the destruction of the forests in the past, still going on in various parts of the peninsula, the efforts which the British Government has made to remedy an evil to which it has lately become awake; and sets forth the practical results attained. Indian forestry is less than fifty years old. Lord Dalhousie must have the credit of initiating it, and the immediate occasion was the annexation of Pegu, and the necessity of preserving from spoliation and ultimate destruction the teak forests of that region. Mr. Dietrich Brandis was the first Superintendent. Private interests were, of course, interfered with, and a determined effort

was made to hinder Mr. Brandis's action. The mercantile interest, careless, as usual, of the future if the immediate gain can be secured, scored a partial success. But, on the whole, the great principle of public control was established, and has worked well. There are now between ten and eleven thousand persons engaged in the work,—200 in the Imperial Service, 112 in the Provincial, 437 (Rangers) in the Executive, and 9,759 (Deputy-Rangers and Guards) in what is called the Protective. The details which Mr. Ribbentrop gives of the practical results of forestry are interesting and valuable in the highest degree. We would mention one especially as brought into prominence by the recent Famine. In parts of the Punjab "thousands of acres of fertile land have been covered by sterile sand, owing to the unchecked grazing of goats and other animals. Quite apart from the forest question, it is clear that the present way of dealing with these areas is wasteful from a fodder point of view, and more especially leaves no reserve in case of scarcity or fodder famine." Those gentlemen who are never wearied of contrasting British with Hindoo and Mahomedan rule, much to the disadvantage of the former, should read what is said here on the subject. The Mahomedan conquerors in particular were most destructive themselves, and driving the agricultural population by sword and fire into the forests, completed the ruin. And this was the golden age to which the "Indian reformers" look so fondly back from under the grinding tyranny of the Briton.

Our Borough: our Churches (King's Lynn, Norfolk). By Edward Milligen Beloe. (Macmillan and Bowes, Cambridge.)—Mr. Beloe gives something less than a fifth of his book to the "borough," the remainder to the "churches," the latter part including the account of a local architect, Henry Bell, who might have risen to distinction in a larger sphere of action. The municipal history has a special element of interest in the relation which Mr. Beloe draws out between the Bishop and the town. We are not prepared to endorse all that he says on this subject, but it is certainly worth considering. The account of the churches, illustrated with some excellent drawings, and full of valuable detail, is melancholy reading. The hand of the restorer, according to our author, has been heavy on the architectural treasures of King's Lynn. Here, again, we must hold our judgment in suspense. The reaction, as we may call it, against restoration sometimes runs into fanaticism. There have been recent instances where, if it could have had its way, nothing less than ruin would have followed. Anyhow, Mr. Beloe's volume is a praiseworthy contribution to the history of his native town.—We have also received a "cheap edition" of *Sutton-in-Holderness*, by Thomas Blashill (Elliot Stock, 6s.) This one of the eighty odd "Suttons," simple and compound, is on the Humber, and has an interesting history, mediæval and modern. We are glad to see that Mr. Blashill's labours are so well appreciated that a popular edition of his book has been called for.

Famous British Regiments. By Major Arthur Griffiths. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.)—This book is not exactly what the reader might be led to expect by the title. Its scope is, indeed, somewhat wider, for it gives an account of the great divisions of our Army, but it is not the less interesting for that. The first seven chapters are given to the "Artillery," "Life Guards and Horse Guards," "Lancers and Hussars" (where are the Dragoons?), Guards, Rifles, Fusiliers, Highlanders, some Line regiments. We miss the Engineers. The book is somewhat slight, written, we imagine, in haste, to meet a present demand, but will doubtless be welcomed by many readers.

Municipal London. By C. A. Whitmore, M.P. (A. and C. Black. 1s.)—Mr. Whitmore gives us here a moderate and well-reasoned defence of recent legislation in the matter of the municipal government of London. He distinguishes between the proper functions of the County Council (which he does not wish to depreciate) and of the bodies created by the "London Government Act, 1899." This Act, when first introduced, was met with furious opposition by the Progressives, provoked, in a certain degree, by injudicious utterances about "dishing" the County Council. But this opposition by degrees dwindled down to a very trifling thing indeed. The organ of the Progressives had declared it to be a "bungling and insidious scheme," but Lord Kimberley, when it was read for the second time in the House of Lords, had "little fault to find" with it.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Fauna of South Africa* (R. H. Porter) is an important work in process of appearing under the editorship of Mr. W. L. Selater, who bears a name well known in the province of zoology. The editor contributes "The Mammals" in

two volumes (£1 10s.), of which the first is now before us, dealing with the *Primates* (the thorny subject of South African *hominidae* is omitted), *Carnivora*, and *Ungulata*. Another section is concerned with "Birds." This was in course of preparation by Dr. Stark, whose death at Ladysmith has necessitated the postponement of the second volume. It is well illustrated, and promises to fill up satisfactorily a great gap in the natural history of the Old World. — *The Text Book of Zoology*. By Dr. Otto Schmeil. Translated from the German by Rudolph Rosenstock, M.A., and edited by J. T. Cunningham, M.A. Vol. II. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d.)—This second volume deals with "Birds, Reptiles, Fishes." It is well and copiously illustrated, and is a desirable addition to the educational literature of this province of knowledge.—The recent experiences of the medical service in South Africa give a special interest to a recent publication of letters, &c., relating to the Indian Government. This is *Papers Relating to the Improvement of the Position and Prospects of Civil Assistant Surgeons in India* (Government Printing Office, Calcutta, 1s. 6d.) — *The Path of the Sun*. By William Sandeman. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Sandeman appeals to the "great, tolerant, truth-loving British public," which he compliments by saying that it is "ever anxious for the disclosure of long-hidden physical truths." Tolerant it is, but scarcely anxious for the disclosure of truths, whether hidden or no. It will not persecute a man for saying that the earth is flat, or denying that it is in the centre of the universe, but it does not trouble itself one way or the other. "Tolerant" people, in fact, are seldom "anxious." The object of Mr. Sandeman's hostility is the "Precession of the Equinoxes."

NEW EDITIONS.—In the "Library of English Classics" (Macmillan and Co., 7s.), *Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott*, by J. G. Lockhart. Mr. A. W. Pollard explains that the ten-volume edition of 1839 has been here reprinted. This contained some matter that did not appear in the first edition (seven volumes) published in 1837-38. Further additions were made in the abridgment done by Lockhart at the desire of Mr. Cadell, who by his financial assistance had acquired a lien on the Scott documents. These also are included in the present republication.—In the "Temple Classics," edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Co., 1s. 6d. net per vol.), *Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, by William Hazlitt, and *Macaulay's Essays*, Vol. I., containing "Milton," "Machiavelli," "Hallam's Constitutional History," "Southey's Colloquies," "Robert Montgomery," "Disabilities of the Jews," "Moore's Life of Byron." Some notes, biographical and bibliographical, are appended.—*The Romance of the Rose*. Englished and edited by F. S. G. Ellis.—*Guide to the Unprotected in Matters of Property and Income*. By a Banker's Daughter. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.)

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Bennett (R.) and Elton (J.), *History of Corn Milling*, Vol. III., 8vo (Simpkin) 10/6
Besant (Sir Walter), *The Fourth Generation*, cr 8vo.....(Chatto & Windus) 6/0
Bolas (T.) and others, *A Handbook of Photography in Colours*, cr 8vo (Marion) 5/0
Brongniart (A.), *Colouring & Decoration of Ceramic Ware* (Scott & Greenwood) 7/6
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Chapman (J. W.), *The Life and Work of D. L. Moody*, 8vo.....(Nisbet) 6/0
Clowes (W. L.), *The Royal Navy*, Vol. V., imp 8vo.....(S. Low) 25/0
Cockle (M. J. D.), *A Bibliography of English Military Books, &c.*, 4to (Simpkin) 30/0
Davies (J. P.), *The Same Things: Sermons*, cr 8vo.....(Skeffington) 5/0
Dictionary of the Bible, edited by J. Hastings & others, Vol. III. (T. & T. Clark) 28/0
Dixon (C. M.), *The Leaguer of Ladysmith*, oblong 4to (Eyre & Spottiswoode) 3/6
Douglas (Langton), *Fra Angelico*, imp 8vo.....(Bell) 12/6
Fullmer (C. W.), *The True Life First: Sermons*, cr 8vo.....(Skeffington) 2/6
Gerard (Dorothea), *The Conquest of London*, cr 8vo.....(Methuen) 6/0
Gerard (M.), *The Man of the Moment*, cr 8vo.....(Ward & Lock) 3/6
Gould (S. B.), *Winefred*, cr 8vo.....(Methuen) 6/0
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Hoole (C. H.), *Attempts in Verse*, 4to.....(Rivington) 4/6
Jones (E. D.), *Economic Crises*, cr 8vo.....(Macmillan) 5/0
Kenrick (C. W. H.), *Ergo Amicitia*, 12mo.....(Skeffington) 2/0
Lee (G. C.), *Historical Jurisprudence*, 8vo.....(Macmillan) 12/6
Mackray (A. N.), *Knots: Quiet Chats with Boys and Girls*, cr 8vo.....(R.T.S.) 2/0
Massey (Lucy), *Songs of the Unseen*, cr 8vo.....(Skeffington) 3/0
Middleton (T.) and Carden (R. W.), *Ornamental Details of the Italian Renaissance*, folio.....(Batsford) 25/0
Munro (A.), *The Locust Plague and its Suppression*, 8vo.....(J. Murray) 24/0
Murphy (J. B. C.), *Till the Night is Gone: Sermons*, cr 8vo.....(Skeffington) 5/0
Owen (J. W.), *"I Say Unto You," 8vo*.....(Melville & Mullen) 7/6
Parker (Dr. J.), *City Temple Pulpit*, Vol. III., cr 8vo.....(Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6
Schmeil (Otto), *Text-Book of Zoology*, Part II., roy 8vo.....(Black) 3/6
Slocum (Capt. J.), *Sailing Alone Around the World*, 8vo.....(S. Low) 8/6
Thomson (W. S.), *Preliminary and Intermediate Arithmetic*, cr 8vo (Simpkin) 1/6
Wyatt (A. J.), *Tutorial History of English Literature*, cr 8vo.....(Clive) 2/6
Zola (Emile), *The Conquest of Plassans*, cr 8vo.....(Chatto & Windus) 3/6

FRESH AIR FOR POOR CHILDREN.—Rev. J. W. ATKINSON, Claremont, Cawley Road, London, E., 31 years Latimer Church, E., URGENTLY ASKS Lovers of Children for HELP to give a DAY in COUNTRY to Poor and often Sickly East-End Children, cost of which, including rail and substantial meal, is under One Shilling per head. Thousands of eager hearts waiting to go. We also ask HELP to send Poor East-end CONVALESCENTS, old and young, to seaside Homes for week or two. Balance sheet by chartered accountants to every donor.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE scene in China has changed greatly this week, Russia having, for the moment at least, seceded from the Concert. On September 1st the Government published in St. Petersburg a statement that as Russia only desired to secure the safety of her subjects and to assist China against "rebels," and as the former object had been attained and the latter was rendered impracticable by the retreat of the Empress-Regent, she proposed to retire from Peking. Orders to this effect had been transmitted to M. de Giers, who would recommence negotiations from Tientsin as soon as regular government had been restored. Russia, moreover, though compelled to occupy various places in Manchuria and to take Newchwang, had no intention of conquest, but would retire "as soon as lasting order shall have been established in Manchuria and indispensable measures shall have been taken for the protection of the railway, the construction of which is assured in virtue of a special formal agreement in China concerning the concession granted to the Chinese Eastern Railway Company." In other words, Russia will retire from Peking at once and from Manchuria as soon as convenient, and will negotiate with the Empress on the basis of the fiction that the Legations were attacked by rebels.

This intimation has greatly startled the Powers. France, though obviously disapproving, has assented to the proposal, and America accepts it with reserves; but Germany is bitterly annoyed, Austria and Italy side with Germany, and Great Britain, though delaying her answer, has ordered the fourth brigade of Indian troops promptly to Hong-kong. The opinion of Japan alone is still uncertain. Officially, the Powers request time to communicate with their representatives, but it is already evident that unless Russia gives way, and either agrees to remain in Peking or to join the Powers in insisting on punitive terms, the Concert is suspended. None of the Powers wish to protract the war, but all, except Russia, feel that if the Empress-Regent is allowed to return to Peking unpunished the position of white men in China will be nearly intolerable. The Russian motive is generally assumed to be a wish to check the ambition of Germany, but it is probable that she sees her way to all she wants in Manchuria, and is unwilling to spend treasure and men on behalf of the general interests of Europe. We have explained our view of the situation elsewhere, which is, in brief, that the punishment of the Chinese Court is necessary to the safety of all white men, but that the punishment once inflicted the sooner we are out of China the better.

The Court of China has, it is alleged, appointed Li Hung Chang, Prince Ching, Yung-Lu, and Hsu-tung, another reactionary noble, its plenipotentiaries, and the first-named

will, it is alleged, at once proceed to Tientsin. He gives no hint of the terms which he is empowered to offer, and there is not the slightest evidence that the Empress-Regent is either repentant or conciliatory. She has not removed the Viceroy of Shensi, who has, it seems evident, murdered the missionaries in his province, and her latest decrees order a continuance of the war against foreigners. Much, however, is at present still obscure, and it is possible that the Empress believes that violent threats will help to make the foreigners more manageable. It seems to have been settled that the Purple Palace is not to be destroyed, but on August 28th the Allies marched solemnly through "the Forbidden City." The foreigners in China, who are unanimously opposed to the Russian proposal, appear to think this march will have a great effect, but whether that effect will be a desire for peace is doubtful. Most foreign residents in China wish for war, as they see in the anger of combined Europe a great opportunity of humbling China once for all.

Three new and important facts come out in Admiral Seymour's report upon his relief expedition. One is that he felt compelled to go because he had received a despatch from Sir Claude Macdonald saying that unless relief arrived at once it would be too late. It would, he thought, after such a summons, be dishonourable to hesitate. Another is that the expedition was wholly dependent for supplies on its communications. The moment they were cut it was compelled to return, and but for the fortunate seizure of the well-provided arsenal, it would have been conquered by want of food and ammunition. The third is that with ability and tact in the commander international troops can be induced to act willingly together. Admiral Seymour never had any trouble with any of his eight allies. It is possible that when sharp work has to be done we all tend to exaggerate this cause of weakness. When unity alone can save a composite force, it is sometimes inclined to be unanimous.

On Friday the result of the Boers' last stand remained undecided. The situation is briefly as follows. Botha and the major part of the Boers still in arms retreated on Lydenburg, and were followed by General Buller till he found himself in front of a practically impregnable position—worse than Laing's Nek is the report of the correspondents—and there he has sat down to watch his enemy. Meantime a force has been despatched by Lord Roberts to turn, if possible, the Boer flank. Whether the Boers will fight it out remains to be seen. Their position is not really a good one as long as we refuse to run our heads against their trenches. They fear to retreat to the North, because the natives in that direction are strong and hostile. The West is barred as well as the South, and to the East lies Portuguese territory. However, there is little use in speculating as to what will happen, as a few hours must probably decide whether Botha will stand or not. The Boers who retreated to Barberton are said to be suffering severely from disease. Large numbers of Boer women and children are assembled there, and under very bad sanitary conditions. Forty British officers are also detained in Barberton.

Last Saturday news was received that Lord Roberts had issued a proclamation annexing the Transvaal. As we have explained elsewhere, this of course is, strictly speaking, a proclamation resuming the Queen's sovereignty, for, as the original annexation of the Transvaal was never annulled, but only a very high degree of autonomy granted to inhabitants by the Conventions, it is impossible to talk about annexation. However, the fact remains that the Transvaal, like the Orange Free State, has now been regularly included in the Empire. Mr. Kruger has very naturally protested, but his protest is unavailing, and he is now considering whether to

seek asylum in Portuguese territory, or to join his burghers in a last stand in one of the mountain fastnesses. That he will ultimately take refuge across the Portuguese border is our firm belief. The vast sums of gold lodged by him in Europe will prevent him running the risk of being made a prisoner. Meantime, Portugal is evidently anxious as to the possibility of bodies of Boers trekking into Portuguese territory, and it is reported from Lisbon that a force of a thousand soldiers is being despatched to Delagoa Bay.

The only other item of South African news of importance is the heroic defence of Ladybrand. On Tuesday news was received that a body of one hundred and fifty British soldiers without any large guns were being besieged at Ladybrand by a force of about three thousand Boers with nine guns and a pom-pom. General Hunter was announced to be coming to the rescue, but it was feared that he could not arrive in time to prevent so small a force being utterly overwhelmed. Yet, incredible as it seems, the heroic little band actually managed to hold out in their trenches till the news of the approach of Hunter put the Boers to flight. So eager were the Boers to take Ladybrand that they twice charged, but both times were driven off with loss. The relief actually took place on Wednesday. A picturesque feature of the incident was the fact that Sir Godfrey Lagden and the Basuto chief, Lerothodi, actually watched the fight from one of the mountains of Basutoland facing Ladybrand. Once again the Boers showed their utter inability to capture a position, however weakly held, by assault. Not once have they succeeded in a direct attack during the war. Cromwell said of his Ironsides that they never assaulted a place but they stormed it. Exactly the reverse must be said of the Boers. Of course this is not entirely because of want of active courage in the Boers. In modern war the odds are very heavy on the defence.

The Sultan celebrated the jubilee of his accession on September 1st. His Majesty did not venture to appear in public, but he received presents and congratulations from most of the Powers of the world. All the Ambassadors were present at his reception, and most of them went out of their way to make the illuminations splendid. The Czar sent a jasper clock, M. Loubet some Sèvres porcelain, and the German Emperor a quantity of photographs of Palestine, probably taken by himself, or at his special orders. A good deal is said about the degradation involved in all this worship of the tyrant who sanctioned the Armenian massacres, and undoubtedly there is something revolting in the representatives of civilisation waiting reverentially upon a man so stained with innocent blood. It must be remembered, however, that it was their duty to wait, and that it is most difficult, indeed impossible, for an Ambassador to refuse ceremonial courtesies to a Sovereign and yet remain accredited to his Court. The guilt, so far as there is guilt, attaches to those who, for purely political reasons, prevented this country from performing its duty, and punishing the Armenian massacres, which, there can hardly be a doubt, strengthened the throne of the Sultan. It is not from horror but from admiration that the Turks give to their Sultans the title of "Blood-drinker."

The Czar is exceedingly desirous just now that the French should follow his lead in Chinese affairs. Unfortunately for him, he has been advised not to visit the Paris Exhibition, as the French had greatly wished, and he has accordingly cast about for some solatium. It has been found in a complimentary letter, which, with the cross of the Imperial Order of St. Andrew, was on Monday presented to M. Loubet. In the letter the Czar calls the French President his "very dear and great friend," and speaks of the present time as one in which the complete accord between France and Russia "can more than ever diffuse its beneficent influence for the maintenance of the general peace, which lies equally close to our hearts." His Majesty cannot go to Paris, "but afar and near we are accustomed to associate ourselves with everything that concerns France." The French are greatly pleased, though a few of them murmur that the alliance, always beneficial to Russia, seems never to produce any advantage to France. It has prevented panic in France for a good many years, which is

something, and it moderates the action of France, which is something more. That France has to pay for these benefits is true, but one pays for most blessings.

The Duc d'Orléans, the French Pretender, having "defended the Army and denounced Jewish and Masonic cosmopolitanism," writes to the *Gazette de France* to condemn centralisation. "Decentralisation," he says, "is economy; it is liberty; it is the best counterpoise to as well as the most solid defence of authority." No "weak Power can decentralise." "Relying on the national Army, and being myself an energetic and strong, because traditional, central power, I alone am in a position to restore spontaneous life to the towns and villages, and to rescue France from the administrative compression which is stifling it." Englishmen, of course, approve decentralisation, but it must not be forgotten that every Government of France from the time of Louis XIV. to the time of M. Loubet has increased centralisation, the most liberal Republicans and the strongest despots equally accepting the system. That seems to show that it suits France, though no doubt it has been pushed to absurd lengths there, every three Frenchmen maintaining a fourth whose business is to look after them. The Duke will probably find that he has annoyed the mighty bureaucracy of France, without exciting enthusiasm among those whom it guides, protects, and fleeces.

A Congress of British Chambers of Commerce opened its proceedings in Paris on Wednesday, Lord Avebury (Sir J. Lubbock), as Chairman, delivering the address. His speech touched on many topics, as, for example, the evil of investors displaying faith, hope, and charity towards company promoters, but on the relations of the two countries it was full of kindness. He could not believe in war between them while France exported £53,000,000 of goods to England, being one-third of her whole export trade, and imported from her £22,277,000,—a curious difference, which must be in some way nominal, as France does not give away her products, but which Lord Avebury did not explain. Trade, unhappily, does not always prevent dislikes, or Ireland, which sells 96 per cent. of her saleable produce to Great Britain, would always be devoted to her; but it is true that the mercantile class has now large influence everywhere and sometimes dislikes war. It helped materially to prevent an outbreak between Great Britain and America over the Venezuela question, and probably steadies the relations between Great Britain and France. We do not suppose French soldiers think much of political economy, but the taxpayer has always a voice, and the French taxpayer has a vivid idea of his position if trade between the two countries were suddenly arrested.

The Trade-Union Congress opened on Monday at Huddersfield, Mr. William Pickles delivering the Presidential address on the following day. Ten years ago, said Mr. Pickles, the problem was how best to determine the rights and duties of the working classes in the existing social order. The problem and the mental attitude of the leaders of the movement had now so far changed that they proposed to sweep away the existing social order altogether and substitute collectivism for capitalism as its basis. This had brought them into collision with the teaching of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, but Mr. Pickles sought to show by lengthy philosophical argument that the anomaly was only apparent, at least so far as the survival of the fittest was concerned. Under different social stages different types would survive. The community were driven to adopt collectivism in self-defence as the simplest remedy against the greed of the capitalist. "The capitalist had socialised production [through the application of the joint-stock principle], and the people would socialise ownership and distribution." In the Millennium as sketched by Mr. Pickles the struggle for existence would be suspended, natural selection would once more operate, though on a higher plane, and man's only chance of obtaining high social position would be by the possession of actual sterling merit, by cultivating morality, intelligence, art, literature, and science. In the course of the subsequent discussion a motion condemning the war was carried by a small majority.

On Wednesday Mr. Justice Farwell, the Vacation Judge, gave a most important judgment in regard to Trade-Unions. The question before him was whether the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants could or could not be restrained by injunction. It has hitherto been generally supposed that Trade-Unions could not be proceeded against and made responsible for the acts of their officers, but Mr. Justice Farwell, in a most clear and able judgment, held the contrary and granted the injunction. If legal action could not be taken against Trade-Unions, and the contention of the defendant Society were well founded, then, said Mr. Justice Farwell, "the Legislature has authorised the creation of numerous bodies of men capable of owning great wealth and of acting by agents with absolutely no responsibility for the wrongs that they may do to other persons by the use of that wealth and the employment of those agents. They would be at liberty (I do not at all suggest that the defendant Society would so act) to disseminate libels broadcast or to hire men to reproduce the rattening methods that disgraced Sheffield thirty years ago, and their victims would have nothing to look to for damages but the pockets of the individuals, usually men of small means, who acted as their agents." It would, he declared, require very clear and express words of enactment to induce him to hold that the Legislature had in fact legalised the existence of such irresponsible bodies with such wide capacity for evil. We must say that this view seems consistent with common-sense and justice, but if it should be held to be good law, and we presume that in some way or other an appeal will be secured, we trust that the Courts will be most careful in their use of injunctions. Injunctions are most salutary weapons, but we do not want to see them, as in America, used at every labour dispute.

The annual meeting of the British Association opened on Wednesday at Bradford. Sir William Turner, the new President, dealt in his inaugural address with the progress made during the past century in his own special line of study,—viz., the science of the structure and organisation of the bodies of men and animals. After briefly recapitulating the various provisional hypotheses held by earlier investigators, and laying stress on the immense impulse given to research by improvements in the microscope and other methods and appliances, Sir William found the great starting point of modern biological science in Schwann's enunciation of the principle that the elementary tissues consisted of cells, and thence proceeded to a minute review of the progress of our knowledge of these "visible anatomical units." A great step in advance was made by the establishment of the proposition that cell-formation was a continuous development by descent—the *omnis cellula e cellula* of Virchow—as opposed to the doctrine of spontaneous generation or abiogenesis, now virtually abandoned.

Passing thence to the growth of more accurate conceptions as to the structure and polymorphic character of cell-plasm and nucleus, and the difference between secretive and nerve cells, Sir William Turner reviewed the successive discoveries made in the last thirty years as to the shape, structure, function, and propagation of the group of organisms known as bacteria or microbes, on the economic value of which he laid especial stress; described the process which led to the formation in the egg of a bird of the embryo or chick; reviewed the progress made in morphology—in which science he placed Goethe as one of the pioneers—and concluded by describing the illuminating results of the Darwinian theory that variations could be transmitted by heredity to younger generations. In the course of an impressive peroration the President observed: "We know not as regards time when the fiat went forth, 'Let there be Life, and there was Life.'" The last word of modern science offers no clue to the great mystery of the origin of life on our planet. At the general meeting held in the afternoon the motion that women members of the Association should in future be eligible as members of the general and sectional committees was carried by a substantial majority, Professor Silvanus Thompson, who supported the motion, mentioning that the most striking paper read at the Congress of Electricity in Paris was by an English lady, Mrs. Ayrton.

The news from Glasgow in regard to the plague is decidedly

reassuring. The official bulletin issued on Thursday—the fifteenth day since the outbreak—showed that for two days no fresh cases had occurred, and as medical experts agree in regarding the maximum period of incubation to be fourteen days, it is hoped that the spread of the epidemic is checked. According to Friday's papers the number of patients in hospital suffering from plague is thirteen, most of whom are out of danger, and no further fatal cases are now anticipated. The authorities, however, so far from relaxing their efforts, are providing for the opening of a third reception house, the work of disinfecting the seat of the outbreak is steadily going on, and special attention is being given to the extermination of rats infesting the building.

The September *Pall Mall Magazine* contains a very useful article by Mr. Holt Schooling giving the exact figures as to the over-representation of Ireland and the under-representation of England. At present, if the representatives of the three kingdoms were fairly apportioned according to population, Scotland would have 71 Members instead of 72 as she has now, Ireland would have 70 instead of 103, and England 529 instead of 495. In other words, Ireland has 33 Members too many and England 34 too few, while Scotland has only 1 more than her fair share. Mr. Holt Schooling enforces these facts by taking also the basis of Imperial contribution and showing that Ireland is over-represented. To our mind, however, only the population test is material. A man has a right to share in the government and law-making of the country in respect of his manhood rather than of his purse, for laws affecting his life and liberty are far more important than supply. Population is the only safe and true test, and judged by that our present system stands condemned as unfair. Of course many specious arguments can be produced in favour of this as of every other injustice, but, in truth, they are only the arguments which seventy years ago used to be employed to defend the system of rotten boroughs. Ireland's over-representation is merely the electoral injustice perpetrated at Gatton or Old Sarum in a less exaggerated form.

Mr. Shelley, the returned war correspondent, sends to the *Westminster Gazette* of Tuesday a striking paper on the British officer as seen in the war. He is not by any means an indulgent critic, but two things in regard to the British officer he lays down as beyond all doubt. The first is the splendid bravery of the British officer. The second is his attachment to, and self-sacrificing care of, his men. But, says Mr. Shelley, the British officer, unfortunately, does not take his profession seriously,—does not work at it, but plays at it. That is, we believe, a true bill on all counts, but it is not fair to blame the British officer in the lower ranks of the Service. He does exactly what is expected of him and what he is taught to do, and no more. He is taught to expose himself fearlessly to every kind of danger, and to look after his men and to treat them with all possible justice and consideration, and these things he does loyally and well. He is not taught by those in authority to be a scientific soldier or to worry his head with military problems, and therefore he gives these matters little or no attention. Let us be just, however, and not blame him, but the highly placed soldiers who during the last fifteen or twenty years have neglected the training of officers and encouraged the notion that a plucky turn-up with natives was worth any amount of "theoretical humbug" at manœuvres or Aldershot.

News was received on Friday that the Duke of Abruzzi, cousin of the King of Italy, had returned from his Arctic Expedition in the 'Stella Polare.' The vessel was for eleven months held fast in the ice, and the explorers suffered considerable privations. They lived for a hundred days on dog's flesh. Two men died, and the Duke of Abruzzi had two fingers frostbitten. The expedition, however, succeeded in getting further north than even Nansen. They reached a point in latitude 86 degrees 33 min. N., thus penetrating further north than Nansen, who reached 86 degrees 14 min. N. The scientific results of the voyage are said to be satisfactory.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

New Consols (2 $\frac{3}{4}$) were on Friday 98 $\frac{3}{4}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE RUSSIAN PROPOSALS.

THE Russian Government has placed all the Powers, and especially this country, in a position of grave embarrassment. She has announced in an unusually formal way, through a circular addressed to all the Powers interested, that the Legations being rescued, and there being no immediate opportunity of aiding the Chinese Government against its "rebels," she proposes to retire from Peking, and whenever a regular Chinese Government appears, to recommence negotiations with it from Tientsin. She recommends all the Powers to follow her example, and in proof that she is in earnest she directs her Minister, M. de Giers, to retire at once with all Russian subjects and soldiers, and promises, whenever her railway is secure, to retire even from Manchuria. As she cannot, without exposing her subjects to massacre, keep the latter promise, we need not discuss it just now, except to blame once more the readiness of the Asiatic Department of the Russian Foreign Office to give impossible pledges which seem convenient; but the first decision will perplex Lord Salisbury more than any event of recent years. His first wish, we do not doubt, will be to accept and endorse it. This outbreak of anti-European feeling in China must be to him, to speak frankly, an unmitigated nuisance. It could not have occurred at a more unfortunate moment. Great Britain has a serious war still upon her hands, serious because it keeps the bulk of her Army abroad, she wishes greatly to revise and improve her military system, and she cannot call suddenly on India for unlimited military aid. She perceives clearly that with the transfer of the capital the difficulty of coercing China is indefinitely increased, and she recognises, or at least her statesmen recognise, that any territory acquired in that Empire would diminish, instead of increasing, her resources. A retreat would, therefore, be to her a relief, and to Lord Salisbury a mode of escape from a position in which he must feel like a soldier ordered to march through a forest where every tree may conceal a foe. It is no affront to Lord Salisbury's bright intelligence to suppose that he is perplexed, like every other statesman out of Russia, by a situation for which there are no precedents and no guiding rules. One half of Asia has risen upon its European guests and tried to slaughter them out. There are no means of conquering that half even if there were the inclination, and yet to leave them unconquered may well seem to be a grave dereliction of historic duty. Under such circumstances the temptation to do nothing—which is substantially the Russian counsel—but wait events, and see if some reasonable government will not arise in China, must be almost irresistible. It will be all the stronger because, though our people are suspicious of what may happen after withdrawal, Lord Salisbury is absolutely sincere when he says that he wants nothing in China but trade, and especially wants no increase of dominion. Nobody can touch the Yangtse Valley without our consent, for that would take ships, and we can destroy ships; and that being so, whether Russia conquers Manchuria—which we cannot prevent—or Germany demands Shantung—which we have no interest in preventing—must seem to a Foreign Secretary matter of comparatively trifling moment. All *primâ-facie* arguments are therefore in favour of the Russian proposal.

But then there are reasons, weighty reasons, on the other side. In the first place, to retire from Peking with nothing settled, with no punishment inflicted for the past wrong, and no security obtained against its repetition, is to give up the claim to justice in China, and in truth, though the words are misused till they seem vague, to abandon the cause of civilisation. Residents in China, bewildered by the vastness of the interests at stake, are always liable to exaggerate, but there can be little doubt of their exact accuracy when they say that if China this time remains unpunished, the Chinese will consider themselves victorious, and no white man in the Empire, whether preacher, or trader, or diplomatist, will henceforth be safe. 'Nothing will happen,' the Mandarins will say, 'if we kill foreigners;' and whenever they are enraged, which happens more frequently than their faces show,

they will avail themselves of their impunity. Europe, so far from controlling or even advising China, will dwell in China on sufferance as an unhonoured and unwelcome guest. It is possible that the development of trade will be arrested, probable that the construction of railways will be prevented, certain that Christianity will be no longer discussed or propagated except by those who can endure to see all their converts martyrs. It is something more than hard to ask a British Foreign Minister to consent to a result which every elector in his country will consider shameful, or, at all events, one demanding most convincing explanations. Moreover, there is a second obstacle more strictly diplomatic. It is certain that the German Emperor will consider himself jockeyed by a general retreat from Peking. He has a special ground of quarrel with China, he has thrown himself into it with his accustomed energy, and he has by appointing Field-Marshal von Waldersee to the command of his forces proclaimed *urbi et orbi* that he means to do something great. If he accepts the Russian proposal he will look almost ridiculous, his armaments being needless, while if he is compelled to go on alone he will consider himself betrayed, not only by Russia, but by all the Powers. His bitterness will certainly not be diminished by a reflection that he has recently tried hard to deserve British benevolence, or by the suspicion that to isolate him is the very object of the Russian proposal. Russia, we may be sure, does not want the German Army on the coast of the Gulf of Pechili as well as on her European border.

In circumstances so complex almost any course is open to serious objection; but the easiest would, we think, be to point out to the Russian statesmen the dangers their policy entails, and to announce to them the policy we suggested last week,—*i.e.*, the policy of retiring immediately after retribution, and on our part without any territorial acquisition. We would then ask their aid in pressing on China an agreement which shall secure at least some of the conditions of future security—for example, leave to fortify and garrison the Legations—and meanwhile to retain Peking as "a material guarantee" that the claim of Europe to justice shall not be disregarded. The city is not a perfect guarantee, because the Chinese with Segan for a capital can afford to disregard "a remote Northern city," but still it is better than none. The Manchu Princes are little accustomed to life anywhere else, they will thirst to regain their palaces, and they may in the end, rather than finally abandon Peking, submit to execute the most guilty of their own number. It will be tedious work to convince the Court that it cannot usefully resist, but still it may be done, and once done, there will be great unwillingness to risk a repetition of the outrage. That is not a promising prospect, but at least it is better than any which would be visible if the unpunished Empress and her unpunished Court were permitted to regain Peking under a thin pretext of conducting negotiations. Li Hung Chang loves negotiating, and it should not be forgotten that it is he who said: "China cannot cede territory, for opinion will not allow it, and cannot pay an indemnity, for she has no money, but she can and will give written promises that affairs shall be better managed in future"! We may have to accept even that assurance, as the best we can get, transparent as the fraud would be, but we certainly shall have to accept it if we restore the Empress to her capital without conditions made. Naturally she will say: 'Europe could not do without me in Peking; what have I to fear?'

But though we regret that Russia should have made her proposals for leaving Peking without the essential condition that a vigorous attempt should be made at punishment, we adhere, in any case, to what we said last week as to our true policy in China. As soon as we have exacted reparation from China of a kind that will check outrages in the future, we have every reason for adopting Russia's policy of withdrawal. Reparation accomplished, our true policy becomes identical with that proposed from St. Petersburg. As it is, Russia has impaired a sound policy by not insisting that it shall be preceded by reparation. Possibly, as we have suggested above, Russia may be induced to reconsider her scheme. If so, no harm has been done. If not, the essential thing is to consider what Great Britain should do next. Our own answer is clear; it would be: Announce

that we shall join with any other Powers willing to co-operate in exacting punishment from China, but that after punishment had been exacted we should follow the example of Russia and withdraw from further action. We need not miss a wise policy because Russia insists on adopting a portion of it in an unworkable shape.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SITUATION.

AS we write the fate of Botha and of the last remnants of the Boer Army still hangs in the balance, but nothing can now avert the final overthrow of the Boers. We may conceivably have to face a reverse or two more, may even have another Spion Kop, but the end is certain. In other words, Lord Roberts's so-called proclamation of annexation was not premature.—It cannot of course have been really a proclamation of annexation, for you cannot annex what is yours already, but merely a proclamation annulling the grants (not contracts, remember) made in the two Conventions, and resuming complete sovereignty.—But the resumption of complete sovereignty necessarily raises the question what steps ought now to be taken to secure the permanent peace of South Africa. The first thing is obviously to stamp out the last embers of war. That this must be done sternly and thoroughly goes without saying, but there should of course be no attempt to treat the Boers in arms in the Lydenburg district as rebels. These men must be accorded the full rights of belligerents, even though their Government has ceased to exist. The men who have taken the oath of neutrality and violated it are, however, on a perfectly different footing, and to them no special consideration need be shown. Their lives are forfeit. We do not say we would exact the forfeit, but in properly proved cases strong action should be taken to show the Boers that a breach of the most solemn pledges shall never go unpunished. Confiscation of their lands would certainly not be too severe a penalty. The farmers took the oath deliberately and of their own free will. If their patriotism was too strong to allow them to keep the oath, why was it not too strong to allow them to take it? But though we would treat the unperjured burghers with all the consideration due to brave belligerents, we admit that it will not be possible indefinitely to extend the period of war. After the last action that can fairly be called a battle has been fought, and after there has ceased to be any organised body of troops left in the Lydenburg or Barberton districts, it will be perfectly fair to say to the burghers that they must stop fighting, and that if they do not they must take the consequences of being regarded as outlaws in the new State established in the Transvaal. We would take action, not by proclaiming them rebels, but in the following way. We would take all farms on which the owners were not residing into the hands of the State, and then give notice that if within a month or six weeks the owners appeared and took the oath of neutrality their farms would be given back to them. If not they would be considered as derelict, and would be resumed by the State, and sold or granted to fresh owners. If this were done we may feel sure that thousands of Boers would leave their commandos and return. Those who did not return would still be accorded the rights of belligerents, but it would be understood that they had not only ceased to own land in the Transvaal, but that they would in future have to reacquire the rights of citizenship. But though this would in most cases bring back the Boers to their farms, it would not, of course, complete the settlement. There would still be a great deal of discontent, and no doubt the large sums of money lodged by the Boers in Europe would be persistently used to foment disaffection. But that disaffection, though tiresome, if properly treated need cause no very great alarm. We must remember that three or four years after the mines are again in full swing, and while public works in the shape of railways, roads, and irrigation dams are being made, the population will advance by leaps and bounds. The Boers in the first year of the new régime may be an important part of the population. In three years' time they will be a small minority. In ten years' time they will be a negligible quantity. In an old country old hates are easily kept up. In a new country, and exposed to a flood of immigration, they soon die out. All we have got to do is to manage the Boers properly during the next three or four years. After that the

problem will settle itself. In our view, the best way of managing the Boers will be to let them alone as long as they commit no overt acts. Let them talk and preach as they choose as long as it is only talking and preaching. But one of the most effective ways of letting the Boers alone is not to tax them directly. If you do not tax them they cannot indulge in a passive strike against taxes, which is the sort of thing a body of Boer farmers would regard with great satisfaction. If we had not taxed the Boers after the first annexation, we should probably never have had the movement engineered by ex-President Kruger. No doubt in those days it was almost impossible not to tax the farmers, for there was no other source of revenue open. Now, however, that there are plenty of other sources of revenue, it would be most unwise to try to exact direct taxes from the Boers. Possibly it will be said that a good land-tax will have an excellent disciplinary effect on the Boers, will make them cultivate their farms better, and will break up their huge holdings, but we most sincerely trust that we shall not fall into this error. The tax would cost more than it was worth to collect, and resistance to it would give just the rallying point the Boer agitators will want. It will be quite time enough to make the Boer farmers pay their share in taxation when they receive self-government in four or five years' time.

Though we do not suppose that the settlement will be an easy task, we would warn our readers against being too pessimistic as to the condition of affairs in the Transvaal after the cessation of hostilities. The long duration of the war has been in many ways a great misfortune, but it has had one good result. It has certainly made the settlement easier. If the Boers had collapsed before they were really conquered, they would have been far more difficult to deal with. As it is, they have had the thorough beating they required, and they cannot now say: 'Oh, if we had only held out a little longer we should have won.' They have really fought to a finish, and will not want to begin again as do men who are only half beaten. Again, the length of the war, their long absence from their homes, their actual losses in the field, their dispersal, and the destruction of their property have all tended to break up the iron-clad caste which existed before the war. The Boer left his farm the member of what for all the dirt and uncouthness was a dominant oligarchy accustomed to rule over black and white, kept in comparative idleness by State doles, and filled with spiritual and racial pride. He was the lord of the land, feared by his black dependants, and able to make his will prevail over the white not of his race. Now he will go back a beaten man, and though he may still affect to despise the "rooinek," he must really acknowledge that he has failed. The black will not treat him with the old servility, and there will be no more money and horses to be got from the State. The Boer, that is, will have his work cut out for him. He must try to regain his command over the native, and without the assistance of a law under which the white man was always in the right. He must probably rebuild his house, and certainly reorganise his flocks and herds. In a word, the Boer after a year's war will have plenty to do to keep him quiet. His caste has been as completely shattered by the long war as was that of the Southern slaveholders after the collapse of the Confederacy. If the South had given in after, say, Antietam, there would almost certainly have been a second war. The fact that they fought it out to the bitter end made the settlement when it came far easier. Hence we do not feel that the final settlement will really prove so difficult as is often imagined. It will be difficult no doubt to stop the raiding and to wipe out the last of the bands of guerillas, but when once this state of "dacoity" has been stopped we have little fear as to the result. We must never forget that the Boer at bottom is much like the rest of mankind. The harder a man fights and the longer, the more complete his collapse when he does go down.

"BUSINESS PRINCIPLES" IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

IN the September number of the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Edmund Robertson writes a very able and interesting contribution under the above title, his object being to

help on the work of the Association for securing greater efficiency in our whole administration which has been set on foot in the *Nineteenth Century*. We do not agree with some of Mr. Robertson's proposals, but they are all worth considering, and his whole treatment of the subject is clear and suggestive in a high degree. His first point is that the Services are responsible to Parliament—i.e., the House of Commons—and that the main thing is to discover how to make that responsibility effective. In principle we entirely agree, but we are by no means sure that his method of securing responsibility is the best possible. As we understand him, he desires that the Estimates should be handed over to a Committee or Committees, like the Committee on Public Accounts. "I am strongly convinced," says Mr. Robertson, "of the desirability of submitting the Navy, Army, and Civil Service Estimates to separate Select Committees, before whom the responsible permanent officials might be called to explain and defend their proposals as the accounting officers explain and defend their accounts before the Public Accounts Committee. The Estimates could be considered in detail by the members of the Committee in the light of these explanations and would then be presented to the House with the report of the Committee thereon." Mr. Robertson goes on to ask whether it is not possible that a like system might be established for the consideration of the past administration of the Departments. We are, he tells us, close up to such a system already in the Public Accounts Committee. "A glance at any of the reports of that Committee will show that the questions arising there trench closely upon the province of administration." "The suggestion inevitably occurs that the functions of the Committee should be enlarged so as to include matters of administration as well as matters of account. Possibly an additional Committee might have to be appointed, but that is a matter of detail. And in addition to this extension of jurisdiction, it would be essential that the reports of the Committee or Committees should by some process or other be subjected to the consideration of the House." The gist of the thing, adds Mr. Robertson, is "that a Select Committee should sit upon the Estimates both before they are voted and after they are executed, with the power of calling before it for examination the officials responsible for proposing them and for administering them."

We do not wish to condemn this proposal off-hand, but there is an objection which, as at present advised, seems to us to be fatal. The proposed Committee, if it were effective—and unless it is effective of what use is it?—would weaken the responsibility of the head of the Department. There would be a great danger of the Secretary of State for War preparing not the best Estimates and administering his Department in the best possible way, but of his preparing Estimates which would look well and not invoke opposition before a House of Commons Committee and of shaping his administration so as to make it capable of easy defence. It is quite possible, of course, that sometimes the results of supervision by a Parliamentary Committee would be good, but it is more probable that the shadow of the Committee impending over the whole Department would have very disastrous results. Certainly the responsibility of the Secretary of State would be weakened. When once he had satisfied the Committee no one could impugn his conduct. He could always plead this was done or this left undone at the direction of the Committee, or in order to meet objections which he knew would be made by the Committee. In truth, if the Committee were keen and active, as we must assume they would be, they would soon become the real rulers of the Army and Navy, and would decide the policy of both. It is all very well to say that the questions dealt with by them would be purely financial questions, but in truth there are practically no purely financial questions. Money is spent with an object in view, and the question whether it is right to spend or not to spend depends upon whether the object is approved or not. In truth, it might often happen that in deciding for or against a particular Army or Navy vote, the Committee would be really deciding on the foreign policy of the Government. We are all for exacting responsibility, but it seems to us that the only effective way of doing so is to choose a good administrator and to make him responsible for his handling of the Service under his charge. Mr. Robertson himself almost

admits this, for he is entirely in favour of keeping up our present system of civilian control,—i.e., control by a Minister selected from one or other of the Houses of Parliament. But what responsibility could be exacted from a Minister who was overshadowed by a Committee of the House of Commons,—a Committee, remember, which would deal directly and at first hand with the experts? He would soon become a mere *roi fainéant* in his own office. In truth, as it seems to us, there would be no effective responsibility anywhere under Mr. Robertson's plan. It would be frittered away between the head of the Department, the House of Commons Committee, and the experts. Depend upon it, that is bad, and far better results will be produced by having a single supreme Minister who shall be responsible, and shall feel himself responsible, for his Department. We have not, unfortunately, got that as yet, but there is every reason why we should. Would it not be the greatest guarantee of efficiency if, when a statesman went to the War Office or the Admiralty, he felt:—"I have the whole responsibility on my shoulders, and I must stand or fall by what I do. If I fail, and an account is demanded of me, there is no one behind whom I can shelter myself. The responsibility is solely on me"? In that case the statesman would feel that he must either get what he deemed necessary for his Department or resign, and no man would care to hold the post who had not confidence in his own judgment and did not feel he knew what he wanted. But that is the kind of man one wants to see at the War Office and the Admiralty. Of course mistakes would very often be made by such men, but at any rate we should not have the pitiable spectacle of Cabinet Ministers saying, as in effect they often say now: "Of course I knew this and that was utterly wrong and tried to remedy it, but the Prime Minister, and the Cabinet, and the House of Commons were all indifferent, and the people seemed to 'like to have it so,' and so I was helpless and could only do half what I wanted to do and what ought to have been done." What we want is a sense of responsibility so strong that, at any rate in the case of the departments of national defence, the Minister will say: "If the people 'like to have it so' they must do without me, for I will not bear this heavy responsibility unless I can obtain what I deem essential for the national welfare." We cannot, then, endorse Mr. Robertson's proposal for giving Parliamentary Committees the powers he proposes. Some good might at first be done by his plan, but in the long run it would tend to destroy that clear supreme personal responsibility residing in an individual which is the essence of good administration.

The conclusion of Mr. Robertson's article deals very thoughtfully with some of the evils of a highly organised Civil Service. He is not dogmatic, but he shows that in certain particulars we do not conduct our administration on business principles. How far we can get reform here without falling into the worse evils of the "spoils system" is a difficult question and one we cannot discuss here, though we recommend Mr. Robertson's suggestions to the serious consideration of our readers. Mr. Robertson ends his article by dealing with the question of the hour,—the need for a higher standard of efficiency in the British officer. He suggests, and we think wisely, that a little more pay and the discouragement of expenses would give a wider choice and obtain a more business-like officer. But, looking at the question broadly, we do not believe that the officer is at fault half so much as the system. The naval officer is more efficient simply because he is better taught and because he is trained to be a professional. Exact a higher standard of efficiency and get rid remorselessly of those who do not come up to it, not only in war, but in peace time, and you will soon get as much efficiency in the Army as in the Navy. At present there is no effective machinery in the Army for getting rid of incompetent people. As Mr. Robertson says, great uneasiness has been caused by "the apparent absence of any means of bringing responsibility home to officers in the Army for such surrenders, blunders and disasters as have marked the course of the South African War. Again the practice of the Navy occurs to all. During the recent naval manœuvres the *Conqueror* grounded, and as I write I have before me the results of the court-martial which followed immediately. One officer has been

dismissed his ship, another reprimanded, and a third acquitted. These gallant and unfortunate men were put on their trial in virtue of the stern but salutary provisions of the Naval Discipline Act. By that Act (sec. 29) every person 'who shall designedly or negligently or by any default lose, strand or hazard, or suffer to be lost, stranded or hazarded any ship of her Majesty shall be punished, by dismissal from the service or otherwise. When a ship has been wrecked, lost, destroyed or taken by the enemy, she is deemed to remain in commission until 'a court-martial shall have been held pursuant to the custom of the Navy, to inquire into the cause of the wreck, loss, destruction, or capture.' And where no specific charge is made against any officer or seaman in respect thereof all the officers and crew may be tried together, and may be required to give evidence, save that nobody shall be bound to criminate himself. A distinguished military officer in the House of Commons averred the other day," adds Mr. Robertson, "that he saw no difference between the disaster of Nicholson's *Nek* and the loss of a battleship, and that the one as well as the other should be the subject of inquiry by court-martial." We admit that it is difficult to apply the principle of the Court-Martial to the Army in peace time, but we do not believe it is impossible to devise means by which the incompetent should be weeded out of the Army. Why should not manœuvres and field-days be deliberately and consciously used for getting rid of the stupid and the ineffective? If it were known that men at such peace exercises were on their trial we may depend upon it that there would be far greater vigilance than there is at present. It is unjust, it seems to us, to rail at British officers *en masse*, and to call them stupid and unbusinesslike. Even if the majority are so, which, however, we cannot admit, it is the nation and the military authorities that have made them so by refusing to train them properly, and by encouraging the survival of the unfit. When once men notice that the unfit get on practically quite as well as the fit the ranks of the unfit are automatically increased. If, on the other hand, the unfit visibly get the worst of it or disappear altogether, it is wonderful what a number of men, inspired by the instinct of self-preservation, pass into the ranks of the fit. Once establish that only the fit survive, and men keep themselves fit in order to survive.

INSURANCE OFFICES AND COMMISSIONS.

ONCE upon a time a young man insured his life, and, with the feeling natural to his age that what interested him must be interesting to others, he mentioned the fact to a stockbroker of his acquaintance. "Why," said his friend, "did not you tell me what you were going to do?" The youth, fearing that he had made a bad choice among the many candidates for his favour, said tremblingly "Isn't it a good office?" "Oh, the office is all right," said the stockbroker, "but if you had done it through me I should have pocketed a little annuity in the shape of commission as long as you lived, without doing a stroke of work for it." This little anecdote may serve to introduce the subject with which Sir Edward Fry deals in the *Times* of Tuesday. Among the many sinners or the many victims—we hardly know which is the right word—in the matter of secret commissions, the insurance offices are one of the chief. What has suggested his letter is a circular issued by the "Fire Offices Committee," the object of which is to show cause why offices which give insurance against fire should not be included in the Bill which it is hoped the Government will accept as a legacy from Lord Russell of Killowen. The plea of the Committee is that these offices "have, as a rule, no means of ascertaining whether in any particular case the person introducing the business and acting for the insured has the latter's authority to receive and retain the commission." The offices, being ignorant, are necessarily innocent, and being innocent are, it is suggested, not fit subjects for legislation. Though the particular Committee deals only with fire offices, it is obvious that life offices stand in exactly the same position. If one class should be excluded from a Secret Commissions Bill, the other class ought equally to be excluded. This is the pretension which Sir Edward Fry sets himself to examine.

He excludes from the inquiry those agents who are exclusively insurance agents, "whose whole time is devoted to their work as such agents, and those who do not ordinarily stand in any confidential relation to the persons who insure through them." The payment of commission to this class of agents "would not be affected by Lord Russell's Bill, if it were law," and obviously ought not to be affected by it. The vice of commissions lies in their secrecy, and in their going to the wrong people. Considered simply as a method of payment they are no more objectionable than any other. Whether the servant of an insurance company gets a percentage on the work done or a fixed salary is a matter of no importance to the public. All that they want to know is the fact that the man through whom they effect an insurance is the paid servant of the company, and that any statements he may make in the company's favour are simply the statements of his employers. Indeed, this class of agents is unduly limited by Sir Edward Fry's definition. There is no need that they should be exclusively insurance agents, or that their whole time should be devoted to the work. If a solicitor or a land agent gives notice that he is agent for such and such an insurance office, everybody knows that he does not do the work for nothing. The intending insurer goes to him, not to get advice as to what office he shall choose,—that is decided for him in advance by the fact that the man to whom he applies is the agent for a particular office. His object is simply to save himself some preliminary trouble. The fact that the solicitor or the land agent in question does a variety of other work is of no consequence. In this especial piece of work he is the paid servant of the office on whose behalf he effects insurances.

The other class of agents have no avowed connection with any particular insurance office. Their utility, from the point of view of the company, would be at end if they were known to have such a connection. They are primarily the confidential agents of the persons who effect insurances, and they "are paid commissions by the insurance offices, because they know the influence of these agents over their principals." Commissions paid to this class of agents are of necessity secret. The receiver of the commission may conceivably have told his clients that he is paid by the office in which he has advised them to insure, and he may even have gone the length of making over to them the amount received. But this is improbable in any given case, and wildly improbable as regards the majority of such cases. This large class of agents would come under Lord Russell's Bill if it keeps its present form, and Sir Edward Fry argues that it is quite right that they should be included in it. They undertake to do work for two distinct principals, the person whom they advise as to the choice of an office, and the office which pays them for the advice thus given, and the two functions are, as a rule, incompatible. No doubt a solicitor, or a banker, or an estate agent may advise his client without any thought of the commission he will receive for so doing. The fact that from one office he will get £20 per cent. and from another only £10 may go for nothing with him. He will simply consider which is the more solvent office. He may, we say, do all this, but then, again, he may not, and, mankind being what it too often is, the chances are that he will not. In that case, no matter how customary his act may be, he is abusing a fiduciary relation. His client does not consult him in the choice of an office merely to put the largest commission into his pocket. He wants his agent's unbiassed opinion on the comparative merits of half a dozen offices, and what he wants the client supposes himself to get. Of course, if the solicitor, or the estate agent, or the stockbroker were to say: 'I strongly advise you to insure in such and such an office, and my reason for doing so is that I shall get a larger commission from it than from any of the others you have named,' no harm would be done. Unfortunately, however, what passes between the two is something quite different.

But for Sir Edward Fry's letter we should have thought that this system was absolutely without excuse. But when Sir Edward thinks it worth while to recapitulate and examine the arguments alleged in its defence, we realise how much people can find to say on behalf of an

abuse, if only it be old and profitable. Here we find it maintained that the practice is known to every one; that, as all offices pay alike, the acceptance of the commission does not bias the judgment of the solicitor; that at all events, whether the custom be bad or good, it is not the business of the insurance offices to set it right. As a matter of fact, this alleged universal knowledge of the custom does not exist. "It is not known," says Sir Edward Fry, "to most single or widow ladies, to the private gentleman, or to the clergyman, who naturally put their business into the hands of solicitors. It was not known to the late Lord Chief Justice"—we think Sir Edward must mean not known officially—"until he looked into the matter of these commissions. I was in like ignorance." Indeed, if it were known to every one, the motive which leads people to consult their solicitor or their banker on the point would be no longer operative. They want to know which office best combines security and low premiums, not which office bids highest for the solicitor's or the banker's recommendation. There would be more force in the plea that all offices pay alike if only it were well founded. But it is not well founded. Very possibly the established offices if they pay commission—there are some which do not—pay a uniform rate. But all offices are not established. Some of them have their way to make in the world. They are in urgent need of insurers, and the competition is so active that insurers are hard to come by. The expedient that will probably first suggest itself to an office in this position is to offer a larger, perhaps a much larger, commission than is ordinarily offered; and the less well-established the office is, the stronger will be the temptation to adopt this policy. The argument that all this does not concern the insurance offices—that they move free from stain or suspicion among a crowd of more or less dishonest agents—is curiously barefaced. After all, if no commissions were paid a solicitor would be perfectly free to consult his client's interest, and nothing else, in the choice of an office. That he is not thus free is no doubt his own fault. He might resist the bribe if he chose. But there would be no question of resistance if the insurance offices did not offer the commission in the first instance; and when they not only do offer it in fact, but go on—in some cases at all events—to ask that they may be exempted from legislation aimed at suppressing a very rank abuse, they justify Sir Edward Fry's censure. We trust that its publication will at least induce the respectable insurance offices to dissociate themselves from so illogical a prayer.

Meantime intending insurers have a very simple, and to a large extent effectual, remedy in their own hands. Let them seek no intermediary, but when they propose to insure let them demand the usual commission for introducing their own lives. They will not find the company make any great difficulty, for it would as soon pay the commission to A as to B. That, from the insurer's point of view, is a most-excellent way of putting an end to secret commissions on life and fire insurance.

SIR JOHN BENNET LAWES.

IT has been settled in laws which human will cannot alter that men cannot live in great numbers without extracting from the ground more food than it spontaneously yields. The first preoccupation of mankind, therefore, always has been and always will be to grow food for themselves, and a large majority of men are engaged, each on his own plot, in producing corn. As these men must always go on producing or starve, and if they have a surplus must either sell it or burn it—we have known the latter alternative to be adopted in the Punjab on a large scale—it follows that unless intercommunication fails either through war or tariffs, corn in all but bad years must always be, the labour and time considered, one of the cheapest of human products. That, and nothing else, is the ultimate reason why agriculture is the least paying of the trades, and why the ambitious, the esurient, and the intellectual—*e.g.*, the whole Jewish people so far as it has free will—almost invariably abandon it. It also follows that in any country in which for any reason rent has to be paid, or the standard of life is high, the agriculturist, if he is to live, *must* make the yield of the soil greater than under unscientific, or let us say unintelligent, culture it would naturally be. That is difficult work, so difficult

that in some places—*e.g.*, parts of Massachusetts and Essex—an energetic race has occasionally given up the attempt in despair, and that over entire countries—*e.g.*, England and Prussia—the cereals are grown in many years at what would prove, if the agriculturist expected as much reward as other men, a large direct loss. To increase corn produce per acre is, therefore, in such countries not only useful but peremptory work, the old rate of produce meaning either ruin or social disintegration; and the man who, unmoved by the hope of personal reward, sets himself to do it deserves honour, not only from agriculturists, but from all his fellow-men. There are such men, and among them the late Sir John Lawes, of Rothamsted, Herts., was one of the earliest, and remained through a long life one of the most successful. Possessed of a fair fortune, and so good a scientific chemist that he might have made this fortune very great, he devoted himself for fifty years to patient observation and experiment in agriculture. He wanted to ascertain past question how far, and in what way, man could improve the yield of the soil in grass and in cereals; and at that inquiry he worked as steadily as other men work to make fortunes, patiently making experiments the failure of which never daunted him, while success only induced him to diffuse his knowledge. All the competent farmers in the world read his records; and their results, which can only be related in detail by specialists, were such that the American saying which the *Times* records is true also of Great Britain and in part of Germany: "Americans have learnt more from this field"—the experiment field at Rothamsted—"than from any other agricultural experiment in the world." Suppose that through that learning Americans have added one bushel per acre to their crops, and think of the direct gain which the world has obtained from Sir John Lawes's labours, which, nevertheless, have remained unknown to the majority of cultivated men, and will never obtain anything like the credit that accrues to the man who invents a new tyre, or discovers a cheaper process for hardening iron into steel. The great world while it is fed cares nothing about the agriculture upon which mankind depends for existence, and the cultivated who distribute fame are almost all dwellers in cities for whom the interest of the countryside lies in its accidental beauty, and not in its productiveness.

It seems to us that Sir John Lawes's work was very noble work, and we would appeal to the thousands of men everywhere who, having no necessity to earn a living, are seeking for occupation which may give interest to their lives, whether they could find a more absorbing or beneficial outlet for their energies. Sir John has, it is true, devoted part of his fortune to the continuance of his researches at Rothamsted, but the mere fact that he made most of his experiments in one place indicates their limitation, and there is room in England and America for a hundred men like him. No doubt practical farmers will say, and say truly, that the practice of ages has already given them almost exhaustive knowledge, and that the popular belief that they are an ignorant lot is an absurd fallacy born of the arrogance of city men, who cannot believe that there can be ability without quickness; but still there is, and can be, no limit to the possible results of experiment. Experience teaches much to the agriculturist, more perhaps than to any man, for no other trade except pottery-making has been carried on so continuously and so long, but it cannot by any possibility teach him the value of grasses he never saw, or the possible yield of cereals he never heard of. There is a wide field for experiment in the acclimatisation of grasses alone, no English grass, for example, growing to the height which some China grasses attain, and though no new cereal has ever succeeded, there is no evidence that it never will. If no better wheat can be imported—and all varieties have not been tried—wheat with a longer straw may be, and the straw is almost as valuable as the grain. We know little, compared with Orientals, of the effects and limitations of careful irrigation, and have much to learn from the Japanese, and possibly from Peruvian Indians, as to cheap methods of making poor soil yield well. Then there is the whole range of chemical experiment, from which, perhaps, too much was at one time expected, but which may yet yield rich results; while though it is doubtful whether chemistry can ever directly add fertility to the soil, it is quite certain that it can

develop it, which for the agriculturist is the same. We hold it nearly certain that if twenty observers as keen as those who are now investigating the properties of ether would apply their skill in different places to agriculture, they would discover some method of increasing production, say, by 10 per cent., and in so doing do more to lessen the sum of misery than if they had discovered a yet more amazing variety of the "Röntgen ray." They would not have fortune as a reward, it is true—unless they can discover still hidden a new manure like guano, which is hardly conceivable—but they would earn the blessings of mankind, and acquire a fame which hitherto the improvers of agriculture have sadly lacked. We know from the early Hebrews who first smelted metals, but even the Babylonian records do not tell us of the more useful genius who first invented the plough. Indeed, if the students of agriculture seek fortune, it may yet be acquired, for the pursuit still needs machinery far lighter and less costly than that which is now employed, even if we cannot hope, though we do hope, to see machines which individual peasants can employ without combination or hiring. That is said to be impossible, but the sewing-machine, which has so affected the cost of the making of garments, was impossible until it was invented. At all events, much is possible from the application of thought to agriculture, and that is what Sir John Lawes through half a century steadily tried, and in many departments successfully tried, to ensure. We trust he will have his statue yet, for of this we are perfectly sure, that in refusing to grant honour to any one who makes agriculture more successful the world is neglecting the most direct and most permanent of its benefactors, as well as diminishing sadly its reservoir of character. If the ploughman should ever be extinct, the citizen, lacking renewal for his blood, will be but a feeble creature.

THE PLAGUE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THE first and most real reason why the intelligence that the plague has appeared in Glasgow causes such excitement is that the majority of men dread death. They all know that they must die and they all profess to be willing to meet the inevitable with composure, but while they retain their strength they do not like the prospect. The fear is instinctive—probably implanted by superior authority to preserve the race—and though its degree varies indefinitely, not only in races, but in individuals, the number of those who are absolutely exempt from it, or, like General Picton, become abler men because death is imminent, is probably extremely small. Any epidemic increases the chance, or appears to increase the chance, of dying in the next few days, and therefore every epidemic is feared. The fear is slight among Orientals, who think that death is distributed, not by any law, but by a special decree of the Almighty as to each individual; excessive among Southern Europeans, who look for nothing beyond the grave and resent premature death as an undeserved misfortune; moderate among Northerners, whose minds are divided between anxiety and resignation; but in some degree it affects all. An epidemic makes it vivid, and therefore is exciting. It does not always raise the average, and it very seldom so raises that average that death becomes more probable than life—even the terrible Black Death only swept away a third of the population—but still it brings the evil chance for each individual nearer home to him, and in himself he trembles. Moreover, it brings to his mind a danger even worse than death, the possibility that the destructive agency may strike all who are closely bound to him, and leave him face to face with the world with none who love or respect or obey him to stand between himself and the darkness. That possibility crows the bravest, and to the majority is almost maddening. The fear of an epidemic when once it has taken strong hold is, therefore, most natural; but we are still puzzled to explain why one kind of epidemic should be so much more terrible than another. It certainly is. An outburst of cholera would kill more people than one of plague, yet not produce half the horror, while an outbreak of scarlet fever or of virulent influenza, which would slaughter more than either, would produce comparatively none at all. We all heard with calmness that enteric fever was raging in South African camps, where an outburst of the plague would have made men feel as if the Almighty had

specially smitten the British Army, as the Jews once believed that he smote the army of Sennacherib. Why is that? The cause is certainly not the usual one, secret selfishness, for men are much more likely to die of the customary disease than of the rare one, of typhoid, for instance, than of bubonic plague. Nor is it comparative preventibleness, for typhoid is preventible by exactly the precautions which usually keep plague at bay. Nor is it the infectiousness of the disease, for there are highly infectious diseases, scarlet fever, for instance, and smallpox, which are not dreaded much more than non-infectious complaints, much less, for example, than cancer or angina pectoris. Nor do we think it is dread of actual physical pain. The pain caused by the plague is far less than the pain caused by cancer, or, in most instances, by any of those forms of lung or throat disease which bring on death by some kind of slow strangulation. When the disease is at its height the plague-struck patient has a very short time of suffering, and the energy which enables him to suffer dies away, as it does under certain wounds. Pain, in fact, is not the measure of the abhorrence of disease, or soldiers would not face bullets as they do, or die lying out on the cold plains of the agony caused by shattered bones. Nevertheless, the report that plague has appeared causes a sensation of horror, breaks down to a great extent the ordinary British fortitude, and sweeps away, as it were in a moment, the stolid British objection to rigid sanitary laws. The people will bear anything, even the burning of their dwellings, which they are told by the men of science will protect them, and will even betray towards recalcitrants something of that angry intolerance which, as regards most diseases, is felt only by doctors, nurses, and, after the disease has fairly broken out, clergymen of experience and sense. The resistance of the native of Bombay to precautions against fever would excite nothing but a mild contempt, but there are hundreds of Englishmen who are hardly able to bear the news that the Government of India has abandoned the attempt to fight the plague, though aware that the choice lay between that abandonment and a terrible insurrection. It is, we believe, thoroughly ascertained that if the plague had appeared in the Punjab, and if the Government had persisted in isolating infectious cases, the Empire would have been shaken by a movement more general and more fierce than the Mutiny of 1857. Yet so deep is the horror created by the plague that hundreds of Europeans in India, rather than not deal with it in the scientific method, would have run the risk.

We have exceedingly little doubt that the special horror among Europeans of the plague is first of all traditional. Almost every country, and especially England, has some record of a specially ghastly visitation, a memory of which, in part unconscious, in part derived from reading and from legend, invests the disease with an imaginative horror greatly increased instead of diminished by long periods of exemption. People sigh to be killed in customary ways. A native of New Orleans knows ten times as much about the ravages of the *vomito prieto*, the yellow fever—which is at least as dangerous as the plague—as the native of Toronto, but he fears it much less, because he has heard of it or seen it all his life. It never occurs even to the negro population to go half mad with terror and accuse the doctors of poisoning the wells, as Neapolitans, for instance, have been known to do during a visitation of cholera. The English are accustomed to be victims of lung disease, and the tendency of influenza to be followed by an attack of pneumonia, which kills almost with the rapidity of plague, scarcely frightens them at all; so little, indeed, that their fearlessness is an embarrassment to the medical profession. There is not a doctor in large practice who has not stories to tell of influenza patients who lost their lives simply because they would not stay in bed or in the house for two more days. If the plague were resident among us, as it often is in the cities of the East, we should regard it just as we do scarlet fever, obey the disinfecting laws whenever convenient, and for the rest await the will of heaven. We fancy, too, though it is difficult to prove the point on paper, that the higher races specially fear diseases like the plague, which in their imagination belong especially to men of the lower types, and ought not to visit themselves. They even in their own minds claim immunity from them, as you may see in any telegram from Bombay and Hong-kong, and when the imaginary barrier breaks down their

horror is deepened by a feeling of disgust. We feel sure this is true about "Yellow Jack," which is pretty impartial in its malignity, and think it is true also of the plague and the West African sleeping sickness, as it was true once of cholera. The same feeling is observable in the case of the few diseases which man takes from animals, though owing to the awful character of those complaints—*e.g.*, hydrophobia and glanders—the minor causes of horror escape even experienced observation.

We are happy to perceive that while the arrival of the plague causes excitement—partly due to its depressing effect on trade—and even horror, there has been nothing approaching to panic. The citizens of Glasgow go about their business as usual, the Council calmly debates the best sanitary measures, and the newspapers abstain from sensational statistics. That calmness, which has now become such a habit of our people that Continentals quote it as a proof of British stolidity, is of itself a great protection. Whether intense fear of a disease predisposes towards an attack of that disease may be doubtful—though we do not ourselves see why a man should not have a sort of unconscious consciousness of his own special liabilities—but it is certain that it diminishes recuperative power, that it tends to make attacks more virulent and therefore more infectious, and that it causes disregard of medical advice. Above all, it increases domestic misery by making relatives unwilling to do their duty, scattering servants, and increasing the difficulty of supplying nurses. Southerners, who feel this panic with inexplicable keenness, almost lose their natures under its influence, isolate their dearest relatives in a way which involves shocking neglect, and regard strangers suspected of infection much as they would regard invading barbarians. They would kill them if they dared. The English are happily free of this impulse, and it will help to keep them free if they will remember that one contagious epidemic is not much worse than another, that a disease is not more dangerous to the superior races because among the inferior peoples it spreads rapidly, and that in the outburst of an epidemic, as in the hour of battle, to quail internally is no protection. Resignation, the one virtue in which no Englishman believes, is in the midst of an epidemic an excellent substitute for courage.

HENRY SIDGWICK.

WE were only able last week to refer briefly to the great loss sustained by English culture in the death of Professor Henry Sidgwick. This week we propose to say a little more on his striking personality. We think the key to Sidgwick's mind and to his peculiar influence was that he was essentially Greek in spirit. That fine Greek maxim, "Not too much," was a very real intellectual guide to Sidgwick, dominating his temper and his work. Doubtless the Greek intellect was fruitful in the production of what may be called dogmatic philosophic systems, but its primary idea was not the production of systems. Greek intellect was bent mainly on free inquiry; intellectual eagerness combined with the balanced mind, the fine mental poise, was what chiefly characterised the Greek. Now in this remarkable combination of intellectual eagerness with intellectual poise Sidgwick seems to us to have stood nearer to Greek thought than any other English philosophic writer of our time. It was his methods rather than his conclusions of which we chiefly think, and of which apparently he chiefly thought. It was, of course, commonly said of him that he came to no conclusions, but was what Emerson said of himself, "an endless seeker." This was perhaps scarcely fair to Sidgwick, who certainly seems to have arrived at some quite distinct and final views in ethics, religion, and sociology. But undoubtedly his tendency was so markedly that of poise, his wish was so much more evidently to teach a method than to reach a dogma, that the general view taken of him may be considered only an exaggeration of a truth.

His method, we say, was entirely Greek; it was the analytic method of Socrates and Aristotle. Though he had spent much time on Plato, we should say that his mind was scarcely Platonic. He lacked the poetic mysticism of Plato which made of that superbly endowed man a link between the Greek and Christian worlds. But Sidgwick sympathised completely with the general Aristotelian method, and with much in the Aristotelian conclusions on ethics and politics. Had he chosen

to give to the world a complete exposition of Aristotle, we think it would probably have superseded all the Aristotelian criticisms and commentaries which English philosophic learning has produced. As it is, we can see the influence of Aristotle as the most typical mind of Greece powerfully influencing all of Sidgwick's writings. Sidgwick is carefully committed to an exact and impartial statement of every point of view. He cannot bear that even the side which appeals least to him should not be completely and even sympathetically stated. He has not the English love for taking a "side." He empties his mind of all prejudices, he has no interest to serve but the truth. We cannot estimate our debt to a rare mind of this order. It sweeps away the mists of passion and preconceived notions; it realises for us Bacon's "dry light," it enables us to have a glimpse of the exalted and educating nature of Greek culture, it liberates our intellect and gives us the freedom of the world of mind.

In another respect Sidgwick was thoroughly Greek, just as the great German thinkers are, in that he was encyclopædic in his intellectual sweep. Both the Greek and German thinkers have carried their fundamental ideas into all departments of life. They have insisted, after their analytic process, in seeing life as a whole and in treating of all its contents. Aristotle applies his principles in ethics, politics, metaphysics, natural history, and doubtless in many other categories in those works which are unhappily lost. Plato's dialectic is almost coextensive with life. Kant and Hegel search with sweeping gaze through all the forms and categories of thought and being, trying to find universal principles and a unification of knowledge. English philosophic work has been more fragmentary, though in our time Mr. Spencer has essayed the task so congenial to the Greek and German mind. It is true we cannot say that Professor Sidgwick seriously attempted any co-ordination of knowledge. Perhaps he had not arrived at sufficiently clear and positive conclusions for that. At any rate his writings, though absolutely guided by the same principles of method, are detached. But his interests were wide, and he saw at least that the moral and political life furnished problems which must all be treated on the same lines of method, and so he wrote both on ethics, politics, and political economy, all this work being characterised by the same calm, lucid analysis, always just, always in proportion. Clough has given us the inner mental standpoint in those lines of his:—

"Pure form nakedly displayed,
And all things absolutely made."

That was the attitude of Sidgwick; it governed his tastes and methods and made of him an influence in our time more purely Greek than any other.

Though we think such an influence most necessary for a country like England, which is not in the least degree Greek in mind and temper, we cannot of course deny that Sidgwick had, as the French say, the defects of his qualities. He was, perhaps, the foremost power of his time in the University of Cambridge, and deservedly so, since no other Cambridge man was equipped with such a fine and extensive culture. But his influence was purely critical, and Cambridge, devoted as she is to science, mathematics, and exact scholarship, needs more of what a friend and colleague of Sidgwick's, the late Sir J. Seeley, called the "enthusiasm of humanity." This Sidgwick could not impart. He not only founded no school (for that we may, perhaps, be grateful), he gave no stimulus to the study of philosophy, which so little interests Cambridge that, during several years, the numbers in the Moral Sciences Tripos might have been counted on the fingers of one hand. It is said in defence that Cambridge is historically scientific, but she produced the Cambridge Platonists, and no great University ought surely to rest content without displaying energy in the greatest of all studies,—"divine philosophy." No University can be accounted in quite a healthy state in which philosophy is at so low an ebb as at Cambridge. We should not say that Sidgwick was in any way responsible for that, but we should be compelled to say that he did nothing to prevent or remedy that condition of things. He carefully and conscientiously instructed, but he did not inspire.

It is greatly to the credit of Professor Sidgwick (as it is to the credit of William James, of the New England Cambridge) that he entered so courageously into the work of the Psychica

Research Society, and that at a time when the cause of psychical research was looked on askance by some superfine intellectual people. Sidgwick never paused to ask whether his action was likely to be construed as undignified; his essentially Greek mind was interested in everything of importance which could conceivably throw light on the problems of human personality and destiny, and he had the moral courage to pursue his inquiries in fields into which some of his contemporaries would not enter. It is greatly to his credit that he determined to investigate phenomena which, because they were new and because they seemed to aid supernaturalism, were foolishly ignored by some scientific men. It need hardly be said how admirably Sidgwick carried his prudent and balanced temper and mind into these problems as he did into his academic work. It is sufficient praise for him that he kept the Psychical Research Society on the right lines, tempering belief in general aims with caution in methods.

On the whole, in ethical philosophy, we must class Sidgwick with the Utilitarian school, using the term in its widest and highest sense. It is not our own school of thought, but we can recognise its strong case, and we think, with Wundt, that its methods must be combined with the great ends of the Idealist schools. In political economy no one can say exactly what was Sidgwick's standpoint. He tries to look all round, from the classic individualism of Ricardo to the economics of Socialism, and to be fair to all. On the whole he seems to be favourable to a considerable extension of State functions, to hold with Professor Marshall that much can be done to eliminate poverty, and his work is especially useful in distinguishing between the science and the art of political economy. But all through it is rather the method than the results which is of peculiar value. His book on politics seems to us the least valuable of his works. His is a figure we shall not easily forget. We see again that thoughtful face with the deep eyes, the expression austere and yet kindly, the long beard, the somewhat slight form, the light eager walk, the bent head, and we can see the figure at times rooted to the spot, standing in the street quite oblivious of passing traffic, the mind revolving some great problem which was more to him than the customary doings of daily life. His tastes were simple, his conscience was high, his aspirations noble, his life almost ideal. He might almost have been the reincarnation of an ancient Greek philosopher; and what greater praise can we pay to the memory of Henry Sidgwick?

NIGHT-FISHING IN MOUNTAIN TARN.

EVEN by those who have walked the fells for several years, it must be confessed that the finest series of experiences are met with in a ramble under the moonlight. Many fell-walkers in their nights of tramping make for some famous summit and wait there half-frozen to see the sun rise. Let the present brief narrative prove that it is better to be free from such restriction.

My companion was an angler; we had been staying awhile in Great Langdale; and now, having heard that splendid fishing was to be had in the mountain tarns during the hours of darkness, he was all eagerness to try such an expedition. Thus it was that we were steadily climbing the steep path to Stickle Tarn when—

“The farewell light
Blends with the solemn colouring of night.”

The day had been hot and cloudless, but now small, wavy clouds were borne along in the breeze which sprang up as the sun descended into a crimsoned west. When at last we arrived at the edge of the upland mere, my friend, steeling himself against the beauties of the scene, put his rod together, and in the half-light began to select his flies. My mind, as I sat on a lichen-covered rock near by, was fully occupied in taking in the surrounding loveliness; the pale crags of Pavey Ark sheered up their bases laved by the steely blue water of the tarn, their sky-line standing clear against the darkening, star-spangled blue. The shades in this rock-bound recess gradually thickened into darkness, though the surface of the tarn—like a mirror—reflected every moment more strongly the night-glow rising on the northern horizon. A great peace seemed to close around, and soon the silence was only broken by the splash as an occasional trout leapt to the banquet of night-flies, and by the tinkle and gurgling of tiny mountain streams.

A strange restlessness possessed me, and I rambled about the hillside bordering the tarn, crossing many dry, rough water-courses, and passing through wide-spreading beds of moist bracken. Then the sharp summit to my right drew attention. It was Harrison Stickle, the highest of the Langdale Pikes and on the moment I decided to extend my prow to its top. My companion was apparently busy among the trout, and would not move far. Ten minutes' climb brought me to the cairn; what a splendid view there was! In the grey light, on all hands, tumbled grey mountain masses appeared; the valleys were completely hidden by long narrow clouds of night-mist, and even the damp patches on the moors were canopied with shifting white vapour. It was a glorious night to be out of doors. As I anticipated, a cold breeze was circulating around the crest of the hill, so after a brief survey I made down to the tarn-edge as rapidly as was advisable. The fisher was still pursuing his craft, but he was not meeting with much success, for the fish had now sated themselves with the insects which hung like a cloud of dust over the tarn. We were slowly moving along the water's edge, trying new casts, when my friend bethought him of Codale Tarn, about an hour distant across the fell. The ramble was exactly to my taste, so he took his rod to pieces and prepared for the walk. At first our route wound about among the boulders near the tarn-side, and as we suddenly came upon a tiny bay my companion clutched me, pointing to a dark mass not thirty yards distant. A poacher was rigging up his lath, by means of which the best fish are still harvested from our mountain tarns and beck dubs. In a few minutes the instrument was being floated out into the almost imperceptible current. To the uninitiated it may be explained that the lath is a small board of light wood, to the lower edge of which a sufficiently heavy strip of lead has been affixed to make it float edgeways up. To this float are appended four or five hooks, on lengths of fine gut or horsehair. The board is floated out so that in its course from shore to shore it will cross the most “fishy” pools and shallows. To assist in guidance the poacher usually has a fine line attached. The lath, long an illegal instrument, has the advantage of reaching the fish in large areas of water beyond the cast of the shore angler. It was prohibited mainly on the ground that many trout which ultimately escaped were ensnared on the hooks, and so damaged for more legitimate fishing. After getting his lath away, the poacher walked smartly towards the head of the tarn, possibly with the intention of recapturing the board as it ended its voyage.

For some twenty minutes we wound up the damp slope towards Sergeant Man, thus avoiding the cliffs of Pavey Ark. It was not a pleasant walk: the lush grass was dripping with dew, and the track kept among peat bogs and bog-holes, besides crossing deep, narrow beck courses without the slightest warning. Many a time we almost stumbled into these waterworn excavations. From the top of the rise there was an almost bird's-eye view of the tarn: the shoals in the bays and near the outlet showed grey through the clear water, while the deeper places were dark to intensity. My companion pointed out that I was now in a splendid position to understand the theory of tarn-fishing. “Just at the point where the grey fades into the inky-blue depths is the place where the trout most congregate.” A faint “cats-paw” was ruffling the water; the great poet of the open fells, William Wordsworth, must have surveyed some such scene when he wrote:—

“Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale,
Tracking the motions of the fitful gale.”

A line of silvery light now showed on the upper edge of a cloud bank in the east, and in a few minutes the moon appeared. Its pale light gradually gained strength, and the whole scene was hung with a silvery haze as we dropped down the slope to Codale Tarn. This water is famed for its monster trout, and my friend hoped to get a fair-sized specimen. This is one of the quietest and most out-of-the-way corners in the Lake Country. Tall cliffs rise abruptly from its shores, their screes falling in fan-shaped beds into the very water. As yet the gully—it is little wider—was in complete darkness, and it would be long before the moon rose sufficiently high in the heavens to flood it with light. In my walk round I raised a brace of summer snipe from the swamp at the head of the tarn; with wild cries and loud drumming of wings they

rushed up into the air and out of sight. A long whistle from my friend rang out over the silent dale; the fish were not in biting humour, and he was tired of his unproductive labour. As it was yet early, we decided not to return to Langdale, but to continue down the beck side to Easedale Tarn. At 2 a.m. we began our three-mile walk; and an hour later sighted, through a gap in the wall of mountains, the gleaming surface of the tarn. On two or three occasions we had stopped to admire the effect of the moonlight: once on a clump of mountain ashes swaying on a lofty crag; again, on a waving bed of bracken. But the main part of our way lay through darkened gorges. A couple of anglers had apparently reserved the boat, and were having a jolly time of it. As we approached they invited us to a row, while they rested in the roughly-built hut close to the water's edge. Silvery moonlight pervaded everything, the surface of the water "glistened," the sky was deeper blue than before, and thousands of stars gleamed. For an hour we paddled round, visiting the bays where the brooks brought down the tributaries of hidden caves, and the beds of luxuriant water-weed by the outlet. A few small trout were panniered; then one of the boat-hirers suggested that my friend should try trolling,—i.e., towing his line through the water. Almost immediately I saw a sudden straightening of my companion's arm, a tightening of the thin line, and beyond a tiny curl in the water. The rod-point was gradually raised, another circle broke the surface where the trout had maybe approached it, a mighty whirr of the reel, a few passes of the rod right and left, and a fine fish was being hauled in. The sport improved as dawn neared. Already the moon was gleaming over the rough summits of Blakerigg, and a faint glow rising arch-like above the eastward fells. Accordingly we came to shore, and handed over the boat to its hirers, who were almost indignant at our refusal to enjoy the sport which was most justly theirs. My friend roved the shore, and his triumphant whistle again and again came to my ear as I explored gully after gully whence tinkling becks came down into the tarn. There is nothing more beautiful than these corners, where dripping moss and spray-washed rocks, clinging water-weed and rough heather, feathery mountain ash and pendent-branched birches, combine to make attractive scenes. Brighter and brighter glowed the sky; the intakes of Grasmere grew clearer through the blue dawn shadows, and then the glorious sun appeared. By this I had rambled back to the hut, and at 5 a.m. we four were breakfasting off fish which a short hour previously had swum freely in the tarn rippling outside.

There is no doubt that, after a life of fell-walking, I will still have to confess that the finest series of experiences are to be met with in a ramble under the moonlight on the fells.

WILLIAM T. PALMER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RIFLE CLUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Urwick's letter in the *Spectator* of September 1st is an indication that facilities exist for rifle practice apart from Volunteering proper or civilian rifle clubs, which, if properly developed, might not only be valuable as an additional means of spreading a knowledge of the use of the rifle, but would also be useful as a connecting link between civilian clubs and Volunteer corps. In order to obtain opportunities for rifle practice, I joined a Volunteer company as an honorary member in the early part of this year, and at the time was under the impression that an arrangement which permitted civilians to use a Volunteer rifle range was probably unique; since then I have been surprised to find that provision of this nature exists in connection with many Volunteer corps, and that only a lack of push on the part of commanding officers to make known the privileges offered has prevented these privileges from being more widely sought after and taken up by civilians desirous of rifle practice. Apart from the national benefits accruing from the extended knowledge of rifle-shooting, the Volunteer corps more immediately concerned obtains from the subscriptions of honorary members funds which can be used in divers ways for the benefit of the corps and its ordinary members. The rules governing the admission of honorary members to the Royal

Sussex Regiment given by Mr. Urwick are very complete, but, perhaps, in some respects might follow with advantage on the lines of those of the Patshull Company of the South Staffordshire Regiment. At Patshull Park, through the generosity of Lord Dartmouth, a splendid range is available, with distances up to 1,100 yards. A rifle club has been formed in connection with the Patshull Company, membership of which is open to members and honorary members of the company on payment of an annual subscription of 2s. 6d. The honorary members' subscription to the company is not a fixed one, but is generally one guinea; it may, however, be less or more according to the means of the intending member. Ammunition can be obtained at 5d. for ten rounds, the sum of 1s. 3d. mentioned by Mr. Urwick being to my mind very excessive. Moreover, in the case of the Patshull Club there is no obligation on the part of honorary members to leave their private rifles on the range. While on the subject of rifle clubs, may I draw attention to the interesting exhibits in the Palais de Congrès at the Paris Exhibition of several of the French rifle clubs? The exhibits consist of charts and cartoons, of statistics, photographs of ranges and members, medals, arms, trophies, ammunition, banners, &c., and give one a good idea of the standing of the clubs and the work done by them. I take from my note-book three instances. The Société de Gymnastique et de Tir Alsacienne-Lorraine de Paris has supplied weapons and ammunition free or at a reduced price to an average of 280 persons annually during the past seventeen years, has held in the same period 20 contests yearly at 200 metres range, and last year supplied over 100,000 rounds of Service ammunition for use on the club ranges. The Société de Tir de Lyon has 866 members, and fired on the club ranges 20,892 cartridges during the past twelve months. The Société de Tir de Nancy has 12 ranges of 100 and 200 metres and 3 revolver ranges, and in 1899, with 637 society members and 117 firing-school members, used 66,445 rounds of ammunition.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. W. BRADLEY, C.E.,
Hon. Member, Patshull Company,
South Staffs. Regiment.

Sunnyholm, Burnley.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—There is a way in which members of a rifle club, who from various causes are unable to join Volunteer regiments, and are consequently untrained men, might be useful in case of invasion. If they are affiliated to local Volunteer companies, and registered as a sort of second-class reserve for that force, they might be utilised for the defence of store-houses, railway stations, waterworks, &c., where a knowledge of the rifle, and not necessarily of drill, would be invaluable. By their connection with a Volunteer corps, and being under a responsible officer, it could not be said that they were nothing more or less than "Franc-Tireurs," and liable to be shot like spies if captured by the enemy.—I am, Sir, &c.,

SHARPSHOOTER.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER ON RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It is refreshing to find a student of Mr. Herbert Spencer's writings who is able to draw attention to a difficulty in them without emulating the boisterous derision of Mr. W. James or the sneering innuendo of Mr. James Ward. Mr. Engström's difficulty does not seem to me as great as it seems to him. Mr. Spencer says that all religions agree in implying that there is a problem to be solved; that there is a mystery ever pressing for interpretation, and then states his conclusion, which Mr. Engström finds inconsistent with this implication, that the problem is insoluble, the mystery unfathomable. But is there any real inconsistency? As it appears to me, the first statement is to be read with the emphasis on the copula, "There is a problem," and the remaining words, "to be solved," are merely amplificatory, and do not necessarily imply that the problem is soluble. The mystery presses for interpretation, but is not necessarily interpretable, and Mr. Spencer's conclusion is that the problem is insoluble and the mystery unfathomable. So crowds of calculators have wearied themselves over the quadrature of the circle. To them it was a problem to be solved, a mystery that pressed for interpretation. The discovery by others that

the problem was insoluble did not alter the fact that that had been the mental attitude of the circle-squarers,—did not, in many cases, alter the mental attitude, for they still sought, and for aught I know may still be seeking, a solution of the insoluble problem.—I am, Sir, &c.,
CHAS. MERCIER,
Flower House, Catford.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I hardly like to suggest it, but is it possible that Mr. Lloyd Engström (*Spectator*, September 1st) is only tripping over a phrase? "Something to be explained," "A problem to be solved," "A mystery calling for interpretation,"—is it not pressing words rather hard to make these imply that an answer must be forthcoming? Explanations and solutions may be called for, but they may not, any more than spirits, come when they are called. The existence of mysteries to be explained and problems to be solved may be quite compatible with the mysteries and problems being inexplicable and insoluble,—especially when Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us, using the very same phrase, that they present themselves for solution to every civilised child; and, finally, summing-up in the last paragraph of the chapter, offers us, as an expression equivalent to all the foregoing, "the omnipresence of something which passes comprehension." Surely with this all appearance of contradiction vanishes; and Mr. Engström may dismiss his apprehension that he has discovered such a fault in the foundations as may bring the great Spencerian structure about our ears. A logical flaw in the main argument surely there is not; nor would there be even if Mr. Engström's supposed discovery were real. The conclusion that "the power which the Universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable" is rested, with Herbert Spencer, on considerations with which the theories of the religions, current or obsolete, civilised or rude, have really nothing to do. For myself, I have never been quite able to dispel the suspicion that the gravest of grave philosophers was for once indulging in a little solemn irony in thus summoning the religions before his judgment-seat, and then allowing them to leave the court without a stain on their character. 'See,' he says to them, 'you have all along been declaring how little you knew of the Object of your aspirations. You were more right even than you supposed you were. You know nothing, absolutely and utterly nothing; and for the very best of reasons: there is nothing to know. But I have comfort for you. Welcome to the common ground of the Unknowable.' Nor is it easy to persuade oneself that it is quite apart from a certain philosophic satisfaction that in the course of his argument he succeeds in bringing every religion, even the most spiritual, into line with the "rudest Fetishism." But perhaps there is just one word to be said, not on the main argument, which I think has withstood all attacks, but on this treatment of the religions. First, one notices that the "Religious Ideas" of the chapter-title has in the chapter itself been translated, without warning, into "Religion" and "Religions." This does not seem quite legitimate in itself. But are not some of us rather taken aback to be told that a theory of the universe is "the vital element in all religions"? Some of us have been in the habit of thinking that, in its essence, religion is a thing of the heart and the desires, not of the intellect or understanding at all; that its most vital element is the fact, the experimental fact, of personal communion with an unseen Power. All else, especially all theories, are quite secondary, are, perhaps, even an excrescence and incumbrance. Herbert Spencer would no doubt deny the phenomena. He may do so; but then, I venture to think, he has not touched the real opposition between religion and science, and his reconciliation falls to the ground. It is the personal relation that is the very life of all supernatural religion; and to science this is inconceivable. Here is a gulf that our greatest thinker has done nothing to bridge; perhaps because it is unbridgable.—I am, Sir, &c.,

South Yardley, Birmingham.

G. HOOKHAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your able article on the above in the *Spectator* of August 25th was most interesting as a clever criticism, but, noting the invariably unbiassed tone of your paper, I ask: Is it fair? You state that Mr. Spencer's "religious consciousness" is weak, as weak, in fact, as his scientific attain-

ments are great. I venture to show that such an interpretation of his views (*vide* "First Principles") appears somewhat stretched. Mr. Spencer states twice on one page "that the central position of religion is impregnable," he admits a "fundamental verity" in all religions, and—slightly away from the point—states that "Atheism, Pantheism, and Theism are unthinkable." Mr. Spencer's "religious consciousness" seems so deep and on such a high plane that he declaims against the irreligion of maintaining the untenable doctrines that obscure the "Great Truth." And further, as to the "impiety of the pious":—"Through the printed and spoken thoughts of religious teachers may almost everywhere be traced a professed familiarity with the ultimate mystery of things,—and which seems anything but congruous with the accompanying expressions of humility." As showing another standpoint of criticism, I venture to suggest that a perusal of the "great Spencer" is more likely to leave a conviction of greater religious consciousness than a lesser. Any one studying your critique and not considering the above facts might infer the latter.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Homewood, East Croydon.

J. WILSON-HAFFENDEN.

TURNING EASTWARDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I respectfully suggest that your statement in a review of books about London in the issue of September 1st that "the High Church clergyman still turns towards Jerusalem when he repeats his Creed," &c., is not as accurate as the *Spectator* usually is? I write as a Moderate Churchman, but have always turned eastward at the Creed. Yet I never thought that in so doing I was facing Jerusalem, nor have I ever met any one who did. The thought in one's mind is that of the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, whose light is the light of our life. Surely also there is no parallel between modern London and Jerusalem before the Crucifixion. The latter city was the visible centre of the Theocracy; London is the great capital of a great Empire, but has no special significance such as Zion had. Jerusalem was the type of the dwelling of Almighty God among His people. The Church of Christ is the present fulfilment; the Heavenly City its final accomplishment. These things are in our minds as we pray for ourselves and others that we "may see Jerusalem in prosperity all our lives long."—I am, Sir, &c.,

VICARIUS VIGORNIENSIS.

SWALLOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the *Spectator* of August 25th I observe an interesting letter on the above subject. Of the barn swallow your correspondent writes: "They nest twice a year, never using the same nest." Now this statement must be qualified, I think, as the following incident will show. Last year a pair of swallows commenced to build on the projecting ledge of a pillar supporting the porch of my house. They had reared a brood in the same place the year previous, and their presence was found to be rather objectionable on the score of cleanliness. My wife accordingly instructed the gardener to remove the half-built nest, and, to deter the birds from renewing the work of building, a small earthenware jar was placed on the ledge. After the lapse of a few days the birds were observed to be flying into the porch, and an examination showed that the nest was being built on the top of the jar. We did not interfere with this second attempt, and the result was a brood of four young birds, which in due time were fledged. The nest had not been vacated much more than a week, when the old birds were back at it, and again a family of four was reared. While on the subject of birds it may be interesting to some of your readers to hear of the proceedings of a pair of thrushes which came under my observation three years ago. About twelve feet from one of the windows of my dining room grows a large *Auricularia*, and on one of the branches, close to the stem, and on a level with the sill of the window, a nest was commenced. The position was most favourable for observation, and day by day we watched the pair of busy thrushes at their work. In the natural course of events the young appeared and grew apace. One day we noticed that only three young birds were in the nest instead of four, and we found that one had been pushed over the side of the nest and lost. Soon the

family left the old home, and after the usual help to start them in life, the parents found leisure to inspect the empty nest. They evidently thought that with a little necessary repairs it might be utilised for the rearing of another brood. They seemed to remember, however, the sad loss of one of their former family, and concluded that the nest was too shallow for safety. They accordingly set about the work of raising the sides, and when the repairs were completed, the nest had the curious appearance of a ring of bright-coloured material, about three-quarters of an inch deep, all round. In this enlarged nest they successfully reared a brood of four.—
I am, Sir, &c.,
RICHARD G. ROSS.

Ravensleigh.

UNOCCUPIED COAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Our attention has been called to a letter under the above heading, and signed with the initials "A. de N.," which appeared in the *Spectator* of August 25th, in which these words occur: "Even Bartholomew's latest contour map for cyclists shows blue water where in fact there is nothing but green grass," &c. May we be allowed to state that for years past all our maps of the district in question show Pagham Harbour as reclaimed? and it is quite evident that the map your correspondent has been looking at must be a very old one indeed.—We are, Sir, &c.,

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW AND CO.

THE LATE SIR JOHN BENNET LAWES: AN APPRECIATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Absolutely unique in his service to the agricultural world was the strong, and strenuous, and yet withal modest, personality who has just passed away from us. There is literally no one to replace our loss, because his position was of his own creation, and it is not fitted to any other. There have been greater chemists no doubt, and men with a somewhat fuller knowledge of the practice of the field, but never a man so thorough in his combination of science and practice, without which the best progress in agriculture writ large is impossible. Never a mind of better balance, or a stronger common-sense than his by which to weigh the all-round value of his own discoveries, or those of others. Few services so great have been done by an individual to his country as was the establishment at his own expense (£100,000) of an experimental station with completest possible equipment, equipment not confined merely to demonstration and bare record, but comprising a large museum in which are stored as much of actual growths upon the plots as is ever likely to be useful in elucidating problems of future as well as present interest,—in preserving, for instance, samples of the barley (with other corn) grown on plots of different treatment, for many years, so that recently they have been analysed, and otherwise used to furnish evidence in determining the best conditions procurable for securing that great desideratum in ordinary farming, quality of grain. In fact, here at Rothamsted was planned the immense variety of simple and elaborate investigations into the laws which underlie phenomena of the field and homestead,—an ever-lengthening list. As these, old and new, were answered others growing out of them were followed up and dealt with, whilst all the time collateral facts and data bearing in any way on the main results were all precisely tabulated. And one man, through at least two generations of his fellows, planned, or helped to plan, the methods of attack, as well as the actual operations, and grasped the main significance to science and to practice of the whole campaign. So that great as was the forethought and the munificence of Sir John's gift, and its endowment to a nation which has not thought it necessary to spend nearly so much as others in this sort of work, the service of the almost always present and controlling eye, and mind, has been much greater. The humblest tenant-farmer, as well as the famous foreign scientist, were welcomed equally—aye, and more than welcomed—at the fine old manor-house. Visitors arriving, before a previous batch just home from a long trudge round with Sir John as the most luminous of guides had finished lunch, would be met by the host with the utmost geniality, and his prompt and apologetic retreat from the table for yet another round, to be in no way

hurried or curtailed. Questions by the purely scientific inquirer, as well as puzzled efforts by the man of much practice and little science but able to anticipate very shrewdly by the eye the decision of the bushel as to yield of the crops, were all answered with the self-same patient thoroughness, as well as with the same ability. No one better than Sir John knew the limitations of abstract science in the matter of the farmer's direct material benefit. Herein, indeed, or hereabouts lay perhaps his greatest strength. He knew how likely was science, divorced from the practical, to bear seed of its own kind only. In the proper conduct of agricultural experiments, as well as in their adequate appreciation as guides to practice, a good deal of practical as well as scientific knowledge is essential. There are, of course, field experiments designed entirely to scientific ends, as well as others to answer questions mainly practical or economic. But even with the former some practical knowledge is almost always necessary, as certain memorable examples of neglecting this principle clearly showed. Sir John Lawes was always more ready, and better able, than any other man to point the practical lessons of scientific discoveries, whether they were of the greatest national concern or of much more limited interest, as many of his writings, to say nothing of his oral lessons, stand to show. Some adequate record of a life so unique and useful will no doubt in time be published. Meanwhile a sketch so slight as this, by one who had the privilege of knowing him a little, may be of passing interest. The writer is merely one amongst those who have received from Sir J. Lawes an amount of kindness and assistance in certain matters of public, but very limited public, interest, so out of all proportion to the importance of the work as to be almost astounding from a man so very fully occupied as was he. His physical as well as his mental energy was quite extraordinary. He followed his favourite sport of deer-stalking in the Highlands till well over seventy years of age. He could very seldom be induced to ride where and when walking was at all reasonably possible, and in habits he was most abstemious. He was equally kind of heart and genial in manner to men of all classes, and at all times inspired great respect. It is good to think he had the happiness to live and to see so much of the fruit of his very long life and work, as well as its very typical international memorial, a solid slab of rugged Aberdeenshire granite, erected some years ago on an occasion few then present will forget, near the gates of the family home.—I am, Sir, &c.,
F. J. COOKE.

THE ORNITHOLOGY OF TENNYSON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the article upon Tennyson's ornithology which appeared in the *Spectator* of August 18th there occurs the following sentence:—"To-day Wolfe would scarcely have ventured to introduce his

'Struggling moonbeam's misty light'

in face of the fact that Mr. Nasmyth, with incisive scientific accuracy, informs us on the authority of that unimpeachable witness, the Nautical Almanac, that upon January 16th, 1809, the moon was scarcely a day old and practically invisible"; upon which it occurs to me to offer the perhaps hypercritical suggestion that the condition of the moon on January 16th, 1809, is not in question in the line quoted, which really has reference to the state of that luminary on the night of December 8th, 1760. The elegy commonly known as "The Burial of Sir John Moore" is not an original composition of the Rev. Mr. Wolfe's, but a very happy and spirited translation from the French of, I think, an unknown writer of lines descriptive of the hasty burial of Colonel de Beaumanoir, killed in the defence of Pondicherry when it was taken by the British under Sir Eyre Coote. In the original the lines that contain the reference to the moon are:—

"De minuit c'était l'heure et solitaire et sombre,
La lune offrait à peine un débile rayon,
La lanterne luisait péniblement dans l'ombre,
Quand de la baïonnette on creusa le gazon."

The whole poem is interesting, and the reproduction by Mr. Wolfe even more so in its accurate following of the original.—I am, Sir, &c.,
F. H.

COUNT VON WALDERSEE'S APPOINTMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Count von Waldersee's appointment to the supreme command in China, practically *after* the relief of the Pekin Legations, must, of course, have been with a view to further military and political action. England ought to have foreseen that such further action must be futile. But, though it may be humiliating to have it stopped by Russia, England ought to welcome the opportunity of Russia's proposal in order to get out of an unnatural partnership with Germany in an impracticable adventure for the problematical benefit of Germany only. What more *can* be done after the relief of the Legations except retire? We cannot punish the Chinese Government, because it is beyond our reach, and we cannot pursue it all over China. We cannot make it punish the worst offender,—itself. We cannot conquer China, and we cannot partition her! The German Emperor calls for revenge, but on whom? It can only be on ignorant people too poor to run away, whose offence is that they have been too easily misled by their rulers! Extension of world-power may also be Germany's object, but England has no interest in that. The retirement of the forces of the Powers from Pekin may facilitate Russia's settlement of Manchuria, but that is practically accomplished already, and we cannot prevent its fulfilment. It is said that now that we are in Pekin we have a great opportunity, but nobody can tell us what to do with it. It is acknowledged that territory is useless to us. On the other hand, we cannot welcome Russia's proposal to treat with the Empress's Government. We have done all we can to make the iniquitous Chinese Government "lose face." It ought now to be discredited and humiliated in the eyes of its own people, and it seems that defeat and weakness *do* become known even in China, for the result of the Japanese War is said to have been one of the causes of the present upheaval. Nothing should be done to support the Empress's Government; its guarantees, promises, and territory are all equally valueless. Its Customs duties are said to be fully mortgaged, and its other revenues cannot be intercepted by us. The present Chinese Government may be the best for Russia's and Germany's purposes, but it is never likely to encourage trade and progress. England's policy is, in concert with Japan and America, to await patiently for the development of China by the Chinese. It will be said that we may have to wait for ever for that! But why should that be true? The Japanese, who were quite as conservative as the Chinese, have developed rapidly, and experience in our own Colonies and elsewhere proves that the Chinese are honest, businesslike, quick to appreciate and recognise good government, and willing enough to trade and work with the rest of the world. We should avoid anything which may rivet the fetters of the worst Government in the world on such a people. If, and when, the Chinese evolve a really national Government, it will certainly be imbued with the national spirit, which is pre-eminently commercial and industrial. If the Customs duties cannot recoup us the expenses of the rescue from Pekin and a moderate indemnity to the sufferers, we must bear the loss, not increase it by further military adventure. Our interests at the ports should be maintained until the time when China, like Japan, has developed into a civilised Power. Missionaries in China would have to rely wholly on spiritual power, not on our military and diplomatic force. The ports and French, Russian, and English colonies of Chinese population should sufficiently employ their energies without risking themselves in China proper.—I am, Sir, &c.,

L. C. J.

SLEEP IN A SOCIALIST COMMUNITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the charming article entitled "Butterfly Sleep" in the *Spectator* of September 1st the writer says that by sunset bees "are all asleep in their communal dormitory." This is not altogether correct. The bees are certainly in the hive, but they are not all asleep by any means. In fact it has been doubted whether during summer these unfortunate devotees to a Socialist ideal get any sleep at all. Modern hives, unlike the old skep, are easily examined at any time, and it has been found that comb-building goes on rapidly all through the night. Any one can see in warm weather bees, near the door

of the hive, fanning with their wings; this also is kept up all night if the temperature demands it.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. W. GOLDSWORTHY.

*The Manse, Sedlescombe Road,
St. Leonards-on-Sea.*

THE POSITION OF JAPAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—On the 31st ult. a letter, dated "Tokio, July 25th," appeared in the *Times* from a correspondent signing himself "F. B." The writer complained at some length that the attitude taken by Mr. A. B. Freeman Mitford and the *Spectator* with regard to Japan was both unfriendly and unjust. Mr. Mitford, who has keener foresight than the majority of critics on Eastern affairs, has already answered the accusation in the issue of the *Times* for September 4th. He says:—"My admiration for the progress made by the Japanese is as warm as that of 'F. B.' If they had stood still, there would have been no cause to fear the part which they may ultimately play in Asia." Every one will agree with Mr. Mitford in his admiration for Japanese progress, but few, it is to be feared, can yet see the truism contained in the latter part of this extract. No European State, least of all England, can afford to view with equanimity the expansion of Japan into a great naval and military Power. It is said that Japan is our ally, that Japan is friendly to England. Granted that it be so, what guarantee have we that in a hundred years she may not be our deadliest enemy? The ally of to-day is the foe of to-morrow; history has repeatedly proved the truth of this statement. The identity of interests will not always compel Japan and England to act together. Similarity of position is no security for eternal friendship; it will tend to make Japan our rival rather than our ally. She is already a factor to be reckoned with in the commerce of the East. Rivalry in the mercantile marine is only too often the prelude to hostilities between battleships. The long struggle between England and Holland was essentially a commercial war. But a graver menace than commercial rivalry lurks in the difference of race. A nation can no more change its race than a leopard can its spots. The Norman Conquest has left England an Anglo-Saxon nation. Japan may strive to imitate and emulate the great white races, but she will always remain a yellow nation. It is idle to contend that the civilisation of Japan will be the safeguard of Europe; if civilisation could alter national character, duelling would have disappeared in Germany. Let us remember, however friendly we may be with Japan at present, that blood is thicker than water, and that as the branches of the Anglo-Saxon race are being more closely knit together—as much by force of circumstances as inclination—into one mighty confederacy, so, in some future time, there must be an irresistible tendency on the part of the yellow races to weld themselves into one vast Empire. The most potent reason why Japan has not been allowed a free hand in dealing with the Eastern crisis is because the statesmen of Europe realise more fully than the "man in the street" the fearful menace to the peace of the Western world, were the Japanese allowed to establish a protectorate over China, and thereafter to maintain a native army of countless numbers, officered by Japan after the model of our Indian troops or the Egyptian Army. True statecraft looks ahead not only ten, but hundreds of years, to the time when we see "the white man and the yellow man in their death grip, contending for the earth." Prevention is better than cure; it is easier now for Europe to set bounds to the ambition of Japan than it will be in a hundred years' time. It is for Europe and America to combat the impending danger by sinking their mutual rivalry and jealousy when dealing with Eastern affairs.—I am, Sir, &c.,

FRANK RUTTER.

4 Warrington Crescent, W.

A METEOROLOGICAL RABBIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Recently I spent a holiday in Unst, the northmost of the Shetland Islands, and went to see the Muckle Flugga lighthouse, which stands on a rocky islet about a mile from the north point of Unst. The lighthouse keepers told me that for nine years they had a tame rabbit living on the rock

beside them. It had three holes on different parts of the islet, over which it roamed at pleasure. The keepers said that when they saw the rabbit going to one particular hole they had learned that they might prepare for a south-west gale. Have any of your readers noticed that rabbits are susceptible to coming changes of weather and in any way prepare for them, as the Muckle Flugga rabbit appears to have done?—I am, Sir, &c.,

T. B.

NIETZSCHE'S MORALITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It is a pity that so many inaccuracies about important matters should appear even in high-class periodicals. A case in point is the criticism of Nietzsche which appeared in the *Spectator* of September 1st, which though perhaps less culpable than some of its contemporaries, cannot be said to have done its duty properly in this matter. The writer of the article, notwithstanding his presumptuous judgments, is altogether mistaken in supposing that Nietzsche thought Rome was "made up of the non-moral *ueber-menschen*." It is precisely because Rome was so moral in the true sense of the term, because it believed in master-morality, in "good and bad," and possessed the virtues of the ascending life, that Nietzsche admires it in contradistinction to Christianity with its slave-morality, its "good and evil," and its spurious virtues which involve deterioration and Nihilism. The writer of the article is evidently unaware of the sense in which Nietzsche uses the expression "good and evil." He uses it, as indicated above, to designate respectively the so-called virtues and vices of slave-morality, in contradistinction to "good and bad," by which he designates respectively the genuine virtues and vices of aristocratic morality. Nietzsche is "beyond good and evil," beyond Christian morality; but he takes a firm stand on "good and bad," on pagan morality at its best, as in the early days of ancient Rome. He says expressly in his "Genealogy of Morals," at the end of the first part of the book, entitled "Good and Evil, Good and Bad," with reference to "the dangerous watchword" inscribed on his previous work, "Beyond Good and Evil":—"At any rate it does *not* mean beyond good and bad." The facts of the case are actually the very reverse of what the writer of the article supposes. Nietzsche is one of the few exceptional men who *refuse* to go beyond "good and bad," while the great mass of mankind engaged in industrial and commercial pursuits, in fact every one who conforms without protest to the so-called principles of political economy, really advances into questionably moral territory beyond good and bad. Carlyle, Ruskin, and many others have shown conclusively enough that Adam Smith's gospel does not harmonise with moral law, and the American economist, the late General Walker, was honest enough to state at the commencement of his works on political economy that the science has nothing whatever to do with morals,—that is, in fact, it disregards true morality. Nietzsche and a few others take their stand on true morality, "beyond good and evil," in opposition to the world, which, led astray by Adam Smith's gospel, has been advancing ever since into a more and more questionable moral domain. The statues of the Christian virtues, placed higher than the statues representing the pagan virtues on the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens, are supposed to symbolise the attitude of modern men with reference to morals; they esteem the Christian virtues more than the pagan virtues. Nietzsche, however, would cast down the statues representing the Christian virtues, but would elevate the figures of the pagan virtues to the highest position. Consequently morality would still remain, though of a different kind. The Albert Memorial does not, however, represent correctly the true state of things at present. The Christian virtues serve only to conceal more hideous idols than any worshipped in pagan times. It is Adam Smith's gospel, with its craft and deceit, and its lust for gold, which holds sway at present; the hideous idols thereof are hidden behind the beautiful Christian virtues.

—I am, Sir, &c.,

THOMAS COMMON.

112 George Street, Edinburgh.

[We publish our correspondent's letter as he appears to think we have misrepresented Nietzsche, but we cannot admit that he proves his case. On the contrary, his letter supplies proof of the contentions in our article.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

POETRY.

DAWN AMONG THE ALPS.

A THOUSAND and ten thousand years ago
So softly poised the golden-footed day
On yon high-lifted minarets of snow,
That crown the wrinkled glaciers chill and grey.

And on the green knees of those giant scars,
Ages ere man arose to mark the hours,
The dawn descending kissed awake blue stars
Of gentians, and all tender Alpine flowers.

I, now, one moment in the vast of Time,
With eyes divinely hungered gazing there,
By earthly stairways into Heaven climb,
And pass the gates of Eden unaware.

I look, I love, I worship; yet mine eyes
Are held from their desire; I cannot see
What every floweret in its place describes,
Or worship as they worship, conscience-free.

Man stands so large before the eyes of man
He cannot think of Earth but as his own;
All his philosophies can guess no plan
That leaves him not on his imagined throne.

He is so blind he cannot see the glory
Of gods hill-haunting—haters of the street;
He hath no ears but for the human story,
Though lives more lovely blossom at his feet.

Who hath considered what a jewel-girth
Of beauty, every hurrying human day,
Encircles with divinity the Earth?
For man's eyes only—where's the fool will say?

Those shadow-pencilled valleys while I view,
Those snow-domes under hyacinthine skies—
A Presence is beside me, gazing too,
A richer love than mine, and holier eyes.

Or when amid the flowers I kneel, and dream
O'er starry morsels of Heaven's sapphire floor,
A larger happiness than mine doth seem
To dote there too and make my gladness more.

Yes, there are eyes—I know not whose—not man's,
For whom the world is fair; some worthier love
Than poet-worship all Earth's wonders scans:
We gather crumbs—the feast is far above.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

BOOKS.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.*

THE book known as *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville* is a real book of the Middle Ages, credulous, imaginative, and entertaining. It is legend rather than history, and though it is industriously composed like a journey, though the pretended traveller speaks with the accent of a true wanderer, it is little better than a clever compilation. But for two reasons it has an enduring interest: it gives us an insight into the mediæval temper, and the version that we know plays an important part in the development of English prose.

The author writes upon hearsay after the fashion of Herodotus, yet he is readier of belief than the ancient historian. Nevertheless, even he has his moments of scepticism, and now and again he refuses credence to some portent, because his eyes have not beheld what his ears have heard. "And some men say"—thus he writes—"that in the Isle of Lango is yet the daughter of Ypocras, in form and likeness of a great dragon, that is a hundred fathoms of length, as men say, for I have not seen her." Nor, we may surmise, had any other, for all the legend is related with such circumstance. And the hapless daughter of Ypocras was doomed to remain a dragon until a knight had kissed her on the mouth. But no knight had the courage, and many adventurers were hurled

* *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville*. Edited by A. W. Pollard. London: Macmillan and Co. [3s. 6d.]

to their death against the rocks. So he does not always approve the lies of others; he refuses, for instance, to believe in the existence of many monsters which, says he, "be things against kind." In Cyprus especially he is sternly doubting. "And some trow," he writes, "that there is half the cross of our Lord; but it is not so, and they do evil that make men to believe so." Yet his general impulse is to put faith in whatever is extraordinary; and his book is a valuable collection of those popular errors, which Sir Thomas Browne was destined to refute. Nor does he explain his fairy stories in a spirit of hesitation; he gives them the form and substance of scientific, incontrovertible facts. He marvels at the Phoenix of Egypt with the same simplicity which inspires Herodotus, Pliny, and the Fathers. "The priests of the temple," he writes concerning Heliopolis, "have all their writings under the date of the fowl that is clept phoenix; and there is none but one in all the world. And he cometh to burn himself upon the altar of that temple at the end of five hundred years; for so long he liveth. And at the five hundred years' end, the priests array their altar honestly; and put thereupon spices and sulphur vif and other things that will burn lightly; and then the bird phoenix cometh and burneth himself to ashes. And the first day next after, men find in the ashes a worm; and the second day next after, men find a bird quick and perfect; and the third day next after he flieth his way. And so there is no more birds of that kind in all the world, but it alone, and truly that is a great miracle of God." Such is the legend that gained credence until the stern method of Sir Thomas Browne abolished it, and the legend may be matched in every chapter of Mandeville. Miraculous, for example, is the Valley Perilous in which none might enter save good Christian men. Yet Mandeville and his companions, to the number of fourteen, ventured within the dangerous vale, every man shriven and houseled. And only nine emerged alive, and of the five that thus lost their lives two were men of Greece and three of Spain. And the pismires that guard the great hills of gold, so that no man may find the precious metal save by great sleight, they are marvellous also, yet not more marvellous than the sparrow-hawk, which sits "upon a perch right fair and right well made," kept by "a fair lady of faerie." Such, then, is the value of Mandeville's *Travels*,—they explain with all the simplicity of conviction the romantic errors wherewith Pliny and the rest befogged the Middle Ages.

But of all the errors none is more curious than the rare property ascribed to the diamond. "Natheless it befalleth often-time, that the good diamond loseth his virtue by sin," he writes, "and for incontinnence of him that beareth it. And then it is needful to make it to recover his virtue again, or else it is of little value." It is a pretty superstition, a proper touchstone of knightly troth. But now and again the chronicler relapses into history, and writes for a page or two with the pen of accuracy. Of course he gathered his facts from the voyages known to his time, and Mr. Pollard has ingeniously added the works of Johannes de Plano Carпинi and others, that the reader may compare the true with the false. Yet when the knight describes the Bedouins or discourses of Java, you see at once that he is nearer to the actual fact than is his wont. Especially was he aided by others in his description of Tartary and of the Great Cham's Court, which is his masterpiece; but turn to whatever page you will, and you will find rich colour and barbaric magnificence. These qualities, indeed, are as obviously characteristic of him as his dogmatic superstition and the simple philology which persuades him to say that a certain town is called Jaffa, "for one of the sons of Noah hight Japhet founded it."

Who was Sir John Mandeville? And whence came he? None can tell, and only his book is left to speak for him. But it is certain that Sir John Mandeville was not his name, and that the *Travels* were first written in French. From French they were translated into Latin, whence they got into the English which we know. And this is the second ground for the interest which attaches to them. Not only do they give us a glimpse of the credulous Middle Age; they show us English prose in its infancy. As Mr. Pollard says of the compilation, "it stands as the first, or almost the first, attempt to bring secular subjects within the domain of English prose, and that is enough to mark an epoch." But the mere fact of the prose is not so remarkable as its quality.

It is simple, dignified, and wholly English. Words of Latin origin are rarely used, although the translation was made from Latin, and it seems far nearer to the style of to-day than is the prose of the Elizabethans. In fact, our speech of to-day might have derived straight from Mandeville, without the simplification of Addison and the eighteenth century. But the elaboration of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries intervened. The romantic prose of Shakespeare's time and the Latinism of Sir Thomas Browne carried English far from its origins, and it is curious to note in Mandeville the simplicity which is zealously advocated to-day. But the simplicity of Mandeville is distinguished and sincere; our own too often degenerates into commonplace.

Though the present edition is but a popular reprint, Mr. Pollard has been at the pains to revise the text and to restore "whole phrases and sentences" which the carelessness of editors had omitted. He has, in fact, reprinted the Cotton manuscript, "warts and all," correcting only obvious nonsense from the Egerton version or from the French original. That it should be left to an editor at the end of the nineteenth century to produce a sound text may not be very creditable to English scholarship, but it is very creditable to Mr. Pollard, whom we have to thank for a learned, unpretentious piece of work.

To our thanks to Mr. Pollard we may add our thanks to Messrs. Macmillan, not merely for this volume, but for the whole series of which it forms a part. Nothing better has ever been done in the way of cheap reprints. We get in these volumes at a very moderate price books which for print, paper, and general get-up are worthy to stand on the shelves of any library. We wish the series all success. It is a real boon to the scholar of small means who loves a sound book but cannot afford high prices.

THE IDEALS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.*

WERE he living now Coleridge (or was it Leigh Hunt?) would scarcely have put his question, Who reads an American book? While the American people have yet to come to complete self-consciousness and to produce a mighty genius who shall fuse the thoughts and emotions of mankind in some new statement, they are giving to the world some of the most thoughtful and balanced studies in history and philosophy now being produced. Mr. Taylor's work is an admirable example of this class of writings. In many respects it reminds the reader of Dr. Crozier's attempt to grasp the sequence and to appraise the value of the great systems of thought evolved by the mind of the ancient world. We cannot say that Mr. Taylor's style has the distinction of Dr. Crozier's, nor do we think that he has either disclosed, or perhaps even attempted to disclose, the evolution of thought as Dr. Crozier has done, or as Professor Lewis Campbell has done in his able treatment of Plato as the link between the world of Greek ideals and that of Christian thought. But Mr. Taylor's learning is competent, his survey is wide, his mind is remarkably sympathetic, and his judgments are generally sound. There are some thinkers who would dispute his exact estimate of Buddhism, and for ourselves we should have been glad, especially at the present time, of a somewhat fuller exposition of the ethical ideals of China, to which only some ten pages out of nearly nine hundred are devoted; for, while we see no spiritual life in China, we do seem to see a powerful secular ethic which has given rules of life for thousands of years.

On the other hand, some of the chapters in this work (all of which is excellently arranged) are really admirable. Within the same limits of space we should not know where to find a better account of the religious ideal of ancient Israel than here,—so just, sympathetic, and discriminating. How excellent is this characterisation:—"Israel had no light heart for innocent mirth. With her there was the laugh of scorn and scorn of laughter; but laughter was natural only to the scorner and the fool. Israel was the dark Puritan of antiquity; her high energies were set on the business of her God." So, too, the treatment of Virgil as the poet of the ideal Rome as he hoped it might yet become under "the mild Augustus," and as the singer of a richer life with more heart, deeper love, than was known in the stern Rome of remote antiquity, seems

* *Ancient Ideals: a Study of Intellectual and Spiritual Growth, from Early Times to the Establishment of Christianity.* By Henry Osborn Taylor. 2 vols. London: Macmillan and Co. [21s.]

to us admirable. The connection of philosophy with the religious revival in Roman thought, the attempt to press Greek philosophy into the service of the intensely practical, non-philosophic mind of Rome, is well told; and the criticism of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius is quite admirable, the weakness and strength of that fine yet impotent Roman Stoicism being clearly set forth. One point which Mr. Taylor especially attempts to make is the strong influence all along of the Greek mind on Rome; it was, as he suggests, something like the perfect blending of man and woman—the solid strength of Rome with the subtle beauty of Greece—though the Romans quite missed the artistic perfection of the Greek ideal, and used Greek influence rather as affording a philosophic rationale for conduct than in those spheres of thought in which we think Greece supreme.

After a very interesting sketch of the ideas of Homeric Greece, Mr. Taylor gives us briefly the oft-written story of Greek philosophic thought. To him Plato is the embodiment of Greek culture and the Greek ideal, and Aristotle is a little too summarily dismissed. We should be inclined to say that, though a less rare mind than Plato, Aristotle yet embodied in his *Ethics* and *Politics*, and in the *Metaphysics* also, more purely Greek conceptions than did Plato, though the embodiment lacked the perfect beauty of him of whom it was said that if Zeus came to earth he would speak the language of Plato. The *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, the “not too much,” which was the very core of the Greek æsthetic spirit has its strongest expression in Aristotle. Plato was Greek, but he was a little more than Greek; his *Republic* suggests that he did not look for that perfecting of life within the limits of the State beyond which Aristotle did not go. Plato was reaching forward to the Christian ideal, though he was philosophically hampered by his inability to relate God to human life. We cannot, perhaps, judge Aristotle properly since so much of his work is lost, but his system hints at a mind more self-contained, more bounded, and therefore more essentially Greek, than the mind of Plato, with its grand poetry and mystic depths and heights. We think Mr. Taylor, with his just admiration of Plato as the richest and finest mind of antiquity, might have traced with greater amplitude the influence of Plato on a certain side of early Christian thought. The great Greek idea of the immanence of God (quite different from the theory of emanation of Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists) was for many centuries obscured by Augustinianism, and in Protestantism by Calvin; but its revival is one of the clear signs of our day, and we think it destined to impart a new life to the doctrinal statement of Christianity.

The chapters on Christianity itself are excellent, especially when taken along with those on the religion of Israel. Mr. Taylor's position is, we imagine, that of liberal orthodoxy, but his object is not to treat Christianity in any conventional or purely theological way, but to reach its ideal as it lay pure and perfectly enfolded in the heart of Christ. Perhaps we cannot do better, in order to convey his conception of this, than to quote his concluding words which sum up the matter:—

“Love which gives itself, yet gives up nothing, and in the end gains all, as it is the perfect mode of Christian life, so it is the type of all in Christianity. By himself, man can hold himself erect only in modes of renunciation; witness India, witness Greece. But Christianity was attainment absolute and universal; and every Christian act, through belief, obedience, faith and love of God, contained within itself the power of God's command, which is eternal life. Followers of Christ gain all and give up nothing; they give themselves, and perfectly save and fulfil themselves. The universal, the infinite, God, and all his creation, is reached; the Christian's individuality is retained.”

Here is the greatest of all ideals, an ideal the last to be reached in the ancient world, but an ideal for all time, which can never be exhausted. We see at once its difference from that in many ways noble but uninspiring Eastern creed—“a faith as vague as all unsweet”—of the final “merging in the general soul.” We see also the difference from the Greek doctrine of self-sufficiency which leaves God and man in barren isolation. “Stern destiny” as taught in “heathen schools of philosophic lore” is transformed into the living God:—

“Acts which still had won a fleeting grace
From shadowy fountains of the Infinite
Communed with that Idea face to face.”

THE HEXATEUCH.*

No more serious contribution to the criticism of the Pentateuch, and of what most scholars are now agreed in regarding as its supplement, the Book of Joshua, has appeared in this country. We welcome it as the outcome of a friendly co-operation among representatives of different religious Communions. The Anglican, the Congregational, the Unitarian, and the Jewish are represented by contributions. Neither labour nor time has been spared—the Horatian maxim, *nonum prematur in annum*, has been observed, not perhaps altogether voluntarily—and the result is one which those who originated and executed the scheme may fairly regard with satisfaction, and Biblical students should thankfully welcome.

The principal criticism that we have to make on the book is easily stated. We frankly accept the theory that the six books are the result of a redaction which has pieced together various documents belonging to different times and indicating by their phraseology and tone of thought a multiplicity of authors; we concede that the “joins,” so to speak, can be frequently detected, that there are discrepancies, and even contradictions. But we think that the criticism which professes to detect these discrepancies errs sometimes by excess. Surely if we suppose an editor who has undertaken the task of composing into a harmonious whole materials which have come down to him from an earlier time, we must credit him with common intelligence. Is it possible, then, to suppose, to take a very familiar instance, that “two versions of Joseph's enslavement lie side by side in Gen. 37”? According to one version, Joseph's brothers sell him to a caravan of Ishmaelites; according to the other, “Joseph is not sold at all, he is kidnapped” by the Midianite merchants. This is straining the word “kidnapped.” The lad is found in a dry water-hole. By both accounts, if two they are, his brothers have put him there. And according to the common, and we cannot but think reasonable, interpretation, the words “they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites” refer to the brothers, not to the “Midianite merchantmen” who passed by. That the merchantmen are called indifferently Ishmaelites and Midianites is nothing very serious. Ishmael and Midian, the eponymous ancestors of the two tribes, were half-brothers in the Abrahamic genealogy. When Joseph, later on, says that he was “stolen out of the land of the Hebrews,” he describes his brothers' act with a characteristic euphemism. The most mechanical scribe would hardly pass over so palpable a contradiction; to an editor, in any sense of the word, it would be impossible. In the story of the spies' report, again, it proves too much to say that in Numbers xiii. v. 27, they report of the land that it is flowing with milk and honey, and in v. 32 that “it eateth up its inhabitants.” The phrase is obscure, but its meaning is probably governed by what follows: “All the people that we saw in it are men of great stature.” We might paraphrase by saying: ‘A fertile land, but full of violence, inhabited by a gigantic race of savages.’ To suppose an editor putting in one detail indicating barrenness where the whole tone of the story indicates fertility, is to increase not to remove difficulties. On the other hand, we see no escape from the contradiction as to the position of the Tabernacle. One account puts it in the centre of the host with elaborate precautions for guarding it, the other puts it outside the camp. Canon Rawlinson (*An Old Testament Commentary for English Readers*) suggests that the Tabernacle outside the camp (as described in Exodus xxxiii.) was Moses' own tent, temporarily used as a place for private prayer, but the explanation is far from satisfactory. There is another discrepancy, of not much importance, but quite manifest, in the narrative of the plagues in Exodus. Sometimes the Israelites are in Goshen; sometimes they dwell among the Egyptians (the whole meaning of the passover blood is otherwise lost). The fact is that there are inconsistencies which it is impossible to get over. The critic, who is already regarded by many readers with suspicion, should carefully avoid any appearance of straining an objection. He is bound to remember that there is scarcely a classical historian who does not present, when he is carefully studied and compared with other authorities and himself,

* *The Hexateuch according to the Revised Version*. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, &c., by J. Estlin Carpenter and G. Harford-Battersby. 2 vols. London: Longmans and Co. [36s.]

problems quite insoluble. And he has a warning before his eyes in the temerity with which others are questioning the Christian origins. As we write we have a recently published volume before us in which we have the confident assertion that the twelve Apostles are "demonstrably mythical," while we could refer the curious to a volume in which the history, not only of Judaism, but of Christendom, is shown—to the satisfaction at least of the author—to be a creation of monkish ingenuity in the twelfth century. Our criticism, however, it may be well to repeat, touches detail, not principle. That the authors of this work are here substantially right can hardly be questioned by any open-minded student.

The Introduction, which is the work of Mr. Carpenter (chap. 15, from the pen of Professor Cheyne, excepted), begins with a lucid statement of the problems to be solved, illustrated by some instructive analogies. Chap. 2, dealing with "The Claim to Contemporary Authorship," relating as it does to considerations of internal evidence, might have been advantageously postponed to a later place, giving way to 3, "Signs of Post-Mosaic Date," and 4, "Signs of Diversity of Documents," both of which are mainly concerned with the history of Old Testament criticism. From 5 onwards we have a careful analysis of the documents dealt with, starting from the remarkable discovery of what is rightly described as the "clue," made about the middle of the eighteenth century, when Jean Astruc of Montpellier distinguished the Elohim and the Yahweh narratives in the first two books of the Pentateuch. In 10 we have an examination of the theory that Deuteronomy was the book of the Law found in the reign of Josiah, a definite and easily intelligible idea which may be said to have been the first that, in this country at least, reached beyond the narrow circle of professed Biblical students. Our authors accept the theory as a whole; "the proof lies in the fact that the proceedings of Josiah correspond step by step with D's demands." But they accept it with some modifications. The whole chapter is one of special interest. In 13, "The Priestly Code," we have, among other valuable matter, a very significant account of the remarkable episode in Ezekiel where the prophet propounds a form of worship for the regenerated Israel. It is certainly a very cogent piece of evidence for the hypothesis of a late date for the Priestly Code. In 16, "The Union of the Documents," Mr. Carpenter seeks to show the actual process by which the books, as we have them, assumed their present form. Criticism to be really fruitful must be constructive, and though we would suspend our judgment on details, we have nothing but praise for the courage with which this necessary work has been essayed. The remaining part of Vol. I. is given to three valuable appendices,—(1) "Lists of Words and Phrases" in the combined narrative (JE), Deuteronomy and the documents akin to it (D), and the Priestly Code (P); (2) "Laws and Institutions"; and (3) a general synopsis of the six books. Vol. II. contains the text of the Pentateuch, with annotations, ranged under its various origins as indicated by the symbols J, E, and P, and with separate introduction to the Book of Joshua.

We have of necessity made a very hasty survey of this remarkable work, but we should like to call our readers' special attention to the masterly chapters, 11 and 12, in which "The Origins of J" and "The Origins of E" are treated. We may quote as a specimen the following:—

"He explains the gloomy meaning of human toil and suffering. He concerns himself with the development of the arts, cattle-breeding and agriculture, building, music, and metal-working. He gathers up the stories of remote antiquity concerning the origin of the giants of old time; he relates the flood; he ascribes husbandry and the culture of the vine to Noah. He is the first to attempt a classification of other nations; he explains the diversities of language; and he notes the movements of peoples, the rise of mighty cities, and the foundation of great empires. These ancient narratives have received the powerful impress of the religion of Yahweh, and the form in which they are presented by J accommodates them to Hebrew thought. How far they imply a process of collection or investigation on the author's part cannot of course be exactly determined. But it is probable that the mode in which they are grouped and correlated owes much to a systematic purpose, and in this aspect it is not altogether inappropriate to speak of the narratives prefixed to his account of the origins of Israel as the product of something analogous to modern research. But what is chiefly noticeable is the large view of human affairs which is thus indicated. Contrasted with the hostility to Canaanite idolatries manifested in D, the relations of the patriarchs to their neighbours in J are for the most part not unfriendly. And in the single story, Gen. 34, which points to con-

flict the conclusion³⁰ indicates no suspicious result for Israel, while the language of 49¹⁻⁷ is still more unfavourable. Beyond the limits of Israel the writer's judgments naturally vary. An odious origin is assigned to Moab and Ammon; but the magnanimity of Esau is described with full recognition of his generous and chivalric temper. Traditions of intercourse with the east are still reflected in the pictures of the descendants of Nahor; while the connexions of the remoter Arab tribes are twice specified, being mentioned both in the lineage of Joktan and in the descendants of Keturah. J, therefore, does not hesitate to give to Joseph an Egyptian bride, or to provide Moses with a Midianite wife, whom P, however, repeatedly ignores. Moreover, he takes a sympathetic attitude towards the religious institutions of other nations. The knowledge of Yahweh is not limited to the chosen race; homage is paid to him in the land of the two rivers; the fame of Nimrod is sheltered under his name; his benediction is invoked by Laban upon Abraham's servant. Rebekah inquires of him apparently at some local oracle; and Balaam becomes the organ of his spirit. No rigid line yet separates Israel as the instrument of Yahweh's purpose from the peoples round."

The book treated in this fashion gains, we cannot but think, largely in interest, while it does not lose in dignity.

THE FOUNDER OF SINGAPORE.*

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES was a type of British administrator to which the history of our Empire scarcely affords a parallel. Born in comparatively humble circumstances, he had a self-confidence and a fearlessness of criticism, a hankering after dictatorship and a contempt of red tape, which are usually associated with men born in the purple. He was largely self-educated, and yet he became a notable scholar in many subjects, and the father of modern zoological research. He had weak health, he was very poor, and he had few powerful friends; but the masterful spirit of the man so overrode his disadvantages that, though he died before his prime, he had to all intents laid the foundations of British power in the Far East. It is idle to explain the paradoxes of his career in the way of the pragmatic historian by minimising the results of his work. We can only be thankful that in our absent-minded making of empire now and again a man appears with a clear policy and a prescience of the future. Such was Raffles; such, to name two in a long roll, were Raleigh and Wakefield.

"I was always a strange wild fellow," he once wrote of himself, "insatiable in ambition, though meek as a maiden." He was born in 1781 off the harbour of Morant in Jamaica, the son of a ship's-captain. In his fourteenth year he was admitted as an extra clerk in the India House, and in 1805 he was sent out to Penang as Assistant-Secretary. The Governor (at a salary of £9,000) was a Mr. Philip Dundas, a name which suggests much as to the influence then at work on the India Board. At first he found his work thankless and his position unimportant. "A Secretary," he wrote, "is in general the organ, but in some places the very soul. I am neither the one nor the other." But John Leyden, the poet, who had come out as a surgeon in the Company's service, soon arrived at Singapore, and with him Raffles formed a close friendship. So when an Elliot of Teriotdale came out as Governor-General, Leyden was able to secure a hearing for his friend's views, and Lord Minto, to his honour, saw the merits of the Assistant-Secretary. He gave much good advice on the subject of the abandonment of Malacca, and afterwards on the question of Java he attempted to "create such an interest as should lead to its annexation to our Eastern Empire." Minto appointed him Agent to the Governor-General with the Malay States, "as an avant courier and to prepare the way for the expedition." Lord Minto himself accompanied the expedition, which was abundantly successful, and Raffles was appointed Governor of Java. There he found a wide field for his energies. The Dutch East India Company had habitually evaded responsibilities, and made no efforts to improve the condition of the country or its inhabitants. He devoted special attention to legal and financial reforms, so that some called his rule "that of a warehouse-keeper." He reformed the system of land tenure and he did much for the welfare of the natives. His rule did not please the directors in Leadenhall Street, who asked for immediate financial gains, which was the last thing Raffles proposed to give them. He made many enemies, some among his own subordinates, who did not acquiesce in his policy of "Thorough." His accusers

* Sir Stamford Raffles: *England in the Far East*. By Hugh Edward Egerton, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [5s.]

found in Lord Moira, the new Governor-General, a ready listener, and Raffles was accused of misgovernment, curtly dismissed, and, the danger from France being now over, Java was restored to the Dutch. He was finally cleared on all the charges, but the opinion was expressed that his rule had been injudicious, and he returned to England in 1816, sore and dispirited.

His reception at home consoled him, for he was received kindly at Court and knighted, and he formed some friendships, particularly one with the Duchess of Somerset, which lasted to the close of his life. His friends seem to have thought that if he had lived, he would have been Governor-General of India, which, as Mr. Egerton very properly points out, would have been impossible under the system of government which then prevailed. In 1818 he returned to Bencoolen in Sumatra, where in the midst of an up-hill fight for financial and administrative reform he first conceived the idea of the occupation of Singapore. He saw the enormous commercial and strategic value of the port, and he saw at the same time that it was to be a close race between Dutch and English for the commercial supremacy in the Far East. The Governor-General, Lord Hastings, in a Minute of October 25th, 1818, agreed with him, and Raffles, after his fashion, proceeded at once to put his designs into execution. The Treaty with the Sultan was signed on February 6th, 1819, to the indignation of the Dutch and the chagrin of the Penang Government. Happily, Raffles was supported both in India and at home, and his work was not interfered with. Its value was at once apparent. As early as July, 1819, Mr. Charles Grant, a director of the East India Company, could write of "the importance in a moral, political, and commercial view of a British establishment at Singapore." To the Dutch historians it still remains "an outrageous injustice."

The few remaining years of Raffles's life were filled with unremitting labour. He laboured continually for the suppression of the slave trade, and, as far as it was possible, of slavery. In his Report on the Administration of Justice he lays down rules for colonial government which were curiously in advance of his time. "Some degree of legislative power," he wrote, "must necessarily exist in every distant dependency. The laws of the Mother-country cannot be commensurate with the wants of the dependency; she has wants of which a remote legislature can very imperfectly judge, and which are sometimes too urgent to admit the delay of reference." He suffered terribly from headaches, and was compelled to return to England, where he spent two happy years, though they were somewhat disturbed by money troubles. He became a friend of William Wilberforce, and among his many activities founded the Zoological Society in 1825. His death took place in July, 1826, on the eve of his forty-sixth birthday.

Mr. Egerton has written a clear and orderly narrative of the life of the great administrator, and has given us much sober and judicious criticism. Of the purity and courage of his character there can be no doubt, and his work remains for the wayfaring man to see. He made many enemies, but they were generally the red-tape creatures who at the time crawled about on our Eastern possessions. He had much self-confidence, as when he described his policy as "looking a century or two beforehand," and the figure of Napoleon, whom he once met, seems to have fascinated him, for he continually finds parallels in his own career. Bencoolen is "the second Elba in which I am placed," and his arrival at Batavia is as if "Bonaparte had anchored in the Downs." On the other hand, he was ardently loved, both by his friends and his native subjects. According to his Malay servant, "he spoke in smiles." Of his work there can be but one opinion, though, as Mr. Egerton well points out, his reputation must suffer from the very completeness of his success. The Dutch have so utterly fallen out of the race that it is hard to believe that in 1815 they were serious commercial rivals. Not only did he found Singapore, but he "saw in the future the need which created Hong-kong," for he wrote of the former that it "afforded facilities for hereafter establishing another factory still further East whenever it may be decreed expedient to do so." If we consider the shortness of his life, the magnitude of its results, and the disadvantages of health and position which he had to face, we must rank him very high among the builders of Greater Britain. "Insatiable in ambition, though meek as

a maiden,"—it is a description which he shares with more than one maker of empire.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

MRS. ATHERTON's new novel, *Senator North*, is a brilliant and interesting rather than a convincing achievement. The appeal which is made to the reader's sympathies is weakened by a multiplicity of motives. By turns a novel of politics, a love story, and a study of racial prejudice, the book is too kaleidoscopic in structure to rivet the reader's attention continuously. Another flaw in the book, from the point of view of the average male reader, is the disparity in age between hero and heroine, and the character and position of the former. Senator North is not merely a "magnificently ugly" man, he is precisely thirty-three years older than the beautiful and bewitching Betty Madison, the father of grown-up sons, and the husband of a valetudinarian wife who is not only a *persona muta*, but never appears throughout the novel. Worse still, though we hear a great deal of his personal magnetism and commanding individuality, he cannot be altogether acquitted of a tincture of priggishness in his conversation and is destitute of the quality of charm. His political aspirations and ideals leave us cold, we are not greatly moved by the misrepresentation to which he is exposed by his attitude on the war with Spain, and we find it just a little hard to believe that so eminently respectable a person as this massive sexagenarian could so far deviate from the paths of correctitude as to engage in a protracted flirtation with so dangerously attractive a young woman as Betty Madison. Betty, it should be explained, is a much-wooed heiress, who, wearying of society and travel, determines to explore political society and hold a *salon*. The net result of her exploration is that she falls in love with Senator North, whom she cannot marry, accepts Senator Burleigh, whom she does not love, and on the opportune death of Mrs. North from paralysis, jilts Burleigh for North. Betty is a very bright and audacious creature, but the romantic reader will never quite get over the fact that she throws herself at the head of a married man much more than double her age. By far the most striking and poignant episode in the book is that concerned with Harriet Walker, the illegitimate child by an octroon of Betty's father, whom Betty befriends and educates, preserving the secret of her birth with fatal success from her cousin, Jack Emory. For Emory, who is a typical Southerner, marries Harriet privately, and on learning the truth as to her parentage commits suicide, Harriet shortly afterwards drowning herself. Mrs. Atherton's portrait of the beautiful but unhappy half-breed, with her abiding melancholy, her social ambitions, her strange lapses into vulgar barbarism, and her fatal mendacity, is of painfully engrossing interest. It may, however, be fairly objected that it is extremely unlikely, if only in view of the mystery of her past, that Emory should never have guessed her secret. Students of parallels will not fail to compare Mr. Howells's treatment of a somewhat similar case in one of his stories.

Mr. Baring-Gould, unlike most popular novelists, claims attention on other grounds than the mere volume of his literary output. For one thing, his novels have generally a geographical or geological sub-title—in the case of *Winefred* it is "A Story of the Chalk-cliffs"—a device which is fully justified by the important part invariably played in his stories by the landscape. Another remarkable, and at the same time welcome, feature of his books is his audacious revolt against the tyranny of realism in regard to the reproduction of rustic speech. The proportion of simple to gentle in the *dramatis personæ* of his novels is ten to one, yet he has never succumbed to the passion for *patois*; his personages abstain severely from dialect and discourse in a style which, if occasionally somewhat pedantic for their station, has at least the sovereign merit of being understood of the Cockney reader without the aid of a glossary. The scheme of the present story is highly artificial, but Mr. Baring-

* (1.) *Senator North*. By Gertrude Atherton. London: John Lane. [6s.]—(2.) *Winefred*. By S. Baring-Gould. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *The Shadow of Quong Lung*. By Dr. C. W. Doyle. London: Archibald Constable and Co. [3s. 6d.]—(4.) *A Daughter of Witches*. By Joanna E. Wood. London: Hurst and Blackett. [6s.]—(5.) *The Autobiography of Allen Lorne, Minister of Religion*. By Alexander Macdougall. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [6s.]—(6.) *Blood Tracks of the Bush*. By Simpson Newland. London: Gay and Bird. [6s.]—(7.) *A Spider's Web*. By Emilia Aymer Gowing. London: Thomas Burleigh. [2s. 6d.]

Gould's picturesque treatment redeems this drawback. A priggish but impressionable young Oxford man spending his holidays on the borders of Dorsetshire and Devon falls in love with a beautiful smuggler's daughter, goes through a form of marriage with her, and then, being desperately afraid of public opinion, avails himself of some irregularity in the ceremony to desert wife and child for eighteen years. Meantime he has provided for her wants through a fellow-smuggler of her father's, Olver Dench, a ferryman and the villain of the plot, who for purposes of his own blackens the woman's character and contrives to delay any reconciliation. Winefred is removed from her mother and brought up as a lady—one of the most picturesque scenes is that in which the mother, uncouth and unkempt, forces her way into an assembly at Bath to have speech with her child—and the ultimate reunion of the parents only takes place when Winefred's father is dying of cancer in the tongue which his wife had cursed. The portraits of the mother, a fierce Ishmaelite of a woman, and of the heroine, in whom the mutinous spirit takes a less aggressive form, are handled in Mr. Baring-Gould's most characteristic vein. His work may be unequal, but it is never insipid or conventional, and though one may never meet his personages in real life, they are far more stimulating and exciting company than the conscientious but depressing photographs of country folk encountered in most contemporary fiction. There is always an element of melodrama in Mr. Baring-Gould's work, but, as in the novels of the foreign writer whom he most resembles, Maurus Jokai, it is melodrama much nearer the sublime than the ridiculous.

Mr. Fernald in his *Chinatown Stories* dealt in fantastic wise with the amenities of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. Dr. C. W. Doyle in *The Shadow of Quong Lung* is exclusively concerned with its seamy side. The central figure, Quong Lung himself, a stout, bespectacled Chinaman, a graduate of Yale and a barrister of the Inner Temple, London, is a monster of unredeemed iniquity. Whatever his shadow falls on withers; he employs the resources of modern science to compass his evil ends—e.g., he decoys his enemies into his private chair of electrocution—and rebukes an American lady for her well-meant and justifiable interference with his nefarious schemes in the diction of an Oxford don and with the aid of a quotation from Cowper. Dr. Doyle disclaims all intention of writing "that detestable thing a 'book with a purpose,'" but adds that "if it should incidentally draw attention to the terrible conditions of life of the slave-girls in Chinatown, and if any amelioration of those conditions should ensue," he will feel that he has not written in vain. It seems to us that such an aim—the awakening of public opinion to the hideous evils depicted in these pages—is the only possible justification for their publication. For the rest, these stories may be confidently recommended to all amateurs of the horrible, all desirous of a new thrill, all persons who derive satisfaction from luxuriating in academic and ineffectual sympathy. In a word, so far as English readers are concerned, we find it impossible, while admitting their poignancy and power, to exclude them from the category of the gratuitous.

In *A Daughter of Witches* Miss Joanna Wood has written a book which would be very charming but for the blot of the unnaturally unadulterated wickedness of the heroine. The scene of the story is New England, and the surroundings and subsidiary characters are drawn with a delicate humour which reminds one of Miss Wilkins. Miss Temperance Tribbey, the old servant, is a delightful figure with her long-suffering lover, whom she keeps waiting any number of years because she will not leave the Lansing family, who are dependent on her for all their comfort. But Vashti, the heroine, with her calm, statuesque beauty hiding the blackness of her heart, is really so wicked in intention that she fails to be convincing. If she had been as bad as she is painted the reader feels certain that, with her beauty and cleverness, she would have managed to achieve more active evil. The most she does is to insist on Sidney Martin, the delightful, dreamy hero, becoming pastor of the parish, in spite of his highly unorthodox views, as the price of her hand. Certainly Vashti in real life would have contrived a more impressive piece of wickedness than that. The book is excellently written, and can be heartily recommended.

Readers who send for a book with the imposing title of *The Autobiography of Allen Lorne, Minister of Religion*, have no

grounds for surprise if they find a good many sermons lurking between the two covers. The author, Mr. Alexander Macdougall, makes his hero, Allen Lorne, reveal himself not only as a minister of religion, but also as a first-class prig. But readers who like Scotch theology will no doubt revel in the book. There are two young French ladies introduced as minor characters, one of whom says to Mr. Lorne playfully, "Va t'en, monsieur." The second person singular in French is full of pitfalls to the Anglo-Saxon. Mlle. Louise in the same sentence makes use of the pronoun "vous," so one is at a loss to explain her slip.

There is a great deal of gore in *Blood Tracks of the Bush*, and the characters spill it with very little compunction. But Nemesis follows, and the hero, who has two deaths and a bush desertion at his door, perishes in the last chapter at the hands of the deserted man, of whom he failed to make sure. The various adventures are recounted in a fairly lively strain, but the book is not specially noteworthy.

The wicked heroine in *The Spider's Web* is a Russian, a race who in the pages of fiction are almost always available for obloquy. Mrs. Gowing inflicts on her readers long conversations held at political receptions, of which we can only say that they are even duller than they would be in real life. Apart from a certain dexterity in the marshalling of a time-worn plot, the book is hardly worth notice.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE magazines of the month are hardly as interesting as usual; in particular they contain few articles on China which are decidedly nutritive. The most readable, perhaps, is that by "An Old China Resident" in the *Contemporary Review*, which tells us, among other facts, that Japanese officers are instructing the Chinese Army, but it ends with a most impracticable proposal. The writer, who regards partition as opposed to evolution, and therefore impossible, would govern all China in future through a Joint Central Cabinet, consisting one-half of Chinese and one-half of foreigners nominated by the eight Powers, with orders to govern "in the interest of all nations." Who is to make the Chinese obey the orders of that Cabinet, or keep the two colours from differing on every point, is not stated. An international army would be required, and international taxation for its maintenance. That is to say, Europe combined is to attempt to govern China and keep on governing it. The plan would not work for a week, and will not, we fancy, be so much as attempted.—The paper by Mr. E. H. Parker, again, tells us little except that the "Boxers" are probably members of a very old secret society, which may be a fact, but does not explain either their sudden activity or the adoption by the Chinese Government of their views.—We are not convinced even by "the Right Hon. Professor Max Müller," who in the *Nineteenth Century* contends that Confucius acknowledged a supreme and single God, though his religion is intended only to inculcate good behaviour. A real monotheist is never content with purely ethical teaching.—Mr. Stead sends to the *Contemporary*, a eulogium upon Count Mouravieff, in which he declares, without, however, producing any evidence, that the Count prevented war over Fashoda by convincing the French Ministry that they were unprepared. Thanks to him "Mr. Chamberlain and the Kaiser were balked of their prey." He asserts, also, that Europe would have insisted upon demanding arbitration between Great Britain and the Transvaal but for the German Emperor. It is hardly necessary to point out that statements of this kind, even if derived from Russian sources, require other proof than Mr. Stead's belief that they are true.—Mr. W. Larminie's essay on the "Evidence of Design in History" is really an argument that as a good deal of history is surprising—e.g., the strength of Carthage—history must be overruled for a purpose. We also believe in this overruling, but our belief is not increased by the fact that Constantinople has a unique position in the physical world, or that Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons have appeared "just when they were required to carry through gigantic changes." Mr. Larminie's effort to trace design in detail reminds us of nothing so much as the old attempts to deduce future history from obscure texts in the book of Daniel, a prophet who, whatever else he may have foreseen, certainly never dreamed of the existence of America. Even

the argument that the "design" is to produce great civilisations is a very bold one, for it assumes that the establishment of an Empire like China is a direct result of Almighty will. Is that probable? That there is a purpose at work we may all admit, but the attempt to trace it only lands us in a labyrinth of guesses, among which Mr. Larminie's do not strike us as unusually convincing.—The best paper in the *Contemporary* is that of Mr. Poultny Bigelow, who in "What I Saw in Kansas" shows how completely Mr. Croker, the New York "boss," has mastered the Democratic party in America, and how little the real "people" have to do with the election.—Perhaps the most instructive is Miss Sellers's on "Old-Age Pensions in Denmark." It appears from her account that in Denmark a respectable aged person over sixty, who has never been convicted of crime, and has for the ten years previous never received poor relief, is either admitted into an almshouse or receives in Copenhagen £6 19s. a year, or in a trading town £7 15s., or in a village £3 11s. 10d. These allowances mean "short commons," but the Danes infinitely prefer them to poor relief, and the pensioners appear in the main to be cheerful and contented. They are, in fact, though frightfully poor—their pocket-money being 1d. a week—treated with much consideration, and left in a great degree independent, the principal restrictions being that they must not frequent beerhouses or in any way cause scandal. The total cost is £384,109 distributed among 54,288 persons, which, it is asserted, is less than their maintenance as paupers would have cost. The account is well worth reading, but our total impression is that in England the system would be indefinitely more costly. The law, however, has universal approval in Denmark, and is shortly to be improved, first by fixing a standard of poverty—£22 a year, pension included—above which no one shall have a right to relief, and secondly by increasing the pensions with increasing age. Physical incapacity to work is to be reckoned as so many years of age, but the advocates of the system resist the abolition of the distinction between reputable and disreputable poor. The latter are left to bear the stigma of being paupers, which in Denmark is very keenly felt.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Signor Giovanni dalla Vecchia writes hopefully of the future of his country. He thinks she is slowly prospering, that her tendency to violent crime is the result of centuries during which violence was considered the only refuge, and that the assassination of King Humbert will moderate parties. We wish we could believe it all.—Mr. Bradley Martin, jun., as an American, defends American expansion, not only because it will secure fresh markets and increase the power of the nation, but because it will prevent the perpetual direction of American thought towards internal questions. The nation, he thinks, from "too continuous self-contemplation becomes melancholy and morbid."—Mr. W. J. Fletcher sends an account of "The Traditional 'British Sailor,'" which, though it contains nothing original, is well worth reading. His lot seems always to have been exceptionally hard, and there grew up an extraordinary dislike to serve in the Royal Navy, which was only met at first by enormous bounties, and latterly by the use of the pressgang.—The most interesting paper, however, is on the "Statistics of Suicide." The popular idea that the rate of suicide has increased is true:—

"MEAN ANNUAL RATES OF SUICIDE PER 1,000,000 OF THE POPULATION."

	1841-60.	1861-70.	1871-80.	1881-84.	1885-88.
Saxony	223	281	325	370	333
Denmark	260	283	266	249	259
Switzerland	—	—	240	233	220
France	98	129	161	189	212
Prussia	116	127	153	198	204
Bavaria	66	85	107	136	144
Belgium	54	61	81	107	116
Sweden	65	80	86	96	110
England & Wales	—	66	70	74	78
Norway	105	82	70	68	66
Scotland	—	—	—	52	60
Italy	—	27	37	48	48
Ireland	—	—	(20)	(21)	(22)

The very curious freedom of Ireland from suicide is attributed by the writer, Mr. R. A. Skelton, to emigration, which enables the miserable to break with their past. Of all occupations the Army tends most to suicide, the number being 210 per million even in England, in Germany 550, and in Austria (1882) 1,209. Mr. Skelton thinks the reason is that the soldier values his life less than the citizen, but we fancy the truth is that the

conscripts or recruits to whom non-commissioned officers take a dislike find their lives very unhappy. It must be remembered, too, that almost every one except the soldier can change most of the conditions of his life, if it be only by emigration. Against this, however, we must set the fact that suicide is much more prevalent in town than country, the South-Eastern counties of England presenting an inexplicable exception. It seems proved by the figures that the tendencies to suicide and insanity have no relation, and that the most frequent age is from fifty-five to sixty-five. The very old, however, constantly commit suicide, 243 persons killing themselves at seventy-five against 100 who commit the offence at all ages. Mr. Skelton distrusts all preventives, except a decrease of misery and discontent, but he has evidently not examined religious statistics. Suicide, rare among Jews, is almost unknown among Mahomedans, who attribute everything to the direct will of God, and will not even insure their houses.

The *Fortnightly* enjoys the rare and not unwelcome distinction of containing no article on the war in South Africa. Of the purely political papers the most readable is the unsigned contribution entitled "A Lead for Liberalism," by an extremely candid and somewhat cynical friend of the Opposition. The writer tells us several things that we have heard before—e.g., that "Liberalism is waiting for the appearance of the dynamic personality which not one of its present leaders possesses"—and deviates at times into entertaining inaccuracy, as when he says that "Liberalism is perishing of the deadly respectability which is imposed upon the Liberal party by its strangely characteristic bondage to Baronets,—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harecourt, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Henry Fowler, Sir Wilfrid Lawson." Now, as a matter of fact, only two of these five politicians belong to the incriminated order. He is on much firmer ground in his really able analysis of the attacks on Mr. Chamberlain—"It is the supreme compliment to the power of a public man when the demoniac theory of him is adopted by his opponents"—and argues with considerable plausibility that Lord Salisbury by opposing a General Election in July, and removing the principal stumbling-blocks from the path of Liberal foreign policy, has rendered incalculable service to the Opposition.—Mr. Whates's "rough balance-sheet" of the successes and failures of the out-going Government will not escape the notice of Unionist candidates. It is, on the whole, fairly done, though some of the "successes"—e.g., "establishment of good relations with Germany and finally with Russia on the China question"—are perhaps of the unhatched chicken order. Mr. Whates does well to emphasise one point in connection with our South African troubles. "There has been," he observes, "no European intervention; and how difficult it may have been for Lord Salisbury to prevent it is one of the secrets of diplomacy."—A first instalment of General Gordon's notes on his campaigns in China in 1862-64 will be read with interest at the present juncture. It is noteworthy that he gives full credit to the American, Ward, for creating the "Ever-Victorious Army" in 1860.—Mr. John F. Taylor's article on "Sipodo and Bernard—1858 and 1900," is intended to show that in resenting the attitude of the Belgians over the trial and acquittal of Sipodo—he is called Sipodo throughout the article—British withers have no right to be wrung in view of the enthusiasm displayed in London over the abortive prosecution of Bernard, accused in 1858 of plotting against the life of Napoleon III. That may be, but we are not aware that the Prince of Wales ever planned or carried out a *coup d'état*.—"Diplomaticus" writes judiciously on "The Coming Settlement in China." "The Yellow Peril," he contends, "if there be such a thing, can never come from a strong China conscious of its responsibilities and its dignity. Russia herself has only to gain by the vicinity of such a Power, for she would then have a better guarantee of the inviolability of her frontier than she has now. The real Yellow Peril resides in a weak, ignorant, and corrupt China . . . always simmering on the verge of anarchy and always suffering from complications with foreign Powers." "Diplomaticus," however, sees a serious obstacle in the way of the realisation of his ideal in the attitude of the German Emperor. There he may be right; he is certainly far less well-founded in his belief in the efficiency, as apart from the good intentions, of the Chinese Emperor.—No one should miss

Mr. W. B. Yeats's curious account of his experiences amongst the Irish witch doctors.—As for Mr. William Sharp's panegyric of D'Annunzio's dramas, we have found it singularly unconvincing.—Mr. Lees has a good paper on "Some Writers on War," notably MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte, authors of *Le Désastre*.

"Ignotus," writing on "Japan and the New Far East" in the *National Review*, agrees with "Diplomaticus" that what England desires is not only a strong but a reformed China, and he finds sufficient evidence of the existence of strength in the events of the last few months. Briefly summed up, his conclusions are that China is awakening; that Pan-Mongolism is no worse than Pan-Slavism; and that everything points to a Chinese-Japanese alliance, from which Japan must ultimately and largely profit. "China under Japanese tutelage," he argues, "would be far less dangerous to the world than a well-armed but ferocious and uncivilised China, guided by gentry of the type of Tungfuh-siang and Li-Ping-Heng." And, again, "the mere fact that the West is identified with missionary enterprise operates in favour of Japan. The Chinese have no such aversion to her as to ourselves."—Sir Rowland Blennerhassett in his very interesting article on "The Foreign Policy of the German Empire," on the other hand, urges that it would be better for us to cast in our lot with Russia and Italy than with any other European Power. Pan-Slavism, he contends, is not necessarily synonymous with hostility to England, while it is unquestionably a danger to Germany, and in support of this view he recalls the strong action taken by Bismarck in 1863 in regard to the suppression of the Polish insurrection and the Slavophile policy of Wielopolski. Treating of the anti-English feeling in Germany at the moment, while admitting that England is herself a good deal to blame, Sir Rowland declares that it has become a positive mania, and adds:—"The attitude of the German mind, not alone to England, but to all foreign countries, is very much more narrow and much more vulgar than that of France in her worse days," in evidence of which he quotes Freiherr von der Goltz's amazing statement in the *Rundschau* for March that there is a general feeling in England in favour of an aggressive war for the purpose of ruining Germany. The gist of the article is that we must reconsider many of our accepted notions of foreign policy, that a firm understanding with Germany is impossible, and that as "splendid isolation" is only an incentive to attack, we must seriously consider the advisability of a closer understanding elsewhere,—with Russia and Italy for choice.—Mr. John Foreman, holding the probability of the Americans ever gaining the sympathy and acquiescence of the Filipinos to be very remote, submits a scheme which will enable the United States to extricate herself with honour from a position which, in his opinion, may make her the laughing-stock of Europe. The scheme provides for the gradual withdrawal of the troops and the establishment of a Philippine Chamber of Deputies, the Americans to retain besides Guam one of the minor islands as a naval and military depôt, and the control of the Customs as a guarantee for the repayment with interest of the twenty million dollars paid to Spain for the islands under the Treaty of Paris. America, as the protecting State, is to be further represented by a Resident and staff in Manila, and the Philippine Government is to have no power of making treaties with foreign Powers or of declaring war. The scheme in its essentials has been approved by Señor Agoncillo, the High Commissioner of the titular Philippine Republic, but Mr. Foreman is confident that the force which will eventually compel the Americans to leave the Philippines to the Filipinos will come from the United States themselves. "Anti-Imperialism will remain the Party cry of the Democrats, but the majority of American electors, independently of Party theories, will not consent to a vast fruitless expenditure for permanently maintaining fifty thousand men in arms, to hold in forced subjection for years an unwilling population of six millions of Asiatics, without glory or profit in return for the immense sacrifice of blood and treasure."—Mr. Maurice Low in his monthly American article pays a well-deserved tribute to the prescience of Mr. Hay in regard to the Chinese imbroglio, and applauds the selection of Mr. Rockhill as an emissary of pacific diplomacy.—Mr. Provand's article on "The Coal Problem" is interesting for its analysis of

the reasons of the advance in price, and of the distribution of the advance itself. Under the head of international competition he gives a striking account of the operations of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company at Sydney, Cape Breton. As regards the duration of our supply, the opinions of experts are irreconcilably at variance. Mr. Provand emphatically condemns an export duty as a remedy for dear coal, and deprecates the proposed enhancement of railway rates; in his judgment the carrying rates are already too high, and are attributable to the use by our railways of plant and machinery which are obsolete. He concludes by strongly urging the appointment of a new Royal Commission as indispensable to the attainment of an accurate knowledge of the facts of the case, "in order that we may prepare for the future and avoid being taken by surprise."—Mr. Adrian Hofmeyr's "Reflections on the Future of South Africa" will repay attentive perusal. While supporting conquest and annexation, he eloquently pleads for the abandonment of red-tape methods, for the making of liberal allowances, the utilisation, as far as possible, of former officials, and the recognition of equal rights for both languages. He contends that the Bond did great harm by its "sphinx-like silence." "There were Bond leaders who *privately* advised President Kruger to climb down and avert war. But they ought to have said this *publicly*." We gladly quote Mr. Hofmeyr's last piece of advice to England:—

"Lastly, in any case appoint only the best man. Remember, the war has proved to be a much larger matter than was anticipated; and so the settlement will prove to be a much more difficult matter than we anticipate, unless England makes the proper use of this, her grandest chance. You have sent your best men to fight there; aye, to shed their blood there. Complete your great work by appointing your best men to rule there. Don't think anyone will do. Don't pitchfork anybody into a situation because he is somebody."

—The editorial notes are, as usual, one of the striking features of a strong number. From the summary of the recent operations in South Africa we may cite one excellent passage:—"In parenthesis we may note as a matter of some interest that whenever there is a peculiarly difficult job on hand Lord Roberts entrusts it to Lord Kitchener, and thus silences the stories of 'friction' which mendacious tongues and pens have spread. The attempt to discredit Lord Kitchener has been perhaps the most pitiful feature of the whole campaign." Here there is good excuse for speaking strongly. In one or two other passages—notably those dealing with the attitude of the Kaiser and the Roman Catholic and Anglican Press—the editor has, we cannot help thinking, been betrayed into undue vehemence of expression.

The second and concluding instalment of Captain Haldane's narrative of his escape from Pretoria, to which the place of honour is given in the September *Blackwood*, is not less thrilling than the first. Apart from the recital of adventure, the paper is humorous and suggestive. Here, for example, is an interesting digression on dogs in war:—

"I cannot but think that the use of dogs in war by us British, a dog-loving nation, has been unaccountably overlooked. I believe certain nations—the Germans and French—use them; but we, who have our kennel-clubs, and every encouragement to breed the best and purest of the canine species, do not include these faithful friends among our war material. In India, where one suffers so much from rifle-thieves, without his dog there would be many a Court-martial on the owner of a stolen rifle. There the dogs are chained to the arm-racks, sentries with whose vigilance no human being can compete. Often in Tirah the wily Afridi would bring his dog with him when bent on disturbing our rest by firing into camp. He knew right well that if the plucky little Ghoorka was engaged in stalking him, his four-footed friend would give him timely warning."

—The monthly war article, always well written, has some instructive remarks on the "wastage" inevitable in an invading army with long lines of communication, showing how men are swallowed up in a campaign, and an army of two hundred thousand can only muster fifty thousand combatants at the front.—In "Musings without Method" the writer deals trenchantly with the Lafayette Legend, and in pessimist vein with the "indirect responsibilities" of Gutenberg, winding up with an imaginary dialogue in the benign fields of Hades between the famous printer and a Yellow Editor.—Veteran devotees of the Royal and Ancient Game will keenly appreciate the attitude of the anonymous *laudator temporis acti* who humorously laments the vulgarisation of the "old, leisurely, and courteous pastime by the side of the sea," by the new rules and the

influence of the pot-hunting Southron. *A propos* of the fearful anxiety of the modern golfer, it may interest the writer to know that some players actually take phenacetin to steady their nerves before a match!—The comparison between the giants of old and the champions of to-day is most ingeniously done.—Mr. Hanbury Williams's paper on wild-geese shooting in Manitoba, and Sir Herbert Maxwell's eulogy of "the Valley of Enchantment"—the Romsdal—are in their different ways admirable examples of the literary sporting article for which *Blackwood* has long been famous.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Hints from Baden-Powell. By the Rev. R. L. Bellamy. (Gale and Polden. 1s. net.)—Mr. Bellamy takes various passages from General Baden-Powell's "Book on Scouting," and makes what in preaching is commonly called an "application" of them to Christian duty. Of course, there are cases in which the use must be guarded. "Confidence in yourself" is a necessary quality in the scout, whereas self-confidence is even proverbially dangerous in the spiritual life. But our preacher seems able to get over this difficulty well enough. His idea is an excellent one—the words of a popular hero come with an effectiveness which is ready-made for them, so to speak—and, on the whole, he has carried it out well.—*From the Battlefield to a Glorious Resurrection*, by "Expectans" (same publishers), is a speculation with which we could have dispensed. We do not doubt the excellence of the author's motive, but we regret that he has seen fit to advance a view which has a fairly unanimous agreement of Christian thought against it,—that the resurrection follows immediately on death.—More in the usual line of their issues, we have from the same publishers *Questions in Military History*, by Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. G. Brunner (2s. net). "Military History" does not cover the whole contents of the book. There is, indeed, a second part, with questions on campaigns, from that of Moreau in Germany (1790) onwards, ending with one of a comprehensive kind on the Boer War summarising all the lessons to be learnt from the war. (The candidate who can answer that satisfactorily ought to be made Commander-in-Chief, or, at the least, Chief of the Staff, at the very earliest opportunity.) But the first part deals with general matters,—the meaning of "tactics," e.g., and "strategy," the possibilities of invasion, the conditions of warfare in various countries. Is the author going to publish a key?

In the "Scott Library" (Walter Scott, 1s. 6d.) we have *Reflections on the French Revolution*, by Edmund Burke, with an Introduction by George Sampson. Mr. Sampson gives an excellent account of the circumstances which led to the writing of the book, and of the breach with Burke's political friends of which it was a sign. It is strange how the history of the Liberal party repeats itself! Another volume is *Orations of Cicero*, selected and edited, with an Introduction, by Fred. W. Norris (1s. 6d.) The translation is that of W. Guthrie, and the orations chosen are Pro Roscio Amerino, In Cæcilium, In Catilinam (4), Pro Murena, Pro Archia, Pro Milone, Pro Marcello, Philippics (I.-II.) The Introduction gives a general account of the orator, and a description of the circumstances under which the several orations were delivered.

In the "University Tutorial Series" (W. B. Clive), a series which we have often had occasion to commend for its practical utility, we have *The Tutorial History of English Literature*, by A. J. Wyatt, M.A. (2s. 6d.) This seems, as far as we have examined it, as likely to be serviceable as the other volumes. The criticisms on Dryden, Pope, and Swift may be specially noticed. That on Johnson also is excellent. "He is weakest in details and in points requiring a fine susceptibility; he is strongest in his mastery of general laws, in which he was much in advance of his age," is well said.

A Biographical Sketch of John Ruskin. By R. Ed. Pengelly. (A. Melrose. 1s.)—This is one of the books by which an expected demand is always anticipated. We have no complaint to make of it. It appears to be reasonably well done. But we advise all who wish to read about Ruskin's life to wait till the real biography, written after access to all available materials, has appeared.

The Annual Report of the London Missionary Society (A. Shephard, 1s. 6d.) contains as usual a mass of interesting facts. The income is a sum which seems impressive when we hear it, something short of £125,000 (net), but is quite insignificant when it

is compared with the sums spent on trifles not always harmless. One encouraging feature is the willingness of converts from heathendom to make personal sacrifices.

How to Make and How to Mend. By an Amateur Mechanic. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 2s. 6d.)—There is nothing, one might almost say, on which an "Amateur Mechanic" is not ready to instruct us. Aquariums, balloons, barrels, beds, bells (not books), boomerangs, bridges, are specimens from one letter only. Seriously, the book is likely to be very useful. "How to Mend" especially is likely to be an indispensable knowledge when the Trade-Union rules come to be rigidly applied. Repairs which one workman was wont to execute now require half a dozen, a serious matter when they have to be brought five or six miles from a town.

We have received a second edition of a very useful work, *Agricultural Zoology*, by Dr. J. Ritzema Bos, translated by T. B. Ainsworth Davis, M.A. (Methuen and Co., 3s. 6d.) It comes commended by a preface from Miss Ormerod, who has created the subject of what may be called practical entomology.

BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS.—Messrs William Clowes and Sons send us the fifth edition of Colonel Gunter's *The Officer's Field Note Book*. This most useful little book has been revised and rewritten and brought up to date. The additional memoranda at the end contain some short and useful hints as to shelter-trenches. Three hours is given as the time required to make a standing shelter-trench. Colonel Gunter's book is sure to be widely appreciated.—We have also received from Messrs. Gale and Polden (2s. 6d. net) *The Sergeant's Pocket Book*, compiled by the late William Gordon, brought up to date by Captain William Plomer.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Allen (J. Lane), Summer in Arcady, cr 8vo.....	(Macmillan)	3/6
Amherst Papyri (The), Part I., 4to	(Oxford Univ. Press)	15/0
Atherton (Gertrude), Senator North, cr 8vo	(Lane)	6/0
Bailey (L. H.), Cyclopædia of American Horticulture, Vol. II., 4to (Macmillan)		21/0
Bally (S. E.), German Commercial Reader, cr 8vo	(Methuen)	2/0
Beloe (E. M.), Our Borough, Our Churches (King's Lynn), Imp 8vo (Macmillan)		21/0
Bible Stories for the Little Ones, 4 vols. cr 8vo	(Bagster) each	3/6
Boddy (A. A.), Days in Galilee and Scenes in Judea, 8vo	(Gay & Bird)	7/6
Brown (Thomas E.), Letters, ed. with Memoir, by S. Irwin, 2 vols. (Constable)		12/0
Buttery (J. A.), Why Kruger Made War, cr 8vo	(Heinemann)	3/6
Cooper (F. S. A.), Gentlemen v. Players, cr 8vo	(Arrowsmith)	2/6
Cotes (K. D.), Social and Imperial Life of Britain, Vol. I., 8vo.....	(Richards)	7/6
Crawford (O.), The New Order, cr 8vo	(Richards)	6/0
Davey (H.), Principles, Construction, and Application of Pumping Machinery, 8vo.....	(Griffin)	21/0
Davidson (T.), History of Education, cr 8vo.....	(Constable)	5/0
Dawson (W. J.), Savonarola: a Drama, cr 8vo.....	(Richards)	3/6
Gould (E. P.), Biblical Theology of the New Testament, cr 8vo ..	(Macmillan)	3/6
Greenslet (F.), Joseph Glanvill, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Hamilton (J. A.), The Siege of Mafeking, cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Hamilton (M.), The Dishonour of Frank Scott, cr 8vo ..	(Hurst & Blackett)	6/0
How to Write for the Magazines, cr 8vo	(Richards)	2/6
Howell (C.), Many Days After, cr 8vo	(Digby & Long)	6/0
Hunt (C.), Gas Lighting: Chemical Technology, Vol. III., 8vo.....	(Churchill)	18/0
Huysehe (W.), The Graphic History of the South African War, 1899-1900, 4to.....	(Simpkin)	5/0
Meredith (George), Story of Bhanavar the Beautiful, 18mo	(Constable)	3/6
Mill (H. R.), New Lands, their Resources, &c., cr 8vo	(Griffin)	5/0
Norris (W.) and Morgan (B. H.), High Speed Steam Engines, 8vo (P. S. King)		10/6
Peplow (H. W. W.), Christ and His Church, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	2/6
Philpotts (Eden), Sons of the Morning, cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Pollok (Col.) and Thom (W. S.), Wild Sports of Burma and Assam, 8vo ..	(Hurst & Blackett)	16/0
Pryce (Richard), Jezebel, cr 8vo.....	(Hutchinson)	6/0
Robertson (H. S.), Voices of the Past from Assyria and Babylonia, cr 8vo (Bell)		4/6
Rooes (Max), Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century, Vol. III. (Low)		42/0
St. Aubyn (A.), A Prick of Conscience, cr 8vo	(Digby & Long)	6/0
Sandeman (W.), The Path of the Sun, cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	2/6
Sneath (E. H.), The Mind of Tennyson, cr 8vo	(Constable)	12/0
Torrey (J.), Elementary Studies in Chemistry, cr 8vo.....	(Constable)	6/0
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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

The Spectator

FOR THE

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WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1900.

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* * *The Editors cannot undertake to return Manuscript, in any case.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE most important event of the week has been the flight of Mr. Kruger from the Transvaal into Portuguese territory. Mr. Kruger and his suite arrived at Lourenço Marques on Tuesday night in two special trains, which were shunted into a siding near the house of the Transvaal Consul. As Mr. Kruger could not continue to direct operations from neutral territory, he has decided, it is said, to leave for Europe on the German steamer 'Herzog' a fortnight hence. He will not be able to be seized on the high seas, but even had he been liable to seizure, we doubt if any attempt would have been made to take him. Our Government will be only too glad to be rid of the worries that would have followed his capture. Mr. Kruger, it is humorously announced, has taken six months' leave of absence for reasons of health, and Mr. Schalk Burger will succeed him as acting President. We have stated our view of Mr. Kruger elsewhere, and have tried to estimate his claim to be considered as a South African Hofer. It is, however, a little difficult to do so while one reads telegrams about 'Mr. Kruger's private supply of gold being expected to reach Lourenço Marques on Wednesday night,' or estimates as to the amount of the "enormous supplies" which have been already shipped to Holland. Mr. Kruger cannot fairly be called a bad man, but at the same time he is very far from being the high-souled, heroic figure he is sometimes represented.

It is said that Mr. Kruger will go first to Amsterdam, and will then make a tour of the European Courts trying to induce them to intervene in his favour. Needless to say, his mission will be as great a failure as that of the Envoys of the Southern Confederacy forty years ago. His chief hopes are said to rest in France, and it is even alleged that the French Government have stated that if he can get two other Powers to join in a representation France would make a third. We do not believe a word of the legend, but even if true it is unimportant. The offer savours too much of those made at country bazaars, where some one promises to double the receipts if they reach a wholly impossible figure. In truth, Mr. Kruger's schemes to procure intervention are only designed to save his "face." We are as little afraid of them as of his being able to do us damage by means of the £7,000,000 or so of gold which he is said to have lodged in Europe. The richer a *roi en exil* is the less he does. President Kruger's flight marks the last act of the Transvaal drama. The guerilla war may go on for a month or two more, but we are now very near the end.

The South African war news of the week has not been

important. General Buller has been pushing on steadily, as has also General French, and both have made considerable captures of stores, prisoners, and ammunition, but, unhappily, not of guns. One is almost tempted to believe that the Boer artillery is an optical delusion. General Methuen has also been active in the Mafeking region, and has made a good many captures. On the other hand, the Boers have been making almost daily attacks on the railway, though in nine cases out of ten the damage has been repaired on the same day.

On Wednesday a Blue-book was published containing the Report as to the treatment of the British prisoners of war at Pretoria by the Boers. Lord Roberts in a covering despatch severely criticises the treatment of the non-commissioned officers and men—they were half-starved—and declares that "the inhuman treatment of the sick prisoners throws the greatest discredit on the authorities at Pretoria, who must have been aware that proper hospital accommodation and equipment had not been provided." In regard to our own hospitals, Thursday's *Times* contains a long telegram recounting Lord Roberts's evidence given on Tuesday before the Hospitals Commission. At the conclusion of his evidence Lord Roberts stated that the campaign had been an extraordinarily difficult one from the hospital point of view, and gave it as his opinion "that the Royal Army Medical Corps, assisted by the civilian surgeons, had met the difficulties magnificently." We must, of course, await the Report of the Commission before expressing a definite opinion, but as far as we can judge this is the conclusion to which the facts all point. There were, no doubt, occasional blunders of a serious kind, but there was no "hospital scandal" of the kind alleged by the assailants of the Army Medical Corps.

The position of affairs in China is a little clearer, but not much. According to the best accounts, which, however, are not official, Great Britain and Germany having rejected the Russian advice to leave Peking, the Powers have arrived at a sort of compromise. All the Legations having been withdrawn, Peking is to be held by an international garrison, which will include the Russians, until Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching on one side and Sir Robert Hart on the other can arrive at terms which Europe can accept. The forces will then be withdrawn, and the Chinese Government in some form will be reinstalled. Sir Robert Hart's action will be more or less informal, but the Powers express confidence in him, and he will act as the expert advising the Ambassadors on more questions than finance. This, we say, appears to be the arrangement coming, or made, but everything as yet is vague, though Prince Ching and Sir Robert Hart are certainly conferring. The Powers, of course, are anxious to keep step, but there is an obvious difference of opinion between them. Russia, France, America, and Japan are inclined to condone the outrages inflicted on them, while Great Britain and the Triple Alliance insist that there must be "reparation for the past," which includes punishment for all who provoked the attack on the Legations, and "security for the future," which will include, or should include, the deposition of the Empress. The negotiations will therefore be long.

No hint, however remote, has yet been given of the terms the Powers will ask or the Chinese concede. It is assumed that an immense indemnity will be promised as compensation for the insult to the Legations, for the slaughter of the missionaries, and for the expenses of the international army, but there is only one suggestion for raising the money. This comes from Italy, which proposes that the Allies should guarantee a large loan, which should be lent to the Chinese and then repaid to the guaranteeing Powers. That is nonsense,

but the difficulty of raising the money without a European Financial Commission, which would practically govern the country, is very great. The Chinese Government has made no offer to surrender its guilty servants, and as for the Empress, she is only discernible in an occasional Edict. The powers of the plenipotentiaries are granted by "the Emperor," but whether he is a free agent or acting under coercion is not known. Even his habitat is not ascertained, and it is doubtful whether he and the Empress are in Segan, in Shensi, or at Tai-zuan, in Shansi, much farther north. That the Empress will agree to *some* terms is clear, because Li Hung Chang, whose first care is his own neck, is willing to negotiate, but whether she will concede what the Allies will demand is still unknown. She is quite safe, and if she says she prefers resistance to the terms there will be more massacres.

The *Times* on Wednesday published a long telegram from its correspondent in Peking intended to give a bird's-eye view of the situation. Dr. Morrison, who has often shown himself specially well informed, and who shared in the hardships suffered by the Legations, declares that the attacks on them were ordered by the Empress-Regent, that no supplies were allowed to enter them, that treacherous attacks were made during an armistice, and that two different attempts were made to explode mines beneath them. He is indignant at the honours paid to the Chinese Ministers in Washington and London, who, he says, delayed relief by their "shameless lies" and bogus telegrams. He adds that the missionaries in Pao-ting-fu were murdered with horrible atrocity, and that when the German Minister was killed the Empress-Regent had planned the murder of all the Foreign Ministers. He appears to be especially wroth because Russia is taking a predominant position at Peking, and he desires that the Empress shall be deposed and her Ministers executed. We have never had any doubt that the Empress was responsible for all that occurred, or that she deserved deposition, but will Dr. Morrison point out how she is to be forced to depose herself? He is wrong, too, about Russia. If Europe occupied Paris the Germans would occupy the first place, just because their dominions march with those of France.

Texas has suffered from a great calamity. A cyclone travelling at eighty-four miles an hour burst upon Galveston, its principal port, last Saturday, and drove a vast wave of water upon the town, which, as has often been pointed out, lies too low. The wave swept away all the principal buildings and most of the inhabited houses, drowning, it is believed, for statistics are still imperfect, some thousands of the inhabitants. The loss of children was especially deplorable. The waterworks were swept away, the elevators rendered useless, the electric light works destroyed, the wharves pulverised, and the shipping dashed upon the shore. The property actually destroyed is computed at £2,000,000, but it will cost double that to replace it; and meanwhile the means of paying wages are gone, there are no foodstuffs left, and the houseless citizens are actually starving. For some hours indeed there was a torment of thirst, which in numerous cases produced insanity. It was a terrible aggravation of the suffering that in that climate the dead, if unburied, threaten the living, that no religious ceremonies could be thought of, and that although it was possible to send the corpses to sea, this could only be done by employing forced labour. It is supposed that the prosperity of the city is finally ruined, and that if rebuilt it must be elsewhere, as the citizens will not consent again to run the risk which their geographical situation involved.

As usual in such sudden catastrophes, society seemed wrecked as well as the place. Friends fought each other for a drink of water. The lowest class, and especially the negro labourers, betook themselves to whisky, and soon, maddened with the spirit and appalled by the fear of hunger, began robbing the dead, the great attraction being watches and the rings on ladies' fingers. It is said, too, that in the mad excitement many women were criminally assaulted. The officials were equal to the occasion; martial law was proclaimed, the better citizens were called to arms, and order was maintained by a series of executions in which the negroes suffered most. They were shot if they robbed,

shot if they refused to carry the dead, shot if they resisted military orders. The fierce dislike of the race which is latent in many Americans broke out, and for hours Galveston, though but just drowned, must have been like a city taken by storm. Regular soldiery appear to have arrived, and there was order once again, but it is at once sad and perplexing to see how little civilisation has done to paralyse the wild beast in man. The moment order ends crime begins, as if the real preventive were the police, and not any improvement in the dispositions of men. Fortunately, if only fifty will combine on the right side a thousand will follow, or skulk away into quietness.

The Government of Austria has at last been wearied out by the conflict between the German and Slav elements in Parliament. Obstruction has gone so far that nothing is ever done, and that the Deputies can hardly be restrained from open fighting. The Emperor, therefore, on September 7th issued a Rescript dissolving the Reichsrath. The Dissolution, according to the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, is welcomed by all parties, not because it will do any good, but because, when the new Parliament has proved impracticable, as it will, there must be intervention from above. The Slavs and Clericals, who are acting together, hope for an absolutist régime, but we fancy, for reasons explained elsewhere, that the Emperor will shrink from resuming autocratic power. He had enough of that as a young man. It is more probable that he will simplify the suffrage, which is now intended to represent all interests, and therefore gives none the clear predominance essential to the good working of Parliamentary life. The grand difficulty is that in Austria the less civilised nationalities outnumber their more civilised rivals, but the latter may yet attract some section of their opponents.

The quarrel between Roumania and Bulgaria becomes more and more envenomed. Two of the Bulgarians under trial for murdering a Professor in Bucharest now confess that the President of the Macedonian Committee in Sofia gave them distinct orders to kill King Charles of Roumania, and as Bulgaria will not prosecute this person, the Roumanian newspapers threaten war. The Bulgarian newspapers are not slow to respond, and each State appears to be as confident in its strength as in its cause. The *Times* correspondent believes, we see, that if war were declared all the Balkan States would join in it, and therefore thinks that the Great Powers will prevent such a calamity. They may, but it is not certain. A good many Continental politicians believe that war in a cockpit, with Russia and Austria to keep the ring, would cure the hot blood of these little States and teach them to obey orders. At all events the people are raging, and an accident may compel their Princes to fight. The best hope is in the shrewdness of Prince Ferdinand, whose one ambition is to obtain the "closed crown," and who knows that he will never get it by his soldiery.

A movement of some importance is going on among the French clergy. The younger men, it is said, are anxious to support the present Government and the Republic, and as two, at least, of the prelates, the Archbishops of Bourges and of Besançon, sympathise with them, a "Congrès" has been called at Bourges, and is attended by five hundred priests. The Royalists and reactionaries are so furious that they are inclined to declare that Jews have mastered the two Archbishops, but they can only scream their annoyance, for the policy of the Archbishops is precisely the policy which Leo XIII. approves. His Holiness's idea is the old and true one that the Church may sympathise with any form of government provided that it is Christian in the Church's sense. The movement may become formidable to enemies of the Republic, but it is rather hampered by the fact that the younger priests of France, though friendly to the existing form of government, wish for more liberty for themselves as well as for the State. The Bishops do not approve that at all, and in the end will probably convince Rome that in such Congresses as that of Bourges there is an anarchical element.

During the past week the belief has been rapidly gaining ground that the Dissolution will take place within a very

short time. It is even said that the necessary formalities will be carried out at the Council which is to be held at Balmoral on Monday next. We have pointed out elsewhere that if Parliament is dissolved it is most important that the reconstruction of the Cabinet should take place before, not after, the polls. If the Government allow their opponents the opportunity to say without contradiction that there is to be no change in the Ministry, Unionist candidates will be very seriously handicapped, for there is an almost universal feeling (1) that the Prime Minister cannot do the proper work of a Prime Minister while he holds the most arduous of all the Departments of State; (2) that the present Cabinet is too large; (3) that it contains too many men of advanced years, and not enough young men; (4) that if the Army is to be properly reorganised the office of Secretary of State for War must be held by the ablest administrator in the Government. But the only way to assure the electors that these things will be done, and not merely talked about, is to go to the country with a reconstructed Cabinet. Reconstruction will be a pledge that the Government means business. We want reconstruction, not as a "fad," but because we believe that the national interests at the present moment require a strong and united Unionist party in Parliament, and an efficient and vigorous Administration. We are in serious danger of obtaining neither of these things if reconstruction does not precede the appeal to the electors.

On Monday Mr. Horace Plunkett addressed a meeting of his South Dublin constituents in the Town Hall, Kingstown, in which he denounced the attempt that was being made to drive him out of public life. We cannot go into the details of the dispute between Mr. Horace Plunkett and those who are opposing him, but we believe that we shall not be exaggerating when we say that the majority of Unionists in Great Britain wish him all success, and would regard it as a calamity were he to lose his seat in South Dublin. That he appointed a Roman Catholic, a strong Home-ruler, and one who was thus in sympathy with the Irish peasantry, to act under him in the non-political Department which is doing so much for Ireland in the matter of agriculture and technical instruction, is, in our opinion, not a cause for complaint but for the highest praise. We want to teach the Nationalists that, be their opinions what they may, they will always be welcomed if they will come forward and work for the material good of Ireland. Mr. Gerald Balfour and Mr. Horace Plunkett have made no small sacrifices and incurred no little odium in carrying out that principle, but they may remember that their good work has not gone unnoticed and unapproved by Unionists on this side of the Irish Channel.

Wednesday's papers contain a letter addressed by Mr. Chamberlain to Mr. Backhouse in regard to the candidature of Mr. F. Lambton, who is standing in South-East Durham. Mr. Chamberlain says very truly that a party which counts Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Morley, and Sir William Harcourt among its leaders is not to be trusted in regard to a settlement. "I should myself seriously fear that if, by any cause, they [the Liberal party] were now to return to office, they would be ready to throw away, in connection with the settlement, the position which has been so hardly gained by the sacrifices of the war." Some of the Home-rule newspapers have expressed a great deal of indignation in regard to this statement, but it appears to us to be perfectly sound. It is undoubtedly true that a very large number of Liberals have used language in regard to the war which, if translated into action, would result in a settlement as dangerous to the welfare of the Empire and of South Africa as that which followed Majuba.

At Monday's meeting of the British Association Sir William Preece read a paper before the Mechanical Science Section on the projected electric "monorail" passenger express line between Manchester and Liverpool. The trains, consisting each of one coach weighing 45 tons and seating 64 passengers, were to start every 10 minutes, and, travelling at a mean rate of 110 miles an hour, would traverse the distance of $34\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 20 minutes. There being no intermediate stations, points, or crossings, signals would be needed only to secure a perfect block system of working the line. The main principle of the

system, already successfully and safely adopted on a short line worked by steam in the South of Ireland, was the suspension of the coaches on a single elevated rail so that their centres of gravity were below the rail, the rail itself being fixed on trestles, tied and braced together. On such a structure, Sir William contended that derailment was impossible. He further explained that as the speed attainable on a railway depended on the power that could be continuously applied at the tread of the driving-wheel, and as electricity enabled the engineer instantaneously to apply to light loads a power which steam could not supply, speeds were consequently possible with electricity which were unattainable with steam. It may be remembered that a Bill to obtain Parliamentary sanction for the railway was thrown out last Session, but the promoters of the scheme are evidently resolved to renew their efforts at the earliest opportunity.

The most striking paper read before the Geographical Section on Tuesday was that of Mr. G. G. Chisholm on the consequences to be anticipated from the development of China by modern methods. After instancing several cases of the adoption by the Chinese of modern and scientific methods for purposes of self-defence—e.g., railways and arsenals—or under stress of competition—e.g., cotton mills and tea-leaf-rolling machinery—he predicted, as the first consequence of the development that had already begun, the rise of prices, especially in the industrial regions. China's position was unique in that it was the one region in the world with all the means for industrial development on a gigantic scale still remaining to be opened up. Hitherto prices had been kept abnormally low by absence of communication, the cost of transport, and the consequent lack of an outside market for the disposal of produce. While the whole country was enormously rich in coal, iron ore, and cheap and efficient labour, Hunan, Szu-chuan, and above all, Shansi, were especially rich in mineral products. Secondly, he predicted the creation of a demand for foodstuffs not likely to be supplied by China itself; and thirdly, the opening up of trade with adjacent or favourably placed food-producing regions, especially Manchuria, Siberia, and Western North America. This would further result in the most important consequence of all,—“the creation of a tendency to a gradual but prolonged rise in the price of wheat and other grains all the world over, reversing the process that had been going on since about 1870 as the consequence of the successive opening up of new countries.”

An important letter from Dr. Leigh Canney appeared in the *Standard* of Monday on the subject of the prevention of epidemics in the field. Dr. Canney points out that hitherto attention has been solely fixed on the question of ameliorating the condition of the sufferers, whereas, if prevention is possible, amelioration is obviously of secondary importance. Going at once to the root of the matter, he declares that the worst of the typhoid epidemics—that after Paardeberg—being a natural and expected result, “will have to be handed down in the annals of military medical literature as a by-word for retribution for neglect of sanitary laws.” Typhoid, he continues, can be prevented wholly, and dysentery largely, by filtration or boiling of all water used for drinking purposes, and this being so, he proceeds to discuss the equipment necessary for applying these methods to the exigencies of an army in the field. Of the two the quick-boiling apparatus is more efficacious, but presents the greater difficulties in regard to fuel, bulk, and weight. Thus, an army of 50,000 men would require 500 combined heaters and stoves, weighing about 22 tons and occupying 300 ft. cubic space, plus the weight of 150 gallons of petroleum and 20 gallons of spirit used daily as fuel. But he contends that it would render the transport of vast typhoid and dysentery hospitals unnecessary, and so vastly reduce the hospital equipment to be transported. In conclusion Dr. Canney deals effectively with the objector who urges that “‘Tommy’ will drink when he likes.” “There is not room,” he says, “in our Army for this *laissez-boire* theory.” We sincerely trust that Dr. Canney's valuable suggestions will receive the attention they deserve.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
New Consols ($2\frac{3}{4}$) were on Friday $98\frac{1}{2}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE DISSOLUTION.

IT is, of course, quite possible that after all there may be no Dissolution, but all the signs point in the opposite direction, and as we write it seems not unlikely that at the Council to be held by the Queen on Monday next the formal acts required before an appeal to the people can take place will be duly accomplished. Assuming that this is the case, and that within the next few weeks we shall be in the thick of a General Election, it is necessary to inquire what is the duty of Unionists. First, in our opinion, is the duty of remaining Unionists and maintaining intact the party organisation. It is needless to remark that we do not say this because we put party above country, but rather because the collapse of the Liberal party and its present condition of demoralisation is a terrible warning of what happens when the party ties are lightly and wantonly relaxed. It is right and necessary that men should abandon their party when some far-reaching and all-important question is involved, but they must take care that such abandonment is always based on sound reasons, and not on mere weariness or restlessness or on petty and personal grounds. Our Parliamentary Constitution only works well under a properly organised party system, and hence he who breaks up the party system without due cause, and takes action which tends to substitute the dangerous and demoralising system of groups, is doing an injury to the best interests of the nation. But to say that Unionists must be loyal to their party is by no means the same thing as to say that they must be blind and uncritical supporters of any one body of men, or to argue that because the existing Cabinet is a Unionist Cabinet absolute confidence must be reposed in all its members. To ask for such an attitude is to demand not loyalty, but slavishness. It is in the highest sense a mark of party loyalty to insist upon administrative efficiency, and to require not merely that we shall have the best political principles, but also the best men and the best organised Cabinet to lead us and to give effect to those principles. To put the matter in a nutshell, Unionists who are restless and dissatisfied, and who look with misgiving upon much that has been done in the past by the present Ministry, ought not therefore to desert the Unionist cause, but ought rather to insist that the guardianship of that cause should be more efficiently carried out. The rank-and-file of the party have the power to do so if they will only use their power. No one wants slavishness in the leaders any more than in the followers, but, after all, the leaders are in effect chosen by the rank-and-file and receive their mandate of authority from them.

The principles which must specially influence members of the Unionist party at the General Election are not difficult to state. In the first place, there is the maintenance of the Union with Ireland, and the absolute refusal to countenance in any shape or form the disintegration of the citadel of the Empire,—the United Kingdom. Next, there is the securing of a settlement in South Africa which shall place the late Republics beyond all possible risk of being again severed from the Empire, shall secure equal rights to all white men, and shall make any return to a racial ascendancy for the Dutch impossible. Again, there is the reorganisation of the Army into an efficient war-machine. Beyond these specific points there are also the requirements of a sound foreign policy, conducted without either weakness or jealousy, and of general administrative efficiency. These, we take it, are at the present moment the things which Unionists of all shades of opinion most ardently desire,—the things which they regard as of overwhelming importance. When a General Election is upon them it is the business and duty of all true Unionists to consider how they can best obtain them. Can it honestly be said, however much they may be dissatisfied with the present Government, that they will obtain them by putting a Liberal Government in office,—a Government of which all the members will of necessity be theoretical Home-rulers, of which many members will certainly be inclined to a weak and sentimental handling of the South African settlement, and of which a considerable portion will regard expenditure on the Army and Navy with jealous if not actually hostile eyes? But if the way to get

what Unionists want is not to fling the Government of the country into the midst of that free fight called the Liberal party, how else is the Unionist elector to obtain it? Not, he will very naturally feel, by giving a blank cheque to the present Government constituted and organised exactly as it is. Very possibly the criticism of the present Ministry has gone too far; very possibly its faults are exaggerated and its virtues overlooked. Still, the fact remains that though the confidence of the country may be undiminished in individual members—personally we believe it is undiminished in Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach—it is very much diminished in regard to the Cabinet as a political entity. There are, we believe, thousands of electors who would refuse to give a vote that would keep the Government as at present constituted in office. Such men argue that unless and until they receive some outward and visible sign that things will not go on after the Election exactly as they have been going on during the last five years, with “all the old men in all the old places,” they cannot support the Government. Now we do not altogether agree with this attitude, nor could we light-heartedly adopt it. Anxious as we are for reconstruction, and none could be more anxious, we feel the danger of putting a Liberal Ministry in office—constituted as a Liberal Ministry must be—too acutely to make us favour any action tending to that end. A very large number of Unionists, however, and especially those who do not study the political situation very closely, do not realise the risks that would be run from a Liberal Ministry just now. They are willing, that is, to ignore the remoter consequences of abstention, and think only of marking clearly their disapproval of certain aspects of the present régime. In other words, they will not vote unless a reconstruction of the Cabinet takes place before the General Election. Any other course, they declare, will stereotype an Administration with whose internal organisation and way of conducting public business they are dissatisfied.

That being so, we appeal to the leaders of the Unionist party to announce the reconstruction of the Cabinet before the General Election, and not after it. If they do that, and do the work of reconstruction thoroughly and well, they will, we believe, retain for Unionist candidates in every constituency hundreds of votes which otherwise would not be cast at all, or might even in certain cases be given to members of the Liberal party. If the Government go to the country with a reconstructed and rejuvenated Cabinet they will, we believe, once more receive the confidence of the general body of Unionist electors. If they insist on going to it just as they are, and on leaving the country under the impression that the nation, if it wants a Unionist Government, must be ruled for another six years by exactly the present Cabinet and by no other, they court a most severe rebuff. To postpone reconstruction till after the Election is to miss the chance of retaining the help of thousands of men, who will otherwise remain neutral, or even fall away altogether. And why should not reconstruction take place before instead of after the Election? It is admitted by the inner circle of politicians, though the fact that they make such an admission is unfortunately not realised by the rank-and-file of Unionists, that some reconstruction must take place. If it takes place before the polls, the new Cabinet may rightly feel that it has been endorsed by the nation. If reconstruction follows the polls, the new Cabinet will not have received that stamp of confidence. Hence, as firm and convinced Unionists most anxious that the Unionist party shall retain power and that the country shall be governed on Unionist principles, we desire that reconstruction shall precede an appeal to the people. If we wished the Unionist party ill instead of good nothing would please us better than to see the Ministers go to the country with the cry of “The Cabinet, the old Cabinet, and nothing but the old Cabinet.” It is because we are loyal Unionists that we ask for reconstruction, and call on all Unionists who share our views to use their best endeavours to bring this view of the question home to the leaders of the party.

It is not for us to state how the difficult and anxious work of reconstruction ought to be carried out. We can, however, and will, state what we believe are the principles upon which earnest Unionists throughout the country desire

that reconstruction should take place. They are not the "fads" or "whims" of any one writer or any one newspaper, but the crystallised opinions of thinking men throughout the party. We may tabulate them as follows:—

- (1) The new Cabinet must have a real Prime Minister,—i.e., a Prime Minister who does not hold a great office, but is a true foreman of his gang and superintends, and to a certain extent co-operates in, the work of every Department,—and that Prime Minister should be Lord Salisbury.
- (2) In the new Cabinet the office of Secretary of State for War must be placed in the hands of our ablest and most vigilant administrator,—a man who will know what he wants and be able to insist on getting it.
- (3) The new Cabinet must be constructed on the principle that the strength of a chain is its weakest link, and none but men of really high capacity must be included.
- (4) The new Cabinet must be reduced in numbers, for experience has shown that the largeness of the present Cabinet has not conduced to efficiency.
- (5) The new Cabinet must be rejuvenated by the inclusion of a larger number of young men, for while a composite body like a Cabinet needs experience, it also needs vigour and initiative.

What members of the present Cabinet should be asked to retire or who should take their places cannot profitably be discussed in a newspaper, but it is obvious that among the younger politicians on the Unionist side are several men of a high degree of administrative ability. Lord Selborne and Mr. Brodrick, for example, to mention only two, are both men fit for the responsibilities of Cabinet office. With equal certainty can this be said of Mr. Gerald Balfour, who has shown during his tenure of the office of Chief Secretary that he has many of the highest qualities of statesmanship. In spite of the grossly unjust way in which he has been attacked by a section of the Irish loyalists, he has pursued the policy which he knew to be right, and has proved himself worthy of the confidence of the nation. But it is not our business to suggest the names of the younger politicians. All we desire to insist on is that if our leaders mean to do their duty to the Unionist party and to the nation, they must go to the country with a reconstructed Cabinet. Only in that way can they reinvigorate the party and rally its full strength to support the cause of the Union, of the Empire, of a sound and final settlement in South Africa, and of an efficient administration in the matter of national defence.

MR. KRUGER.

MR. KRUGER has abandoned the Transvaal—or, as he quaintly puts it, he has taken six months' leave—and is now on the coast at Lourenço Marques waiting to take ship for Europe. That the ex-President brought his country to ruin by his obstinacy and violence will, we believe, be the verdict which history will ultimately pass on this singular man. Had he been willing to share power with the Outlanders, and to show even in a moderate degree that liberality in naturalisation which Bacon long ago recognised as essential to permanency in States, the Republic would not only be standing to-day, but would be growing stronger every year. But the President, able as he was in many ways, could not realise this, could not understand that very often in life he who wishes to keep power must be content to lose a portion of it, and that the monopolist too often, while he seems to have made all secure, loses everything. Mr. Kruger and his burghers were in truth at heart monopolists. They could not believe that there was any value in a thing they desired unless they could have it all, and could prevent others taking a share. The Boer only valued the vote if he possessed it while somebody else did not.

The President's great opportunity occurred after the Jameson Raid. If he had then turned over a new leaf, and met the designs of Mr. Rhodes by a generous admission of new blood into the Republic, he might have founded his State on an unshakable rock. The Outlanders were disgusted, as

well they might be, with the handling of their cause by the organisers of the Raid in Cape Town and the Chartered Company's dominions, and if President Kruger had first crushed the revolt and then proceeded to redress of grievances, nothing could have prevented his Republic developing into a strong and self-governing State, protected from foreign jealousies by the British Fleet, but otherwise absolutely mistress of her own affairs. It must not be supposed that Mr. Kruger had not the wit to realise this. He saw it clearly enough, and deliberately rejected the notion as one which had no attractions for him. When an Englishman, thinking that the peasant-statesman was blind to this view of the situation, pointed out how greatly the Republic would gain in stability by the admission of the Outlanders, the President replied in words something like the following:—'There are now half a dozen men outside the waggon trying their best to upset it. You tell me that if I let them get into the waggon they will not only not want to upset it any more, but will help to stop any one else upsetting it. That is perfectly true; but when they are in they will want to drive in a different direction from what I do.' There is the whole of the Boer attitude in a nutshell. They were the born drivers, the real owners of the land—as a matter of fact their title was not fifty years older than that of the most recent Outlander—and they were as determined to do what they would with their own as any Patricians of old Rome. To share power with the "plebs," and thereby to consolidate the Republic, was a delusion,—the thing consolidated would not be the true Republic, but something perfectly different, and to them at least utterly worthless. To the Boers the proverb that half a loaf is better than no bread did not apply. Half the loaf was useless to them. It must be all or nothing. Those who sympathise naturally with aristocracies, who in history admire the unyielding pride of the Venetian oligarchy, and who applaud the fierceness with which the Southern slaveholders fought to retain their monopoly of power, will no doubt see a great deal of pathos in the destruction of Mr. Kruger and his so-called Republic. For ourselves, who hold with the liberal ideas which have always in the end controlled and inspired the Anglo-Saxon race, we cannot profess any very great sorrow that the Boer ideals of exclusiveness, monopoly, and caste ascendancy have perished. On the contrary, and quite apart from other and more poignant reasons for rejoicing in the downfall of the Boer oligarchy, we are glad that the world has had another proof that rule by a narrow caste resting on force cannot last. A political philosopher might, indeed, find in the history of the Boers a wonderfully clear and concentrated illustration of the forces which bring an oligarchy to ruin. Power when unchecked and unlimited, and exercised, not because it is sanctioned by the inhabitants at large, but because it is the will of a privileged class who are born to its use and who enjoy its exercise over others as a birthright, always ends by intoxicating and demoralising those who possess it. The Boer oligarchy, like all oligarchies before it, became drunk with the exercise of power, and like a drunken man, lost all sense of proportion. But the Boers were doubly demoralised. The possession of vast wealth in its most concentrated, and so most intoxicating and exciting, form added to the effects already produced by the sense of being a caste in whom authority resided by the right of race. The pride of power and the sense of the apparently boundless possibilities opened up by their hoards of gold went to the Boers' heads like new wine. In their hearts they did not regard the war when it began as a last stand to defend their homes, but as chastisement due to the Englishmen for their insolence. They were to be taught to mind their own business, just as the Kaffirs had occasionally to be taught. To Englishmen who compare the British Empire with the little State on the veldt this probably sounds nonsense, but nevertheless it is true. The Boers did not think they were entering upon an unequal struggle, any more than did the Confederate States when they determined to show "the Northern scum," as they insolently called the Federals, who were the better men.

President Kruger's personality has been compared to that of Hofer, but in truth he was a very pinchbeck Hofer. Indeed, if we were not anxious to avoid any-

thing which might seem like insulting a fallen man, we should be tempted to say that there was no possible analogy between the lofty patriot of the Tyrol and Mr. Kruger. Hofer was certainly never demoralised by wielding the authority of an oligarchy drunk with power and gold. If half the people in the Tyrol had been French, and the Tyrolese had ruled these Frenchmen harshly and oppressively and refused to give them any share in government, and if then a French army had come into the Tyrol to relieve their compatriots, the comparison might have been illuminating. Since, however, none of these things were so, and Hofer was as poor as Kruger is rich, we do not think the matter worth pursuing. But though Mr. Kruger is not a Hofer, we do not in any sense think him a bad man. He is cunning and stubborn, and he has occasionally shown himself unable to deal with those in his power without a certain touch of brutality and insolence—witness the dog speech—but there is nothing outrageous or malign in his character. If he is untruthful the fault must be pardoned him, for it belongs to all his people in a greater or lesser degree. The charges of corruption made against him are also a little unfair. He has had immense chances of making money, and he has used them freely, both for himself and his relations, but no reasonable person can doubt that President Kruger would never have hesitated for a moment to use his whole private fortune in the service of the State as he understood it. Mr. Kruger is, as a matter of fact, neither the sinister monster his enemies depict him, nor, again, the high-souled patriot of the Hofer or the George Washington type. He is a hard-fisted, not over-scrupulous man of great determination, great craftiness, and great tenacity, but also very limited in his ideas. To speak of him as a great statesman is an exaggeration, for he has again and again thrown away his country's best chances by his narrowness of view and by his inability to understand his opponents. For example, he has most foolishly made a bogey of Mr. Chamberlain, and listened to every idle tale told about the Colonial Secretary till his judgment has become entirely warped. The fact is President Kruger's personality is an epitome of that of his people. He began as a simple hard-headed farmer, but the power to ride rough-shod over thousands of men without any possibility of his will being effectively challenged, and the possession of vast wealth, not merely in the way of investment, but in hoarded gold, have produced in his character those disagreeable features which are always to be found in members of an oligarchy at once arrogant and illiterate, proud and coarse, rich and illiberal. Compare Mr. Kruger in 1880 with what he is now, and you may read the whole history of the Boers and discover why it became impossible to live side by side with them, and why, though most reluctantly, the British Empire was forced to abate the nuisance at Pretoria. History will not class Kruger with its bad men, but it certainly will not put him among the Hampdens, the Washingtons, and the Hofers. The most he can hope for in the Temple of Fame is a niche beside Jefferson Davis.—Strangely enough, in both cases the figure will have its foot on the neck of a black man.

A DEFECTIVE ANALOGY FOR CHINA.

IN this burdensome China business we must all be content to wait a little. It is supposed on fair evidence that the Allies are disposed to negotiate, and that the Chinese Government has invested two great Mandarins, Li Hung Chang, the Chinaman, and Prince Ching, the Manchu, with the powers of plenipotentiaries, and it is, therefore, imagined that the end of a difficult and dangerous complication is in sight. We are not so sure. The Allies are divided into two groups, half insisting, in the interest of the future, that the "terms" must include punishment for the authors of the recent outrages, more especially the Empress-Regent and Prince Tuan, while the other half seem to think that punishment may be waived if only large compensations are offered to the insulted Powers. It will take time, probably much time, to bring the two groups into accord, and more time still to induce the Chinese Court to agree to the compromise ultimately to be resolved on by those groups. That Court is perfectly safe in Shensi, it holds with Marie Antoinette that if only time is given there are always

many chances, and it is by no means clear to its inner mind that it is defeated. Negotiations, we may be sure, will not proceed with dramatic rapidity, and until we know a little about the points on which the Powers are agreed, and the terms the Empress-Regent will accept, all discussion is very much in the air. We prefer, therefore, this week to consider a solution which, rather to our amazement, we find commends itself to many influential and experienced minds.

It is said that China is just now very much in the situation of India after the death of Aurungzebe. The Imperial authority, though nominally absolute, is really very weak. The great Viceroy, like the Soubahdars of the Great Mogul, exercise in almost all respects a sovereign power. They are theoretically required to furnish tribute, but that once remitted, or its absence explained, they are permitted to raise armies of their own, to purchase fleets of their own, and to act as regards both external and internal policy very much on their own judgment. They have the supreme power of life and death, and they raise their revenue, in subjection to treaties, almost as they please. Nobody reproves them for corruption, and tyranny is approved until it produces insurrection. Some are ultra-conservatives and some reformers, some shelter the foreigners and some murder them even in their own Yamens or halls of audience. They even claim the right of forming leagues among themselves, and while servile in expression towards the Throne, very often refuse obedience to its commands. It is argued, therefore, that if the Court should continue recalcitrant, the best policy would be to deal with the Viceroy, to strengthen their hands and, as Bussy and Clive did in India, to form with them separate alliances. Treat the Viceroy of the Two Kwangs, it is said, as the Soubahdar of the Deccan was treated, and there will be permanent order in those large Satrapies, for the Viceroy will, in order to be safe, need foreign protection, and will therefore accept foreign advice.

We believe that the plan, which at first sight seems statesmanlike enough, rests upon an entirely false analogy. The position of the Viceroy in China differs from that of the Soubahdars of India in two essential respects. In the first place, their masters' authority rests upon a different basis. The Emperors of Delhi ruled from first to last, from Baber to Shah Alum, as foreign conquerors, holding their powers by the right of the sword alone. As militant chiefs of Islam they had, they considered, a right to the obedience of Mussulmans, and as conquerors to that of Hindoos. Even Akbar, who was a great statesman, who desired to weld all the peoples of his Empire into a nation, and who even dreamed of a new creed which all should profess alike, never put forward any other claim to his almost unresisted supremacy. His title was success on the battlefield. If, therefore, a Soubahdar could defend himself against the Emperor in the field, he had in his own people's eyes a right to independence, and they obeyed him without remorse. The power of the Emperor of China, on the other hand, rests upon a theory of his universal fatherhood. He is in all China what the father is in every house, theoretically the unquestioned lord. To rebel against him is parricide, and though the crime has been committed, it has never been avowed, except by a rebel who has asserted, as the Taiping leader did, that he, and not the man in Pekin, was the rightful father and lord. The Chinese mind, like the "Roman" mind for centuries, hardly conceives the possibility of doing without the central Emperor, the supreme figure, the man in whom the Empire is incarnate, who ought to listen to every appeal, and who will in extreme cases do it. The Viceroy is, therefore, always at a disadvantage. There is always a man who, in the judgment of his subordinate's friends as well as of his enemies, *ought* to be above him, who has a right to dismiss him—which is infrequent—or to transfer him—which is common—or to sentence him secretly to death, which happens now and again. The order once issued by the Emperor and defied, every enemy of the Viceroy, every jealous rival, his own captains, his own servants, think it ought to be obeyed, and become potential enemies of the most dangerous kind, for in killing him they are only executing a rebel, and in universal opinion deserve reward. For much the same reason the magnates of the later Roman world dreaded the Emperor beyond

measure, and almost invariably when they rebelled "assumed the purple," that is, claimed a sacredness and an ultimate right of ruling the world equal to his own. It is very difficult to turn men so situated into permanent Sovereigns, and this first difficulty is greatly increased by the second point of difference between India and China. In India the hereditary idea is at once universal and peculiar. The son of a Sovereign has not an absolute right to the throne, but nobody doubts for a moment that he has the best right, that, for instance, if he executes all competitors, even the possible ones, he is within the limits of his rightful authority. The Soubahdar, therefore, who successfully rebelled founded a dynasty, which in the East, at all events, is a much greater temptation than merely getting a throne. In China, on the contrary, the hereditary idea, outside the Imperial Palace, does not exist. The Manchu Princes obey some strange but traditional law of succession which confines the throne to a particular family, but with that exception and one other, the family of Confucius, no one in China has from descent any claim to power. The principle accepted by the whole people, by the coolie as well as the Mandarin, is that the best qualified should rule, and that the test of quality is intellectual attainment as proved by competitive examination. To evoke loyalty to a House is, therefore, impossible, and without such loyalty a new sovereignty must be at best an unstable affair. The European protector would have to be always protecting, and, after the first Viceroy had passed away, to be protecting a man who in his subjects' judgment had no sort of claim to be protected. That strikes us as a very rotten foundation upon which to build up a new polity intended to be durable.

We may add as a final argument that the experience of India shows that the existence of the Soubahdars was an ever-present temptation to the European Powers. Very few of them were then maritime, but the French and the Dutch were always trying to form alliances with the new Sovereigns and against the English. So late as 1788 the Directory tried to form an alliance with Tippoo, who had emerged from the chrysalis stage and called himself Sultan, and dreams of foreign help were entertained at one or two Courts to a much later period. The Government of India regards such dreams with jealousy even now, and would undoubtedly think itself compelled to smash any Prince who tried to form a foreign alliance. The temptation nowadays, when at least five Powers have transmarine ambitions, and in China, where, as the world fancies, there are endless markets, would be far stronger. Each Viceroy's Court would be a smaller Constantinople, with everybody bribing except ourselves, and everybody trying, including ourselves, to outwit or outbully the remainder. We venture to say that peace could not be maintained for ten years, and that while it was maintained there would be at least ten panics, each protector believing that it would in a month be necessary, "in defence of the dearest commercial interests," to disturb the world. The scheme would, in fact, involve the very worst, because the least durable and complete, form of partition.

THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE IN AUSTRIA.

GOVERNMENT by public discussion—the principle which underlies our own Constitution—is certainly the hope of the world, and probably the method which, when the world is a little more civilised, will be generally adopted, but it is by no means certain that the discussion will be carried on in large assemblies. Favoured by the grave character of our people, by an unusual historic development, under which the House of Commons was for two centuries rather a Senate than a representative body, and by the "temperate" character, as Tennyson described it, of our Sovereigns, we have fairly succeeded with that system. So have the Americans in a way, though part of their discussion is carried on secretly between party leaders and the Executive rather than in the representative bodies; so have the Dutch, and so, we doubt not, would the Germans, but that the extreme danger of their military position has made them patient of a certain exaggeration of monarchical power. A nation cannot be an army always on guard without leaving to

its Commander-in-Chief very extensive powers. The system, however, does not work in all the countries which have adopted it. It is on its trial in France; it has failed so far in Italy; and in Austria—we mean Cisleithan Austria—it has broken down so completely that statesmen are anxiously considering how they may best effect a *coup d'état*. The Deputies do not discuss; they only quarrel; and as the real reason for quarrelling is difference of race, the prospect of an end to the quarrel is not hopeful. The English and Irish have gone on quarrelling for centuries, and if they were fairly equal in numbers, business would be always at a deadlock. It seems to be admitted that this deadlock has been reached in Austria, that the new Parliament—the elections for which will begin on December 4th—will be just as impracticable as the one dissolved, and that the Emperor has promised in that event to establish a new Constitution by decree. Now what do those words, which in themselves are absurdly vague, precisely mean? Do they imply a return to despotic government or an effort to establish a new method of discussion?

We think it may be taken as certain that they mean as the next experiment some new kind of Parliament. Government by discussion, though sorely discredited, will not be abandoned yet. The Emperor will devise, or accept from an adviser, some method of electing Deputies—we hope fewer in number—which he thinks will render discussion fairly fruitful, so that improvements can be attempted and business got through. The assumption of absolute power, which is the alternative, will not be to his taste. He is an old man; he is a weary man; and he has had a singular history, which has taught him, though he began his political life as a tyrant, that Prince Schwarzenberg was right when he said: "You can do anything with bayonets except sit on them." Moreover, times have altered since he was young. Finance has become more important, and it would be exceedingly difficult to raise heavy taxes, or float a loan urgently needed, by a mere exercise of Imperial will. The need for public discussion has become greater, and the Emperor, even if he decides that he must risk a *coup d'état*, because the Constitution is unworkable, will almost certainly establish some kind of representative House. Any kind of House must be an experiment, and many motives will impel Francis Joseph to make the experiment a bold one, and adopt what the Continent calls universal—that is, manhood—suffrage. In the judgment of most Englishmen household suffrage would be much better, but on the Continent there are two objections to any such restriction. One is that there is a great wish for finality, and household suffrage is not considered final; and the other is the real difficulty of forcing all the young to fight the battles of the country and endure the hateful barrack life, yet refusing them any control over the fortunes of the State. We suspect this argument will prevail, and anticipate that after next year, during which the present kind of Parliament will be allowed to fill up its cup and place its ineptitude beyond doubt, universal suffrage will be the voting method of the whole of Central Europe. It is already the method of Germany, where it certainly does not produce anarchy, and the Austrian Emperor watches events in Germany very closely. Moreover, this will be probably the line of least resistance. Everybody hopes that universal suffrage once established will go his way. The Slavs will hope for a majority, the Clericals will hope that affairs will turn out as in Belgium, and the Germans, who will have most to apprehend, besides being Liberals, will have a difficulty in arguing that the system which in Germany is found consistent with an exaggeration of monarchical power must in Austria produce anarchy. We think the experiment will be tried, and then, or equally in the event of a different experiment, will arise the question what is to be the "sanction" of the new Constitution.

In England we are free of this difficulty because, though we constantly forget the fact, we have in this free country a legal and constitutional autocracy. That which King, Lords, and Commons agree to decree is law, even if they should confine the suffrage to men with red hair, or direct that the Bishops shall appoint half the House of Commons. That strange reserved power exists, however, only in England and France—we doubt if the Czar could legally decree a new baptismal service—and certainly

does not exist in Austria. A new Constitution could be decreed there only by a *coup d'état*, and in our day a *coup d'état*, to work effectually, requires legalisation. There will be trouble else of many kinds, disputes between the races, difficulties about finance, possibilities of shocks to credit, from which modern statesmen shrink with even exaggerated apprehension. The Imperial authority is no longer divine, nor will all the peoples of Austria accept the doctrine that as the Constitution was given freely by the throne, so it may be suspended, abolished, or greatly modified. Something must be done besides decreeing, and there are only two kinds possible of that something. One, which will not be adopted, would possibly work, though it would be illogical. If the Emperor could embody his new Constitution in a Bill and get it passed by the old Parliament, it would be difficult to resist it, even though such a Bill would stand condemned from the first, in good legists' eyes, as *ultra vires*. The Bill, however, would never pass, and consequently will never be proposed. The other expedient is the old one, a plebiscite. There are plenty of objections to a plebiscite, but it has one advantage which will always lead even those who instinctively reject it to wish it could be applied. Its moral weight is immense. It conveys the will of the whole people, and even Monarchists, who regard it as almost impious, and aristocrats, who look on it with contempt, shrink, morally shrink as well as physically, before its irresistible impact. If the Emperor decrees a new Constitution and the people accept it, there will, we feel confident, be scarcely a murmur heard until the experiment has been fairly tried.

But we shall be asked,—Will any new Constitution work in Austria in the face of the race difference? We do not know, for we do not know how deep the race difference has gone, or how much the people of Austria care to govern themselves. The only precedent, that of Switzerland, seems to show that when all races are equally treated the race difficulty, even when accentuated by differences of creed, is not insuperable. But we do know that in our day, when there has once been a breach with the tradition that the gift of the King was semi-sacred, the prospect for a Constitution deliberately accepted by the people is indefinitely better than that for a Constitution, even if it is wiser and better framed, which is simply *octroyé* by any Imperial will. The people of Austria may be, though we can hardly believe it, incapable of government by discussion, but if they are capable the Constitution to which they will be most likely to be loyal will be one accepted by themselves.

ELECTRICAL POWER.

WE spoke, two or three weeks back, of the immense relief to the warmth famine with which we are threatened that electricity promises one day to bring us. With house coal rising a shilling a ton every ten days or so, that is a prospect of very great interest. But Professor Silvanus Thompson, in his lecture at the British Association last Saturday, raises our hopes still higher. He encourages us to look forward to a time when electricity will play the part which is now played by steam, when it will be the moving power of all industries and all locomotion, and when all the miseries which we have learned to associate with coal, and, most of all, with cheap and wastefully used coal, will be at an end. The century which is closing has been the century of steam; the century to which we are coming so close will be the century of electricity.

The economic results of the change are obvious. We have hitherto been favoured in every industrial competition by the possession of vast supplies of coal obtained with comparative ease. That advantage is at an end. In the matter of coal we are no longer any better off than some of our rivals. But while we have been resting on our superiority in this single article, foreign nations have gone far ahead of us in the process of devising substitutes for coal. We are already, the Professor tells us, competing in certain industries with men who have at their disposal a power which costs far less than anything we can command in the way of steam engines or gas engines,—less, says the Professor, than a halfpenny per hour per horse-power. Such stations as Niagara, as Rheinfelden near Basle, as Vizzola in Lombardy, are creating new industries and new industrial

communities, living under new material and social conditions. The neighbourhood of a great waterfall has become something more than a bait to tourists; it is the means of superseding steam and gas alike. It may be objected that waterfalls on such a scale as these are not to be found in England. Henry Kingsley indeed has described a Thames weir in terms which would hardly be exaggerated if applied to the falls of the Rhine. But when it comes to generating electric power we fear that the inferiority of the native product will be demonstrated. Professor Thompson, however, is not daunted by so simple an obstacle as this. He proposes to make coal minister to its own supersession. England, he says, has her natural source of power in her coalfields. At the mouth of every pit he would set up machinery for generating electricity, to be driven either by steam or gas. Coal will no longer be raised for all the thousand purposes to which it is now adapted; it will be raised to create the power which is to take its place. From these generating centres electric currents would be distributed over whole counties, and by these currents all the mills and factories in the district would be kept at work, and all the trains run. The countless chimneys which now poison the atmosphere round every large town would then be harmless. Here and there, as we gazed from some hill in the neighbourhood, we might see a single column of smoke rising into the air, but we should know that this was the trifling price paid for the absence of all smoke besides. Our supply of coal would last practically for ever, because, except possibly for exportation to communities backward enough still to use steam, the only effective demand on it would be for the generation of electricity.

It is a delightful prospect, and one which grows on us the more it is looked at. "The life of the community," says the Professor, "and the life of the worker depend on the conditions that surround them; and the conditions which surround them in the electrical age will be far better than those which have surrounded them in the steam age." We should once more be able to "forget six counties overhung with smoke"; we should no longer be forbidden to "dream of London . . . white and clean." There would never again be a "Black Country," for vegetation would speedily clothe even the ashen mountains that would be the only memorial of the poisonous industries of the past. An electrical England would be a clean England, and a clean England would mean an England in which a decent and human life might everywhere be led if men chose to lead it. The face of the heavens would not be constantly hidden from men; the rays of the sun would have their free course to the earth unimpeded by obstacles wholly of man's creating. We should be able to reproduce in our great cities one chief element of the superiority which the country enjoys over the town. Both alike would be free from smoke, and being free from smoke, would be free from all the solid impurities which the smoke pours down upon us. The invasion of a new industry would not, as it does now, involve the atmospheric ruin of the district. Factories would be chimneyless, and so might offend the eye by their outlines, but would, at least, leave the eye free to see them clearly. Except at the generating centres, there would be no coal sidings, and no endless processions of coal trucks awaiting their turn to be sent on. Fogs, indeed, we should still have, but their colour would be changed, and whatever other harm they might do us, they would no longer choke us.

When all these results are added to the immense commercial gains which would follow upon a change that left Englishmen free to use their skill and energy upon precisely equal terms with other nations, there will be no question, we think, as to the accuracy of Professor Thompson's forecast. But its realisation depends in a great degree upon the economical use of electricity. It will not drive out steam and gas unless it is cheaper than steam and gas. But if electricity is to be cheap, proper care must be taken that the supply is not left to each man to get how and whence he can. There must be no more single firms in Lancashire who "consume more power than is required for the electric lighting of the whole city of Manchester." There must be no cross-purposes between those who find the power. But if the work be left to private enterprise there will necessarily

be cross-purposes, and Professor Thompson evidently fears that this will be equally true if it be left to municipalities. Indeed, the probability of this last result will at once be realised if we bethink us of what is going on in regard to water supply. In all directions we see one large community stretching out its hands to a source which another wants to mark for its own, and, however fairly the question may be settled as between them, the interests of the intermediate villages are pretty sure to suffer. Again, the magnitude of the work, the amount of capital and of technical skill that it will require, will be enormous, and to employ this capital and skill profitably will be beyond the compass of "little separate electric stations, whether private, parochial, or even municipal." We have to imagine the whole lighting of England done by electricity, and then to remember that the amount of electricity needed for working machinery will be ten times greater, and even then we shall not have provided for heating. Consequently Professor Silvanus Thompson has good reason to call the electrical question "not only a great industrial, but a great national one." If it is to be protected against all the hindrances that arise out of the need of getting hold of existing private rights, and of compensating the owners for the loss of them, it ought to engage the attention of the State without loss of time. We are on the threshold of a scientific revolution which promises vast social and economical benefits. The appropriation of these benefits by the whole nation may depend on the foresight shown by the Government during the next few years.

THE EFFECTS OF THE SHRINKAGE OF THE WORLD.

WE wonder sometimes a little what the ultimate result of the shrinkage of the world will be. It is going on very fast. Size is measurable by distance, and distance by the speed at which it can be traversed, and this speed as regards ocean travelling increases every year. India, which in 1850 was thirty-two days distant from London, is now only seventeen, and five years hence will be only ten. The 'Deutschland' has this week performed the voyage from America to Europe at an average rate of twenty-three knots an hour, and at that rate a similar steamer would reach Bombay in ten days or Hong-kong in seventeen. A very slight improvement, almost inevitable within the five years, will give us a speed in traversing the ocean of twenty-six knots an hour, or seven hundred miles a day, and that means, speaking roughly, that Australia will be reached from Europe in sixteen days. That rate, moreover, is by no means the greatest attainable. If the turbine system is found applicable to the largest ships, as it already is to the "destroyers," or if the principle of the electric motor-car can be applied to ships—which is at all events possible—the normal rate of ocean travelling will be forty miles an hour, and India will be accessible within the week, and North China or Australia within the fortnight. The world, in fact, for purposes of intercommunication will be reduced to a third of the size it possessed half a century ago, and a tenth of the size it had when the century began. This, be it remembered, is no dream of a man sitting at a desk and ignoring obstacles. It is a mere statement of what must be if improvements already effected are applied upon a somewhat wider scale. What, we ask again, will be the result of such speed? In one way it should be good, for knowledge will be increased. The deterrent idea of remoteness will disappear, every country will become interesting, and every country will be visited and explored by multitudes of men with mind. Distance divides us more than we think. Men are impatient of correspondence which cannot be answered within months, they are reluctant to waste more than a certain amount of time in travelling from point to point, and they shut their minds to events which occur at too great a distance for information to be quickly verified or confuted. It is not only their energy which is overtaxed, but their imagination. If China were only the distance of a day's journey we should soon know China as we know France, should be interested in Chinese actions from day to day, and should lose, gradually no doubt, but completely, that sense of bewilderment which at present more than anything else divides Europe from China. That must be good to a certain extent, for we are coerced into intercourse with China, and a

better knowledge of those with whom you have constant intercourse must, one would think, be beneficial. It will not necessarily produce friendship—that is a conventional and rather insincere error, every one knowing that he can, under certain conditions, hate his next-door neighbour quite as hard as his acquaintance in the next town—but it would produce understanding, and it must be better to understand. Then speedy communication must develop trade, and with trade the movement of people who for any reason desire to change their habitat. The "facility of emigration," as we describe it, would be largely increased, and facility of emigration must be a benefit to mankind. We all acknowledge that as regards the interior of any country, cutting roads with that object and building railways and abolishing internal duties, and it must be as true of nations as of villages. At least, if it is not true there must be error in some of our most rudimentary ideas regarding civilisation. It is hard to doubt, for example, that if South America were within two days' journey, nearness to that region, with its fertility, its variety, and its vast unoccupied spaces, would diminish some of the misery of Europe. Experience would be fuller, for we should know more of the great variety and differences of mankind, and the thoughts of men would be widened as the thoughts of the villager are when he finds it easy to travel in many counties. We should all be mounted, as it were, on bicycles, and find, as bicycle riders find, that distance was nothing like the obstacle they had conceived it to be.

There will be, however, many drawbacks, some of them rather serious. It is by no means certain that the globe-trotter gains much by his trotting, or that the nearness of things in immense variety, while it compels attention, does not reduce the power of attending usefully. Schoolboys do not benefit by too many subjects. We think we perceive even now, when the process is only beginning, that the immense variety of objects of interest presented to the cultivated every morning through the showers of telegrams is positively weakening their power of attending to any one till the general body of opinion is more shallow than it was, or even, if we may venture on so unpopular an utterance, more ignorant. The receptive power of a large proportion of men is slightly overtaxed, like that of schoolboys who are being educated a little too fast and too "thoroughly." If, as would happen if the rate of communication were multiplied, say, by five, the affairs of the whole world became patent, and therefore interesting, mental weariness would set in, to be followed after a certain amount of strain by mental collapse. Let any one test this by reading two or three papers on days when they are brimming over with news and then trying to remember with exactness the information he has acquired. He will find that very little of it has really bitten into his mind, which has been much in the position of a musical ear condemned to listen attentively to three tunes at once. People understand the topography of South Africa *less* since they were compelled to acquire something of the topography of China. Then we fancy the repulsion of the races might be greatly sharpened. They would be much nearer each other, and contiguity, as we may see in any village, is not invariably productive of liking. Nobody despises a negro like an American, who sees one every day. It is by no means certain that we should like the Chinese better if we were incessantly in contact with them—at least, that is the unbroken testimony of those who are forced in America to visit frequently the Chinese quarters in some of the great cities—and still less certain that they would increasingly like us. Intercourse with Europe, on the contrary, has developed among Chinamen an almost ferocious bitterness of dislike. Negrophiles may be, we ourselves think are, wiser as well as better men than negrophobes, but they are not often persons who have lived in the West Indies. Above all, there is risk, we do not say there is certainty, but there is risk, that the higher races may lose something of their morale through increased intercourse with the lower. We all think that the brown man or yellow man must gain much by intercourse with the white, but the white man in his turn receives something from his inferior, and it is by no means wholly beneficial. He learns to tolerate the intolerable, as Thomas Hughes used to say, a good deal too readily, and to become content with a lower ideal of human life. We think or say that if the shrinkage of the world produces more intercourse between Europeans and Chinese that must be

good, but the European who becomes Sinified is a degraded being. We should not look upon the arrival of a million Chinese in Europe as an advantage to the morale of our quarter of the world, yet an immense increase of intercourse with China means precisely the same thing. The Crusades enlightened the mind of Europe, but they poisoned it too; and we could not imagine a greater misfortune for the world than that all the better races should understand without effort the speech of all the worse. The better residents of London do not find that close proximity to a public-house improves the character of their households, and the increased intercourse among races of different grade which *must* result from increased speed of communication will be very like that proximity. Those who know Asia best most fear its influence on Europe and America, even while, in the interest of Asiatics, they press forward movements the first result of which must be incessant intercourse. There is nothing to be done, of course, but to go forward and build steamers, if we can, moving at sixty miles an hour—people say the air will stop them, but it does not stop express trains—which would mean that Bombay would be accessible in five days; but it will be well for the white men, who have hitherto benefited by their comparative seclusion from the East, to suspend their hallicujahs to the “progressive” steam companies till they know a little better where all this “progress” is to land them. “From civilisation to barbarism at fifty miles an hour” is not, to our mind, the most fascinating of advertisements.

THE THINGS BEYOND THE TOMB.

A BOOK has just been published called “The Things Beyond the Tomb,” by the Rev. T. H. Passmore (London: Longmans and Co., 2s. 6d. net). The author, by diligent searching of the decrees of Councils, twisting texts, and realising metaphors, thinks that he can tell his readers a great deal about the life after death, and sets down his pious opinions with a dogmatism which savours rather of intellectual self-assurance than of religious faith. The effect of the book is to bring back to the reader with fresh vividness how little we know from the supreme authority, that is, from the words of our Lord Himself, about the next world. Christianity itself does not illumine “the undiscovered country,” but only shines as a “kindly light amid the encircling gloom.” Even for those who implicitly accept the guidance of that light, and believe that it will never lead them over a precipice to annihilation, the gloom is sometimes soul-shaking, and they must often experience a sense of spiritual vertigo as they walk beside the great gulf fixed between this world and the next. It is evidently the will of God that we should not see through that wall of darkness towards which we are all travelling,—the wall of darkness which we call death. Theologians who describe heaven and hell, or expound their various theories of purgatory, and declare in favour of general or particular days of judgment, do but make the faith of their hearers reel and miss their own mark every time that they refuse to turn away from the “babblings and oppositions of knowledge, falsely so called,” and forget “the excellent certainty of their subject which is God.”

Whether or no there is a purgatory in the next world we cannot tell, but it is certain that in this life our souls are cleansed from a spirit of bargaining and self-interest by a heavy discipline of ignorance laid upon us by God Almighty,—“in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life.” Perhaps no generation has felt the hardship of submitting itself under the hand of God in the matter of this ignorance so keenly as the present one, been so conscious of its want of knowledge, or hazarded so few guesses about the future. “We cannot order our speech by reason of the darkness.” Formerly men believed more readily in their own imaginings; the line between fact and metaphor was less sharply drawn. Hopes of future bliss founded on the visions of the writer of the Apocalypse satisfied simple inquirers and were capable of various interpretations; but now poetry has hardened into prophecy, whose fulfilment we cannot literally believe in and do not greatly desire. Religious aspiration remains the same in all ages. Its highest expression is still to be found in Job and the Psalms. But ideals of happiness, whether they apply here or hereafter, change. They wax old as doth a garment.

No one who believes in the government of God at all can

doubt that this intensified realisation of the darkness surrounding the last things—of which men in the Middle Ages wrote so glibly—is borne in upon us for some good purpose, and it is in trying to understand that purpose that consolation for our apparent loss of faith is to be looked for. Already in many ways the Church has profited by a discipline which certainly “for the present seemeth to be grievous.” She has learned that the spiritual life, which we are to have “more abundantly” after death, is to be *begun*, not *expected*. A smaller proportion of the educated may possibly go to church now than formerly, but if they worship God less openly they certainly serve Him better. Oppression, injustice, and cruelty have lessened very appreciably lately. No one can read the memoirs of the beginning of this century and doubt it. Our Lord said that a man going with a gift to the altar, and there remembering that his brother had something against him, was to be reconciled before he worshipped. If in this generation we have often forgotten the gift, we have at least sought the reconciliation. Christianity, unlike Buddhism, is not primarily a contemplative religion. The monastic ideal has been grafted upon it. The “divine prompting to do the disagreeable right,” as George Eliot called it, generates the spiritual life, and obedience to that prompting preserves and strengthens it better than “any speculation how sublime soever.” It is only by uncertainty as to the future that the importance of the present can be enforced upon the human mind. Were the nature of the eternal life known to us, were our continued individual existence even a demonstrable fact instead of a question of faith, our actions in this world would come to be looked upon as matters of small importance, and our sympathy for suffering would be largely diminished. If we could see before us endless opportunities of doing good unto all men, we should lose the great spur contained in the words, “While ye have time.” We see an illustration of this in the extraordinary want of sympathy and human feeling sometimes evinced by people who, firmly convinced of their own clear realisation of heaven, mistake a sanguine conviction for confidence in God. All proof as to the future being denied to us, the difference between faith and hope is very fine, and is largely a matter of words and of temperament. To believe and to know are very different things. A life of faith does not exclude the agonies of doubt. Faith presupposes a hypothesis strong enough to bear the whole fabric of a man’s theories of life and to support him in every question of conduct. Such a faith is as much as most of us can look for here. Thomas à Kempis, whose religious genius so often made him wider than his creed, and to whom the thoughts of many hearts were revealed in moments of painful uncertainty, expressed what we mean so much better than we are able to do, as to tempt us to quote him at length, well known though every word of his writing is:—“When one who often anxiously wavered between hope and fear was one day consumed with sadness, he prostrated himself in prayer in church before a certain altar and revolved these things within himself, saying: ‘Oh, if I did but know that, I should persevere on and on.’ All at once he heard within himself the divine answer: ‘And what wouldst thou do if thou knewest this? Do now what thou wouldst do then, and thou wilt be safe enough.’ And presently, being comforted and strengthened, he committed himself to the divine will and his anxious wavering ceased. Neither had he a mind to search curiously to know what should befall him hereafter, but studied rather to inquire what was the acceptable and perfect will of God for the beginning and accomplishing of every good work.”

It takes more faith to trust God, “though he slay” us, than to write the “Divina Commedia.” One of the messages which God’s present discipline of doubt conveys to this generation we believe to be that belief in an eternal life is not the first step to the knowledge of God, but that through knowledge of God faith in a future life is to be obtained, otherwise faith is little better than a logical conviction in the learned, or submissive credulity in the simple. The aim of religion is not the dangling of rewards and punishments before the sons of men, but the perfecting of the mirror of conscience until it shall adequately and consciously reflect the will of God. Christ, who revealed to us more of the divine nature than mere human nature could ever have discovered, impressed upon the minds of His followers with

constant reiteration the duty of love. If the preservation of goodwill to all men and of love to our friends be in accordance with the will of God to usward here, and one of the chief forces of the spiritual life, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that it will be quenched hereafter. Nevertheless, resignation in uncertainty in the matter of meeting and recognising each other in the next world must remain to most people the hardest act of faith by which we are called upon to "serve God for our good always."

There is one more light in which the uncertainty under which we all sometimes flag presents itself to our minds as a blessing. It is a great vent for the imagination, lifting us out of the petty round of everyday facts, supplying to each of us his own hope, his own possibility of happiness. No certainty which we are capable of grasping could soothe and elevate, purify and satisfy, the million minds who crave for it. The assurance that they would live for ever in this world would come to most men, however happy, with a tinge of disappointment. They might feel a certain amount of relief, but they would feel it amidst the ruins of many radiant, if half-conscious, visions. Fear of death, however, casts a continual shadow upon some lives. The *timor mortis* of which the ancients spoke yields to no argument, and has little to do with faith; it is a physical thing, like a tendency to faint at the sight of blood, and belongs altogether to the body. For those who feel it, it is a duty to dwell as little as possible upon the end of life upon earth, but it is not to be cured here, —only by death, as the writer of Hebrews says, can they be delivered "who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." To the majority of men death becomes less dreadful as they advance in life: each piece of finished work seems to detract from its terrors. For women, whose work is less definite and more interwoven with the domestic drama of life, the approaching change is more awful. On the other hand, they have less thirst for knowledge, and find submission in the face of mystery less difficult. Richard Baxter—of whom Johnson said, "Read any of his works; they are all good"—sets forth in verse with a wonderful and religious simplicity the faith whose eyes are holden, which is to be our guide among shadows where sight is useless:—

"Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before,
And he who to God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by that door.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
It is enough that He knows all,
And I shall be with Him."

THE HUMOURS OF THE "FANCY."

THE honorary secretary of the National Mouse Club was recently presented with £8 in subscriptions as a mark of appreciation of his work for this Club. The *Ladies' Kennel Journal*, which gives this item of news, is not an "extreme" fancier's organ, but a very humane one. Even the remedies for some ailments of pugs are advertised with the attractive heading of "No Starving." It also records some interesting details of how the mouse classes are doing at shows. It appears that in the Midlands a district Fur and Feather Society's annual show was remarkable for the quality of these classes. "A very pretty Dutch mouse won, and its owner took a V.H.C. [very highly commended] with a lovely white one." Another well-known exhibitor "sent a very fat fawn one, but his fur was not in very good condition." A fawn-and-white mouse easily won a second prize, and another lady exhibitor obtained such honours that people whose ambitions are modest, and who wish to begin with one foot firmly planted on the lowest rung of the exhibitor's ladder, would probably like to hear about it. "A white one got third; and two very well marked ones got second and third. A sable mouse, with the best of ears, was third also; and a lovely black-and-tan, catalogued at £20, was second. One owned by the same lady, the best in all the show, was first." The writer does not know the points of a mouse, though £20 is a price calculated to make beginners envious. But this pitch of excellence is not obtained without intense thought and expenditure of energy, as plainly appears from the regrets expressed that one well-known exhibitor of guinea-

pigs, "who never failed to take leading honours wherever she showed them," has given it up because she has married.

It would be wrong to laugh at the National Mouse Club, because it leads to higher things. It is difficult to draw the line at which the fancier ends and the stock-breeder begins. In the preliminary remarks printed and circulated before a sale of one of the premier herds of pedigree cattle in this county, the auctioneer noted that the owner "had been marked out early for distinction. A natural taste from boyhood for livestock, first with canaries, later with rabbits, and then with Langshan poultry, with all of which champion prizes and challenge cups were won, led him to extend his taste," with results of the happiest kind, and the creation of a Transatlantic reputation. The parallel of Dandie Dinmont's terriers occurs, they being entered first to "stots and rottens, then to tod and brocks." The chief difference between the "fancy" and the stock-breeders is the vivacity and vigour with which the devotees of the former differ on the subjects most dear to them. Their surplus energy is immense, and their loyalty to their leaders unstinted. The tributes paid in works devoted to their special animals to the organisers or founders of the fancy are of the floridly generous but perfectly sincere order. The personal sacrifices, unremitting single-minded zeal, unswerving devotion, and singular rectitude of these pioneers and pilots are dwelt upon in pages of heartfelt laudation. Their portraits embellish the text; and there can be no doubt from the expression of their countenances that they are the kind of leaders who never swerve from the stern path of duty. What that duty is, and the trials which beset them by the way, every fancier knows too well. Fancies are like other cults. For a time they are pursued with a single mind. Then divisions arise, because different and conflicting ideals grow up insensibly, not from any suggestion of the fanciers, but from the nature of things. Some one has a rabbit or a pigeon or a guinea-pig showing marked features differing from the true type, yet so excellent in themselves that he cannot set the animal aside. In time he begins to prize these very differences, and then he gathers his friends, who, perhaps, have animals like it, and starts a schism. Now in the heavy lines of genuine stock-breeding, such as South Downs, or Shire horses, or Tamworth pigs, or large whites, every one is so absolutely convinced that he is right and every one else wrong that he treats suggestions of change with contempt. In the "fancy" matters are different, or, rather, when the parties differ the dissidence is very marked, and embodied not only in correspondence, but in the permanent pages of the organs devoted to the "fancy." On the Turf there are scandals; in agriculture, questions. In the "fancy" there are "rows." These "rows" are generally epoch-making, as they lead to the creation of two lines of some breed instead of one; so on the whole they are beneficial. Every one hurls himself into the fray and does his level best, and no one who observes these dissensions with a proper sense of what they may lead to fails to remember them. There was the great Black-and-Tan Row, which may serve as a specimen. It was some years ago, probably ten, so feeling has cooled. Some one had the great good fortune to find a "sport" among various kinds of rabbits turned out to run wild, which was like a wild rabbit, but was coloured black-and-tan. This was promptly domesticated, and a new and desirable breed, just like wild rabbits, only black-and-tan, was founded. All their points were maintained, even "the wild expression of the eye." But people could not let them alone, and began to exhibit black-and-tans with lop-ears and so forth, degrading them to a mere hutch-rabbit. The grand old original black-and-tans were threatened with extinction or degradation, and it was feared that all the wild character would be lost. These are the moments which prove the true leaders of the fancy. Then comes the trial of character and constancy, which wins the devotion of loyal followers. In this case the leaders, if the writer's recollection serves, went opposite ways, and there were for a time two black-and-tan clubs, the members of which were not on speaking terms. Then there was the Great Grit Row, and another, too bitter and too dreadful to name, in connection with a certain breed of chickens. The Great Grit Row originated spontaneously. Some one had very superior chickens, which won endless prizes, which he accounted for by the fact that he gave

them "grit," which he pounded up himself. The grit idea "caught on," as they say. Very many people thought grit was the thing. They almost fed their chickens on grit. They had it in sizes, and put saucers of small grit about as large as gunpowder before callow chickens, and of large grit as big as maize for grown-up cocks and hens. All the fowls acquired a taste for grit, even if they had it not already. Then an opposition arose who hardly let their chickens look at grit. One leader and breeder of prize-winners wrote to say that his lived on bare boards, where there was no possibility of picking up grit, and so forth, and insinuated the darkest motives as against the advocates of the grit, who sold no end of it at a very handsome rate, considering the abundance of the article in nature. It was about twice as dear as the best oilcake.

Of the terrible division which recently arose in poultry circles brief mention only can be made. A fancier discovered a new breed of chickens of the useful kind. Now it is well known that any one who discovers a new chicken expects by its means to benefit mankind and solve the cottage problem and the rural emigration question. Conceive, then, the feelings of a fancier who sees a chicken which might and ought to do this being turned into a "show" variety, and the judges lending themselves to this course. Making a chicken or pigeon into a "show" animal means that if it has long legs you make them longer, while if it has short legs you make them almost disappear, or some such treatment, without caring in the least whether it will be useful or able to lay eggs or good to eat. Where, then, is the solution of the cottage problem and the benefit to humanity? Gone for ever. There were many and bitter protests, and the result was a third kind of chicken of a highly useful character. But the fanciers do excellent work in providing amusement, and even profit, for numbers of people who would otherwise have no scope for surplus energy. They create a demand for other people to supply. When prize Belgian hares are sold for £60, and even larger sums, and guinea-pigs for £20, to go to America and the Colonies, while breeding prize pigeons and canaries has become a national industry, it is difficult to foresee the future limits of the fancy. We imagine that fish or iguanas may eventually find a place beside the birds and rabbits, the cavies and the mice. To suggest new objects for clubs and associations to raise to the dignity of a "class" in shows, and later to have shows all to themselves, is one of the dreams of good fanciers. Generally the animals taken up are in some way poor relations or neglected breeds of others which have either reached perfection, or have been so spoiled by the shows that they are no longer admired, and show their unfitness for survival by failing to survive at all. Most people who are not in the fancy think that carrier pigeons are pigeons which can carry messages. But carrier pigeons had wattles, and these were so developed by the show breeders that at last they needed to have their eyes opened for them every morning, because the wattles shut them up. Then the pigeons which had not been patronised and could fly with messages were called "homers," and not carriers. These were then bred for shows, and became perfectly useless; so now they are called "show" homers, and those which can fly are "flying" homers, about as distinctive a title, one would say, as walking postmen. Other "very high-class fancy" are bred with such short beaks that they cannot feed their own young ones and always need nurse pigeons to bring them up. Thus there is no fear that the fancy will ever be quite stationary, as it kills off its own *protégés*. Even the dogs, or some of the breeds, may come to a bad end at their hands. An American man of science is at present on a visit to England for the purpose of studying teeth, because he has long heard it imputed against his countrymen and countrywomen that they lose theirs abnormally soon. Almost the first discovery he has made is that the modern British prize bulldog has such ridiculous front teeth that he cannot bite properly, and if he did the teeth would be squeezed out.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HUMBLE ROACH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The roach is a common sort of fish, neither much sought after by rich anglers for sport, nor esteemed by epicures

for the table. Roach-fishing is despised by those that have access to a trout-stream; and certainly there is no more uninviting and mawkish dish than boiled roach taken from a stagnant canal. If the epithet "lordly" may be assigned to the salmon, "humble" will not be out of place applied to the roach. Yet, as all salmon do not afford equal sport to the angler, nor appear of equal firmness and flavour on the table, so there are varieties of roach. The more swift-flowing water a roach lives in, the more are his sporting and gastronomic qualities developed. He is more difficult to catch, his flesh is whiter, and even delicate in taste, if he be but properly cooked, of which we shall have something to say later.

Let us suppose, then, it is a summer afternoon; the hay has been cut and carted, the birds are silent and moulting; the heavy green of late summer shows no autumnal change. Rain has fallen lately; the stream that we know of is filled with water, but not muddy, and the roach will be ready to take the bait. It is a small, rapid stream—the Pip Brook by name—which flows into the River Mole, and holds as good little roach as any. In the upper part are a couple of mill-ponds, from which the water pours with vigorous force and much splashing. Then the current subsides, and the brook flows leisurely through meadows, partly in the open and partly overhung by the hedgerows. In places it runs rapidly over the stony shallows; in places the current has worn away the banks and formed deeper holes and swims where the fish congregate. When the water is clear you may see the roach in small shoals keeping their places against the current with their heads up stream. They are active, silvery little fellows, who are purified and kept lively by the rapid water in which they live, very unlike the slimy, vegetable-eating roach in a muddy pond. And now, at this season of the year, they are at their best; the afternoon is the time to catch them; and as soon as they are caught is the time to cook and eat them. Any rod will do; but if it be long and stiff it enables you not to show too much of your body above the bank; we need a fine gut-line, stained in strong coffee, to take off the shine, and to add a brownish colour. For bait there is nothing like the brandling-worms taken from a rotten dung-heap and kept a short while in damp moss to purge and cleanse them. The hook should be very small, and nothing further is required. Let us now choose a likely spot, where there is a pool and deep enough water to collect the fish. A worm is threaded on to the hook and pulled well up, so as to cover the shank where it joins the gut. If it be a large worm a piece will suffice. Anglers are divided as to whether the head or tail of a lob-worm is the more enticing; but among the brandlings the choice is of no moment. We fix a small porcupine quill as a float, so that the worm swims in mid-water about a foot or two below the surface. A single shot will be enough to cock so light a quill. Now let us put our line into the water at the top of the pool; the jaunty float stands upright, and is carried steadily along by the current until it reaches the shallow water. We ourselves sit down upon the bank, as far back as may be, and follow it on its course with expectant eyes. If nothing happens, we lift the line lightly out of the water and repeat the process. But soon, if all goes well, and the fish are in the biting humour (which is the unforeseeable part in fishing), the float is checked in its downward course; it moves one way and another, and then up stream; maybe it goes down under water. But there is no need to wait for this. The slightest strike, a mere raising of the top of the rod, is enough; there is that pleasant tightening of the line and the indescribable feeling that something is on the hook. We lift him out on to the grass, neatly hooked through the upper lip and easy to take off; give him his quietus and deposit him in the basket. It is a cruel and disturbing thing to have him there kicking and gasping. Now let us wipe our fingers on the grass and see whether we can get another and another, till we have a dish. Sometimes we may stop to watch a kingfisher on a branch a few yards away, or the sandmartins perched in rows on the railings, feeding their gaping youngsters. Later on, water-rats come out from their holes, and sit up on their haunches at the water's edge grooming their whiskers with their little paws. These things may be seen by the angler; and are they not to be included in the pleasures of roach-fishing? When the fish in one place become scared, we may walk up stream and

try the water where it runs out of the mill; or down stream, to a place where there is a plank bridge across the brook, from which one can conveniently drop the line, and let the float be carried along dancing up and down amidst the froth on the water. When the flood of evening sunshine shows that the sun is near setting it is time to reel up the line, clean the hook of its fragments of worm, and fix it to one of the rings of the rod. Our basket contains twenty or twenty-five little fish, well shaped and plump, with bright red fins and clean, silvery bodies. They are not monsters, certainly, for seven or eight are needed to turn the scale with a pound weight. But they will be none the less good eating; they have lived in clear, swift waters, and have fed on clean foods. Take them to the kitchen and let the cook at once scrape their scales and remove their guts, but on no account let her cut off their heads or split them open, which she will be anxious to do. There is but one way of cooking roach, and that by grilling them at a clear hot fire, on an old-fashioned gridiron, so that they come to table with the brown sears from the bars upon their skins. Let them be served all smoking hot and well sprinkled with salt, which should be done while they are yet upon the grill. On no consideration suffer the cook to smear them with chopped parsley and melted butter, which she will want to do; they should have dry skins and no liquor in the dish. Upon the table have plates of thickly cut bread-and-butter, white or brown; also a lemon cut in *half*, so that you may squeeze a little juice on your plate, and not cut into eighths or sixteenths, so that when you try to squeeze them the juice runs over your fingers and spirts into your eyes. Take a fish upon your plate, and a fork in either hand, and split your fish along the centre of his back, so that the mid-rib is separated from the two sides. A fragrant steam rises as he is split, and the white meat may be picked off the skin without fear of a bone in your throat. What a capital fish! No taste of mud! If you fancy a condiment with them, try a few drops of Mr. Burgess's anchovy sauce mixed with the lemon juice. It is delicious. Hunger, too, is a very good sauce. The bread-and-butter also tastes excellent. What shall we drink? There is nothing better to wash them down than cups of tea. It has been a pleasant day, for no day spent in fishing can be otherwise to a rural philosopher. Who would not return contented with an empty basket after a day spent in the open air watching a float—

"Where winding streams amid the flowery meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The caverned banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arched; gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind, where they at will
On the green watery reed their pasture graze,
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease?"

We have but imperfectly described half of the delights which the humblest form of fishing may afford to those who pursue them. The pleasures of angling have very frequently moved the merriment of those who are incapable of appreciating them; and even more jests and stories are repeated at the expense of anglers than of Bishops. It is thought amusing to disturb them by throwing stones into the water, or making inquiries as to the contents of their creel.—I am, Sir, &c.,

PISCATOR URBANUS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LATE MISS MARY KINGSLEY ON THE BOERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I think the following extract from a letter written by the late Miss Mary Kingsley just before her death may interest your readers.—I am, Sir, &c., A.

"I shall as soon as possible leave South Africa and go back to West Africa, for I hate South Africa. The whole atmosphere seems reeking with lies; you can believe no one, and no one believes you, and as a general rule this stato of mind is safe and suited to the region. I do not like such regions, that is all. In West Africa there is left some honour, some trust in a man's word. I have now had, as the medical men would say, some three hundred Boers 'under observation.' They have for the most part been delirious, and talked their minds pretty freely, and it is certain, whatever their leaders may be, these men are simple—fools, from my individual point of

view. They believe in the Old Testament in a way English people do not. They, the Boers, believe in it like the negro believes in his ju-ju. Well, the Old Testament code of honour is extremely bad, saving your presence, and the Old Testament view of the responsibility of the chosen people—*i.e.*, in this case the Boers—to any other race is also very low. Their view is that Jehovah gave them the Transvaal as their Canaan. If you can understand such a state of mind, they are Jews, and everything promised by Jehovah is their private property. A more dangerous form of religion they could not have, for apart from it they have all the virtues of Dutchmen,—the tenacity of purpose, the independence of character, and if it be a virtue, the keen love of their *own* land. It is not their *own* if any one else, black or white, has a claim to power in it. It seems to me a mere waste of time to deal with a tender leniency towards the Boer's political feelings. It is no mortal use explaining to him the individual advantages he will have as a citizen of the British Empire. It is not his Empire, and he will take every concession you give him, profit by every advantage you give him, and use all his increased power to get back his *own country* for himself. The only thing to do with them is to so utterly defeat them that they will realise it is no mortal use their thinking they can in this generation regain their own land, and then educating the next generation out of Old Testamentism, which is a difficult thing to do, as you have Exeter Hall and Co. in your own camp; indeed, South Africa will be an awful nuisance to the Empire for years. There is not a shadow of a doubt that every Colonist of Dutch descent is disloyal to the British Empire at heart. They hate the English *Colonist* population; they see the power of England, and believe in it more than the Transvaalers do, but they also believe in their power to humbug England, and those who will say they are in favour of annexation, &c., have all at the back of their minds a Dutch South Africa. But you know more about the whole affair than I do. Here am I stuck round this corner. Round this corner come all the sympathisers with the Boer cause, not ostentatiously, one or so at a time, and they express the greatest admiration, &c., and you hear what they say—when the officer is not intruding his presence on them. It is the most curious mixture of absolute simple sincerity, canting humbug, and real good, noble intention on the part of the British officer and statesman. Pearls before swine are such things as freedom and political equality for all white men when given to men who don't believe in these things and who do believe in the Old Testament code, and when such concessions are given for the mere sake of gaining the trust and affection of the Dutch here—well, the British Empire is merely making a fool of itself."

[We have the greatest respect for everything written by Miss Mary Kingsley—one of the noblest and most just as well as one of the most truly patriotic of Englishwomen—but surely the fault is not in the Old Testament so much as in the Boers. When the seed fell in a better and wholly different soil, as it did in the Puritans of Old and of New England, the results were not a negation of honour and humanity, but the exact reverse. Cromwell, Milton, and Colonel Hutchinson were as unlike the typical Boer as it is possible to imagine. The true Puritans, the "men who called Milton friend," were steeped in Old Testamentism, but they were essentially chivalrous, high-minded gentlemen.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SITUATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your article on the above in the *Spectator* of the 8th inst. opens the way to considerable difference of opinion. I doubt, however, if it shows much acquaintance with local conditions in South Africa, or an adequate conception of Dutch character. For example, you represent the Boers as acknowledging the receipt of the "thorough beating they required." This is exactly what they do not acknowledge. Man for man they have not been beaten,—the honours of war remain with them. With heavy odds against them they have suffered defeat, but they still retain, rightly or wrongly, a belief in their own superiority in the field against an equal number of Englishmen. One cannot but be sorry that this is so, but the fact remains, and is not to be forgotten because ignored. Again, you say:—"The Boers in the first year of the new régime may be an important part of the population. In three years' time they will be a small minority. In ten years' time they will be a negligible quantity." I think you are entirely mistaken. It is in the first years only that they will be "a negligible quantity." The extraordinary facility by which persons of English origin and tradition are "Dutchified" in

South Africa has not been appreciated by those who have not lived there. The son of an English Bishop is the keenest member of the late Bond Ministry. The Chief Moderator of the Dutch Reformed Church is a Scotchman, and a bitter opponent of the English policy. The policeman who killed the man Edgar rejoices in the not un-English name of Jones. Mr. Churchill tells us of his encounter with a "Scottish Boer," and with two young men, "English by race, Afrikaner by birth, Dutch by choice." Mr. FitzPatrick tells us that "there are scores of Boers unable to speak word of English who, nevertheless, own very characteristic English, Scotch, or Irish names, many of them being children of deserters from the British Army." These are not isolated instances; they are characteristic of what goes on, and will go on, all over South Africa. The Dutch population "mop up" children of English birth. Englishwomen marry Dutchmen and are "Dutchified." Mrs. Louis Botha is not a solitary instance. Dutch girls (unless they marry money) convert their husbands, and it may be taken as a fact of almost universal experience that the children of mixed marriages are Dutch Afrikaners in thought and sympathy. Immigration on a large scale will temporarily stay the progress of Dutch influences, but the larger the immigration the larger will be Dutch influence in the future. There seem to be three possibilities for South Africa:—(1) A second Ireland,—coerced and restrained by force. This could not last for long. (2) A united South Africa under the British flag and loyal to the Empire. This depends upon the settlement of to-day. If it is carried out on the lines suggested by most of our Press, it may be put out of consideration at once. (3) A united South Africa under an Afrikaner flag. We lost America through stupidity, and we English people sometimes repeat our mistakes. The promise of the future lies with the Dutch. If we conciliate them we retain South Africa. If we fail to do so we lose South Africa. It may be that things have gone too far to make this possible. The Dutch character is one which will always preclude the Dutch population from becoming a negligible quantity. If we lose South Africa it will be due to the Chamberlain diplomacy. It is disastrous that two countries should have engaged in war on account of three men,—Cecil Rhodes at the Cape, Paul Kruger at Pretoria, and the Colonial Secretary at Whitehall.—I am, Sir, &c.,

22 High Street, Stepney, E.

C. BAUMGARTEN.

[The absorption of the British by the Dutch only takes place to any great extent where the Dutch are in a majority. When, as in the Transvaal of the future, there is a large non-Dutch and English-speaking population, the absorption will be the other way. Absorption of this kind was taking place in the Johannesburg district, in spite of the furious efforts of the Boers to prevent it. Our correspondent's mistake is a common one. He has not, apparently, imagination enough to conceive a state of things in South Africa different from that which is or has been. Ten years hence, provided we make no attempt to kill the Dutch language by unfair means, and treat the Boers justly—which we confidently believe we shall do—he will find out his error.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE NAVY AND THE MARINES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The letter of "Naval Officer" under the above heading in the *Spectator* of September 1st, when taken in conjunction with the correspondence you recently published describing a "serious defect in the Navy," which dealt with the engineer branch of the Service, reveals how much the "human element" in our naval problem needs attention. I rejoice that the *Spectator* allows space for its consideration. "Naval Officer" observes that there exists "open discontent" in the Marine branch of the Naval Service, which numbers some twenty thousand officers and men, and is composed of two corps, artillery and infantry. Other correspondents have informed you that the same state of things exists in another branch of the Navy—viz., the engineers—which numbers some twenty-three thousand. Thus your columns record, from various sources, the assertion that discontent prevails among some forty-three thousand officers and men of the Fleet. If there be any foundation for this—and I know there is a great deal—the fact is of national import. It is rendered more striking by remembering that if boys under training be deducted from the effective strength, the figure forty-three

thousand represents about half the entire *personnel* of the Fleet, and largely exceeds the total number of sea-officers and seamen borne in the Naval Service. I agree with "Naval Officer's" conclusions, so far as I am able to understand them, as to the direction the reform he demands should proceed. They seem, in effect, those put forward by me in a lecture before the Royal United Service Institution on "General Principles of Naval Organisation," March 6th, 1871, which I have persistently advocated during the intervening period of nearly thirty years. I, however, differ from the reasons he gives for those conclusions. He seems to regard the great national question of waste and confusion in the Navy too much from the point of view of persons rather than of principles. Now the taxpayers provide the cost of maintenance of these magnificent Marine forces for Naval Service. No expense is spared in the scientific education of the officers and the training of the men for service both afloat and ashore. Having got these highly organised and specially trained forces, "Naval Officer" tells us what the Admiralty does with them. Their functions are now narrowed within the following limits:—(1) Sentry duty, which bluejackets can be taught to do as well; (2) employment "as working hands, where their military training is more of a drawback than otherwise"; (3) domestic service, "in which department they do anything but shine." Parenthetically he mentions that they "man a comparatively insignificant number of guns and supply a small proportion of ammunition." Your readers may well ask why the Navy gets so little return out of so great an expenditure on the Marine forces. They will hardly accept the reasons indicated by "Naval Officer," which in effect are these:—(a) Because naval officers, happily, do not now require protection from their own men which Marines formerly afforded; (b) because "the seaman gunner of to-day is almost as highly trained and every bit as good a shot as your [Marine] artilleryman, and has shown that on shore he is fit and ready to take his place in any fighting line or work any field battery with equal success, while for *ship* purposes generally he is incomparably superior." His first reason is sound and a matter for rejoicing; his second is open to the gravest question. Space does not permit my dealing with it fully. I may, however, state one or two broad facts. We want *the most highly trained men* behind the guns of our ships and *the very best shots*. What they are called or what may be the colour of their clothes is of no importance. Now the Parliamentary return of the prize firing in the Fleet shows as follows. Where the "insignificant number of guns" manned by Marine Artillery and Infantry have been allowed to compete with those manned by bluejackets, they have earned more prize-firing money per gun's crew than the seamen. Naval officers now never allow Marine Artillery to land from ships on service with field guns. They put bluejackets to them and use the Marine Artillery as an infantry escort, or leave them behind on board; yet in friendly competitions for prizes in peace for field-gun exercises the Marine Artillery beat the bluejackets. Admiral C. Johnstone, a high authority and former Captain of the Training Squadron, writes: "The gunnery training of the Marines is such that there is no doubt that a modern man-of-war might be successfully taken through an action with no seamen on board except the helmsman." The reason of the limitations put on the use and application of Marines is founded on natural professional prejudice,—not necessity. Executive naval officers like running their own show. They are not to be blamed for this, for they are in a tight corner, into which steam and mechanical contrivance have forced them. They are supplanted by the engineer so far as locomotion and working of all appliances of a man-of-war are concerned. The sailor's occupation in the Royal Navy is gone, and the modern man-of-war's man is an old Marine brought up to date and disguised as a seaman. Admiral Sir A. Hoskins declares "he has little to do but lie down at sea and march about Corradino parade-ground when in harbour." Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald thus sums up the position: "Steam and machinery have battled with the elements and defeated them far more signally than ever Jack Tar did in his palmiest days, and the caricature of him we have been vainly striving to keep up for the last twenty or thirty years must pass away." Under these circumstances the executive branch of the Navy, finding itself deprived by the engineer department of its ancient functions and forced to assimilate

itself to the rôle of the historic Marine in all but dress, resents and resists the claims of the engine-room department to equal privileges and position, and "battens down" Marines so that their cry to be allowed their "show" shall not be heard. The Naval Lords of the Admiralty are drawn exclusively from the executive branch; there is neither a Marine nor Engineer Lord. No one need be surprised if the policy of the Admiralty with regard to the *personnel* is to sit on the safety-valves and shut their ears to sounds indicating mischief. My reasons for agreeing with "Naval Officer's" general conclusions I will give in a sentence quoted from my lecture. Speaking of the Marine system, I said:—"It has been the silent, quiet work of generations of unknown officers. Severely tried and tested in all sorts of ways, it has never failed. But its vitality as a distinct Service, for special purposes, is gradually being crushed out of it by the steady exterior pressure of an advancing naval system. It is now not much more than a 'stop-gap' in trifling deficiencies in that system, a 'make-shift' to cover flaws and defects. This state of things is detrimental to both the Naval and Marine forces, and consequently injurious to national interests." I would wish, in conclusion, to caution your readers against accepting the views of your correspondent on Marine officers. According to him, the Navy cannot make any use of them; *the real truth being the Navy will not*. In support of my assertion in opposition to his I will state one single fact. The gold medal of the Royal United Service Institution for the best naval essay was this year won by a Marine Infantry officer (Major C. Field), the subject being as follows:—"Considering the changes made in naval construction during the past twenty years, and in view of the experience gained during the Chino-Japanese and Spanish-American Wars, what are the best types of war-vessels for the British Navy, including armour, armament, and general equipment for ships of all types?" There is something truly comic in the reflection that when the gallant author, who beat all his naval competitors, serves on board ship, "Naval Officer" will tell him, in accordance with the custom of the Service, "There is no place for you on board my ship."—I am, Sir, &c.,

JOHN C. R. COLOMB.

Dromquinna, Kenmare, Kerry.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—When I read the delightful "Travels," I try sometimes to find a key or meaning to their riddles. I have often wondered whether, in his description of the *long apple* found in Egypt, Mandeville did not refer to the *banana*. The latter is certainly "sweet and of good savour." When it ripens, it does not last many days. Mandeville, or rather the writer, lived before the days of quick sea passages, and when the mysteries of packing tropical fruits were unknown. For he says: "They will rot within eight days, and for that cause men may not carry off the apples to far countries." The most curious part of his description is that if "ye cut them in never so many gobbets or parts, overthrow or end long, evermore ye shall find the Figure of the Holy Cross of our Lord Jesu." Now, if you cut a banana across, though not from end to end, you will find the resemblance to the Crucifix, especially at a certain stage of ripeness. When I was at Madeira, I was told that the natives will never cut a banana with a knife on account of the resemblance.—I am, Sir, &c.,

MARY CHILD.

HENRY SIDGWICK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—There is one sentence in your admirable article in the *Spectator* of September 8th on Henry Sidgwick to which, so I think, exception should be taken,—namely, "He carefully and conscientiously instructed, but he did not inspire." Some of those who heard him lecture, not once or twice, but day after day and term after term, will not admit that this is true. One of them, at all events, can say that he never heard, and can hardly imagine, a more inspiring teacher. Had the number of his hearers been greater than it was, there would have been no need for me to write this; but if I can speak only on behalf of a small number, I believe that I can sincerely speak of the greatest happiness that ever befell us.—I am, Sir, &c.,

M.

FEAR AND INFECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your article in the *Spectator* of September 8th on "The Plague in Great Britain" you say: "Whether intense fear of a disease predisposes towards an attack of that disease may be doubtful." I do not think it is doubtful at all. Given the presence of the specific course of a zymotic disease, whether it shall develop or come to naught will depend upon the relative vigour of the attacking and the attacked organism, and any depressing influence may be sufficient to turn the scales against the latter. It is certain, for instance, that cold with fatigue may afford the lurking microbe of pneumonia its opportunity for successful invasion; and this is no solitary instance. I have seen a woman nursing influenza patients for weeks with impunity, till one day a long, tiring walk in the snow had to be undertaken, and then, at once, she succumbed to the infection. There can be no doubt that intense fear may act in a similar way. By disordering the bodily functions, depressing the vitality, and reducing the resisting power of the citizen and soldier cells of the human organism, it may open the gates to the pathogenic microbe. In the presence of cholera intense fear is dangerous, not only as a general depressant, but also in another special way. A quite healthy stomach may usually receive the cholera poison without ill result, but any disorder of the digestive apparatus adds greatly to the danger. Now intense fear does effectually interfere with digestion, and by causing derangement of the gastro-intestinal secretions and contents, supplies just the suitable *nidus* for the cholera bacillus. Thus, though there be no actual virtue in amulets and charms, there may be much in the brave spirit which faith in them inspires.—I am, Sir, &c.,

M.D.

EPITAPH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—These lines on a gravestone in a village on the Mendips are new to me:—

"One less at home:
The charmed circle broken, a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place:
But cleansed, and saved, and perfected by grace,
One more in heaven."

—I am, Sir, &c.,
Oakhill.

P. M. MARTINEAU.

THE ATTRACTION OF QUAKERISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your article in the *Spectator* of June 9th and the reply thereto from my friend, John William Graham, came to me several weeks later; and while I was very glad to have him reply to you as he did, I was disappointed that he did not dispose at once of the curious idea that the original Quakers were of the fanatical sort of your old lady who refused even to lock her doors against burglars. I enclose you a couple of extracts from the writings of two of the originals of the Society, George Fox and his friend, Isaac Pennington, which will effectually dispose of any idea that they did not recognise the use and actual necessity of force and a resort to "the sword of justice." My delay in writing this has come from my inability to look up these authorities earlier, and I hope the subject will not have lost its interest by the delay. John William Graham has made a mistake about John Bright, surely, in stating that he "theoretically objected to every war which had happened in his time." No more than Isaac Pennington would have done,—though admitting that "there is a better State."—I am, Sir, &c.,

SAMUEL BANCROFT, jun.

'Rockford,' Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A.

"Ye that are in that seed, see that you accuse no man falsely, that hath the sword of justice, which is to keep the peace, and is a terror to the evil-doers, and to keep down the transgressors, and for the praise of them that do well;—this is owned in its place."—From 188th Epistle of George Fox.

"It is not for a nation (coming into the Gospel life and principle) to take care beforehand how they shall be preserved; but the Gospel will teach a nation (if they hearken to it) as well as a particular person to trust the Lord, and to wait on him for preservation. Israel of old stood not by their strength and wisdom and preparations against their enemies; but in quietness and confidence, and waiting on the Lord for direction (Isaiah xxx. 15), and shall not such now, who are true Israelites, and have indeed attained to the true Gospel state, follow the Lord in the peace-

able life and spirit of the Gospel, unless they see by rational demonstration beforehand how they shall be preserved therein? I speak not this against any magistrates or peoples defending themselves against foreign invasion, or making use of the sword to suppress the violent and evil-doers within their borders (for this the present estate of things may and doth require, and a great blessing will attend the sword where it is borne uprightly to that end, and its use will be honourable; and while there is need of a sword the Lord will not suffer that Government or those governors to want fitting instruments under them, for the managing thereof, to wait on Him in His fear, to have the edge of it rightly directed), but there is a better state which the Lord hath already brought some into, and which nations are to expect and travel towards."—Isaac Pennington's Works—"Something Spoken Concerning the Magistrates' Protection of the Innocent."

RIFLE CLUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Bradley's interesting letter in the *Spectator* of September 8th seems to me to justify a continuation of this correspondence. He has misinterpreted Rule 5 of those quoted in your last issue by me. An honorary member may take his private rifle anywhere away from the range, but may not remove any other rifle which his subscription entitles him to use. He is entitled to use a rifle by his subscription, the said rifle to be provided at the range and kept there, but if he has a private "picked" rifle so much the better for him. Mr. Bradley's remarks on the French societies prove that enthusiasm in this matter is in no wise misplaced. I should like to know where he got his information. It sounds somewhat imposing. I have every faith in the intelligence of those who direct the inner arrangements of the Volunteer corps throughout this country, and feel sure that, if it were possible, the complaints one hears of insufficient ammunition in Volunteer artillery regiments and similar matters would be unheard. One could wish that all honorary members enjoyed Mr. Bradley's privileges, but this may come in the future.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. URWICK.

TURNING EASTWARDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In corroboration of "Vicarius Vigorniensis" (*Spectator*, September 8th), may I recall to your memory Wordsworth's second poem, "On Seeing the Foundation Preparing for the Erection of ——— Chapel, Westmoreland," especially the fourth verse?—

"Mindful of Him who in the Orient born
There lived, and on the Cross His life resigned,
And who, from out the regions of the morn,
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge mankind."

Also the last lines:—

"That symbol of the dayspring from on high,
Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave."

—I am, Sir, &c.,

Wiseman House, Buxton.

MARIAN BATES.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In a letter signed "F. H." which appeared in the *Spectator* of September 8th the writer states that "the elegy commonly known as 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' is not an original composition of the Rev. Mr. Wolfe's, but a very happy and spirited translation from the French of, I think, an unknown writer of lines descriptive of the hasty burial of Colonel de Beaumanoir, killed in the defence of Pondicherry when it was taken by the British under Sir Eyre Coote." Your correspondent has been the victim of an innocent mystification on the part of "Father Prout" (F. S. Mahony), who, as is recorded in the "Dictionary of National Biography," in 1837 contributed to the first number of "Bentley's Miscellany" "a clever French rendering of Wolfe's 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' which he entitled 'Les Funerailles de Beaumanoir,' and pretended to regard as the original of Wolfe's poem." This French version of Mahony's was reprinted in the edition of "Father Prout's Reliques" which was issued in 1860 as one of the volumes of "Bohn's Illustrated Library." Wolfe's authorship of the famous lines, which are said to have been suggested to him by his perusal of Southey's account in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" of Sir John Moore's death, though disputed for some years, was finally established some sixty years ago by the discovery of an autograph letter from Wolfe containing a copy of the poem. The circum-

stances are related in the article on Wolfe in the "Dictionary of National Biography."—I am Sir, &c.,

Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

COUNT VON WALDERSEE'S APPOINTMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have read with amazement the letter of your correspondent, "L. C. J.," in the *Spectator* of September 8th. His advice appears to be that we should scuttle out of China without exacting any reparation for the outrages of the past, or any guarantee for the future. We are simply to wait until, in the Greek Kalends, China civilises herself. And in support of this argument we are told that the Japanese, "who were quite as conservative as the Chinese, have developed rapidly." The Japanese conservative! Why, Sir, since "the beginning of all the days" the world's story contains no example of a country which has been so consistently ready to adopt changes as Japan. Her whole history is a record of revolutions and civil wars. No country has so often changed its form of government. Exclusive, indeed, she was, especially as regards Westerns, but conservative never. Her whole civilisation, such as we found it in 1860, was borrowed from China. Buddhism, literature, the art of writing, the teachings of the sages, the arts and crafts, music, painting,—all of Chinese origin. The Shin Tô and the Harakiri were the only two national institutions; the former in many sects so mixed up with Buddhism as to be hardly recognisable; while as regards the latter, when Keiki, the last of the Shoguns, was invited to perform that rite as a fitting exit from the world's drama, he calmly replied that it was "out of fashion," and retired into the privacy of his own castle, there to solace his leisure, as became a scholar and a gentleman, with the composition of Chinese, not Japanese, poetry. Then came the great transformation scene when the *yôboshi* gave way to the cocked hat, when European civilisation was swallowed whole, and Japan was happy in one more change. For, indeed, change is what she revels in. Even the language has in the last thirty years undergone great alterations by the adoption of an ever-increasing number of bastard Chinese words and phrases; so much so that one of the finest Japanese scholars living told me that, after a few years' absence, he found himself quite at sea in conversing with officials, and that he had to learn practically a new vocabulary. Surely this is not the way with conservative nations. The Chinese, on the other hand, are an eminently conservative people, dearly prizing a civilisation which is their own, and wedded to customs which were ancient even in the days of Confucius, twenty-four centuries ago. "L. C. J." may as well cry for the moon as expect automatic changes in such a folk. Apparently he wishes to see repeated in China Majuba Hill with its consequences.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. B. FREEMAN MITFORD.

"SIPODO AND BERNARD—1858 AND 1900."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—You say in noticing my article in the *Fortnightly* (*Spectator*, September 8th) that while it is true that London crowds in 1858 did cheer the men who plotted against Napoleon's life, and appeals were made to the prejudice of the jury who acquitted, still it differs from recent conduct in Brussels in this, that the Prince of Wales was not guilty of a *coup d'état*. Surely on reconsideration you will see how perilous it would be if you lent your authority to the drawing of such a difference. History may weigh the ethical conduct of Brutus, or Ravallac, or Wilkes Booth, or Joe Brady, but law and the seemly circumstances of law ought to be confined to the mere issue of guilty or not. The matter needs no amplification. In Napoleon's case, he was "our august ally" after the *coup d'état*, he was the honoured guest of the Queen and Prince Consort in 1857 and their host in 1858, so that the *coup d'état* was, so far as condonation is possible, condoned. You condemn it and so do I, but good men have justified it, and seven millions of Frenchmen ratified it. But I am only concerned to enter a respectful protest against anything that would seem like making excuses for murderers because they happen to assail a man whom you think wicked. Pray remember, too, that had the vile plot of 1858 succeeded, the Empress, of necessity, would have been killed, for she was in the same carriage with the Emperor. As it was, innocent bystanders were

killed. Do not, I pray you, allow your deserved authority to be thrown on the side of those who applaud murder or murderers anywhere. A small matter in conclusion: the name of that mad, bad boy of Brussels is, I find, given in all reports as Sipido, and I ought to have followed usage. It seemed to me, however, that it was a corruption or variant of the name of the Antwerp patriot-priest of 1830. But I do not find myself supported in that view, and therefore your correction was well founded, as usage is all in the matter.—I am, Sir, &c., JOHN F. TAYLOR.

Devonshire Club, St. James's, S.W.

POETRY.

THE ROAD TO LADYSMITH.

GENTLE herdsman, tell me, pray,
Unto the town of Ladysmith
Which is the right and ready way?

The way is easy to be gone,
Although to use but lately won;
And though across the thirsty waste
And o'er the veldt but faintly traced,
For scarce yet green, on either hand,
Are graves that mark in that new land
The long, lone road to Ladysmith.

Then tell me, gentle herdsman, pray,
Upon the road to Ladysmith
Whose are the graves that mark the way?

The graves are theirs who died to give
To Freedom room and right to live;
She called them years and years ago—
How they made answer all men know
At Badajos—Trafalgar Bay—
At Waterloo, and yesterday
They spoke once more at Ladysmith.

Then, gentle herdsman, tell me, pray,
Now men go free to Ladysmith
If they will rest who made the way?
Ah, pilgrim, never will they rest
While East is sundered from the West;
For they unweariedly must tramp
At Freedom's call from camp to camp;
And many a road for men to tread
Must yet be guarded by their dead,—
As this which leads to Ladysmith.

W. G. HOLE.

VIA MEDIA.

I KNOW not yet, admits the wise;
I know, the braggart fool replies.
Midway the modern highway lies,—
I do not know, but criticise.

L. E. G. B.

MUSIC.

NIETZSCHE AND WAGNER.

THE attitude which an intelligent and enthusiastic Wagnerian is (or at any rate was) capable of assuming in regard to hostile criticism of his hero is strikingly illustrated in the only reference to Nietzsche which occurs in Mr. H. T. Finck's very interesting and useful *Life of Wagner*, which appeared some seven years ago. "Nietzsche, the well-known philologist," writes Mr. Finck, "was at first an ardent Wagnerite and wrote obscure stuff, of which Dr. Hanslick truly wrote that the reader 'might fancy himself in a lunatic asylum.' A few years later he suddenly changed about and wrote in a similar style against his former idol (see *Der Fall Wagner*, in which Bizet is represented as the operatic god and Wagner as the devil). *Facilis descensus Averni! Shortly thereafter the perpetrator of this pamphlet was placed where he belonged—in a lunatic asylum.*" We hardly think that Mr. Finck, if he were writing his book to-day, would have used such brutal language as that which we have italicised. Even in the last few years the tone and temper of controversialists on the

Wagner question have greatly improved. The champions of his genius, realising that they were for the most part engaged in the task of knocking in an open door, have found it unnecessary to indulge in any violent exertion; while the anti-Wagnerian scribes have largely abated their hostility, going in some instances even to the length of expressing a chastened admiration for the works they formerly abused with the utmost heartiness. Nietzsche, however, stands in a category by himself, being, if we mistake not, the only instance in which the usual process has been inverted, and Wagnerolatry has been succeeded by Wagnerophobia. The consistent depreciation of Dr. Hanslick might extort a certain reluctant respect, while one can imagine a certain subdued exultation over the comparative recantation of Mr. Joseph Bennett. But to forgive, or even listen to, the renegade Nietzsche must still be the hardest test to which a sensitive Wagnerian can be subjected. Whether his panegyrics of Wagner were incoherent or not we have no means of judging, but to accuse *Der Fall Wagner* of obscurity argues either ignorance or prejudice on the part of Mr. Finck. You may call it wrong-headed, wild, extravagant, and disfigured by an egotism which verges on effrontery, but as to its pungency, its sparkle, its happy audacity of phrase, and the incisive brevity (so rare in a German prose-writer) of its crisp *staccato* sentences, there can be no question. What is more, we feel sure that the time has now come when sincere admirers of Wagner can without any disloyalty appreciate the wit, and even admit the justice, of a good deal of Nietzsche's impeachment. The two men were both invincible egoists, and as such bound to clash sooner or later; but it should not be forgotten that Wagner discountenanced the excesses of his extreme followers, and complained bitterly to Liszt of the class of silly enthusiasts "who write rubbish about him and then expect to be praised." It was one such, as Mr. Finck reminds us, who declared that "if everything that other musicians, poets, and philosophers have left us were burned and only Wagner's *Nibelungen* remained, the world would not only be no loser, but it would gain, because it could then at once and uninterruptedly devote itself to the study of the *Nibelungen*." Such extravagances provoked reprisals, and (once more on the authority of Mr. Finck) we learn that Wagner "felt keenly the fact that most of the wits in the Press were arraigned [*sic*] against him."

With characteristic audacity Nietzsche prefaces his pamphlet (of which an excellent translation by Mr. Common will be found in the third volume of the edition recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin) with a frank confession of his original intimate adhesion to Wagnerism. "No one was more perilously mixed up with Wagnerism than I was;" and again: "I was one of the most corrupt Wagnerians." But it was his destiny to extricate himself from the influence because he was a philosopher, to get beyond Wagner as he got "beyond good and evil"; it was an act of self-conquest, an emancipation from the *maladie du siècle*, from the trammels of the modernity, decadence, and neuroticism summed up in Wagner. It is the especial duty of the philosopher to fathom the recesses of the modern soul, and Wagner is indispensable as the best guide through that labyrinth, and just as it is perfectly intelligible for a musician to say: "I hate Wagner, but I cannot put up with any other music," so, continues Nietzsche, the attitude of the philosopher is perfectly intelligible who asserts "Wagner sums up modernity. There is no help for it but to begin by being a Wagnerian." The opening eulogy of Bizet's *Carmen*, and the invidious comparisons drawn between it and Wagner's operas, are highly piquant and characteristic. The absolutely non-moral nature of the plot, entirely "beyond good and evil" as it is, appealed vividly to Nietzsche, and the contrast he draws between the sincerity, elegance, and clarity of Bizet's music and the boorish brutality of Wagner's (which he compares by turns to a sirocco and a polypus) is amusing when one remembers that Bizet, no prophet in his own country in his lifetime, was violently attacked by French critics for his Wagnerian proclivities! The exotic, denationalised standpoint of Nietzsche in regard to art is remarkable throughout this pamphlet. No Frenchman could have been more severe in his denunciations of Teutonic "stodginess," of the humid North, of the mugginess of Wagner's ideals. "Il faut méditerraniser la musique," he cries, and finds in Bizet's

masterpiece the true musical atmosphere, and the true conception of love,—as the most egotistical and least generous of sentiments, and in its essence the deadly duel to the death of the sexes.

But Wagner, he admits, was a magician. "The first thing that his art offers us is a magnifying-glass; one looks through it, mistrusting one's own eyes,—everything is magnified, even Wagner himself." Then follows an exceedingly irreverent but highly entertaining *reductio ad absurdum* of Wagner's eternal preoccupation with the problem of redemption, a ludicrous list of the various ways in which redemption is achieved, and a number of other lessons to be derived from the music-dramas. Nietzsche's remarks on the redemption of the "wandering Jew" by marriage are highly characteristic. If, he says, it were possible that the love of a good wife could give stability to the most unstable, is such a consummation to be desired? What becomes of a wandering Jew who "ranges himself" on his marriage? He simply ceases to be a wandering Jew, and loses all interest. In other words, Nietzsche continues, the great danger for an artist or a genius—the wandering Jew of real life—is a wife; adoring wives are their ruin; and he proceeds to draw an ingenious parallel between the life of Goethe, who shocked his contemporaries by his pagan tendencies and horrified the superior young person (*die höhere Jungfrau*), and the plot of *Tannhäuser*. Wagner simply set Goethe's experiences to music, "redeeming" him of course, but at the same time taking the side of the *höhere Jungfrau*. And then he answers the question, what would Goethe have thought of Wagner? by quoting what Goethe said would be the fate of the Romanticists,—“to be suffocated by ruminating on moral and religious absurdities,” in which Nietzsche finds a perfect description of *Parsifal*. In the story of the *Ring* he finds Wagner, the revolutionist, with Siegfried, the typical revolutionary, as his hero, after triumphantly demolishing the old morality and inaugurating a golden age of happy emancipation from all laws, conventions, and institutions, suddenly wrecked on the reef of Schopenhauer's philosophy, heartily ashamed of himself for his “profligate optimism,” and consequently obliged to revise the legend in accordance with the tenets of the philosophy of decadence, to convert Brünnhilde from her confident anticipation of a Socialistic Utopia and to put into her mouth a metrical version of the fourth book of “The World as Will and Idea.” Schopenhauer, continues Nietzsche, rendered Wagner an incalculable service: it was only the philosopher of decadence who enabled the artist of decadence to realise himself. Here an interlude of seriousness begins which is indistinguishable from vituperation. Wagner is not a man at all, but a disease—von Bülow's remark about the tenor; *nihil quod tetigit non depravit*, music first and foremost. He increases exhaustion, and on that account attracts the weak and exhausted; *Wagner est un névrosé*; the Cagliostro of modernity; who has discovered in music the instrument for exciting fatigued nerves; and has made morbid art remunerative. Nietzsche further accuses Wagner of deliberately composing music which should inflame and upset, of organising his orchestration as an engine of physiological disintegration, of proscribing melody, of cultivating the gymnastics of the loathsome on the rope of enharmonies, and of hypocritically masquerading in the guise of a Christian moralist. After further accusing him of the audacious habit of “invariably positing a principle when he lacked a faculty,” Nietzsche suddenly lapses into a strange panegyric of Wagner as our greatest miniaturist in music, and “only worthy of admiration and love in the invention of *minutiae*, in the elaboration of details,” a strange contrast to Rubinstein's charge that in Wagner's operas *tous ses personnages marchent sur des cothurnes*, that the stream of his melody was monotonously and invariably broad and ample. As for Wagner's boasted dramatic instinct, Nietzsche will not allow that it rose beyond the talent of the histrio, the mime, the scenic artist, in which province he admits his supremacy. Not a musician by instinct, he nevertheless made out of music a wonderful theatrical rhetoric, “a means for expression, for strengthening attitudes, for suggestion for the psychologically picturesque,” and so immeasurably increased the oratorical power of music. As for the deep significance of his texts,

Nietzsche professed to be able to explode their boasted significance by the simple test of translating them into terms of modern experience. Stripped of their heroic trappings his heroines were so many counterparts of Madame Bovary, while Parsifal found his modern parallel in a “divinity student with a public-school education (the latter indispensable for pure folly).” Nietzsche's dislike of *Parsifal*, for a reason that we shall presently disclose, amounted to a positive detestation. Always more successful in his damaging criticisms of Wagner on his literary and philosophic side than when attacking him as a musician, Nietzsche lets fly some telling shafts in passing at Wagner's writings,—e.g., “None of the music written up till now has had need of literature: one does well here to seek for a satisfactory reason. Is it that Wagner's music is too difficult to understand? Or did he fear the contrary, that it would be understood too easily, that it would *not be difficult enough* to understand? In fact he has all his life repeated one phrase: That his music does not simply mean music, but more, infinitely more! ‘*Not simply music*’—no musician speaks in such a manner.” Hence the conclusion that Wagner does *not* belong to the history of music, but stands for the advent of the stage-player in music. An astonishingly bitter passage describes the state of the theatre since the spirit of Wagner began to rule there:—

“Taste is no longer necessary; not even voice. [This was written before the de Reszkes appeared in Wagnerian opera.] Wagner is only sung with a ruined voice: that has a ‘dramatic effect.’ Even talent is excluded. *Virtue* only is the proper thing here—that is to say, drilling, automatism, ‘self-denial.’ Neither taste, nor voice, nor talent: there is only one thing needful for Wagner's stage—*Germanics*! Definition of Germanics: obedience and long legs. It is full of deep significance that the advent of Wagner coincides with the advent of the ‘Empire’; both facts furnish proof of one and the same thing—obedience and long legs.”

Yet, strange to say, in spite of Nietzsche's glorification of every other nation but his own, we find him in the postscript trying to make capital out of the story that Wagner was not a German, but a Jew. Finally, he attempts to count the cost to civilisation of the adherence to Wagner. It has, he says, exalted the idiotic art-amateur, glorified insolent dilettantism, and established the tyranny of theatrocracy: as for the effect on the mind, his music represents the “blackest obscurantism concealed in the luminous husks of the ideal,” the “mortal hate of knowledge,” and lastly, the fascination of corruption, as the late Mr. Pater would have put it.

It only remains for us to add to a necessarily imperfect sketch of this brilliant but unconvincing pamphlet, that the clue to Nietzsche's extraordinary antipathy to Wagner is furnished in another of his works, the “Nietzsche contra Wagner.” There, in the section “How I Got Free from Wagner,” he tells us how as far back as 1876 he felt forced to take farewell of Wagner by the painful discovery that Wagner, in whom he had thought to find the modern expression of a “Dionysian exuberance of soul,” when apparently at the zenith of his career, but “while in truth he had become a decayed, despairing *décadent*, had sunk down suddenly, helpless and disjointed, before the Christian Cross.” This appalling discovery entirely unnerved Nietzsche, and condemned him to more profound isolation than ever. Previous to that, though “condemned perpetually to the Germans” he had had Wagner. Now there was absolutely no German with whom he found himself in sympathy. In the preface he says that he has readers everywhere “save in Europe's Flatland, Germany.” It is hard to say which Nietzsche hated most, Wagner, Christianity, or Germany. But for all their vitriolic animosity these essays are well worth reading. It is certainly a curious coincidence that Wagner's most bitter assailant as well as his most exalted patron should have both died insane.

C. L. G.

BOOKS.

FORT ST. GEORGE.*

FORT St. George well deserves the tribute of a history. Not only has its career been striking and adventurous, but it was Great Britain's first possession in India, the first stone laid at the foundation of a mighty Empire. The ground on which the

* *Fort St. George: a Short History of our First Possession in India.* By Mrs. Frank Penney. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co. [10s. 6d.]

fort was built, however, was not the spoil of war; it was peaceably hired from the Rajah of Chandragheri at the annual rent of £600, and the agreement, magnificently incised upon a plate of gold, bore the date of March 1st, 1639. Until 1746 the gold plate was piously preserved, but in that year Fort St. George was surrendered to the French, and the oldest relic of our Indian occupation disappeared. Simple in its beginning, Fort St. George has been the centre of great measures and the home of great men; it has been eminent in commerce as in arms; there many a hero, even Clive himself, began his career. Wherefore, Mrs. Penney's was a wise undertaking; it might perhaps have been carried out in a livelier spirit, but if it be not a readable history, it is excellent material, and it is packed with facts and figures whose accuracy is beyond dispute.

In the earlier years of its history Fort St. George was merely a warehouse. The directors of the East India Company cared more for money than for empire; they dreaded the responsibilities imposed by military operations; and even when their new station had been fortified they ordered its dismantling. But Chambers, who in 1659 governed Madras for the Company, knew better what was needed than the pedants at home. So he ignored their orders, strengthened his city, and styled himself President. The directors, alarmed at their servant's temerity, despatched Sir Edward Winter to make a report, and he, too, speedily became so sturdy an Imperialist that he felt compelled to resign. But no sooner had George Foxcraft, an eminent Puritan, been appointed to supersede him, than he regretted his resignation, and flung Foxcraft and his son into prison as traitors. However, the matter was presently patched up, and both sides were publicly justified; but the Governor had carried his point; henceforth Fort St. George had its garrison, and the merchandise of the Company was, in its own despite, protected against pirates and other marauders. And very strange the garrison must have appeared to the natives. The few soldiers that there were brought with them a curious array of old armour and old weapons, belonging many of them to the Tudor period. We hear of matchlocks, pikes, halberds, battleaxes, and bucklers, and it is a wonder that the poor soldiers who carried a weight of armour under a tropical sun were not baked to death, as in an oven. But even in this fearsome array the Briton does not seem to have been respected. The natives mistook our benevolence for weakness, and saw in us nothing but a set of traders. One Fryer, writing in 1680, records the reproaches cast in our teeth by the natives. "Why vaunts your nation?" they would ask. "What has your sword done? Who ever felt your power? What do you possess? We see the Dutch outdo you; the Portugals behave like men; every one runs you down; you can scarce keep Bombain, which you got not by your valour, but by compact; and will you pretend to be Men of War or cope with our Princes? It's fitter for you to live on merchandise and submit to us." It is a bitter reproach, happily wiped out by Clive, Hastings, Wellesley, and many another soldier.

In one aspect Fort St. George resembles an English or Colonial country town rather than a foreign possession. Its architecture and institutions were English from the first. It boasted a Mayor and Corporation; its parish church might have been hidden by English trees, except that its roof was proof against bombs, and its walls were six feet thick to resist a siege. The church plate, still preserved, is characteristic of our country, while the inscriptions cut upon the tombs, whether in English or in Latin, might be matched anywhere from Cornwall to the Tweed. The entrance to the Writers' Buildings, where once Clive lived, as pictured in this book, has nothing Indian about it save its square proportions; its pillars and mouldings might be found in many an English building of its own date. And so Fort St. George prospered and grew rich, in spite of "interlopers" who set their private wealth above the fortune of the Company, and of pirates who harassed the Indian seas with fire and sword. Its saddest years were those of the French occupation. It was on September 10th, 1746, that Governor Morse, holding the opinion that the fort could not sustain an attack, capitulated to Admiral de la Bourdonnais, who for his part promised to restore the town in three months on payment of a ransom of £400,000. Unhappily for the honour of France, Dupleix repudiated the terms offered by De la Bourdonnais, and sent all those who would not take an oath of allegiance prisoners to Pondicherry. But

Clive and Maskelyne escaped in disguise, and in three years the Union Jack floated once more over Fort St. George, yet even to-day, though India is ours, the keys of the old city are preserved at Pondicherry.

But what is most surprising in Fort St. George is the list of great names preserved in its records. Elihu Yale, who gave his name to America's University, governed the fort from 1687 to 1692. A sterner and more enterprising politician was Thomas Pitt, whose vast wealth brought back from India founded a family of patriots. Yet Pitt was not highly revered by the Company. "That haughty and immoral man," he is called, who would "not stick at doing any mischief that lies in his power." Above all, he was guilty of "interloping" and piracy, and his most famous exploit—the purchase of the Pitt Diamond—is ever memorable. Here is Mrs. Penney's account of the transaction:—"Whilst Pitt was Governor of Madras a gem merchant named Jamchund brought a Kistna diamond of great size for sale. He asked £30,000 for it in the rough. It should, of course, have been bought on behalf of the Company, but Pitt, seeing money in it, could not resist the temptation of making a private bargain. He became possessor of the stone for the sum of £20,400; and he was quite satisfied that he had behaved honourably when he paid the man, who on his part was also content. But the diamond was known to be worth more than Jamchund had received, and the transaction gave rise to a good deal of gossip, which in no way decreased when later on Pitt had the diamond cut in England, and sold it to the Regent of France for £135,000." Pitt's profit, then, was enormous, yet maybe he felt a subsequent disappointment, for the Regent of France made a splendid bargain, and the diamond, now among the Royal jewels of France, is worth not less than half a million. So, too, in the records we find the name of Gulstone Addison, brother of the essayist, and still more strange is it to discover in Caleb Clark, the clerk of St. Mary's Church, the grandson of John Milton, whose family disappears in India and whose blood (may be) still flows in Eurasian veins. Nor must we forget the famous Kidd, now the symbol of piracy, who performed his most distinguished exploits in the neighbourhood of Fort St. George. Of these and many others Mrs. Penney has given a clear and accurate account, and she has traced with admirable lucidity the history of the town, which grew from a trading centre to a stronghold, and which, once ruled by merchants, is now the seat of a military governor.

SACRED ORIGINS.*

MR. ROBERTSON'S book need not detain us long. We find that on this subject of religion we have nothing in common with him. He has "rejected Theism as an explanation of the Cosmos," as he somewhat magniloquently puts it; and to argue on religion with an atheist is clearly a waste of time. But his book makes great pretensions, and it may be worth while to subject these in one or two cases to a brief examination. Mr. Robertson's most obvious characteristic is a very strongly-marked intellectual arrogance. "The Twelve Apostles were demonstrably mythical,"—he is relating in his preface the results of his studies into the origins of Christianity. Our readers should mark the word "demonstrably." Of course, a writer who is nothing if he is not scientific uses the word in its proper sense, of things lying within the province of absolute truth. The statement, then, really means that the mythical character of the Twelve is as certain as that two and two make four, and, as a corollary, that those who believe in their historical existence are incapable of reasoning. Thus does Mr. Robertson calmly excommunicate, in his own fashion, civilized mankind. Does he really belong to the race of man, or has he descended from some four-dimension world? But possibly "demonstrably" may have been a *lapsus calami*. Let us take an example of detail. It shall be one that is easily stated. The anointing of the feet of Christ, as it is told by the Fourth Gospel, is "false on the face of it, since it represents a pauper household as possessing a peculiarly costly and useless article." Why "*pauper* household"? It is doubtful whether the anointing took place in the house of Simon the Leper or in that of Lazarus. There is a strong

* (1.) *Christianity and Mythology*. By John M. Robertson. London: Watts and Co. [8s. 6d.]—(2.) *Exploratio Evangelica: a Brief Examination of the Basis and Origin of Christian Belief*. By Percy Gardner, Litt.D. London: Adam and Charles Black. [15s.]

presumption that both were men of substance. Only a wealthy leper could evade the ban of separation on his class. Possibly he was himself isolated, but his establishment was kept up. As for Lazarus, he was clearly a person of importance. Formal visits of condolence would not have been paid to a pauper's sisters. Such instances might be multiplied beyond all limits of patience in our readers. On questions of text Mr. Robertson is despotic beyond all precedent. Bentley himself in his most positive moods is mere timidity in comparison. The Epistle to the Galatians is "probably genuine, though frequently interpolated." The famous passages in 1 Corinthians, the institution of the Lord's Supper, and the evidence for the Resurrection are "interpolations." They are found, it is true, in all MSS. and Versions. But what is that to a self-appointed Pope? The Resurrection passage mentions the Twelve ("last of all the Twelve"). Here "demonstrably" is wanted, and it makes its appearance. This is "demonstrably part of a late interpolation." Our critic not only knows what passages are interpolated, but when they were foisted into the text. One more sample of his method and we are done. "Hermes as Psychopompus carries Psyche over the Styx." This is one of the child-carriings, we are told, common in Greek art, and has its parallel in the myth of the infant Christ. We might indeed expect to find it, for nothing is more common in real life, and Christians find nothing in life that is out of harmony with their belief in the Incarnation. But so profound a scholar seems strangely out of his bearings about the word *Ψυχοπομπός*. The personified Psyche of Apuleius's romance is a very late creation. It cannot be called a myth at all.

It is by way of contrast rather than of parallel that we have coupled Professor Gardner's very valuable work with that noticed above. His earlier chapters in particular are conspicuous for their possession of that quality of edification in which criticism is too commonly wanting. We would mention, as an example, chap. 3, "The Practical Grounds of Belief." Researches into the philosophy of religion, of which certainly there has been lately and is likely to be in the future no lack, have often an air of what may be called condescension about them. The investigator seems to discuss the phenomena of his subject as matters with which he has no more personal concern than with the laws of phonetics or the properties of numbers. The standpoint is not that of disbelief, but that of detachment. And yet if we start with the barest Deism as a postulate such an attitude is nothing less than shocking. To believe in the existence of God and to speculate with a cold curiosity whether the "God-idea" has its origin in animism or the dread of Nature powers is really an absurdity. If He is, He can be conceived only by His own revelation, a revelation made *πολυμερῶς καὶ πολυτρόπως* in an infinite variety, but always proceeding from one source. It is indeed a welcome change to pass from a treatment so unsympathetic, to use the mildest of all possible epithets, to the reverence with which the *Exploratio Evangelica* is inspired. It is with no common satisfaction that we read such a passage as the following:—

"The chief source of our knowledge of the Divine Nature is that communion with the Higher Power which is called prayer. In regard to prayer, there are a number of speculative difficulties. Many people in our days have persuaded themselves that the effects of prayer are only subjective; that prayer does not move the will of God, but only brings our wills into a more healthy state. It is quite unprofitable to discuss from the *a priori* point of view the relations between the human and the divine will. If we begin by making assumptions as to what the Divine Nature must be, instead of inquiring how it is revealed to us, we enter on a fruitless task. It seems to me sufficient to point to the enormous consensus of testimony from wise and simple, learned and ignorant, sceptical and credulous, which affirms as a matter of personal knowledge that prayer does bring answers which change not only the will of him who prays, but his character, his circumstances, and the ways of others."

This is followed by a striking argument in which the writer finds a proof of the personality of God in what he calls the "arbitrariness" of the answers to prayer. It is exactly what occurs in our relations with friends. We realise their character and personality by this very fact that our requests to them bring no necessary answer. (How completely this disposes of the famous "prayer test" by which believers were invited to coerce the Almighty by using the leverage of prayer!) Professor Gardner goes on:—

"Nor do the facts of grace and of prayer by any means stop at the attribution of personality to God. Men have found by ex-

perience that in the answer to prayer that which often seems arbitrary covers another element, not one of rigid law or invariable sequence, but one of kindness and mercy. When men look at their lives as they lie in perspective behind them, they often discern the guidance of a wiser thought and a higher purpose than their own. The belief in an individual Providence is universal among those who are spiritually minded, and often forces itself on those whose religion is unformed and inarticulate. We have it on Hamlet's authority that 'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.' And almost all great men of action of whom history speaks have believed their deeds to be under the controlling power of a higher purpose. Religion builds upon this natural and universal sentiment a loftier doctrine. None can always feel an absolute trust in the purposes of God; all of us are sometimes in a state of revolt, open or unexpressed, against those purposes. Yet it appears that those who earnestly try to lead the divine life commonly grow with the years more reconciled to the hand of an overruling Providence, and less disposed to set up their own will against it. Therefore, we may fairly say that the attribution of the highest wisdom and power to God is dictated by the widest and deepest spiritual experience. We say that he who thus plans and directs, who averts evil and bestows good, must be not only kind and loving, but a kind and loving Person."

This alone—and as a matter of fact there is much more in the same admirable spirit—would make us heartily welcome this volume. It is a saving grace in Mr. Robertson that he finds it "in many respects wise and stimulating," though we must own ourselves at a loss to see his points of agreement.

It is not long before we find ourselves compelled to part company from Professor Gardner, but not finally, nor always with a divergence that makes future agreement impossible. To his views on the criticism of the Scriptures we have little objection to make. He may use the word "myth" more freely than we may think necessary. But when, after so designating the story of the offering of Isaac, he goes on to see in its protest against human sacrifice—for such a protest it really makes—a mark of the "unique religious consciousness and a sign of the lofty destiny" of the Hebrew race, we feel that he has the root of the matter in him. Such phrases are especially objectionable to the school of Mr. Robertson, but the man who uses them in their full meaning has the key to "the riddle of this painful world." As to the fact of the ethical superiority of the Hebrew myths over all others, one can hardly imagine how it can be denied, and being granted, how its significance can be evaded. Here is a people not civilised enough to have a coinage, but immeasurably superior in its personifications of the divine to the highly cultivated Greece. Compare with this Isaac "myth," if we are to use the word, the revolting story of Hippolytus. A goddess resents the young man's chastity and resolves to destroy him; a god lends himself to her hateful scheme, and the youth's own patron deity can only tell him that she cannot stay to see him die. Why was the Greek capable, the Hebrew incapable, of such thoughts of deity?

It is when we come to the historic verities, as we consider them, of Christianity, the Incarnation and the Resurrection, that we find our most serious difference with Professor Gardner. It is a difference which we have no wish to minimise, but it does not forbid a sincere expression of gratitude for the book which he has given us.

OIDA'S CRITICAL STUDIES.*

WITH the exception of one, all these essays have appeared in other forms, and they bear the mark of not having been overlooked and revised with sufficient care before they were again offered to the public. The fact that reprints give their authors time for revision is the main justification of their existence, and many, if not all, these essays are marred by repetitions and inconsistencies which might easily have been removed. But authors of a certain kind rarely condescend to overlook their work. It has found its public in a review or magazine, and why should another public be more difficult to please? But what passes muster in a magazine article by no means necessarily pleases the more critical reader of a book. He looks for more style and more reserve of expression.

But having said this, we gladly acknowledge that there is much of interest in these studies by Ouida. The criticisms on foreign authors show a sympathy and a knowledge of their works somewhat beyond the ordinary student of French

* *Critical Studies: a Set of Essays.* By Ouida. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [7s. 6d.]

and Italian literature. Ouida, too, has a delicate perception of lyric poetry, and it is refreshing to find Mr. Auberon Herbert criticised as a poet rather than a writer on the ethics of political economy. She appreciates to the full his power of producing strong effect by "simple and common words." What can be simpler and yet more pathetically true than these two short verses?—

"In the glory of youth the young man went,
His heart with pride was stirred.
'They should yield,' he cried, 'to the message sent
And force of the burning word.'
The long years passed and a wearied man
Crept back to the old home door.
'I have spoken my word and none has heard,
And the great world rolls as before.'"

To many the fact that Mr. Auberon Herbert can write such clear-cut verse will come with a glad surprise, and Ouida is at her best when she is speaking of these "little songs short as a ripple of music from a woodlark's throat, of no more account if you will than the blue stars of mouse-ear by the brook's side, than the dog-rose on the bank; too simple it may be said, speaking of emotion too trite, of sorrow too common, of sights too familiar, in language that the dullest can scarce fail to understand." And yet the same mind that realises so clearly the exquisite beauty of truth and simplicity can turn with keen pleasure to the works of Gabriele D'Annunzio. No doubt we shall be dubbed Philistine by Ouida for allowing our artistic interest to be overcast, even for a moment, by considerations of purity and moral beauty. And yet Art must be judged as a whole as well as in detail. If a picture has brilliant points and realistic conception, it fails to appeal to a healthy mind if its subject is the dissecting-room and its atmosphere is mud. We protest against that contemptuous judgment which, in order to permit the rendering of all and every particular of human life—clean or unclean, beautiful or hideous, by pen or brush—classes those who demand some beauty amid the squalor, some point of light in the murky blackness of sin, Puritans and Philistines. It really is a want of appreciation on the part of those who forget the subject in the delicacy of analysis and execution. It is like the production of some of the Renaissance carving which depicts a plague-eaten people mad with terror and despair under forms of most exquisite carving in ivory or bronze. No doubt it would be unfair to Ouida to say that she does not see that a writer like Gabriele D'Annunzio has much to learn in both choice of his subject and its treatment, but evidently it is not the mire in which D'Annunzio delights that repels her. Speaking of the Italian language as a medium of speech, which is far less subtle and graceful than French, and which "calls a spade a spade with the rudest frankness," she goes on to say:—"Nor can it be said that D'Annunzio ever tries to give it delicacy or veiled suggestion; his language is as broad and as gross as that of Ovid or Catullus. He never allows the smallest doubt about his meaning to exist at any time; and he is most especially explicit when treating of those subjects which in modern literature are generally considered forbidden. Indeed, this anxiety to paint the brothel and the madhouse as carefully and minutely as the miniaturist paints on the ivory, leads to his great defect, over-elaboration." Surely the far greater defect is to make his stories centre round such places. When will people realise how very dull and limited vice is? The easiness of becoming vicious is of itself fatal to originality of production, and when one has read one story of vicious people and their common, dull thoughts and actions, a healthy mind revolts against that company, and no amount of precious frame or brilliant setting is sufficient to hide the ugliness and sterility of the subject.

With the essay on Georges Darien we have far more sympathy. To write on unpopular subjects and to take unpopular sides imply a strength of purpose and a moral courage which command both respect and interest. To us English the darkest side of militarism has never as yet come home. There may be a blot here and there,—some things to be inquired into, some revelations which startle. But no such horrors exist for this country as the *Biribi*—"the nickname given by French and native soldiers in Algeria to the punishment-battalions of the Franco-African army"—affords. In an army raised by conscription and officered by men sprung from the ranks, and often belonging to a low class, it may well be imagined that "punishment-battalions"

are among those things which need very jealous inspection. Georges Darien has served in those battalions himself, and the reader must bear in mind that they are not battalions of "criminals" in the usual sense of the word, but of soldiers who have committed "offences against the military code (the unwritten code)." "To have lost a regimental article, to have forgotten to salute a superior, to have stopped to drink at a brook on a march, to have omitted to put the regulation number on a clothes brush, or a pewter platter," and such like things, condemns the offender to punishments which curdle the blood to think of. One would have hoped that Georges Darien may have exaggerated his sufferings—for it is his own experience that furnishes him with his facts—if the French Government had not interfered to prevent "cartoons of the events described in it to be posted up on the boulevards." Of course, the fact of conscription gives to such things their special strength and horror. In a voluntary army and with freedom of speech such things could not exist a month; but in considering the problem of conscription it is well to weigh the darker side of militarism; and though, no doubt, it loses nothing of its horror in Ouida's writings, facts are facts, and an autobiography by a soldier who has served in *Biribi* is pretty good testimony to what goes on in these Franco-African battalions.

In the essay on "The Quality of Mercy" Ouida's pleadings for her dumb friends would come with greater force if she had been calmer in her denunciations. It cannot be denied that there is far less consideration shown for animals which are for use than for those kept as domestic pets. But Ouida does little good to the cause when she speaks of "the dreadful weight upon the spine from which the riding horse suffers and the dreadful strain upon the lungs and withers to which the draught and driving horse is incessantly condemned." She evidently makes no distinction between the natural capacities of the horse and its ill-use through abuse of those capacities, and it is grossly unfair, as well as very unwise in the cause of mercy, to describe the Home for Lost Dogs as "an institution for the organised suffocation of fifteen or twenty thousand dogs annually." What terrible sufferings are spared to these thousands of stray, and probably starving, dogs by the institution, she does not recognise in her wild charges. In the same way the many excellent truths which she brings home as to the "ugliness of modern life" are rendered less effective by a most extraordinary tirade against the condemnation of houses unfit for habitation, for she classes all street and house improvements under the head of "One of the Greatest Crimes" of the nineteenth century, committed—"under the pretext of hygiene," and "for the enrichment of contractors, town councillors," and others. How can she expect people to read between her lines for the real abuses when she is so careless of accuracy and justice? It is a real misfortune when so much that needs to be brought home to people as to both cruelty and ugliness should be rendered comparatively useless through want of judgment. Those who most sympathise with her object are those who suffer most from this ill-advised absence of tact.

But it is on her critical side that Ouida is at her best. Her keen perception of what constitutes the special genius of an individual writer makes her at once both critic and friend. Her estimate of other authors is generous. And there is a complete absence of personal jealousy or disappointed ambitions in her judgment of their work. Speaking of "The Italian Novels of Marion Crawford," she points out that if his pictures of the Italian aristocracy fail somewhat in accuracy of detail, "in portraiture of the people whom we meet every day in society Mr. Crawford has a delightful pencil." It would be interesting to read some comparison by Ouida of Mr. Crawford and Dr. Barry, who in his *Arden Massiter* does not shrink from dealing with Italian society in all its multifold complications. No doubt Ouida's complete want of sympathy with religion would narrow her judgment. Where religion plays any considerable part, and where Dr. Barry condemns by default, she would find occasion for indiscriminate denunciation. But when she is on the familiar ground of Italian character she cannot fail to interest her readers, whether they are carried away by her enthusiasm or not.

BRITISH FORESTRY.*

THIS is an interesting, and not too technical, book on a subject which, at present receives far too little attention in this country. We have not yet realised that the annual returns from land which is devoted to growing timber upon scientific principles are very satisfactory. Even to-day, notwithstanding the careless way in which landowners are content to manage their woods, the profits of timber-growing far exceed those of any agricultural crop for which a ready market can be found. Upon the Chiltern Hills, where beech is extensively grown for the furniture-makers of Wycombe, well-managed beech woods are returning five times, and in many cases six times, the annual income that the adjoining agricultural land is yielding. In the case of the West Wycombe estate the account books show that, for over a hundred years, the annual income from the woods has been 30s. an acre. These are, perhaps, the best results that are now obtained in any part of England. In most cases the results are very different, partly owing to want of care, but more often to want of knowledge. Forestry is a science that must be studied, and an art that must be practised as much as medicine or surgery. Dr. Nisbet mentions a case of a landowner who, even under his present system of management, is getting more than £1,000 a year out of his woods, and who pays his forester 15s. a week. This means that a capital of over £30,000 in timber is being administered by a man of no education at a wage of £39 7s. 6d. a year; yet the scope for increasing the capital value and the annual yield must be enormous:—

"It can hardly be denied that British landowners, as a class, are decidedly apathetic with regard to forestry. So far as game preservation is antagonistic to good management of the woodlands, that matter has been fully dealt with in the last chapter. Other three causes, perhaps in some cases equally powerful in this direction, are want of funds, want of encouragement offered by the State to induce landowners to plant waste land, and danger of fires along railway lines. . . . As most landowners have merely a life interest in their estates, and as the calls on their purse are many (beginning with the heavy demand on succession), they have not, as a rule, much money to spare for forming plantations which are only likely to yield substantial returns after their individual tenure of the estate is at an end."

There is, no doubt, much truth in this. But, in a chapter devoted to that subject, Dr. Nisbet shows that sport and forestry are not incompatible. The damage done by rabbits is, however, incalculable unless the landowner is prepared to spend sixpence a yard or more on putting up substantial wire fencing, and this means £22 for even a square ten-acre plot. As for fires caused by railways, these are almost entirely preventible; and it is at least possible that the principles of the old case of "*Vaughan v. the Taff Vale Railway Company*" would be adapted so as to render the companies liable, since modern inventions in the shape of spark-catchers:—

"The weak points of British forestry are now much better known, and more generally acknowledged, than was the case but a few years ago. And the remedies are plain. These consist in improved technical instruction, both theoretical and practical, so as to provide well-trained, skilful wood-managers and wood-reeves for the better management of existing woodlands, and in greater encouragement and assistance to be given by the State to landowners than have yet been extended to them to induce them to form plantations on poor lands and waste tracts once under woods."

It can hardly be doubted that the planting and better cultivation of woodlands in this country will be rewarded with enormous, and probably increasing, returns. The demand for timber is steadily growing, the amount which is imported constantly increases, and scientific forestry, where it has been put into practice abroad, never fails to produce the most striking monetary results:—

"As matters are, our woods and forests now only aggregate about three million acres, and are so inadequate for the supply of existing requirements in timber and other woodland produce, that our imports under these heads amounted to the enormous sum of over twenty-five and a third million pounds sterling during 1899. Of this, over five million pounds were for rough-hewn and over sixteen million pounds for sawn or dressed timber, practically all of it coniferous timber from the Baltic, Scandinavia, and Canada, which might quite well be grown in the British Isles. Making a liberal deduction for the value of labour included in these coniferous imports aggregating over twenty-one million pounds, the undeniable fact is laid bare that Britain annually pays, and principally to foreign countries, no less than between

eighteen and nineteen million pounds sterling for pines and fir timber which could quite well be grown in Great Britain and Ireland. There are some sixteen million acres, now practically unproductive, available for this purpose; and if our existing woods and forests were managed on business principles, and State encouragement were given for making large plantations under economical management, Britain might in the future be self-supporting as to all the coniferous wood required for building purposes. . . . If our present three million acres of woodlands were trebled in extent, and were well managed on business principles, in place of being under uneconomic management as game coverts and pleasure grounds, as is now mostly the case with British forests, this would merely be able to supply existing requirements, and no more. Nay, even if we had twelve million acres under forest, and all under the best of management, they would probably be just about able to supply the demand for timber likely to exist at the time plantations now formed may become mature. Past experience has shown that the demands for timber are constantly increasing, despite the more extensive use of substitutes like iron and stone for constructive purposes."

Ever since the landing of the Romans the destruction of woods has been the order of the day; and, in spite of the severe mediæval forest laws, which were aimed more at the preservation of game than the protection of timber, little has been done in the way of planting trees and much in the way of cutting them down. The original British woods consisted of beech, oak, Scotch pine, birch, ash, Scotch elm, mountain ash, willow, aspen, alder, and yew. To the Romans we owe the English elm, lime tree, chestnut, plane, poplar, and walnut, which are now more or less established. But some of the most successful and profitable timber crops which can be grown are the recently introduced larch, Douglas fir, and Menzies spruce.

After a general introduction, dealing with ancient and modern forestry and the effects of the forest laws upon our woodlands, Dr. Nisbet passes the different trees in review. He tells us the most suitable conditions under which to grow them, the qualities which most enhance their value, the diseases to which they are liable, the profit which may be expected, and the combinations of high-woods and undergrowth which experience has discovered to be advisable. The oak, which is the king of trees, in general durability excels all British timber, and can often find a market at half-a-crown or more a cubic foot. Yet there is a chronic want of long, clean stems, unspoilt by knots; and we still adhere to growing our oaks so as to produce crooks for knees and ribs of wooden ships, when stems without branches are most required. The beech, which next in order is dealt with, is valuable when grown in pure crops as a timber tree, and also possesses an indirect advantage by reason of the quality it has of improving the soil and the growth of other trees with which it is mixed. The elm, which demands more light than most trees, is not suitable for pure, thickly-planted woods. The value of the ash is increased by the rapidity of its growth, for the best quality is got at about sixty years of age. The alder, the birch, the lime, and the poplar are the chief soft woods, all having uses, and remunerative when properly grown under suitable conditions. For conifers the demand is great; and they have the advantage of being easily and profitably grown on the poorest land, which may thus be prepared, by the fall of needles, for more exacting timber crops. All the conifers are, however, exposed to the danger of serious injury from snow and gales. The timber of the spruce-fir is but half the value of Scotch pine, and it rarely thrives as well in this country. The Menzies spruce of California receives, on the contrary, more consideration than it deserves. This book is an excellent contribution to the "*Haddon Hall Library*." It is full of information on a subject which should interest every landowner. Let us hope the country gentlemen will buy and study it.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

THERE is a quantity of excellent mixed reading in Mark Twain's latest collection of stories and sketches, *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*. Of the twenty pieces which make up the volume, by far the larger number

* (1.) *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg, and other Stories and Sketches*. By Mark Twain. London: Chatto and Windus. [6s.]—(2.) *Jezabel*. By Richard Pryce. London: Hutchinson and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *The Fourth Generation*. By Walter Besant. London: Chatto and Windus. [6s.]—(4.) *The New Order*. By Oswald Crawford. London: Grant Richards. [6s.]—(5.) *Path and Goal*. By Ada Cambridge. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(6.) *A Prick of Conscience*. By Alan St. Aubyn. London: Digby, Long, and Co. [6s.]—(7.) *The Seen and the Unseen*. By Richard Marsh. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(8.) *The Princess of Copper*. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. London: F. V. White and Co. [6s.]

* *Our Forests and Woodlands*. By John Nisbet. London: J. M. Dent and Co. [7s. 6d.]

fall outside the province of the novel reviewer. Such, for example, are the excellent article reprinted from the *Forum* on "Diplomatic Pay and Clothes," the humorous description of the riotous scenes in the Austrian Parliament in 1897, the almost wholly serious paper "concerning the Jews," and certain papers of an autobiographical complexion, such as the private history of the "Jumping Frog" story, Mark Twain's campaigning reminiscences—a really striking piece of self-revelation—and the episode entitled "My *Début* as a Literary Person." Fiction proper is best represented by the ingenious story, or modern apologue, which gives its title to the volume. Therein we read how a cynical stranger, wishing to explode the reputation for rectitude enjoyed by a small American town, lured all its principal citizens, without exception, into a skilfully devised pitfall, which appealed at once to their greed and their vanity. The burlesque sketch, "The Esquimaux Maiden's Romance," shows Mark Twain in his most exuberantly farcical vein, while "My First Lie, and how I got out of it" is an excellent example of the *ridendo dicere verum* method. But whatever the theme or its treatment, it is good to notice that there is not the slightest trace of fatigue in the mind of the writer. Mark Twain at sixty-five is just the same fearless, alert, and whimsical philosopher that he was when he made his "*début* as a literary person" some thirty-four years ago.

Readers who are acquainted with Mr. Pryce's earlier work will hardly need to be assured that *Jezebel* is not an attempt, after the manner of some modern exploiters of the field of Scriptural romance, to whitewash the character of Ahab's infamous Queen. The story is entirely modern, and the title is explained and justified by the opening episode of an extremely well-written and entertaining story. Lord Dormoral, an elderly Peer, unhappily married to a young and aggravatingly timid wife, of whose fidelity he harbours unfounded suspicions, resolves to avenge himself on her by the brutal practical joke of naming their first-born child Jezebel. His clumsy revenge recoils on his own head, driving his wife into an elopement, and fastening an almost lifelong stigma on the high-spirited child, whom he comes to idolise as the very incarnation of the finest traits of his race. Mr. Pryce handles a plot, which in its bare outlines sounds fantastic and even repugnant, with such humour and geniality, such briskness of dialogue and crispness of style, as can hardly fail to stimulate the most jaded novel reader. The gradual mellowing of old Lord Dormoral under the influence of his daughter is charmingly described; the heroine herself, intrepid, indiscreet, but essentially magnanimous, is a thoroughly engaging central figure; while the minor characters, notably a delightful old nurse, and various more or less detrimental society types, comprise a gallery of portraits executed with a skill and finish far above the ordinary. It is probably in accordance with the nature of things—though the sentimental reader may resent such an arrangement—that the Amazonian heroine should fall in love with an amiable but somewhat invertebrate young nobleman; poetic justice, however, is so far consulted by their union that it inflicts a well-deserved humiliation on Lady Malmsey, the Pharisaical mother of the young man.

Readers of Jokai's *A Debt of Honour* will note a certain resemblance between the main motive of that luridly impressive romance and Sir Walter Besant's new novel, *The Fourth Generation*. In both the plot is concerned with the sudden discovery by the hero of a grisly family skeleton; in both the hero finds himself the victim of a hereditary curse, the descendants of a murderer being driven to suicide in successive generations on the discovery of the dread secret. The motive has doubtless served other authors, and so great is the divergence of treatment between the Hungarian and the English author that the resemblance need not be further emphasised. In Jokai's story the narrator learns the secret while yet a boy; in Sir Walter Besant's book the discovery is quite artificially postponed until the hero is six-and-twenty, and has made a most successful *début* in Parliament. Another and more effective variation is the retention on the scene of the founder and first victim of the curse, a nonagenarian recluse, expiating an act of momentary violence by seventy years of silence and seclusion. At the outset of the story the hero has just been refused by a very modern but attractive young lady on the ground that his lot has lain in far too pleasant places for him to realise the duties and responsibilities of

life. Straightway on this rejection troubles begin to flow in on him thick and fast,—visits from poor and unscrupulous relations, the gradual knowledge of the disasters and disgraces of the generations separating him from his silent great-grandfather, and finally, the culminating horror of the discovery that the real cause of the mysterious seclusion of the old man was the murder of his brother-in-law, who in turn was the heroine's lineal ancestor! With the culprit's confession of his guilt the ban is raised from the family, and, as any one who knows Sir Walter's methods will readily have conjectured, the heroine, finding the hero far more lovable in adversity, revises her verdict in his favour. The cloud is dispelled as quickly as it gathered; indeed, it may be fairly objected that the incidents of the story are far more symmetrically arranged than in real life. But really, though the setting of the story is unmitigatedly modern, and hero and heroine ride off to examine the family skeleton, not on horseback, but on their bicycles, one cannot but regard it as more of a veiled allegory than a transcript from or variation on actual life. The shady uncle who is believed by his family and friends to be a prosperous barrister while for twenty-five years he has, under an *alias*, carried on the lucrative business of the after-dinner speaker's "ghost," can hardly be treated as a serious personage.

Mr. Oswald Crawford's new story, *The New Order*, is less a novel than a Protectionist tract. Mr. Crawford appears to believe that raising the price of bread and meat will repopulate the rural districts of the country, and enable England to dispense with foreign supplies. He imagines that the agricultural labourer, whose wages have certainly increased while the price of his bread has decreased since the repeal of the Corn Laws, will welcome a return to the prices of food under Protection. Of course, Mr. Crawford prophesies a Millennium as a result of his financial proposals. However, the career of the hero of the book—the prophet of Protection—is temporarily cut short by the bullet of a madman, and by the doctor's orders (surely that doctor must have been a sound political economist) his crusade is to be stopped for at least a year. The story is not as successful as a novel as some of the author's earlier ventures, but it is interesting to see the fiscal proposals of so great an enthusiast as Mr. Crawford.

In Miss Cambridge's *Path and Goal* the path is exceedingly lengthy and the goal uncertain. We wish, however, Miss Cambridge to take it as a compliment when we say that we were much tantalised by the end of her book. What happened? The hero and heroine, reunited in late middle age after a lifetime apart, are afloat on an island schooner in the South Seas. In a hurricane the crew are gradually swept overboard, and the two passengers left on the sinking ship. The hero, after many hours of exhausting suspense, gives the woman he loves a sedative (it is administered in the form of tabloids, which is not romantic); she goes to sleep in his arms, and "for a bare half-hour he watched the gradual drawing of the veil. . . . Then a splendid shape arose, a mighty glimmering wall, to hide the scene. He tightened his arms suddenly and set his teeth." These are the last words of the book. What was the splendid shape? Was it a rescuing ship, or the shadow of the wing of that angel whom the Easterns call Azrael? The patient reader who has followed the career of Dr. Adrian Black for nearly three hundred pages really deserves more definite information as to the close of that career than is here vouchsafed. But the book will be decidedly interesting to people who enjoy a minute description of life in a Cathedral town. It is a long, quiet story, rather like real life in a certain indefiniteness of aim and absence of dramatic sequence. But, it must be said again, we should like a little more definite information in the last sentence.

The title of Mr. St. Aubyn's new book, *A Prick of Conscience*, is a misnomer so far as the wicked heroine is concerned. She continues her evil ways quite quietly, but suddenly reforms at the end of the story and gives up her lover to another woman. It is not a book to be recommended in any way, except, perhaps, as an awful warning to frivolous married ladies.

The only way in which the psychic stories in *The Seen and the Unseen* could claim to be of interest would be that they were true, and this Mr. Marsh does not even pretend them to be. It is quite easy to invent stories of spirits appear-

ing in a photographic camera, but it is never exciting to read about other people's ideas of possible psychic phenomena. The stories of the *Unseen* are not specially interesting from any other point of view. Among the stories of the *Seen* "The Diamonds" is decidedly amusing. But the quality of Mr. Marsh's work, as a whole, seems to be suffering from overproduction.

Mr. Gunter's new romance of adventure, finance, and sentiment shows no abatement of that seismic energy which marked his earlier essays. Viewed only as a treasure-house of strange oburgations, *The Princess of Copper* is deserving of attentive study, while the literary quality of the work may be gauged from the following radiant example: "Favouring the bride, who is a Niobe on a sofa, with a sweet yet sad kiss, Lueile glides from the room."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MINOR MAGAZINES.

There are one or two good papers of the "miscellaneous" character in the new number of the *Lady's Realm*, such as "The Cult of the Cat" (which is profusely illustrated), "Paris Ateliers," and "The Queen's Gardens." There is, however, an air of triviality and amateurishness about the short stories. It is high time, also, that Miss Arabella Kenealy's serial of "Charming Rénée" were brought to a close; it has been too long drawn out. It is evident, on the other hand, that Madame Sarah Grand's "Babs the Impossible" will make at least one addition to its author's gallery of eccentric womanhood.—The best papers, from the Roman Catholic point of view, in the September number of *The Month*, are the Rev. George Tyrrell's "The Mind of the Church," which plausibly and in good temper controverts certain views recently set forth by Mr. Mallock, and "The Mission of Father Edmund Hay," which is the latest of a series of "Studies on the History of Queen Mary Stuart," by the Rev. J. H. Pollen. The other papers are slight. "Letter-Writing and a Modern Writer," by Mr. R. H. J. Steuart, is little better than a belated review of Stevenson's "Letters."—The *Wide World Magazine* continues to justify its existence by publishing a great deal of fact which is more sensational than fiction. "Walked off by a Tiger" perhaps carries off the chief honours in the September number; the holding by the brute of the captured man's wrist with its teeth for what to the sufferer must have seemed an unconscionable period is sufficiently startling to please the most exacting reader.—Perhaps the most interesting and original article in the September *Quiver* is "Native Pastors." It clearly demonstrates what is being done by the various missionary societies in a direction for which "practical common-sense" and "sound economy" are claimed. Among other readable papers in this number are Mr. Kearton's "Nature's Illustrated Bible," which deals with the problem of preservation in the bird-world, and "Horses at Home," which tells the story of a visit to an equine health resort.—The *Boy's Own Paper* and the *Girl's Own Paper* continue to maintain their high standard of readability. Of miscellaneous articles, "Negative Storing-Cabinets, and How to Make Them" may be singled out of the one for commendation, and "Music Students and their Work" out of the other.—The new number of the *Commonwealth* is not a bright one—for some time, indeed, there has been an air of languor about this magazine—but "Two Great Novels"—the latest stories of "John Oliver Hobbes" and Mr. Wells—is a piece of vigorous philosophical criticism, and Mr. W. G. Chadwick is worth listening to in "Dearth of Teachers in Voluntary Schools." Canon Scott-Holland's warning in his leading article, "We Told You so," which comes to this—"Let us take care that we do not hurry ourselves by irritated complaints at lenient generals into some unhappy act of reprisal which no Boer will ever forget or forgive"—is rather shrieky.—The new number of the *Law Magazine* is full of admirable "professional" papers. Laymen would do well to read "Suzerainty, Mediæval and Modern," by Dr. Charles Stubbs; it is almost a brief text-book of the subject.

AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

Some of the American magazines, like certain of our own, indicate too marked a favour for articles somewhat of the "symposium type," with the result in many cases of the substitution of mere "intelligent remarks" for the careful expression of solid thought or "expert" knowledge. The *Forum* has succumbed, at least partially, to this weakness; and so we have in the new issue a large number of papers

—which are of course by no means uninteresting in their way—on such familiar subjects as "Canada and Imperialism" and "The Present and Future of the Philippines." In many respects the most valuable article so far as British readers are concerned is "Labour and Politics in Great Britain," by Mr. Keir Hardie. Mr. Hardie calculates that between forty and fifty candidates will go to the polls at the approaching General Election under the auspices of the United Labour party; that those of them who are returned may unite with the Radicals and the Irish, form a party in all of one hundred and twenty, and "become a power in the land causing the Whigs to go over in form as well as in spirit to their natural friends the Tories, and bringing the nation face to face with the straight issue, Socialism versus Capitalism."—There is rather too much viewiness in the new number of the *International Monthly*, but a good deal of useful information is supplied both in "Modern Political Germany" and in "The Trend of Modern Agriculture in the United States."—There are several interesting papers in the latest number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but there is not one of genuinely outstanding excellence. "Political Education," which indicates how the American Colleges might be utilised in one direction, is a too "typical" paper; it is readable, but not specially suggestive. The short stories are the best of the contents of this number, "The Foreigner," by Sarah Orne Jewett, and "The Dungarvan Whooper," by Maximilian Foster, being especially artistic.—The *Critic* is a well-written, well-illustrated monthly, but the articles are too snappy. Mr. Laug is hardly seen to advantage in "Decadence," because he has not elbow-room. Mr. William Archer, however, gives a sharp criticism of the Poet-Laureate, and Mr. W. Kingsley Tarpey contributes an adequate, if also somewhat conventional, estimate of the English dramatists of to-day.

CANADA AND DIPLOMACY.

British and American Diplomacy Affecting Canada, 1782-1899: a Chapter of Canadian History. By Thomas Hodgins, Q.C. (Publishers' Syndicate, Toronto).—Mr. Hodgins has written a valuable essay on a subject which is too little known. He traces the history of the various diplomatic negotiations between Britain and the United States on the subject of Canada from the peace negotiations in 1782 down to the recent Joint High Commission assembled in Quebec. He writes temperately, yet the bitterness which most Canadians feel on this particular subject comes out now and again in his pages. "Great Britain's diplomatic policy towards the United States," he says, "has for many years been eminently one of conciliation and generosity, with a leaning towards an easy optimism or *laissez nous faire* at the expense of Canada's territory." He goes over the doings of the Commissioners appointed in 1782 to settle terms of peace, and shows how, owing to the amiable incompetence of our representatives, Mr. Oswald and Mr. Vaughan, and the duplicity of Lord Shelburne, we made a present to the United States of a large tract of Canadian territory which they never meant to insist upon. Henry Strachey, who saw the folly of our conduct, arrived too late to avert disaster. The United States, Mr. Hodgins maintains, has ever since shown a persistent disinclination to treat Canada fairly in the question of fisheries, the Alaskan boundary, and the import and export of goods. The United States's idea of reciprocity, he thinks, is like Mr. Todgers' idea of a wooden leg, something hard to be considered. But his most severe comments are reserved for the States's action in the Fenian Raids of 1866, 1870, and 1871, which Mr. Hall in his "International Law" calls "the most typical instance of national responsibility assumed by a State for open and notorious acts, and by way of complicity after such acts." Finally, Mr. Hodgins discusses the interminable Alaskan dispute and the recent abortive Joint Commission. He quotes the late Sir John Macdonald: "Having made up my mind that the Americans want everything, and will give us nothing in exchange, one of my chief aims now is to convince the British Commissioners of the unreasonableness of the Yankees." But the author in his concluding pages sees in the closer connection of Canada and the Mother-country, due to the recent growth of Imperial sentiment, some assurance that in future Britain will defend the interests of Canada as her own. That is the Canadian side, and no doubt there is a good deal of truth in it. We must not forget, however, that the Americans argue with quite as much vigour that Canada has always been very hard and unreasonable, and that she is apt to make the Mother-country take up indefensible positions merely for fear of wounding the daughter State's feelings.

Art in Needlework. By Lewis F. Day and Mary Buckle. (B. T. Batsford. 5s. net.)—An interesting as well as useful book. Mr

Day, in his happy combination of the artistic with the technical, has well illustrated a point to which he rightly attaches much importance. He draws attention to the great mistake made by designers in fancying the study of stitches immaterial. The artist should always keep before him the fact that his design has to be executed in needlework, and that the desired effect will only be gained by suiting his work to that end. We cannot let the book pass without a word of praise for the excellent photographs. The plan by which the student has only to turn the page to see the back of the sample under inspection will be of the greatest use.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Voices of the Past. By Henry S. Robertson. (G. Bell and Sons. 4s. 6d.)—This is an attempt, and on the whole, as it seems to us, a successful attempt, to popularise what has been discovered or conjectured about Assyrian and Babylonian history and literature, especially as these things are related to the Hebrew people. The first chapter is devoted to what may be described as the main source of our knowledge, the "Library of Nineveh." Asshurpanipal, who seems to have had tastes which were certainly not common among Oriental Kings, collected what is called a "reference library," in which copies of some very ancient books were included. It has been Mr. Robertson's object to give an outline of what has been learnt in this way. There are two languages to be dealt with, one Semitic and obviously related to the Hebrew, the other of a wholly different family. There are four kinds of writing, the oldest being non-cuneiform, the latest Neo-Assyrian of the time of the establishment of the library. After this follows the subject-matter of the books, and here it is that we come to the highly interesting, and, it must be added, somewhat controversial, topic of the relation between these Assyrian and Babylonian documents and the Hebrew records. Mr. Robertson takes a moderate view. He is certainly not a literalist, and has no idea of looking for a scientific cosmogony in Genesis, or regarding such narratives as that of the Deluge or Babel as authoritative history. He is inclined, we see, to accept in its main outlines as a substantially accurate account of facts the story of Abraham and Chedorlaomer and his allies. We cannot, however, feel so confident as he seems to be about the date of Abraham. Besides the sections already mentioned we have "Abraham's Early Home," and "Asshur and Israel," the latter being an account of the later Assyrian Monarchy and its relation to Israel.

The Jeffersonian Cyclopædia. Edited by John P. Foley. (Funk and Wagnalls.)—This massive volume contains more than nine thousand extracts from the writings, correspondence, &c., of Thomas Jefferson. The name is probably not familiar to every one on this side of the Atlantic, whatever it may be on the other. We may say, therefore, that he took an active part in the struggle of the States for independence, that he went as Minister to France in 1784, was Secretary of State under Washington 1790-1793, was Vice-President 1796-1800, and President (for two terms) from 1801-1809. He died at the age of eighty-three on July 4th (appropriately enough) in the year 1826. He had been invited to the Celebration, and declined. The publication of such a volume as this is somewhat trying to any man's character for consistency. Thomas Jefferson was before the public for nearly sixty years, and had to give many opinions in haste, and under circumstances which were severely trying to patience and self-control. We are almost disposed to question the propriety of massing together the utterances of times far distant from each other and in circumstances widely different. For England Jefferson has seldom a kind word to say. Nothing is too bad for George III. (yet he consented to be presented to this tyrannical Monarch in 1796). The opinions on slavery are striking. He was a slaveholder, but he hated the system. Altogether, though the book is primarily meant for the American reader, it contains much that is curious and even valuable.

The Reformation in Great Britain. By H. O. Wakeman, M.A., and the Rev. Leighton Pullan. (Rivingtons. 1s.)—This is one of the "Oxford Church Text-Books." It is needless, therefore, to specify the school of thought to which it belongs. On the question of the word "Protestant" the utterance is guarded, but the language of pp. 12-13 is scarcely consistent with that on pp. 127-28. In 1662 Convocation, we are told, at the instance of Dr. Gunning, altered the "Black Rubric" in "such a way as to be entirely in agreement with the doctrine of the Real Presence. . . . In its original and Protestant form the rubric contained

a condemnation of the doctrine of any real and essential Presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood in the Sacrament." It now has "corporal." Had Convocation any right to do this in 1662? Would Convocation in 1901 have the right to alter it back? But the change is really unimportant. The rubric disclaims *all* belief in the presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood which it afterwards says "are in heaven and not here." What do the epithets matter? But the curious thing here is the use of the word "Protestant." The Lutheran Church is surely "Protestant," yet it holds "Consubstantiation," and even Mr. Pullan hardly goes beyond Consubstantiation. We object to the detached passages by which the approval of great Anglican authorities is claimed for various disputed teachings. Here is one from Jeremy Taylor:—"It is a very pious preparation to the Holy Sacrament that we confess our sins to the minister of religion." But Jeremy Taylor also said of the necessity for auricular confession that it was "a new doctrine even in the Church of Rome, and was not esteemed any part of the Catholic religion before the Council of Trent."

The Life and Work of Dwight Lyman Moody. By the Rev. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. (Nisbet and Co. 6s.)—This volume begins with what used to be called "Testimonia," appreciations of Mr. Moody by Henry Drummond, N. D. Hellis (who ranks him with Charles Spurgeon, Phillips Brooks, and Henry Ward Beecher), and the Rev. F. B. Meyer. Dr. Chapman writes as having been associated with Mr. Moody in many of his labours. It is not a book which we feel disposed to subject to criticism. The reader, once informed that this is a Life of the great Revivalist by one who worked with him, will know what to expect.

The British and Foreign Bible Society: Ninety-sixth Report. (146 Queen Victoria Street. 1s.)—The Bible Society continues to record an increase of work, and, we are sorry to see, an inadequacy of income to meet expenditure. The Society hardly receives the support that it deserves, as far as some religious bodies are concerned. It may safely be said that no mission to the heathen, or, indeed, to non-Christian peoples in general, could work without the help which the Bible Society affords, or has afforded in the past.

History of the Prudential Insurance Company of America. By Frederick L. Hoffman. (Prudential Press.)—We do not wish to express any opinion on the merits of the Society whose history is here given. But we may safely say that this volume contains many interesting and suggestive facts. There are, for instance, eleven Industrial Insurance Companies in the States. Three of these have, between them, more than eight millions of policies in force, while the amount of insurances in force (January 1st, 1900) was 1,219,778,336 dols. (£251,579,250), giving an average for each policy of a little over £26. The difficulty in industrial insurance is the cost of management.

The Leaguer of Ladysmith, November 2nd, 1899—February 28th, 1900. By Captain Clive Dixon. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 3s. 6d.)—This is a book of quite admirable sketches of men and things in the siege of Ladysmith. Captain Dixon takes, of course, the humorous side of things, but his humour is always of the pleasantest kind, and though it naturally assumes the form of caricature, it does not prevent the draughtsman from showing much sense of the artistic. "The Cattle Guard" is quite a triumph in this way. Drawings 1 and 2 give us the panic caused by the "First Shell," and the indifference shown to the "Last Shell." In the first civilians and soldiers are scattered in pairs; in the second, afternoon tea is going on undisturbed; one dismounted man is smoking his pipe, another is enjoying a *siesta*. Not the least amusing is the picture of the bathers disturbed by a Sunday shell. The Boers commonly passed the day without firing, but the sight of our men bathing infuriated them. With them cleanliness is a long way off godliness.

How to Write for the Magazines. By "£600 a Year from It." (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.)—The author of this little book gives us plenty of good advice. Perhaps one of his most significant maxims is, "Produce what is wanted rather than what you want." You must not write like Scott or Bulwer Lytton, even if you can. The magazine reader abhors good literature,—"high-class" literature it is called here. "Folks don't want to read essays on Burns," said a well-known factor of popular reading—"literature" it cannot be called—but "lively, chatty articles for 'A*****s.'" One thing shows a saving grace in the world of readers. Their first desire, indeed, is to be amused. Hence the funny article. But they also wish to get information. Hence the statistical article. They think that they have learnt something. Of course it is a delusion, for nothing is more useless and indigestible than

facts; but they mean well. Anyhow, let those who desire to write for magazines read this book.

THEOLOGY.—*The Biblical Theology of the New Testament.* By Ezra P. Gould, D.D. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d.)—This is one of the series of "New Testament Handbooks" appearing under the general editorship of Professor Shailer Mathews. The theology which it sets forth is not exactly orthodox. On the crucial point of the divinity of Christ, for instance, Dr. Gould thus expresses himself:—"The Old Testament calls the rulers of the people gods, on the ground that they, being rulers under a theocracy, represented God; they were men to whom the word of God came, making them administrators of a divine law. Jesus, on the contrary, had been consecrated and sent into the world, and represented God, therefore, in a sense which they did not. They were official members of a theocracy and represented God as the administrators of a divine law: he was personally consecrated to his work by God himself, and commissioned by him. And yet he had called himself only Son of God, whereas they, with their merely official claim to divine authority, were called gods. The thing that he claims for himself here, as justifying himself to be God's own Son, was this fact, that he represented God. He stood to men for God. This is essential to an understanding of his position, for this is not an isolated statement, but is insisted on wherever this matter of his claim comes up. There is no mention of the Logos as the source of his divinity, but of the fact that the indwelling of the Father in his humanity made whatever he did and was divine." This is really a key to the author's whole conception of Christian theology. Other aspects are represented with much force. The volume, as a whole, will be found highly instructive and suggestive. — *Christianity and the Nineteenth Century.* By Charles Joseph Little, D.D. (Charles H. Kelly. 2s.)—This volume, containing the "Thirtieth Fernley Lecture" (three lectures, as the word is ordinarily used), is a very able and eloquent statement of the present situation as regards Christianity. We cannot accept all the lecturer's conclusions. While, for instance, we acknowledge the debt due to the Nonconformist Churches, we doubt whether it is to them that "we must look for the reconciliation of dogma and science and popular ideas." We have an idea that the younger school of ministers, who are more than touched by recent movements, the higher criticism and the like, are getting to be out of touch with their people. The average Nonconformist layman is best represented by the obstinate theological conservatism of Spurgeon. But with what Dr. Little has to say on many subjects we are in complete agreement. The second lecture, "The Christianity of Experience," is particularly good and seasonable. Experience is the evidence which nothing can weaken. To turn to another subject more suitable for discussion in these columns, how true is the remark that it is "judicial blindness" which makes the "Pope-King" cling to the idea of temporal sovereignty. Make Leo King of Rome to-morrow, and in a week his realm would be an object-lesson to all who doubt whether or no the Roman Church really accepts the principles of religious liberty.

NEW EDITIONS.—*A Short History of China.* By Demetrius Charles Boulger. (Gibbins and Co.)—This is a new edition of a book published for the first time seven years ago. A supplementary chapter has been added (not by Mr. Boulger, we are told, but by "a competent authority") giving the narrative of the present Emperor, Kwangsu. In this we have an account of the causes which led to the breaking out of the war between China and Japan, chief among them being "that haughty disregard for treaty obligations which distinguishes the Peking officials." Then comes an account of the war, and then of the present complications. — *Frederick Lord Leighton: his Life and Work.* By Ernest Rhys. (G. Bell and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.) — *A Summer in Arcady.* By James Lane Allen. (Macmillan and Co. 3s.) — *Health and Condition in the Active and the Sedentary.* By Dr. Yorke Davies. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)—This is a new edition, and there is no need to criticise it. We observe, however, one interesting statement that may be noticed. All readers of works on health must be familiar with the table of the normal relation between the height and the weight. It will frequently happen that an individual finds in his own case a great discrepancy from this *norma*. Dr. Davies gives another table of the "weights compatible with health." This is a very different thing. At 5 ft. the normal is 8 st. 11 lb. (male) and 8 st. 1 lb. (female); the lowest health weight is 6 st. 8 lb. At the end of the scale we have 13 st. 12 lb. and 13 st. 4 lb. against 10 st. 8 lb. — *From a Bachelor Uncle's Diary*, by Fox Russell (J. W. Arrowsmith, 1s.), is a reprint from *Punch* of those amusing papers of what may be called the "Winkle" species of humour.

MAGAZINES AND SERIAL PUBLICATIONS.—We have received the following for September:—*The Century*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Humanitarian*, the *Review of Reviews*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *Knowledge*, the *Girl's Realm*, the *World of Dress*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the *Artist*, the *Strand Magazine*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Temple Bar*, *Harper's Magazine*, the *Author*, the *Magazine of Art*, the *Expositor*, the *Captain*, the *Geographical Journal*, the *Windor Magazine*, the *School World*, the *Sunday Strand*, the *Puritan*, the *Bookman*, *Nature Notes*, the *Open Court*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Indian Magazine*, the *North American Review*, *Outing*, the *Harmsworth Magazine*, the *Argosy*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, *Cassier's Magazine*, the *Badminton Magazine*, the *Journal of Education*, *Cassell's Magazine*, the *Expository Times*, the *Sunday Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Sunday at Home*, *Celebrities of the Army*, the *United Service Magazine*, the *Anglican Church Magazine*, *Ainslie's Magazine*, *Good Words*, the *Book-Buyer*, the *Traveller*, *China of To-Day*.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Ackworth (J.), <i>The Minder</i> , cr 8vo.....	(H. Marshall)	6/0
Aitken (T.), <i>Road Making and Maintenance</i> , 8vo.....	(Griffin)	21/0
Brereton (F. S.), <i>In the King's Service</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Blackie)	5/0
Brown (W. N.), <i>House Decorating and Painting</i> , 8vo.....	(Scott & Greenwood)	3/6
Cook (F. A.), <i>Through the First Antarctic Night</i> , 8vo.....	(Heinemann)	20/0
Crane (Stephen), <i>Wounds in the Rain</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Methuen)	6/0
Davidson (L. C.), <i>For Lack of Love</i> , cr 8vo.....	(H. Marshall)	3/6
Devil's Half-Acre (The), by "Allen," cr 8vo.....	(Unwin)	6/0
Dix (Gertrude), <i>The Image Breakers</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Heinemann)	6/0
Drayson (A. W.), <i>Early Days Among the Boers</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Griffith & Farran)	3/6
Droll Doings, illustrated by H. B. Neilson, 4to.....	(Blackie)	6/0
Drummond (R. J.), <i>Relation of the Apostolic Teaching to the Teaching of Christ</i> , 8vo.....	(T. & T. Clark)	10/6
Egan (R. B.), <i>The Unknown God, and other Sermons</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Skiffington)	3/6
Gerard (M.), <i>The Grip of the Wolf</i> , cr 8vo.....	(H. Marshall)	3/6
Gihorne (Agnes), <i>Roy: a Tale</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Pearson)	5/0
Graham (R. B. C.), <i>Thirteen Stories</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Heinemann)	6/0
Hammerton (J. A.), <i>J. M. Barrie and his Books</i> , cr 8vo.....	(H. Marshall)	5/0
Hawkins (W.) and Smith (E. T.), <i>The Story of Alfred the Great</i> (H. Marshall)		2/6
Henty (G. A.), <i>In the Irish Brigade</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Blackie)	6/0
Henty (G. A.), <i>Out with Garibaldi</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Blackie)	5/0
Henty (G. A.), <i>With Buller in Natal</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Blackie)	6/0
How to Make, and How to Mend, by an Amateur Mechanic.....	(Sonnenschein)	2/6
Howell (C.), <i>Many Days After</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Digby & Long)	6/0
Inchbold (A. C.), <i>The Silver Dove</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Hutchinson)	6/0
Jackson (Mrs. F. N.), <i>History of Hand-made Lace</i> , 4to.....	(L. U. Gill)	18/0
Jacobs (W. W.), <i>A Master of Craft</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Methuen)	6/0
Keetley (C. B.), <i>Orthopaedic Surgery</i> , 8vo.....	(Smith & Elder)	16/0
Kerr (G. L.), <i>Practical Coal Mining</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Griffin)	12/6
Leys (J. K.), <i>A Suburban Vendetta</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Pearson)	6/0
Lindsay (H.), <i>Mah</i> , cr 8vo.....	(H. Marshall)	6/0
Lowry (S. C.), <i>The Days of Our Pilgrimage</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Skeffington)	3/6
Lummis (E. B.), <i>The Speaker's Chair: its Origin, &c.</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Unwin)	2/6
Marsh (Richard), <i>The Chase of the Ruhr</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Skeffington)	3/6
Marshall (Emma), and Diddin (E.), <i>A Pink of Perfection</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Nisbet)	2/6
Merriman (H. S.), <i>The Isle of Unrest</i> , cr 8vo.....	(Smith & Elder)	6/0
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The Spectator

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WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1900.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PARLIAMENT was dissolved on Tuesday, and already we are in the thick of a General Election. The writs will be issued next Tuesday (September 25th) summoning Parliament for Thursday, November 1st, and the first Borough elections will take place early in October. By this day month all the elections will practically be over and the choice of the country have been made. Though Parliament is summoned for November 1st, there is no absolute reason why it should meet on that day. If the Government has no business of importance to propose and needs no money, it may prorogue the new Parliament till the ordinary date in February.

The results of the Election will of course be awaited with interest—that is inevitable—but it is clear that there will be nothing like the excitement that usually marks an appeal to the electors. The truth is, the country is jaded, and for the moment feels little or no enthusiasm for either men or causes. If we were asked to diagnose the feeling of the ordinary rank-and-file among the voters, we should say that they felt as follows. They are in no sort of way ashamed of the war, nor have they any misgivings as to its righteousness. They are determined to keep the Republics within the Empire and to tolerate nothing approaching in the faintest degree a Majuba settlement, and if there were any question of foreign intervention, which there is not, they would fight all Europe rather than yield an inch. They feel no confidence in the ability of the Liberal party to handle the affairs of the Empire. At the same time, they do not feel satisfied with the working of the present Cabinet. They have not lost confidence in the ruling members of the Ministry individually, and still believe, for example, in Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr. Chamberlain; but, rightly or wrongly, they think that there has been a want of businesslike management in the conduct of national affairs as a whole. In short, the electors, while they feel that the Liberals are impossible and realise that they must employ the Unionists, hold that the Cabinet as at present organised is not altogether satisfactory. Out of this conflict of views we venture to believe that the result will be the return of the Unionists in a large but nevertheless diminished majority. At the same time, the manner of electing this majority will make it clear that what the country wants is greater attention to efficiency of administration (especially in the departments of national defence),—an efficiency to be secured, in the first place, by the possession of a real Prime Minister and a reduction in the size of the Cabinet.

The Parliament which has just passed away is not one which will be remembered in history except as an illustration

of the truth that a Parliamentary Constitution only works really well when there is an efficient and well-balanced party system. In the late House of Commons the Government was demoralised by its strength and the Opposition by its weakness. The split in the Liberal ranks, owing to the deadly feud between Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery, seemed at first sight a gain for the Government. In reality it dealt the Government a most heavy blow by depriving it of all effective, and so invigorating, criticism. A party which is not stimulated by external criticism is always apt to be enervated by internal lassitude, and so it proved in the present case. The Cabinet is intellectually one of the strongest of modern times, and its great majority made it completely supreme, and yet it is notorious that the Ministry often seemed as unable to move as if they were men in an enchanted circle. A capital proof of this weakness was afforded by their inability to deal with the Irish University question. They had a unique occasion to do justice to Roman Catholic Ireland on this subject, and Mr. Balfour showed himself by his admirable speech to be fully alive to the greatness of this opportunity, and yet the Government did nothing,—paralysed, as it were, by their big battalions. It is greatly to be hoped that the Dissolution will break the spell, and that in a reinvigorated Unionist Cabinet the nation may get the advantages it ought to have when served by a body of men so remarkable alike in intellect, character, and devotion to the public service as are the bulk of the present Ministry.

More definiteness has been introduced this week into the negotiations with China. On Wednesday a "Circular Note" was published addressed by Count von Bülow to the German Ambassadors. In this document, which may prove a landmark in history, the German Foreign Minister proposes that "the surrender of the original and real instigators of the crimes against the law of nations committed at Peking" should be demanded as a preliminary to any negotiations at all. "Their execution *en masse* would be against the conscience of the civilised world," but "the few whose guilt is notorious ought to be delivered over and punished." If this condition is complied with, the representatives of the Powers are to investigate the charges and fix the penalties. The Emperor hopes that all Powers will accept the proposal, "inasmuch as indifference to the idea of a righteous expiation would be equivalent to indifference to a repetition of the crimes." The name of the Empress-Regent is not mentioned in the Circular, but it appears to be understood in Peking that her removal from power has been mentioned to the Chinese negotiators as a condition precedent of any agreement. Indeed, this seems inevitable, for if she remains Empress no treaty can have any validity. Evasion of a treaty is a trifle compared with an order to shell the Embassies of all Europe, and that order the Empress-Regent must have given.

The peoples of Europe have accepted the Circular with a unanimous expression of pleasure, and it seems to be understood that it will be at once endorsed, not only by Austria and Italy, but by Japan, France, and Great Britain. Indeed, a correspondent of the *Daily Express* asserts, on official authority, that Lord Salisbury telegraphed to Li Hung Chang on his departure from Shanghai for Peking that the guilty must be punished if the partition of China were to be avoided. However that may be, it seems certain that the only doubtful Powers are Russia and America. The Government of the United States is avowedly reluctant to pledge itself to any policy which may involve future military action, and the Government of Russia is supposed to wish to pose as the protector of the Manchu dynasty, and of its friend, the Empress. We distrust the latter statement. America may withdraw, as her people are getting fidgety at the idea of

"entanglement" in European affairs—as if a man in a crowd could avoid entanglement with that crowd—but Russia will probably either abandon the Empress, or will say that she would rather exact reparation for her own wrongs by herself. That does not mean that she would resist Europe, but that she will go on quietly occupying Manchuria as a material guarantee for the redress of her wrongs. No Power except Japan seriously objects to that, and Japan if isolated will remain quiet.

Nevertheless, the Circular may not mean peace. As we have repeatedly pointed out, the capture of Peking is not the conquest of China, and the Empress and her advisers may think it safest, as well as least humiliating, to resist. This appears to be the decision of Prince Ching, who tells the Ambassadors that the international troops should leave Peking, since while they are there the negotiations are "unfairly weighted." Li Hung Chang has always said that the originators of the outrage could not be punished, and, it is believed, repeated the statement just before he left Shanghai. If this is the general idea of the ruling officials, the war must go on till Chinese arrogance is broken, and some means of coercing the Court must be discovered. Count von Waldersee, who has reached China, though not Peking, will probably suggest some plan, and we are by no means sure that the Courts shrink from an expedition to Segan as completely as the public does. Already a "punitive force" has been sent from Peking to Pao-ting-fu, and that is a hundred and twenty miles along the Segan road. We shall see, however. The Chinese know how to recede from a blank refusal, and there are forces in China which are not friendly to the Empress.

The war in South Africa is ending as we always believed it would end,—that is, in the melting away of the Boer forces and without any heroic last stand or "staggering of humanity" by a Boer Thermopylæ. Telegraphing on Wednesday, Lord Roberts was able to state that "out of the three thousand of the enemy who retreated to Komati Poort as we advanced from Machadodorp, about seven hundred have crossed into Portuguese territory and others have deserted in various directions." The balance have crossed the Komati River and are occupying spurs of the Lebombo Mountain, south of the railway between Portuguese territory and the bridge. A general tumult, he goes on, "seems to have occurred when the enemy recognised the hopelessness of their cause." The Long Toms and several field guns, including those captured from us, were destroyed. Lord Roberts adds that "there is nothing now left of the Boer army but a few marauding bands." It remains to add, however, that De Wet is still at large and mischievous, though his power to inflict serious damage has ceased. It seems almost certain that when the anniversary of the first shot is reached in the middle of October, the war will really be at an end. We may add that thousands of Boer and foreign refugees appear to be trekking into Portuguese territory and taxing the military resources of the local authorities rather heavily. Mr. Kruger has not yet left Lourenço Marques, but sits smoking in the verandah, watched by admiring crowds. The Dutch Government have, it is said, offered to take him away in a warship, and we have naturally expressed our perfect willingness that they should do so.

Mr. Balfour issued his election address on Thursday night. After boldly declaring his belief that it would be impossible to find in the history of this country "any Parliament which has more successfully carried out the policy, or more adequately fulfilled the hopes, of those who returned the majority to power," Mr. Balfour most truly says that the war was not of our seeking, but that having been forced upon us, "it has served to show the world how great are the moral as well as the material resources which this Empire wields in times of national emergency." Mr. Balfour ends by what is in effect a promise of Army reform. We fear that the effect on the country of Mr. Balfour's address may be to make a certain section of the party think that he does not realise that there has been anything that in the least justifies the criticism that the Government has received, and to render them doubtful as to whether he possesses that high seriousness which should rightly belong to a statesman. But if any electors should harbour this doubt as to Mr. Balfour, they will be entirely mistaken. In spite of the fact that there are

certain things in Mr. Balfour's attitude towards public affairs that we regret, it is our deliberate opinion that he is a statesman whose influence the country could not lose without most serious injury. He is essentially a man of large and liberal ideas, and fully worthy of the confidence of the nation. Of his devotion to his country there can be no question, and in spite of all the accusations of indifference that have been levelled against him, we will venture to say of him, as Brougham said of Wellington, "That man would serve his country with a spade if he could serve her in no other way."

Mr. Chamberlain's address, also issued on Thursday, deals, as might be expected, chiefly with the South African War and the settlement. He shows how monstrous is the accusation that the Government precipitated the war, and then asks whether the sacrifices made to repel the Boer attack and to secure the future peace of South Africa are to be thrown away. Mr. Chamberlain goes on to give an outline of the nature of the final settlement which will afford satisfaction to all who desire that the free traditions of our Colonial system shall be maintained. It is, he declares, the policy of the Government that "after a period of administration, backed by military force, the length of which will depend on the readiness with which the Boer populations accept the British flag, the people of the two States shall be received into the Empire on the footing of self-governing Colonies, in which position they will enjoy more liberty than they ever did before, and an equality of rights and privileges which they have persistently denied to the British in their midst." This clear and specific statement should surely be enough to silence the ignorant or malignant statements of those who declare that the Government and its supporters were anxious to annex the Republics in order to plunder them of their land and their gold, and desired to reduce their inhabitants to slavery. The late Republics will have a freedom of government such as they never possessed before as soon as we can be sure that the Boer will not use the powers entrusted to him to put his foot once more on the neck of the Outlander.

The Nationalist party in Paris has levelled a cunning blow at the Government, which has fallen short, however. The President of the municipality, M. Grébauval, invited all the Mayors of the Communes of France, fifteen thousand in number, to a grand banquet at the Hôtel de Ville, to which he did not invite either M. Loubet or his Ministers. He also invited the Lord Mayor of London, who in France is considered a very grand personage indeed. The intention was to represent that "all France" having accepted the invitation of a Nationalist municipality, all France was hostile to the Government. Unfortunately, only sixteen hundred Mayors accepted, and though M. Grébauval tried to mend his manners by inviting the President, his invitation was not only refused, but M. Loubet, who can be *rusé* when needful, delivered a counterstroke by inviting all Mayors and other notables to a grand banquet in the Tuileries gardens. There were no less than twenty-two thousand acceptances, and M. Grébauval, baffled and overcrowded, abandoned his project. His defeat suggests that the Republic is stronger in the provinces than was imagined. It also releases the Lord Mayor from a difficulty. Sir Alfred Newton had not the smallest idea of offering an affront to M. Loubet, yet it was difficult to withdraw an acceptance given in ignorance of the facts. Lord Mayors, it is said, should not be quite so innocent, but we do not see ourselves how Sir Alfred Newton could do otherwise than accept an invitation from the Lord Mayor of Paris. He could not interfere in the internal politics of France by refusing.

Mr. Bryan, the candidate of the Democratic party for the American Presidency, has issued a manifesto announcing the principles upon which he will conduct the contest. He declares against Trusts, and is on the workmen's side in almost all questions between them and capitalists, and he is still for silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, but the main point of his manifesto is his denunciation of Imperialism. Both parties, he says, recognise the independence of Cuba in principle, but he will not trust the Republicans, who are tainted with the colonial idea, to carry the principle out. He believes the matter to be one of urgent importance

declaring that "the nation will find it a long and laborious task to regain its proud position among the nations if under the stress of temptation it should repudiate self-evident truths proclaimed by its heroic ancestors, sacredly treasured during a career unparalleled in the annals of time." The "self-evident truth" is of course the right of a people to choose its own Government; but Mr. Bryan, as we are credibly assured, does not propose to restore New Mexico to the Mexicans. The prospects of the election are still dark. In most countries Mr. Bryan, as the chosen candidate of the "have nots," would have the best chance by far, but in America, as in Great Britain, the immense army of the "haves" is reinforced by the still larger army of those who wish to have.

The official accounts of the mortality in Galveston reduce the number of ascertained deaths to four thousand five hundred, but this appears to be independent of the returns from many scattered villages, which are said by the Governor of Texas to bring the total of deaths up to twelve thousand. In one watering-place with a thousand houses, mostly of wood, every house was destroyed, and four hundred persons killed at once. The ruin appears to have been even more complete than was reported, and has induced some eminent firms in London, with Messrs. Baring at their head, to open a subscription for sufferers by "a calamity which cannot be exaggerated." It is most improbable, it should be recollected, that the people of Galveston were insured against flood or cyclones, and that method of distributing, and therefore alleviating, loss, which helped to revive the energy of Chicago when the city was burned, is necessarily absent.

One of the noticeable features of the electioneering campaign is the number of literary candidates. No fewer than five novelists are mentioned as likely to stand, including Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Gilbert Parker, and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. It should not be forgotten, however, that Disraeli was famous as a novelist before he made his mark in the House, that Bulwer Lytton wrote "Pelham" three years before he entered Parliament, and that Thackeray stood for Oxford in the heyday of his fame. The literary man is not always a success in politics, but the candidates we have mentioned have other credentials besides their popularity with the reading public. Mr. Hawkins is an old President of the Oxford Union, and was a Parliamentary candidate as far back as 1892, two years before Ruritania was discovered; Mr. Gilbert Parker is a "native-born" Canadian; and Dr. Conan Doyle has rendered his country splendid though unobtrusive work in fighting the enteric epidemic at Bloemfontein. Men of this stamp, in whom there is nothing of the doctrinaire or the professional politician, should prove a decided source of strength to the House.

A writer in *Die Information* of last Saturday makes the following interesting comments:—"The war has resulted in the complete annihilation of both South African Republics, and of all the terrible disasters which were said to be about to befall England not a single one has happened. No European or extra-European Power has interfered, and the bonds which link the British Motherland to her Colonies have even been strengthened." Nevertheless, he goes on, "England must proceed at once to a root-and-branch reorganisation of her military system, and Lord Roberts, who returns to England in October to succeed Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief, will have to carry through this task together with Lord Kitchener." We note that the writer in his comments on the impending General Election, and the prospects of the return of the Unionists with a large majority, lays stress on the necessity of reconstruction in the Cabinet. It may be explained for the benefit of those who have never seen *Die Information* that it is not a newspaper of the ordinary type, but a small, highly-priced news-sheet published daily in Vienna, circulating almost exclusively among politicians, and commanding exceptional and intimate sources of information in Austria, Germany, and the Balkan States, and indeed throughout Europe.

The Queen, mindful of the splendid loyalty recently shown by Australia, has in a most kindly message permitted the Duke of York to open the first Session of the first Australian Parliament, and the Duke will

sail southwards in command of two Royal yachts and a small squadron of cruisers. The arrangement, which has given acute pleasure to the Colonists, is both a gracious and a wise one,—wise because it recognises in a striking way the position of Australia as an integral factor in the Empire, gracious because it shows that the Royal house heartily approves that recognition. 'It is only a ceremony,' say those who object, 'and will cost money;' but ceremonies are symbols, and the money which helps to bring us allies like the Australian horsemen is money well laid out. The Monarchy is the symbol of our unity, and anything which brings its existence pleasantly before any separate section of the Queen's dominion helps to bind the chain which the war in South Africa has shown to be one of steel.

The Birmingham Rifle Club in a letter to Mr. Chamberlain recently raised the question of rifle licenses. They suggest that free licenses should be issued to members of rifle clubs on their undertaking to use their rifles at the ranges only or in the service for home defence if called upon. Mr. Chamberlain, in reply, urges the difficulty of making exceptions, and states that under the arrangements made between the War Office and the National Rifle Association "the exemption [i.e., from licenses] should be confined to rifles belonging to the clubs." That the Government has no desire to put obstacles in the way of rifle clubs and rifle-shooting we are quite sure; but we think they will find, if the matter is carefully looked into, that the present arrangements are far from satisfactory. At present, if a man wants to become a rifle shot, he must either pay 10s. a year or else belong to a rifle club affiliated to the National Rifle Association. But this affiliation provision, though it seems reasonable, in practice stops the formation of small village clubs. Those who form such small bodies frequently do not know to whom to apply, and when they do apply, are not always visible to the National Rifle Association, which probably thinks it has more valuable work to do than to bother about village clubs.—We know of a small country club which applied to be affiliated nearly three months ago, and has as yet only received a polite acknowledgment of its application.

If rifle clubs are really to flourish, especially in the country, the Government should adopt the spirit of the Birmingham proposal. What is wanted is that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue should be empowered to issue a shilling rifle license to any man who, on applying, can state that his rifle fires Service ammunition, and that he is prepared to use it for home defence if called on. By this means the Government would not merely encourage rifle-shooting, but they would obtain a register of all the trained riflemen possessing arms firing Service ammunition throughout the country. The value of such a register cannot be exaggerated. The matter is of such importance that we suggest that candidates on both sides at the General Election should be asked if returned to do their best to secure a shilling rifle license under the conditions named. We doubt any candidate refusing his approval of so useful and popular a proposal.

The *Monthly Review* (J. Murray, 2s. 6d.), of which the first number was published on Wednesday, is outwardly most attractive. Its cover is a "powder blue," delightful to the eye. Inside, the page is ample, the paper good, and the printing bold, black, and clear. But after all a magazine, like the rest of us, must live by its brain, and not by its body. In this important point Mr. Newbolt, the editor, is to be most heartily congratulated. His "Ode to the Nile," though not as captivating as some of his sea pieces, has a fine stateliness of phrase, and the editorial articles are sound and statesman-like in tone. Among many good articles we may specially note Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's trenchant "Puzzles of the War," and Mr. Roger Fry's "Art before Giotto," which is charmingly illustrated. Best of all, however, is the instalment of "The Autobiography of the Amir of Afghanistan," a human document of the East almost worthy to rank with the memoirs of Baber. We wish Mr. Newbolt and Mr. John Murray all success in their new venture. It certainly deserves it.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
New Consols ($2\frac{1}{4}$) were on Friday 98 $\frac{1}{2}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE DISSOLUTION AND THE DUTY OF THE ELECTORS.

THE Dissolution has come, as we felt convinced it would, and the candidates are already hard at work. We shall not waste time in discussing at length whether the Government should or should not have dissolved. A great deal can be said on both sides, but there is at any rate one great advantage in the Dissolution. The result of the elections must make it absolutely clear to the Boers that it is no use for them to keep up the struggle in the hope that a change of Government might put their friends in power. If there had been no elections this autumn, it is quite possible that the Boer leaders would have deluded themselves and their followers with the cry: "Only hold on another six months, and the people of England will put men in office who will grant us our independence again."

What is the duty of the Unionist elector who is not a mere party man, but who is anxious to see the country well governed and its destinies entrusted to safe hands? That is the question which is occupying at this moment thousands of minds. Those Unionists who hold that our military affairs have been thoroughly well managed, and that the Army when the war began was in as good a condition as the country had a right to expect after three years of Unionist control, who believe that the general administration of the country has been as sound and effective as possible, and who consider that the Cabinet organisation has been all that it should be, will naturally vote for the present Government without the slightest hesitation or misgiving. Their course of action presents no difficulties whatever. There are, however, many Unionists who, while giving the Government credit for much excellent work and for complete rectitude of intention throughout the late Parliament, consider that there has been a good deal that has been most unsatisfactory. They remember that the occasion for the entry into office of the present Government was the neglect of military efficiency shown by their predecessors. They remember also that the Secretary of State for War had four years in which to make our artillery the most numerous and effective in the world, and to fill our military storehouses with ammunition and all kinds of supplies. Yet nothing, or rather, we should say, not nearly enough, was done to give us a complete fighting machine. Some men may pass this over as the kind of thing which always happens. Others feel that it is not a matter to be taken lightly, and that it is essential to make our public men realise in some way or other that the state of the Army is a most serious matter, and one in which mistakes of omission as well as of commission must be visited with the utmost severity. Unionists who hold this view as to the necessity for marking the fact that the four years from the time when the Government entered office to the outbreak of the war were not utilised as they might have been utilised to give us a military machine of unquestionable efficiency both in commanders and material, also hold in many cases that the Cabinet, though largely composed of men of the highest ability and of the greatest devotion to public duty, was not well organised for the work of government. There was no real leader, for the office of Premier was in commission, or more strictly speaking, in abeyance. Again, the Cabinet was much too large, and contained too many men who could not fairly be described as first-class administrators. It comes, then, to this. There are many Unionists belonging both to the Liberal and the Conservative branches of the party who are anxious above all things (1) to secure a better organisation for the Army, and to make the condition of the Army a question of paramount importance; (2) to secure a reconstruction of the Cabinet which will be a pledge for greater administrative efficiency in the future. These men desire to know in what way their voting power at the Election can be best used to obtain the things just enumerated. We pointed out last week that the way in which the Government could best satisfy and reassure such persons would be for them either to reconstruct the Cabinet before the Dissolution, or else to announce such reconstruction in unmistakable terms, and to make it known that Army reorganisation would be the Ministry's first care. It is to be feared, however, that

the Government do not realise the necessity for this step, that in the confusion of the Election nothing definite will be said as to reconstruction, and that the impression will be conveyed that the Government do not acknowledge the need for greater administrative efficiency.

In these circumstances, what should be done by the Unionist who cares above all things for administrative efficiency, and who is determined if he can to prevent a system of "go-as-you-please" Cabinets growing up? He cannot obviously vote for a Liberal candidate, for disguise it as you will, the Liberal party is a Home-rule party and pledged to dissolve the legislative Union. And even if that were not so, how can a Unionist who believes that the war was a just war, who rejoices in the overthrow of the Boer oligarchy and in the freeing of the Outlander from Dutch domination, and who is determined that the late Republics shall become and remain part of the Empire, support a party which if it were to come into power must be controlled by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Morley? The two last would be indispensable to any Liberal Government, and yet, though they may for the moment seem to acquiesce in annexation, they would almost certainly yield to Dutch pressure if it were skilfully exerted. The Liberal Imperialists are excellent men, and we grudge them none of the praise they have received, but we do not see how any Unionist could vote for them unless they would promise never to grant Home-rule or to support a Home-rule Government, and would further declare their determination to keep all the non-Imperial Liberals out of office. But such men would be Liberal Unionists and nothing else. It remains to ask whether the Unionists of whom we are writing should or should not abstain from voting in order to emphasise their views in regard to the conduct of public affairs. That is the crucial question. In our deliberate opinion, they should not abstain. We quite realise the strength of the temptation to do so, and the feeling that such a course is their only effective protest if the Government do not give specific assurances as to reconstruction, but in spite of that we hold that abstention would be a very grave error. In the first place, the risk of the Liberal party as at present constituted being returned to power is one too great to be run. It would be a lesser evil even to keep in power the present unwieldy Cabinet, without an acting head and without a first-class administrator at the War Office. But, fortunately, it is not necessary to adopt one of these alternatives. It is possible for Unionists to vote Unionist without giving their blind approval to the Cabinet as at present organised,—the Cabinet, the old Cabinet, and nothing but the old Cabinet. They can, that is, prevent the disaster of a Liberal victory without pledging themselves to endorse everything done by the Administration now in power.

What Unionists who agree with the views we have expressed ought to do is not to abstain, but to take care that strong and effective pressure is brought to bear upon all Unionist candidates in order to obtain from them assurances that they are alive to the importance of military reform and Cabinet efficiency. Let each candidate be asked whether he will promise when he is returned to Parliament, besides holding the regular Unionist faith, to do his best to secure (1) that the War Office shall be placed in the hands of one of our most competent administrators; and (2) that greater Cabinet efficiency shall be secured by dividing the offices of Premier and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, by reducing the size of the Cabinet, and by introducing new blood. It need not be imagined that Unionist candidates will be found reluctant to give assurances of this kind. If not in that form, at any rate in that spirit they will, we believe, in most cases be perfectly willing to agree to the principles proposed. But if the rank-and-file of the Unionist party are returned on those assurances, the object of the Unionists with whom we are dealing will be achieved, and achieved far more effectively than by abstention. Abstention will only stultify the cause of administrative efficiency. Action such as we have described will secure it, both by influence on individual Members and by creating a public opinion keen, vigilant, and enlightened on the points we have named. The Cabinet may for the present refuse to consider the question of reconstruction, and may regard criticism such as ours as unnecessary and even impertinent, but depend upon it,

if they meet when Parliament reassembles, as we hope they may, a great Unionist majority composed for the most part of men who have committed themselves on the question of War Office reform and Cabinet reconstruction, the desired end will have been gained. Let all Unionists anxious to secure administrative efficiency remember, then, that their aims will be accomplished, not by abstention, but by bringing influence to bear upon the candidates for whom they vote, and by sending those candidates to Westminster pledged not merely to the Union and a sound settlement in South Africa, but also to the general cause of administrative efficiency.

THE GERMAN CIRCULAR.

WE are inclined to believe that the German Circular, which has been so warmly received in this country, may prove even more beneficial than is supposed, especially if it is true that it was preceded by a telegram from Lord Salisbury to Li Hung Chang almost identical in its terms. We have always acknowledged fully the extreme complexity of the situation in China, but that complexity has never reconciled us to the obvious tendency to quit the clear path prescribed by all admitted notions of justice and right. We hold it to be proved by evidence which, if it were not so inconvenient, would be admitted to be unanswerable, that the Empress-Regent of China and the principal Manchu nobles, acting no doubt under strong provocation, did lay a murderous plot for avenging themselves on those whom they considered their oppressors, and for finally shaking off European influence. They prepared artillery, they drilled soldiers, they beguiled the Powers of Europe with submissive words, and then at last they ordered a massacre of all Europeans, including the Ambassadors and all Chinese converts to Christianity. M. Delcassé read out an order of the kind addressed to the Viceroy of Yunnan, and forwarded to himself by M. François, Consul-General in that province. The attempt, as it turned out, was beyond the power of the Empress-Regent, and it partially failed. The Ambassadors defended themselves by hard fighting until relief arrived. Several of the Viceroys familiar with the power of Europe, or secretly at variance with the dominant party in the Court, evaded compliance with their orders. Still, the attempt partially succeeded. The Ambassadors were besieged in the Legations like any bandits. All isolated Europeans were put to death, sometimes, as in Shansi, with every circumstance of insult and atrocity. All who joined in the massacres were praised, all who opposed them were executed, banished, or degraded. One Ambassador was murdered under circumstances which make it nearly certain that the murder of his colleagues was deliberately intended and ordered. To pass over such a crime, or to consider it "satisfied" by a money payment, has throughout seemed to us not only to suggest, as Count von Bülow has put it, "indifference to its repetition," but a clear denial of justice to which no civilised Government ought to be a party. Nevertheless, it seemed probable that several Governments would pass it over, and remain content with pecuniary payments, apologies, and promises for the future. The murderer was to be let off with a fine, a warning, and the utterance on paper of a few submissive words.

Under these circumstances, we welcome cordially a Circular in which the German Emperor, while refusing to demand an execution *en masse* as "against the conscience of the civilised world," refuses also to be content without the individual punishment of the ringleaders. An inquiry must be made into their guilt, but that once proved they must, as the preliminary to negotiation, be delivered over and punished. That demand will be approved by the universal conscience, which has still much weight in affairs, though it seemed paralysed in the case of Armenia, and is indeed criticised only from two points of view. It is said that as it is impossible to punish the Empress-Regent, it is hard to execute her advisers; and it is said that the Russian Government may oppose, or even resist, perseverance in the demand.

We do not believe that either objection is certainly well founded. Not to mention that executive agents are constantly punished when we cannot reach principals—breaches of the laws of war, for example, though sanctioned by the

warring Government—there is no complete evidence that a demand for the deposition and banishment of the Empress would be finally ineffectual. That she cannot be caught without Chinese assistance is true; but, then, is Chinese assistance hopeless? If the Emperor reappears in Pekin, as Prince Ching asserts that he will, he would be delighted to issue the order, which once issued would raise against the Empress all the deadly enemies she must have made. She has no claim of birth upon her troops; she has no prestige of victory; and the feeling of her great associates will be that if they are to suffer, she shall suffer also. The soldiers might object to her execution, though we do not see why, but her departure can in no way so affect them that they should see China partitioned rather than permit it. The instinctive feeling of mankind respects justice, and even to Chinamen her deposition must appear to be just. She may in their eyes have a right to kill her own subjects; she can have none to kill for free speech the stranger within her gates whose privilege of free speech she had habitually acknowledged. It is said that if she resists there will be two Courts in China, one issuing orders for war from Segan, and another making peace at Pekin; but that is only a supposition. China has shown great power of holding together, and it is unwise, if we are seeking only lenient justice, to consider consequences too closely. No consequences that are at all probable could be so injurious to China, to Europe, or to the world as an assurance to all Chinamen that they may murder Europeans and outrage international law with perfect impunity. That would not only encourage a repetition of those crimes, but teach them that the boasted morality of Europe was fictitious, and that, do what they might, the Judges who profess such stern principles could always be bought off.

Lastly as to Russia. We do not believe that Russia, even if inclined, would resist Germany and England while they are only seeking justice, and can see no reason why she should be inclined. It is nothing to her whether Manchu nobles are hanged or not, and not much whether the Empire is ruled by a despotic and able woman or a despotic and feeble man. What she wants is a clear road to the Pacific, and she may seize on the Circular as an opportunity of getting it. Count Lamsdorff has only to say that as the advice of Russia is neglected, she must pursue her path alone, and obtain redress for her own wrongs without the Concert, and St. Petersburg at once regains its freedom of action. Russia was invaded, there is no doubt of that, and Russia, therefore, has a clear right to occupy Manchuria as a material guarantee that she shall have the fullest compensation. Who is to oppose her? Germany will not mobilise her armies to prevent Russian aggrandisement in Asia, and an advance in Manchuria, whether made by Kalmucks or by Russians, is no business of ours. We cannot stop it without stopping also the whole progress of the world and risking a war with two Great Powers; and what should we stop it for? Merely because we fear that Russia may at some future time claim a monopoly of Manchurian trade, which to be worth anything must be open to all the world. We believe that the Circular will be accepted in Russia as a great opportunity, and that she will make a merit of abandoning the guilty, asking only that the investigation shall be full and fair.

But Germany, it is said, may have some ambitious design concealed under her proposal? Let her, so long as the proposal is in itself just and beneficial. If the "design" is to our injury we can resist it when it is revealed; but we do not believe that it is anything of the kind. We are not bound to protect China, least of all under present circumstances, and if William II. is rash enough to seize or claim Shantung and its Hinterland, Shansi, he will place himself in the very position which is most advantageous for British interests. He will be compelled to watch Russia, as Russia will be compelled to watch him, and the friendship of the great sea-Power will become to both a matter of the last importance. If we wanted Manchuria or the two Shans, the matter would be different; but we want neither of them, should indeed reject their sovereignty if it were offered as a free gift by united Europe. Why, then, should we interfere with Powers which in pursuit of their own objects seek, or are supposed to seek, acquisitions which in our eyes involve

responsibilities that wholly outweigh any possible advantage? Let Russia and Germany struggle for Northern China if they choose, and in the struggle leave us the irresistible and, for once at all events, disinterested arbiters.

THE CONDITION OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

WE insisted last week on the impossibility of Unionists who cared for the well-ordering of public affairs taking any action which might directly or indirectly lead to the return of the Liberal party to power, and we declared that to do so would be "to fling the government of the country into the midst of that free-fight called the Liberal party." Our words have been amply justified during the last few days, and at a moment when we might have most expected to see unanimity expressed we find an outbreak of bitter discord. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the party Whip, and so one of the official organs of the party policy, in his speech on Tuesday declared that there was unanimity among Liberals in regard to the annexation of the South African Republics. That unanimity, however, was broken the very next day by the *Manchester Guardian*, which declared with the utmost clearness that the Liberal party was not agreed as to annexation, and hinted that if by a miracle the Liberal party came in, their form of settlement would be of a very different kind from that proposed by the present Government and endorsed by Mr. Herbert Gladstone. We have no desire to over-emphasise this conflict of views, but it is impossible to ignore its significance when considering the condition of the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone is a Liberal of the Imperialistic school, while the *Manchester Guardian* unquestionably represents a very large section of the party. It is not merely a very ably conducted paper, but it is the acknowledged organ of the followers of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley.

The question that one naturally asks in regard to this split is,—Which section would be the more likely to carry the day in case of a Liberal victory? We cannot believe that it would be the party of the Liberal Imperialists, for, in spite of the ability of their leaders—Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Edward Grey—they cannot expect to attract any really large number of adherents in the constituencies. The men whose views are Imperialistic naturally gravitate, not towards the Liberal organisations, but towards the Unionist party. When a man has to make up his mind between Imperialism and Little Englandism, he cannot very well avoid considering, to begin with, the question of Home-rule. That question is to most minds a touchstone. Those who desire to keep the Empire together will not easily persuade themselves that the first step should be to yield to the demands of the Irish Nationalists to break up the United Kingdom, and to maintain an alliance, formal or informal, with the party which numbers Mr. Davitt among its leaders. In other words, while Home-rule is part of the Liberal creed, it is very difficult for the "man in the street" with Imperialistic leanings, whatever it may be for the subtler-minded men of light and leading like Lord Kimberley or Sir Edward Grey, to support the Liberal party. On the other hand, the convinced Home-ruler and the convinced Little Englander, the men who honestly believe that the legislative Union with Ireland is a blunder if not even a crime, and whose sympathies are with the Boers as men "rightly struggling to be free," find no difficulty in being Liberals. The traditions of the party ever since 1885 all draw them in that direction, and there is no other party which competes for their support. In other words, just as the Imperialist naturally gravitates to the Unionist party, so the Anti-Imperialist and the Home-ruler now naturally gravitates to the Liberal party. Hence, it seems to us that if a struggle takes place between the two sections of the Liberal party, the section represented by the *Manchester Guardian* is bound to win. They cannot be driven out of the party, and, as the *Manchester Guardian* asserts, they will have to be driven out of the party before they consent to what they term "the dissident Liberal leaders" governing the country on Tory principles,—“The Liberal party is not identical in character and composition with its opponents.” But though, in our opinion, this must be the result of the struggle if it

takes place now, we cannot profess to feel any satisfaction at the prospect, for it cannot but still further weaken the Opposition, and what we want to see is a stronger and not a weaker Opposition. We do not believe that the people of this country will ever consent to the destruction of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, or to another Majuba settlement in South Africa, and hence we are convinced that the group represented by the *Manchester Guardian*, even though they may in the end succeed in dominating the Liberal party, will never be able to supply that alternative party which is absolutely necessary to our Parliamentary system of government.

It may be said, perhaps, that our opinion as to the condition of the Liberal party, and as to the weakness which must ensue from the struggle between the two elements within it, is exaggerated, and that the party may be able to recover strength and homogeneity even though composed as it is at present. We must confess, however, to having little hope in this direction, and our reason is that the Liberal party at the present moment contains within it men who differ not merely in degree but in kind. There is a fatal atmosphere of paradox enveloping the whole Liberal party. There are Unionist Home-rulers and Socialist Free-traders. There are men who are for handing over all Ireland to the Roman Catholic majority, and yet who will die in the last ditch to prevent the foundation of a Roman Catholic University in Dublin. Again, there are Little Englanders who support a policy which would lead to the annexation of China. There are Radical Rhodesians and pro-Boer Imperialists. There are Puritan supporters of Mr. Labouchere and Roman Catholic adherents of the Dopper oligarchy. But parties cannot, any more than men, flourish under such conditions as these, or prosper on intellectual double-dealing. Unless and until the Liberal party has cleared its mind of cant and realises where it stands, it cannot be anything but the distracted ghost of its former self. A party must know what it wants, and also make the country know what it wants. The direction in which all its members are travelling must be the same, though some may want to stop halfway and others to go right through,—some to go slow and others to go fast. But just now the Liberals want mutually destructive objects.

If we had the power to reconstruct the Liberal party in the form which would make it strongest and most useful to the nation, we should have little doubt as to how to proceed. The first thing would be to purge the party absolutely and entirely from its connection with the cause of Home-rule, and to make it accept the Union as loyally and as unreservedly as it does the limited Monarchy. Next we would make it specially champion the cause of retrenchment and financial severity and exactitude, of peace, and of administrative efficiency. It should not attempt to outbid its opponents in the region of expansion, but should rather insist upon the policy of narrowing Imperial responsibilities. These things are, of course, not the whole of the national life, nor, again, can they ever be the absolute monopolies of any one party in the State, but they are very important things, and it is good that they should be perpetually impressed upon the attention of the electors. We may be sure that if the nation recognised in the Liberals the guardians of the principles just enumerated, there would never be wanting recruits for the Liberal fold. But in order to get the Liberal party to work upon these lines, and so to regain the general confidence of the country, it is, as we have said, absolutely necessary that they should give up Home-rule and the Nationalist alliance. Unfortunately, at present the chance of this being really done is infinitesimal. We have, then, no choice but to be content with the continued weakness of the Liberal party and to await patiently some change within the party itself which will enable it to arrive at homogeneity of organisation and sincerity of purpose,—to be agreed, not merely to march together, but to march towards a real and definite object. We must, if we have the welfare of the nation at heart, all long for that day, but till it comes it is impossible not to express our regret. The existing condition of the Liberal party is most deplorable, and to pretend that it is otherwise for fear of the accusation of partisanship would be both cowardly and ridiculous. We desire very strongly that the Unionist party should win at the polls, but that desire cannot make us rejoice in the impotence of our opponents.

The breakdown of one of the two great parties in the State is far too serious a matter for satisfaction, even to the keenest and most thick-and-thin of party men, and we are far from being that.

THE MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

OF all the questions to be settled with China, this of the missionaries is perhaps the most difficult and perplexing. We do not believe that their preaching was the main cause of the recent explosion, which was, we have no doubt, an expression of national wrath at incessant and unrepelled aggression, but we do believe that a savagely bitter feeling exists in China against missionary effort. It does not matter much whether it is general, or, as the missionaries allege, is confined to the literati, for the literati rule, but, as a matter of fact, it must be very widespread. The hideous charges constantly circulated against Christians could only be acceptable to minds saturated with hate, nor would every anti-foreign Edict give prominence to missionary effort unless this was regarded by men who must know their countrymen as an effective instrument with which to rouse the people. Besides, the facts speak for themselves. Not only have the missionaries been attacked all through China, but their Chinese converts, who are peaceable students, husbandmen, and artisans, have been murdered wholesale. Twenty thousand native Christians are reported slain, and it is believed that something very like extirpation has been ordered, and wherever it is not too dangerous is going on. The temper of the Chinese, in fact, is exactly like the temper of the Romans in the time of Diocletian. The ruling class consider that the Christians are upsetting the principles upon which their Empire rests, while the populace hate them as gloomy sectaries who have placed themselves outside all that they venerate, and who habitually deride or denounce all pleasant and "reasonable" ways. Sir Alfred Lyall once pointed out in one of those illuminating "Asiatic Studies" of his, which are, we fear, too wise to be popular, that the Chinese Government was always tolerant of sects which it could assimilate into its system, cherishing, for instance, three official cults, but that it was merciless to all creeds, like Christianity and Islam, which stood outside its authority. Its idea about them is to kill out their votaries when it can, and to persecute them when it cannot. That seems to Europeans monstrous, and it is monstrous, but nothing is gained by ignoring facts, and Prince Tuan is not a bit worse as regards Christians than Galerius, the colleague and friend of Diocletian. The Mandarins are not more merciless in their treatment of converts than the polished Roman nobles, who probably believed nothing, but gave Christians to the lions to protect their system; and the mob of a Chinese city is not more brutal than the Roman citizens who watched and exulted in the torture of Christians in the arena. Pity for outsiders was born of Christianity, and, but that Europe is armed as well as Christian, the Christians throughout Asia would either be slaughtered out, or, adopting in their despair a military organisation, would extort toleration from their enemies by arms. There is no chance that the rulers of China, even if they become "Reformers," will cease to hate Christians, and very little that they will, unless compelled, cease from a persecution which, at least as regards their own subjects, will every now and then become murderous. Christianity will remain for years to come suspect in China, a great if not a dominant cause of popular, possibly even of official, outbreaks. We cannot expect a Chinese literate to be wiser or more humane than Pliny, and Pliny would have wrapped his world in flames rather than surrender the right—though he did not particularly care to use it—to punish Christians as anti-social, anti-Imperialist fanatics.

Under these circumstances, what is to be done? Li Hung Chang says, "Prohibit missionaries," and a great many statesmen in Europe, as well as a large number of Anglo-Chinese, are ready to accept his advice. It is, however, utterly unreasonable advice if every other kind of business and teaching is to be admitted into China, and it will never be adopted. The faith in Christianity, whether, as we believe, it is increasing, or, as so many believe, it is decaying, is still too strong for any drastic or agnostic policy of that sort. No Government in

England or America which agreed to Li Hung Chang's demand, or refused to make of the outrages of this year a ground of serious complaint, would remain in power six months. The Churches would denounce it, justly, as un-Christian, and the mass of indifferents would suspect it, also justly, of unstatesmanlike timidity. Nor could France or, we think, Germany agree to it. Neither will quarrel with the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church, to its credit be it spoken, though often so secular in its objects, is in earnest in protecting its missionaries, especially in China, where it has made great efforts and has, we fancy, great hopes. France is certainly not more agnostic than it was thirty years ago, and the persecution of the Christians—a really awful one, which involved huge massacres—brought on the Princes of Annam a memorable retribution. The persecuted died in scores of thousands, but the persecutors lost their freedom and their power to persecute. We may, we think, class the policy of prohibition among those proposals which do not need discussion because on the face of them they are impracticable.

Nor can we fully accept Lord Salisbury's alternative. His idea is that missionaries should be voluntary martyrs, should, that is, accept, as the early disciples did, the dangers inherent in their profession, should preach and teach without flinching, and then, if the evil powers of the State raged against them, should offer their necks quietly to the executioner. That is lofty advice in its way, and has been acted on ere now with the best effects, the blood of the martyrs proving to be the seed of the Church, but as a deliberate public policy for the year 1900 it is not, we think, either just or practicable. It is not just because, while all other teachers are protected, and especially those who teach Chinese how to kill artistically and successfully, it is hardly justice to refuse to protect those who are teaching Christianity. There is nothing so bad in Christian teaching that those who make it the occupation of their lives should be regarded as outlaws and given up to any one who likes to despoil or kill them. The spiritual truths of Christianity cannot injure even the Chinese, while its ethical truths are nearly identical with those of Buddhism, which is one of the three religions officially acknowledged, and, so to speak, "established" in China. Besides, we must remember the facts of our time. To expect, in an official way, the patience of martyrs from missionaries, and to announce that they would never be avenged, would be to give them up to Mandarins to massacre at discretion, and in a year or two would so shock the national conscience that we should have half the journals of the Empire preaching a new Crusade. Lord Salisbury perhaps thinks, as we notice many journalists think, that such a policy must be successful because no missionary would enter China; but if he does think so he does not understand either his countrymen or Christianity. Hundreds would go, as they went to Polynesia, taking their lives in their hands, and the first of them who attracted attention at home, attention like that given to Livingstone, would be protected, if it took three campaigns to do it. Lord Salisbury's counsel may be logical, but there are limits to logic, and when it enjoins average Englishmen to allow an excellent Englishman to be slowly sliced to death for preaching Christ to heathen who want to hear—for if they do not want they need not do it—logic will go by the board. The impulse which Clovis avowed is still in a good many of us, and the second policy therefore may, like the first, be dismissed as impracticable.

What, then, is to be done? Practically, there is nothing to be done except to continue the existing system, which is to consider the missionary in China, whether Protestant or Catholic, as a person visiting China upon his lawful business, and therefore entitled to as much protection as the buyer of curios or the dealer in champagne. If the Chinese find that his converts are becoming rebels, or that he protects his converts against ordinary laws, let them "escort him to the frontier," as European Governments do. His case can then be discussed with the Ambassador, and redress be refused or obtained in the ordinary way. No missionary wishes to be placed above the law, or if he does wish it—human nature being weak and Mandarin prejudices strong—he cannot have his wish, and must endure laws which he thinks unrighteous like other folk,—that is, as best he may. But to put a brand upon every missionary and declare that of all

mankind he alone is not a citizen or entitled to protection under treaties, to sentence a preacher of Christianity to torture because he preaches successfully, is not, we think, commonly just, and is not, we are quite convinced, a plan with which it is safe to go to the country. If cannibals eat missionaries the average Englishman may not care, but when he is asked to tell the cannibal by proclamation that he may feast as he pleases and no one will mind, he will begin to ask himself if he really pays taxes for that, or if that is the real meaning of sane Imperialism.

THE COTTON TROUBLES.

THERE seems to be no doubt whatever that the grave disorganisation which is being suffered in the great cotton industry of Lancashire is due to a quite real deficiency in the supply of the raw material. With all the talk about "corners," no one pretends that there is anywhere at this moment available nearly cotton enough to enable the numerous mills now running half time, or less, to run full time. Supposing England and the States were united under the rule of a perfectly well informed and benevolent despot, he could not put his hand on hidden stores and drag them forth for the relief of the crippled trade. They are not in existence. They are coming into existence every day as the new crop is gradually harvested, but it is an exceptionally late crop, and there seems no reason to anticipate that its results will be freely available for the supply of Lancashire mills till well into October. The ingathering of the cotton harvest, moreover, is spread over several months, and the total amount is still liable to be very seriously affected by catastrophes like the tornado at Galveston the other day, and by "killing frosts." Consequently, the Lancashire spinners, and to some extent the manufacturers dependent on them for yarn—not seldom the two branches of the trade are carried on by the same firms—are only too likely to be gravely hampered in their industry for weeks to come. This is extremely trying to both employers and operatives, and none the less so as the partial stoppage of a trade through actual scarcity of its raw material is in this country, except, of course, in the historic case of the American Civil War, an almost unknown experience. They are Englishmen, however, and they will not gird against Providence on account of the weather conditions, whatever they were, which kept down the cotton crop of 1899 so much below what was expected, or the rains in June last which are said to have seriously interfered with the maturing of the crop of the present year. They have had good times during the last two or three years, and are, therefore, much better able to bear the inconvenience and stress of the present crisis than if it had come, say, in 1817. Among the workpeople, we are confident, thrift is steadily spreading, and the habit of living from hand to mouth and eating or drinking up their share of prosperous trade is less and less prevalent. We have heard, indeed, of a great cotton centre where a keen and sympathetic social observer thought that thrift was pushed almost into a vice, narrowing and hardening the characters of those who practise it. We can hardly imagine that there is very much of this form of excess. But the fact that such a tendency has been noticed in a typical portion of the great cotton district affords encouragement to the belief that the present slackness of work, and the proposed entire stoppage for a fortnight in October, should that be found necessary in the best interests of the trade, will not produce much acute hardship.

Although, however, as we trust, there will be little which could fairly be called suffering, there will be quite enough inconvenience to excite among those who labour under it, both employers and operatives, a good deal of indignation against any persons who can be at all plausibly held responsible for having aggravated the present situation. There will be a deepening and embitterment of the feeling which has long, we imagine, prevailed widely and with no little strength among all ranks in the cotton industry, against the cotton speculators at Liverpool,—persons who are held to fulfil no good economic function, who render no service justifying their existence, but rather make it their one aim and object to cultivate and utilise and fatten on the difficulties of their hard-working neighbours. Now we are very far from desiring

to defend, or even excuse, the practices of "corner" makers, whose temper is beyond doubt about as profoundly egoistic and anti-social as it is possible to conceive. Yet we must confess that we are glad to find that our well-informed contemporary, the *Manchester Guardian*, while it has published news correspondence from Liverpool pointing to the existence of a set of men, young in years, but old in cunning, subtlety, and greed, who have long foreseen and assiduously turned to their own advantage the present scarcity in American cotton, in its editorial columns distinctly minimises the influence exercised by such persons in that regard. For, in our opinion, not only is it undesirable for excessive achievements in evil to be credited to any men, however far from admirable may be their spirit and methods, but also it would be a distinct economic mistake to cultivate the habit of mind which regards middlemen such as the cotton operators at Liverpool as having no useful function. You may hear it said that the great spinners might buy their cotton direct, and so dispense with the whole gang of brokers in Liverpool. We do not believe it. The existence of the brokers represents a natural and inevitable division of labour. The cotton market is one of great and growing complexity,—growing, we say, because undoubtedly one result of the present month's experience will be to develop the importance of other sources of supply, such as the Indian and Egyptian. And the great spinners and manufacturers, who have to study with keenest intensity, and with no little imagination, the markets for their yarn and piece goods all over the world, have no time to study in detail the market for the raw material also. Not only is this so, but we venture to hold that, purely selfish as may be the objects of the speculators, and real as may be the annoyance, and even loss, which from time to time, as perhaps now in Lancashire, they inflict on those engaged in strictly productive industry, yet they fulfil not seldom the functions of buffers and of warning indicators. We are not even perfectly sure that in this case of the short supply of American cotton, they will stand clearly convicted of having intensified over the whole year the inconvenience which that scarcity was bound to produce.

We cannot help feeling, though we say it with much diffidence of a trade with so admirable an intelligence service as the Lancashire cotton trade, that to some extent they seem to have been rather easily deceived. Why was it so unpleasant a surprise to so many persons in the trade when a very few months ago Mr. Henry Neill, of New Orleans, who had stuck to it through the winter that the cotton crop of 1899 was a bumper harvest of eleven million bales, acknowledged that it had turned out to amount only to about nine millions and a half? It was this late surprise much more than the performances of any clever young speculators at Liverpool which, as it seems to us, has been the chief circumstance aggravating the inevitable inconvenience and injury caused by the actual cotton scarcity. Surely it is not too much to expect that the leaders of the cotton trade will illustrate the proverb, "Once bitten, twice shy," and will take effectual steps to secure that in future the true character of the cotton crop in the United States shall be known to them and all concerned both early and accurately. We cannot believe that there will be any insuperable difficulty in fulfilling this requirement.

A NATIONAL HISTORIOGRAPHER.

THE recent discussion in Parliament as to the prudence of storing up newspapers as books are stored, so that all printed matter which has ever existed may be preserved for future historians, has confirmed an idea in our mind to which we have once or twice given expression. The State should provide for the preservation of the history of the country. It is not a mere fashion of speech to say that the historian of the future will be overwhelmed with the mass of his material. It is the age of record. The books written upon every episode are so numerous as almost to bewilder the inquirer. The accounts of this South African War, for example, would fill a modest library, and yet are not more numerous than those which will ultimately be written describing the motives, conduct, and achievements or failures of Great Britain during the present Chinese trouble. If to them we add the newspapers, and the magazines, and the Blue-

books, and the books of statistics, all of which are choked with information, the future Macaulay will either be overwhelmed and brought to a standstill, or be compelled to employ so many assistants that the impress of his own genius will be invisible. A history of England in the twentieth century will be like the "Acta Sanctorum,"—the work of a hundred hands, and destitute of all dramatic, or even narrative, quality. The reader will be crushed by masses of detail, about which, nevertheless, there will be no certainty. His fate will be the worse because there will be nothing to afford a kind of centre for thought. The Kings, whose characters and actions have hitherto afforded such a centre, no longer act in front of the people, while of characters they have scarcely any. Parliament, again, though it occasionally decrees, no longer debates; while the stream of events flows in so many channels that reading about them will be like reading a story so full of personages that it is impossible from hour to hour to recollect what they are all doing. Events, in truth, are very many, and as those engaged in any of them think that the events in which they play a part are the only events that signify, they describe them with such fulness that the unlucky author who may wish to consider them all as parts of a whole will find it as difficult as it is to collect from their endless windings the little streams in a marsh, and tell the direction, volume, or clarity of the entire flow of water.

Might it not be expedient under such circumstances to make the ancient office of Historiographer once more a reality? That is, to provide at State expense for the compilation of a history of the time which should give to future inquirers a clear, if thin and slightly formal, narrative, round which they could indulge the play of their own thoughts, or build up their own more brilliant speculations. Our idea is that a small office, a branch of the Record Office, which would not cost very much, should be established and filled with competent annalists, whose chief should be the Historiographer. His assistants would collect and collate for him all documents, all books, narratives, and biographies, bearing on the history of the current or last past year, and he from them would extract a narrative such as distinguishes a few volumes of the old "Annual Register." It should be the duty of every Government Department to facilitate the work, to give opportunities for inquiry, and especially to correct all popular but unfounded fallacies. They would forward all Reports, provide essence of Blue-book, and supersede by narratives in pemmican, such as are already submitted to their chiefs when a decision is required, the weary mass of newspaper accounts. Upon the mass of well-digested material thus supplied the Chief Historiographer would pour white light, and the result would be a lucid official history which would be to the historian of the future what a good index is to the student who needs the aid of books. That such a narrative, if impartial, would be dry is an assumption, but granting that it was dry, what would that signify? The object would not be to create a history, but to furnish the historian with a clue, aided by which he could steer his way easily through the jungle of printed matter, which we honestly believe will in future daunt and bewilder the seeker after truth. The clue need not blaze, and might even be thin without losing its utility. It would suffice if it were only accurate and thoroughly well informed. It is said that there is now no part of England from which a patient traveller could not find his way to a town, for the telegraph wire once seen would always indicate his path. We want to set up that wire through the vast marsh of our daily history. We do not believe that the work would be impossible to two men of the class who compile encyclopædias, with four clerks, and a considerable and industrious historian above them all. Whether the result of their labours should be published year by year, we do not quite know. They might dread too much the flood of ill-informed criticism, or the Departments might dread too much the premature publication of inconvenient truth. But in any case the historic record should be printed, and should be easily available to those who sought it for the purposes of the historian.

We say "should be printed," for the writer has come, after years of inquiry, to the conclusion that the multiplication of printed records is the best guarantee for the permanence of a record. It is no doubt true that many books have been

accidentally lost, and that a few have been deliberately and carefully suppressed, but neither fate is probable for volumes printed by order of a modern State, and deposited in so many receptacles that there is no danger either from fire or from military spoliation. Paper, if properly selected, is a much more durable material than it looks, the printing-press multiplies copies easily, and it would be part of the duty of the History Office to see that nothing absolutely disappears. Besides, where is the alternative? The use of tiles like those in Sennacherib's library—an idea in which we confess we once believed—is practically impossible owing to their bulk, and thin plates of metal would either be subject to corrosion or would be objects of theft. Good paper will last a thousand years even in this climate, and in Egypt, where one copy should always be deposited, probably for five thousand. At all events, the chance for the preservation of a book is the best upon which to rely, and must be valid as against anything but a catastrophe which would render the art of the historian of but little value. We are not without hope, moreover, if our suggestion were found practicable, that it might be imitated in America, where many a millionaire would exult in the chance of being remembered a thousand years hence, and in the more permanent European States. Just think of the value of such a record if it had been kept up, as it might have been, since the time of Charlemagne. Indeed, we have a grudge against the Jews, who could, if they would, have recorded at all events the outline facts of the history of Europe from the time of Titus; against the Greeks of Constantinople, who actually wrote histories yet never attempted to keep continuous records; and against the Benedictine Order, which at Monte Cassino has missed the most marvellous of opportunities. The monks there might have had well-informed correspondents throughout Europe, they had infinite patience and almost infinite time, yet they let events slip on as if they thought, like Orientals, that the story of such trivialities could bring neither experience nor pleasure.

MORTMAIN IN THOUGHT AND LIFE.

HUMAN life, however we may ultimately regard it, is from one point of view an art, as the Greeks thought of it. Each race of mankind has had its fundamental conception of life,—the Jews, a powerful and noble but narrow righteousness; the Romans, strength, endurance; the Teutons, an equally firm endurance, but with a burning desire for individual freedom. But we have all had to learn from the Greeks the idea that life is an art. Now, the idea of art involves that balance and poise so admirably illustrated in Greece, and which informed all Greek work with life. Study early Babylonian, Egyptian, or Roman art, and you find that, however much of historic interest it yields, nevertheless it is dead, it belongs wholly to the past. But the Greek statue is alive, it gently palpitates, its eyes are full of the light of life, it speaks to you, it calls forth your smiles and tears. This wonderful effect is the expression of the Greek spirit which understood the art of life, and which, even in its decadence, could associate itself with the genius of life as no other race of mankind ever could. The "dead hand" held no dominion over the Greek mind; that mind was dedicated to the progressive idea.

This is the great reason why the Greeks still hold their dominion over the human mind; dead and sceptred Sovereigns, they still rule our spirits from their urns because they realised the art of life. For an example of exactly the opposite variety of human instinct, we are reminded by a paper in the current *North American Review* by Dr. Francis E. Clark on "The Empire of the Dead," by which is meant the great Empire of China. "The one most impressive feature of the Chinese landscape," says Dr. Clark, "is the grave." But it is not merely the physical object of the place of interment that is so impressive; that is but an outward symbol of the spiritual mortmain in whose strong grasp the Chinese intellect has been for ages entangled. In a sense the spiritual world is very near the Chinaman. But it is not the spiritual world of Christianity; it is not even the asphodel meadow of the Greeks. It is the world of spirits of dead ancestors whose *manes* must be appeased, and whose rule over the living must be accepted. Animism or ghost-worship, an unhappy departure from that worship of God

which seems to have been the normal human religion, as doubtless it will be again in a happier future, has attained its most complete growth in China, where it has been systematised into a universal public cult. We have no intention of inflicting on our readers any needless discussion of those Chinese questions which are now occupying the attention of the world, and about which so much has been recently written. We wish merely to contrast the remarkable outcome of Chinese culture with the equally remarkable outcome of Greek culture, the two extreme poles of human thought and life.

In Greece it might almost be said that the quest was everything, the particular result attained at any given moment nothing:—

“ ’Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way.”

The Greek mind was so imbued with a high faith in reason that it was ever on the search for the universal lines on which this reason ran. It could not rest content with the cult of mere State and household deities like the prosaic Roman. It sought to know the universal plan, it aspired to contact with the mind of the Unknown God. It was only in its decadence that Greek intellect subsided into laws for conduct and forsook ontology and subtle theories of knowledge. Hence the characteristic of the Greek was fluidity; the free flow of the human spirit was the ideal of Greek attainment. China is, on the other hand, the greatest example in history of the absence of plasticity, of the mind hardened and congealed into an absolute system, with correct conduct and strict ceremonial observance as the chief end of existence. In China there is no quest, no vision; there is the same difference between its life and that of Greece as there is between a petrification and a statue by Phidias. On the one hand resemblance to life, on the other the spirit of life itself. We do not, of course, mean that there is no true moral life in China, still less that there is no true art. We mean that the one ideal tends to a rhythmic dance of pulsating energy, the other to stiffened and rigid forms.

Now, upon mature reflection, it cannot be said that either kind of ideal has approved itself to the calm judgment of humanity. Greek art and intellect have made the conquest of the world, but in its eager quest the Greek spirit lost sight of those laws of conduct which are not the outcome of reasoning, but which are the mature expression of the life-experience of long generations. The philosopher may rightly speculate about morals, but the average man must not; his nature must respond with instant promptness to the inner moral demand. If he hesitates, he is lost. The Greek mind, which was more interested in knowledge and beauty than in conduct, never realised this fact, though their philosophers recalled them to it, just as the Prophets recalled the ideal vision of righteousness to the backsliders of Israel. Consequently we are almost appalled at the swift decadence of that wonderful and mysterious Greek life, so full of attraction and of joy. The Greek intellect carried its conquests over the known world, but Greek social life was broken up and Greek political independence came to an end. Precisely the opposite has been the case of China. Though China imported one great religion, Buddhism, she has exported no ideas whatever. No human being outside China has owed any renewal of moral, intellectual, or spiritual life to Chinese thought. No Western thinker could say of Chinese moral philosophy as Schopenhauer said of the Vedanta philosophy, that it had been the consolation of his life. But, on the other hand, the Chinese Empire has stood for four thousand years, and such a mighty and ancient structure must rest on solid foundations. It rests on traditional morality, expressing itself in a code of conduct and ceremonial. It is like a mighty machine of simple and yet strong and well-fitting manufacture and motivated by an enormous directing force. In China there is no room for a Socrates or a Kant; all moral duties are defined from the cradle to the grave, the individual submits himself to a traditional moral judgment in the free creation of which he has had no share. Doubtless the absolute ideal is scarcely ever realised, but that is the ideal. Greek life is like a swiftly flowing river, Chinese life like some hidden inland sea, surrounded by lofty mountains and untroubled by the free currents of the world.

Just as Greek life emancipated and made fully alive the individual at the expense of the political society which perished in confusion, so has Chinese life preserved the antique political society at the expense of the free individual. Each ideal is a part of the whole truth, the truth that man's life in all its manifestations must submit itself to the two ideals of Order and Progress, to use Comte's familiar terms. China has sacrificed Progress to Order, as Greece sacrificed Order to Progress. We do not doubt that fifty years of Europe are really of more importance to the human spirit than a cycle of Cathay, and that therefore, if the choice were absolute, we must choose with Greece rather than with China. But the choice is not absolute, difficult as the art of balancing Order with Progress may be, both for the individual and for society. But, since we are of opinion that the inherent conservatism of the great majority of men in the West as well as in the East may be counted on as an enormous factor on the side of tradition and customary morality, we hold that the thinkers of modern Christendom have been guided by a sound instinct in their endeavour to keep society constantly free from the “dead hand” of the past. Even the most shallow and commonplace reformer is, in a sort, a kind of messenger from the Divine Power who has said, “Behold, I make all things new.”

ENGLISH HEDGES.

AFTER the corn is carted, and before the woods begin to flame with autumn fire, the prettiest sight in the country is the hedges. At this moment they are so loaded with hips and haws, just turned red, with blackberries, elderberries (though the starlings have eaten most of these), with crab apples, with hazel nuts, scarlet wild guelder-rose berries, dog-wood berries, and sloes, that all the country people predict a prodigious season of frost and a never-before-remembered winter. This is a belief as ancient as any based on artificial additions to our landscape; for except the fields themselves, our hedges are almost the oldest feature with which Englishmen adorned rural England. They have gone on making them until the last parish “enclosures,” some of which were made as late as thirty years ago, and when made have always been regarded as property of a valuable kind. When Christ's Hospital was founded in Ipswich in Tudor days, partly as a reformatory for bad characters, “hedge-breakers” were more particularly specified as eligible for temporary domicile and discipline. “Hedges even pleaded” were always a symbol of prosperity, care, and order. “Her fruit trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,” a token that something was amiss in rural England.

One untidy habit, which the writer remembers as very common, has been discontinued in this connection. Twenty years ago the linen drying on the hedge, which Shakespeare evidently regarded as a “common object of the country,” was constantly seen. It was always laid on well-trimmed hedges, or otherwise it would have been torn. Now it is always hung on lines, possibly because the hedges are not so well trimmed and kept. Bad times in farming have greatly helped the beauty of hedges. They are mostly overgrown, hung with masses of dog-rose, trailed over by clematis, grown up at bottom with flowers, ferns, and fox-grass, festooned with belladonna, padded with bracken. The Surrey hedges are mostly on banks, a sign that the soil is light, and that a bank is needed because the hedge will not thicken into a barrier. But these, like most others, are set with the charming hedge-row timber that makes half England look like a forest at a distance of a mile or so. It is difficult to reconstruct our landscape as it was before the hedges were made. But any one curious as to the comparative antiquity of the fields can perhaps detect the nucleus or centre where enclosure started. Those having the ditch on the outer side are always the earlier, the ditch being the defence against the cattle that strayed on the unenclosed common or grazings outside.

The finest garden hedges in England are at Hall Barn, in Buckinghamshire. They must be thirty feet high, are immensely thick, and are clipped so as to present the smooth, velvety appearance peculiar to the finest yew and box hedges. We forget at this moment whether box mingles with the yew. But the colour and texture of these walls of ancient vegetation, contrasting with the vivid green lawns at their feet, are astonishingly beautiful. One of the peculiar charms of

such hedges is that where yew of a different kind or age, or a bush of box, forms part of the mass, it shows like an inlay of a different material, and the same effect is given merely by the trick that some yews have of growing their leaves or shoots at a different angle from that favoured by others. These surfaces give the variety of tint which is shown in such fabrics as "shot" or "watered" silk. Here there is a splash of blue from the box, or of invisible dull green, or of golden sheen, from different classes of yew. Box hedges of great size are less common than those of yew, and less durable, for the box is easily rent from the stem when old. But these two, the yew and the box, are the "precious" hedges, the silver and gold, of the garden-maker. Next, representing the copper and brass, are the hedges of beech and holly. Both are commonly planted and carefully tended as borders and shelters to the less important parts of gardens; as screens also to block out the humdrum but necessary portions of the curtilage, such as the forcing-pits for early plants, minor offices, timber yards, and the like; and to shelter vegetable gardens (for which the Dutch use screens of dried reeds). Holly makes the best and most impenetrable of all hedges when clipped, but it is not beautiful for that reason. Clipped holly grows no berries; it accumulates dust and dirt, and has a dull, lifeless look. Beech, on the other hand, should be in greater esteem than it is. By clipping it when the sap is rising it puts on leaves which last all the winter. From top to bottom the wall of russet shines warm and bright. Its leaves are harmless in decay, for they contain an antiseptic oil, and no leaves of spring are more tenderly green or in more ceaseless motion at the lightest breeze. Privet makes the last and least esteemed of these "one-tree" hedges. Yet it is the most tractable of all hedge material, and was almost invariably used to form the intricate "mazes" once a favourite toy of the layers-out of stately gardens.

Keeping these hedges in good repair and properly clipped and trimmed is one of the minor difficulties of the country. In large gardens there are always one or two professional gardeners who understand the topiary art. But it often happens that a quite modest garden possesses a splendid hedge of yew or box, the pride of the place, which needs attention once or twice every year. These hedges have frequently been clipped by the same man, some old resident in the village, for thirty or forty years. Clipping that hedge is part of his regular extra earnings to which he looks forward, and a source of credit and renown to him in his circle. He knows every weak place, what parts need humouring, what stems are crowding others between the furry screen of leaves, and where the wind got in and did mischief in the last January gale. When in the course of Nature the old hedge-trimmer dies, there is no one to take his place. The men do not learn these outside accomplishments as they once did, and the art is likely to be lost, just as ornamental thatching and the making of the more decorative kinds of oak paling are in danger of disappearing.

Mending, or still worse remaking, field-hedges is a difficult, expensive, and withal a very highly skilled form of labour. The workers have for generations been very humble men, who have scarcely been honoured for their excellent handiwork as they deserved. They appear in art only in John Leech's pictures of hunting in Leicestershire, in his endless jokes on "mending the gaps" towards the close of the hunting season. In February and March the scenes shown in Leech's pictures are reproduced all over Leicestershire and Northamptonshire. The men wear the same felt hats, and in front an apron of sacking, torn and plucked by thorns. The hands are gloved in leather mits with no fingers; in them the hedger holds his light sharp billhook, shaped much like the knife of the forest tribes of Southern India. When a whole fence has to be relaid the art of "hedge carpentry" is exhibited in its perfection. Few people not brought up to the business, which is only one minor branch of the many-sided handiness of a good field labourer, the kind of man whom every one now wants and whom few can find, would have the courage to attempt it. A ditch full of brambles, often with water at the bottom, has to be cleared. Then the man descends into the ditch, and strips the bank of brambles and briars. That is only the preliminary. When he has piled all the brambles in heaps at regular intervals along the brow of the ditch, he walks thoughtfully from end to end of the fence, and considers the

main problem, or lets the idea sink into his mind, for he never talks, and probably never frames for himself any form of words or conscious plan. In front, with the bases of the stems bare where the bank is trimmed and slashed, stands the overgrown hedge which he is to cut, bend over, relay, and transform, to make another ten or twelve years of growth till it reaches the unmanageable size of that which stands before him. Most of it is great bushes of blackthorn, hard as oak, with thorns like two-inch nails, and sharper. These bushes grow up in thick rods and stocks, spiny and intractable, from the bank to a height of perhaps twelve feet. The rest of the fence-stuff is whitethorn, nearly as ill to deal with as the blackthorn, and perhaps a few clumps of ash and wild rose. Slashing, hewing, tearing down, and bending in, he works steadily down the hedge day by day. All the time he is using his judgment at every stroke. Some he hews out at the base and flings behind him on the field, much he cuts off at what will be the level of the hedge. But all the most vigorous stems of blackthorn and whitethorn he half cuts through and then bends over, twisting the heads to the next stocks or uprights, or, where there are no stocks, driving in stout stakes cut from the discarded blackthorns. When finished the newly mended hedge consists of uprights, mostly rooted in their native bank, and fascine-like bundles—the heads of these uprights, which are bent and bound horizontally to the other uprights or stakes. This is the universal "stake and bond" hedge of the Midland shires, impenetrable to cattle, unbreakable, and imperishable, because the half-cut bonds, the stakes, and the small stuff all shoot again, and in a few years make the famous "bullfinch" with stake and bond below, and a tall mass of interlacing thorns and small stuff above.

During the last era of prosperous farming there was a mania for destroying hedges and cutting down the timber. If ever prosperity returns it will smile on a better-informed class of occupier and owner. It is now seen that the hedges were of the greatest value to shelter cattle, sheep, and horses, and benefited to some extent even the sown crops, especially at the blossoming time. As cattle are now the farmer's main reliance, it will be long before he grubs up or destroys the welcome shelter given by the hedges from sun, rain, and storm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WAR OFFICE RESPONSIBILITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—If we are ever to have an Army worthy of our position among the nations of the world, we must start by introducing a system of War Office responsibility. All petty reforms must sink into insignificance as compared with this. If the nation will only insist upon the War Office being put on such a basis that the public will know on whom to saddle blame and to whom to credit success, it may rest assured that sooner or later the many minor but most necessary reforms will be carried out. In the old days of a Royal Commander-in-Chief, in spite of all the faults of that system, there was more responsibility existing in the War Office than there is now, but with the abolition of H.R.H. the whole War Office system was recast, and entirely in the wrong direction. Instead of increasing responsibility, the little that existed was abolished. To begin at the top, the Commander-in-Chief ceased to be such in reality, and became a mere head of a department of the Army, and the Adjutant-General, instead of being a sort of Chief of the Staff, became the head of another department, and had direct access to the Secretary of State for War, thus doing away with the responsibility of the Commander-in-Chief, who may have one of his own subordinates advising the Secretary of State in an opposite direction from himself. Instead of having an Inspector-General of Artillery, who should practically be the head of that branch of the Service and be responsible to the Commander-in-Chief both for guns and men, we have an Inspector-General of Ordnance, who is only responsible for guns, and has absolutely no control over the gunner. This separation of the gunner from the gun is ridiculous, but to add to the humour of the situation, while we deprive the head of the artillery of all power of administering the *personnel* of his own branch of the Service, handing that duty over to the Adjutant-General, who happens to be an

infantry officer, we allow the head of the artillery to administer another branch, that of the Army Ordnance Department, with which he has absolutely no connection whatever! This latter branch has nothing to do with the artillery beyond that of supplying ammunition to it, which it does in common with the infantry and cavalry, as all branches require ammunition and other stores. The Ordnance Department has to supply all stores, from a round of ammunition to a pair of braces or a shaving brush, and it is as difficult to see why the head of the artillery should be made responsible for its *personnel*, as to see why he should be deprived of the administration of the *personnel* of his own branch of the Service, of which he knows something, and of which he is the selected chief. To the looker-on it would appear that the right person to administer the *personnel* of so important a branch as the artillery would be, not an infantry officer, as at present, but the selected head of that important branch of the Service of artillery, and that, at the same time, he might be relieved of the duty of administering the *personnel* of the Ordnance Department, a branch of the Service about which he can know very little. The Army Ordnance Department ought to be administered by a head selected from its own number, who would know something of the practical working of his own branch, and who would have some personal knowledge of the individuals who compose it. What is true of the Artillery is also true of the Engineers. The head of this branch of the Service is called Inspector-General of Fortifications, but he is deprived of the power of administering the *personnel* of his own branch of the Service, which duty is performed by the Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Royal Engineers, a junior officer. Why should not this subordinate be made one of the Staff of the Inspector-General of Fortifications, and then the selected head of the Engineers would become responsible, not only for fortifications, but for the men who have to build them? We now come to the cavalry, a most important part of the Army, but here again we find the same characteristic,—an entire absence of responsibility. The head of the cavalry is, in one sense, the Inspector-General of Cavalry, who holds the one post that all capable cavalry officers look forward to filling. But this individual has nothing whatever to do with the *personnel* of his own branch, that, again, being conducted by an infantry officer—the Adjutant-General—who may have had no previous experience. Why should not the Inspector-General of Cavalry administer the *personnel* of his own branch, and combine with that position the post of Inspector-General of Remounts, and then he would be responsible for the men and the horses of the cavalry? As the Remount Department has also to supply the Army Service Corps and the Artillery with horses, he might have a subordinate officer on his staff from each of those branches to help him. Next in importance to the Adjutant-General in the War Office is the Quartermaster-General, who is responsible for the administration of two branches of which he also has had no previous experience,—viz., the Army Service Corps and the Pay Department. If there were a breakdown in either of these two important branches, the Quartermaster-General would, in theory, be responsible; but as a matter of fact he could not be held responsible, as he is selected for being a good fighting man, and has had no experience of either of the branches which he administers. If he is an able man, he will during his five years' tenure of office learn a good deal about them, but then as soon as he is thoroughly well informed he is removed to some high command, and another distinguished general has to begin to learn up the work, who in his turn will be removed as soon as he has learnt it, so consequently little reform takes place in these two branches. If we want to establish responsibility, we must give up the idea of selecting a fighting general for the purpose of superintending the officers who are charged with the duties of feeding, transporting, and paying the Army. Let the best officers in the Army Service Corps be selected for the duty of feeding and transporting the Army, and then the financial duties can be transferred back again to the Financial Secretary, with a head of its own, selected from among its best officers. At present the officers of the Army Pay Department are in a most peculiar position. They are administered by a general officer, who probably does not know a dozen of them, and yet they are the real servants of the Financial Secretary. Some years ago this official, who is an M.P., had to administer this branch, but unfortunately he

performed this duty through the medium of a War Office civilian, which the two hundred officers of the Army Pay Department resented. Instead of appointing a selected officer of the Army Pay Department to administer this branch, it was transferred to the Quartermaster-General, much against the wishes of the bulk of the officers, who not unnaturally pointed to the chaplains, the medical and veterinary officers, and asked why they also should not be administered by one of their own number, under the authority of the Financial Secretary. If this reasonable request were granted, the Army Service Corps would be the only body left under the administration of the Quartermaster-General. This high official supplies the Army with food, and with transport by sea. The existing plan of allowing the Admiralty to supply transport by sea is not only a cause of friction between the War Office and the Admiralty, but also a cause of much delay. The Admiralty have no more connection with shipping companies than the War Office, and an official from the latter could enter into a contract with a shipowner as well as an official from the Admiralty. The only duty the latter should be called upon to perform should be that of escorting transports by gunboats when needed. If the duty of transporting troops by sea were transferred from the Admiralty to the War Office, it would naturally fall to that branch which is responsible for the transport of troops by land,—viz., the Army Service Corps. Let the best officer of that branch of the Service be selected to be the Quartermaster-General, and then by degrees we should secure well-trained specialists in this important branch of work to supply our Army with food, transport by land and by sea. We should then have the best man from each branch of the Service to be responsible for his own department, all under the Commander-in-Chief, who would be responsible to the Secretary of State for War. Put in a tabulated form it would appear thus:—

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL OR CHIEF OF STAFF.

(1) Inspector-General of Artillery.	(1) Quartermaster-General or Head of Army Service Corps.	(1) Medical.
(2) Inspector-General of Engineers.	(2) Army Ordnance Chief.	(2) Chaplains.
(3) Inspector-General of Cavalry.	(3) Auditor-General (or Army Pay Department Head).	(3) Veterinary Surgeons.

The Financial Secretary, who is a Member of Parliament, would be the head of the Army Pay Department, administering it through a selected head of its own, to be called Auditor-General, to distinguish him from the Accountant-General, who is the head of the financial branch of the War Office civilians. The Royal Army Medical Corps, the veterinary surgeons, and the chaplains would be each administered by their own head, selected from their own number as at present. But this only refers to the Regular Army, and some provision must be made for the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. Why should not a selected officer from each of these have a separate department at the War Office, instead of lumping them all up together, under the Inspector-General of Recruiting, who knows very little about them, having never served in any one of the three branches of our Auxiliary Forces? If this plan were adopted we should have these three heads of the Auxiliary Forces added to the nine already mentioned; thus making a War Office Council of twelve heads of branches, each one responsible to the Commander-in-Chief for his own branch. No one man would be administering two branches, and no one would be administering a branch of which he has had absolutely no former experience, which is the curse of our existing system. The Commander-in-Chief would be the Premier of his military Cabinet, each member of which would be the selected head of a department in which he was a specialist. It will be observed that the fundamental, underlying principle of all that has been advocated is that each separate branch should be administered by the picked man of that particular service, who really understands what is wanted, and has had many years' past experience of the *personnel* of the branch that he is administering. It has been entirely a retrograde step trying to centralise the administration of cavalry and artillery under the Adjutant-General, and also of the Army Service Corps and Army Pay Department under the Quartermaster-General. It is obvious that these two busy men cannot pay much personal attention to the work, and have to leave a great deal in the hands of irresponsible subordinates, who then become the real administrators without

the sense of responsibility which is such an excellent thing for the head of a branch, and without having been selected for such a responsible position. Let each branch have its own chief, and let it be the aim of every officer on joining to look forward to filling that position. As all these heads of branches would be under the Commander-in-Chief, there would be no chance of any of them striking out into different paths of their own seeking, which would not be for the good of the whole Army. A little diversity is an excellent thing, as it enables those in authority to test experiments, to see which system works best. Under the plea of introducing a uniform system all power has practically been put into the hands of the Adjutant-General, and the various heads of the Artillery, Cavalry, and Engineers have been deprived of any real power over the *personnel*. As all patronage is associated with individuals rather than with impersonal things, such as guns, fortifications, and horses, the Adjutant-General has been made a big man at the expense of others by over-centralising all power in his office, and, consequently, all personal responsibility has ceased to exist. Until this is restored, and a high responsible post is placed at the head of each branch in the Army for capable men to look forward to, our Army can never be what it ought to be. The advantage of this would be that we should in the War Office substitute responsible officers for irresponsible ones. The Commander-in-Chief would be responsible for the Army as a whole, and each head of a branch would be responsible to him for his own particular department, and would be rewarded or found fault with according to the results of his administration, and the whole Army would very soon benefit by the introduction of such a necessary reform, the results of which would soon be felt from the top to the bottom.—I am, Sir, &c., X. X. X.

[We cannot pledge ourselves to the endorsement of our correspondent's scheme in all its details, but the principles which he advocates with such ability are, we are sure, sound and true. Unless and until reorganisation takes place on these lines, which, we may note, we have advocated ever since 1895, we cannot have a satisfactory military machine.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CAN THE DUTCH BE ABSORBED?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. C. Baumgarten in the *Spectator* of September 15th states that "the Dutch population is one which can never be absorbed." Now in the past a Dutch colonising population placed under comparatively the same circumstances as the Boers in the Transvaal have been absorbed time after time. To go no further than our own country, what traces are now left of the huge Dutch immigration which, under Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., not only filled the Eastern Counties with a large manufacturing population, but first peopled very large districts in the Fens? I should imagine that the isolation of the labourers brought into Cambridgeshire and the Lincolnshire Holland by Cornelius Vermuyden must have been quite as great as that of the average Boer settler in Waterberg or Zoutpansberg. What traces remain of the large Dutch colony in New York, and how long did Dutch continue to be a living language there after the English conquest? The so-called "Dutch" in Pennsylvania came in in 1709 from the Palatinate, and in 1732 from Salzburg, and their old-fashioned German is spoken to this day; but was any Dutch, as distinct from German, spoken in New York State in 1776? In the Middle Ages a Frisian dialect was spoken all along the coasts of the North Sea, from Friesland to the Jutland frontier, and communication between its component parts was far easier than it was with the interior of Germany. In the whole territory between the Ems and the Elbe Frisian is now utterly extinct, save in the islands along the coast, and in the small district of Saterland. French was spoken by the Huguenot refugees in Spitalfields as late as 1800, and there are still villages near Homburg where the descendants of the Huguenots speak the language of Louis XIV. Only ten or twelve years before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 the Great Elector planted large colonies of Dutch in the desert, unpeopled marshes of Brandenburg. Not a trace of the Dutch

dialect now remains. In Surinam and the Dutch West Indies negro-Dutch is fast giving way to negro-English, and when South Africa is really opened up the "Taal" will go the way of Cornish, Manx, and the Norse of the Shetlands, nor will its disappearance take long. It is hard to realise to-day that in early Tudor times Cornish was spoken in North Devon, and possibly in Somerset as far east as the Quantocks; that in Charles I.'s reign it was at least as well known in Cornwall as Welsh is in Merionethshire to-day; that as late as the time of Charles II. the Highlanders who came into Galloway to aid Claverhouse in putting down the Whig risings of 1679 found Gaelic spoken in many parts of Ayrshire, Wigtown, and Kirkcudbright; and that as late as 1710 the principal language in Shetland was Norse. Yet in 1780 it is very doubtful whether a single person remained alive who could converse in any one of these three dialects; indeed, so far as I know, not a single sentence survives of the Gaelic of South-Western Scotland, and only a few prayers and ballads are left in the Shetland Norse. At the time of the Reformation, about 1540, Old Prussian was a very important language in the lower basin of the Vistula; and Polabian, a Slavonic dialect, survived in parts of Lüneburg as late as Queen Anne's time. Not a word in either language has been spoken for the last hundred and fifty years. The "Taal" has no literature and not even a translation of the Bible, and it by no means follows that those who speak it can understand Netherlands Dutch, nor can it readily be made available for educational purposes. Consequently we may look to see it rapidly die out, unless, undoubtedly a large exception, the Dutch clergy, for their own purposes, succeed in keeping Dutch alive by using it as the language of their churches, and prove more successful in their self-imposed task than the priests have shown themselves in keeping alive Erse, Breton, and Basque. Undoubtedly the real reason why the Afrikaners are so anxious to keep the two languages on an equal footing is their hope that as Englishmen do not, as a rule, understand the "Taal," they may thus succeed in keeping the whole civil administration of the country in the hands of Boer sympathisers and replace the now exiled Hollanders with Cape Dutchmen; in short, their motive is the same as that of the Czech leaders, who want to crowd the whole public service of Bohemia with Czechs by the simple process of establishing a nominal equality between Czech and German. Whether the realisation of this most characteristic plan would be for the welfare of South Africa may well be doubted. It would be indeed hard if the result of the war were merely to provide a few well-paid berths for the rebel descendants of those who stamped out the French language from Cape Colony with the utmost rigour.—I am, Sir, &c., H.

THE RESETTLEMENT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The resettlement of South Africa—the responsibility for which is coming sensibly home to us as the armed resistance of the Boers is dying out—is in many respects a very complicated matter, about which we shall doubtless have in the near future much involved discussion, and not a little acrimonious debate. Perhaps the present moment demands a summary review of the problem in its outlines, and of the resources with which we can set out to solve it, and although between even the most summary of reviews and the necessary limits of a letter in your columns there is a disparity of which I am not insensible, I am tempted to send for your consideration the following contribution to the treatment of one branch of the inquiry. The resettlement must cover two distinct operations, which may for greater clearness of expression be named respectively pacification and reconciliation. Strictly, as applied to this subject matter, the two words mean perhaps the same thing, but as military people have appropriated the former word and assigned to it a technical meaning, it is distinguishable from the other in that way. So understood, pacification is the work that still remains to be accomplished by our commanders in the field, and by the force of antithesis reconciliation will be the task which on their departure from the scene of struggle they will hand over to their civilian successors. Now it is very easy to see that the task of pacification cannot be accomplished either in whole or in part, nor can its accomplishment be furthered, by public discussion. It is a task for

experts, and one which we may safely and confidently leave in the capable hands on which the present conduct of the military operations in South Africa devolves. But to reconcile the broken Dutch to the British connection, and to reconstruct their shattered polity as an integral part of a united dominion, is an undertaking to which discussion here, and the sentiment and opinion which such discussion will form, must very largely contribute. Whom, then, have we to conciliate? and what means of conciliation have we at our disposal? The first question calls three distinct bodies of Afrikaners to mind,—that is to say, Colonists, Free Staters, and Transvaalers. The Colonists may be dismissed from consideration. Their animosity never was keen enough to induce them to make the comparatively trivial sacrifices involved in migrating from the Colony into one or other of the neighbouring Republics in order to escape from British rule. Such as it was, their disaffection grew mainly out of racial sympathy and corporate ambition,—in no sense, or to no appreciable extent, out of grievances. The event of the war will, no doubt, give a new and more genial direction in future to these outgrowths of collective pride. We could not if we would do better for them in the future than in the past, and it is fortunate for all concerned that the outcome of our past Colonial administration is so far satisfactory as in the upheaval of the last twelve months it has proved itself to be. The Free Staters, or *ex-Free Staters*, are evidently a body of men in an entirely different position. They have suffered a most cruel reverse, and one which has fallen with bewildering suddenness. That lifelong disappointment should settle upon the burghers who have gone through this bitter experience is inevitable. They would be unworthy of their own most honourable past were they insensible enough to escape from this penalty. Moreover, here, as in the case of the Cape Colonists, we can do little, if anything, to compensate them for their wounded feelings. We cannot improve the economy of their thrifty administration. We cannot greatly better their admirable system of laws. We cannot add to their external security, which has always been guaranteed by the unobtrusive guardianship of the British Navy. If we could be held responsible for the causeless sacrifice of local independence which has here taken place, the task of reconciliation would be hopeless, and rightly so. But happily the men of this territory can be under no mistake as to the source of their calamities, and their maledictions will not fall on us. They must never be suffered to forget that we did all that could be done to limit the area of conflict so as to leave their country outside the turmoil, and he will be a true friend of a good understanding who helps to keep present to their minds for some years to come the capital fact that a solemn guarantee of their independence was offered by the British Government as the price of their neutrality, and refused by the headstrong rulers who presided over the fortunes of the little State. Beyond arguing for the righteousness and necessity of the course to which their own diplomacy has driven us, and taking the utmost care that the British rule shall be no less mild, thrifty, and uncorrupt than that which it has replaced, we can seemingly do nothing, but must rely on the good sense of our new Colonists to stimulate their goodwill towards us. The most anxious part of the task, and in some sense the most difficult, will be the reconciliation of the Transvaalers. They have their grievances, some real, others imaginary, with which they reproach us, and the war has done nothing to remove them. We cannot now repair the fault which we committed when the Jameson Raiders were inadequately punished and Mr. Rhodes was suffered to brazen out his infamy unrebuked. We never shall persuade them that the British Government was not at the back of the Raid, and did not after that, and on the eve of the outbreak of hostilities, authorise British officers to attempt an insurrection in Johannesburg. These and other such like sores would be irritating enough even if we could offer to the Boers the material benefits of an improved government. Room enough there is, in all conscience, for improvement, but the Boer will not see the advantage of it. We cannot diminish the burden of taxation for him, for in this respect he has had nothing to complain of. We cannot improve for him the scanty supply of black labour, for he has been accustomed to supply himself for years past, by periodical expeditions into the Kaffir country and by waylaying the mine natives, on the easiest conceivable terms. It is not for his benefit that more

equal laws can be introduced. From his point of view, we shall have only the defects of our qualities. It would, indeed, be sanguine to suppose that in this region the work of reconciliation can be easily or soon accomplished. One thing there is which occurs to my mind as a boon that we can bestow, and which his children will appreciate in ten or twenty years' time, although the grown Boer of to-day will despise it: that is a sound and liberal education. The Pretoria Government has never tried to make education an end in itself of its administration. Education in the South African Republic has been prostituted to narrow and sectional political ends, and has naturally been worthy of its employments. Sound education will liberate the Boer of the future from the warping traditions calculated and intended to foster hatred of the Mother-country, which will inevitably surround him in his up-country home, and poison his childish mind. This, then, is the side from which the reconciliation of the Transvaal may perhaps be with the best prospect taken in hand. Let us insist upon it that the supervision of the schools shall be placed in the hands of highly competent administrators, and let us recognise that it is by the slow and laborious process of educating him up to our own standard, and only by that means, that we may hope to break the power of tradition, a mischief-making influence which actually leads the Transvaaler of to-day to nurse as his own a grievance concerning what happened seventy years ago at Slaughter's Nek. In a word, the untamed rudeness of the Transvaal Boer affords us our chance of inducing him to bury the bitter past. His educated children will see the world with eyes so different from those of their parents that we may hope to see them discarding the ancestral theories for more personal views of the world at large, and of their British neighbours in particular, and then perhaps we may also hope to exhibit to their criticism a course of conduct less obnoxious to blame than that which has so deeply dishonoured us in the eyes of the burghers of to-day.—I am, Sir, &c., J. W. GORDON.

Piccadilly Club, W.

THE BOERS AND THE OLD TESTAMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Among Christian educationalists there is now a controversy going on with regard to the teaching of the Old Testament, on which Miss Mary Kingsley's letter in the *Spectator* of September 15th seems to throw a highly useful light. Are we to recognise the gradual evolution of morality in the Old Testament history, taking its code not as absolute in itself, but as a training for the morality of the New Testament? or are we to teach the young, *e.g.*, that the massacres in the Old Testament were in themselves admirable, because performed under divine command? At present it seems to me that many excellent Christians do all they can by their religious teaching to promote in their children the state of mind described by Miss Kingsley as belonging to the Boers, and if this result does not follow, it is due to the general atmosphere of civilisation and Christian ethical feeling which pervades the society in which they move, which too often leads them, when they think for themselves, to reject the Old Testament altogether on the ground of its ethical *laches*. As one who believes that a knowledge of the Old Testament revelation is indispensable for a proper understanding of the New, may I plead for a proper method of treating it in education? Let us treat the Old Testament Code not as absolute in itself, but as the introduction of a discipline which was meant to make the Hebrew nation capable of receiving the teaching of our Lord. Let us not shirk explaining to the young that "The Lord said unto Moses" does not mean that a divine command for the extirpation of the Moabites was literally given to the Hebrew law-giver. Let us remember that—

"Sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds:
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds";

and that we defeat the purpose for which revelation was given when we treat it superstitiously, and think we are treating it reverently.—I am, Sir, &c., M. B.

COUNT VON WALDERSEE'S APPOINTMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Freeman Mitford does not say (*Spectator*, September 15th) *what* reparation for the outrages of the past or

guarantees for the future we can exact; nor from whom. I respectfully accept Mr. Mitford's estimate of Japanese history and character. "Conservative" was doubtless a wrong description. When I wrote I was thinking of the comparatively recent Japanese hatred of foreigners and their maintenance of an antiquated feudal system, and Mr. Mitford admits their exclusiveness. The rapid transformation of Japan together with the behaviour of the Chinese who are under British protection were, I hoped, reasons for expecting better things in China. However, whether this expectation is right or wrong, I contended that *just* reparation from the really guilty and trustworthy guarantees are practically unobtainable whatever blood and treasure we may spend; nothing has been said or written to show the contrary. Action under Count von Waldersee must be futile, or at least of no use to England. For what she really wants—more trade, development of the country, and a wider-opened door—England will be compelled, whatever she may do, to wait for a Chinese movement. To give up nothing that we actually have and which can be safeguarded by our Fleet, to forego a vain and cruel revenge, to disregard illusive guarantees, to refuse further recognition of a guilty Government, and to abandon an uncertain and indefinable military adventure likely to entail complications, and with the chance of a European war, is not to repeat in China Majuba Hill.—I am, Sir, &c.,

L. C. J.

EPITAPH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The epitaph quoted by Mr. P. M. Martineau, "One less at home," &c., in the *Spectator* of September 15th, is the first stanza of a little poem by my late sister, Sarah Geraldina Stock. You will find it at p. 18 of a small book which I send herewith, entitled "Joy in Sorrow," published by J. F. Shaw and Co. You will observe that it is the third edition. I know nothing of the grave in a village on the Mendips, where your correspondent found the epitaph.—I am, Sir, &c.,

130 Haverstock Hill, N.W.

EUGENE STOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The words quoted by your correspondent, P. M. Martineau, in the *Spectator* of September 15th, form the first verse of a touching poem by Sarah Geraldina Stock, called "One Less at Home," which is published by John F. Shaw and Co. I will gladly send a copy to any one (in bereavement) who will send me an addressed envelope. It has comforted many.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Bridgnorth.

A. L. OLDHAM.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND PAUL KRUGER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—When you gave ex-President Kruger a niche beside Jefferson Davis, were you thinking of Lowell's words?—

"I'd sooner take my chance to stan'

At Judgment where your meanest slave is

Than at God's bar hol' up a han'

Ez drippin' red ez your'n, Jeff Davis."

—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. K. GILL.

Eversley, Wimborne Road, Poole.

THE LATE PROFESSOR SIDGWICK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "M." denies the accuracy of the statement in your admirable estimate of the late Professor Sidgwick that, while he "carefully and conscientiously instructed," "he did not inspire." Speaking of Sidgwick's general influence on those who conversed with him on matters philosophical, and not simply of the quality of his lectures at Cambridge, would it not be true to say that both the statement of the *Spectator* writer and that of his critic are true in one sense and false in another? A philosophical teacher in order to "inspire"—in the most obvious sense—must have a positive and constructive system. His special genius must display itself in enforcing the truth of certain broad ideas or theories, which it is for others gradually to sift and reduce to the dimensions which subsequent criticism requires. He must be in some sense the teacher of a faith, however strongly he maintains that it is justified by reason. Kant would be hardly more inspiring than Hume if he had never written his "Metaphysic of Morals" or his "Critique of Practical Reason."

Sidgwick's *genius* was of course critical rather than constructive. Not that he regarded a constructive philosophy as impossible; but what kindled him and stimulated his thought was the work of criticism. As a writer he was, in one respect, what Johnson was as a talker. Johnson said his most original and trenchant things as a comment on, or correction of, more or less inaccurate suggestions thrown out by some one else. So, too, Sidgwick's best sayings were amendments on the sayings of others. If, then, Henry Sidgwick be regarded as a teacher of philosophy, I should agree that he did not inspire, because his teaching was predominantly not the inculcation of any system—not even of utilitarian ethics—but the correction, limitation, co-ordination, or criticism of what had been more or less loosely said by others. Negation and limitation cannot in themselves inspire.

Yet unquestionably he did inspire many of those who had the great advantage of intercourse with him on the problems of philosophy, and notably on the philosophy of religious belief. And I should find the explanation of this in a special application of the well-known phrase of a poet whom he loved, as to the "faith in honest doubt." One became conscious by degrees, while he appeared to be kindly but systematically removing the aureole from one after another of the (to him) legendary saints, and drying up old fountains of inspiration, of a heat—a white heat—of disciplined moral enthusiasm underlying and animating the process. The difference of *ethos* between mere iconoclasm and the exposure of unconscious idolatry was especially apparent in him. His criticism was not in intention destructive, though it might sometimes travel beyond the point which our powers of analysis normally reach, and consequently be destructive in *effect*. It was really the effort and desire to be satisfied with an argument that issued in the perception of its weak points. This appears to me a very important characteristic, satisfying in a different field Tennyson's demand for the literary critic. A specially keen appreciation of a writer's successful achievement, Tennyson used to say, can alone give the critic a claim to our attention when he finds fault. The merely critical intellect—which appreciates defects rather than excellences—is not of a high order. The intellect which is specially gifted in sympathetic apprehension, and critical through sheer keenness of perception, is of a very high order. A very acute sense of intellectual differences—which it is interesting to contrast with the present Master of Balliol's almost equally acute sense of agreements—was at work in Sidgwick, under the inspiration of a most sensitive intellectual conscience, and a sympathetic appreciation of the endeavour of every thinker to win a step in the search for truth. The singularly wistful look in his face, as though he were striving to see into that world whose mysteries are the theme of philosophical and theological speculation, contradicted unmistakably any notion of him as a thinker whose pleasure was in negation or destruction. It told truly of an eager desire to miss no ray of light which has been shed on the problems as to man's duty and destiny,—as to the answer to Kant's three great questions. Thus he presented a very remarkable combination of one whose genius was critical, and yet whose *ethos* was inquiring and intent on construction rather than on demolition. I believe I am right in saying that on the problems of religious philosophy he became more and more disposed in later years to accept the most fundamental theological truths as necessary assumptions for any satisfactory theory of life; not indeed relaxing his attitude of criticism on each individual system, but recognising the truth of certain beliefs, common to all the Christian Communion, to which they have owed their practical influence on mankind. Thus the contrast was perhaps more impressive when the present writer knew him than it could have been at an earlier date, between an eager interest in religious inquiry and sense of its value on the one hand, and on the other a subtlety and thoroughness in his criticism of any argument on behalf of religious belief which could not have been surpassed by Hume himself. If, then, the question is asked—Was he inspiring as a philosopher?—the answer, I would suggest, depends on the exact meaning of such a question. As the exponent of a system he was not in the least inspiring. But the *ethos* exhibited in his own methods of inquiry and criticism, *once it became fully apparent*, was most inspiring. I

italicise this limiting clause because it is inevitable that a mind whose immediate work is that of criticism should be sometimes confounded with what is almost its opposite. One whose keen perceptions and wish to solve a problem *force* him to be critical, partly because so much in his eyes depends on the soundness of the arguments, is confounded with those who love to destroy and have no wish to solve. In the work of criticism he took, it is true, that pleasure which any man takes in what he does with great skill; but beyond question positive and not negative results were what he most earnestly desired. —I am, Sir, &c.,

WILFRID WARD.

THE NEW ORDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I do not remember ever to have questioned any judgment on a written work of mine, and I do not now appeal from the sentence passed by your critic on my novel, "The New Order" (*Spectator*, September 15th), to the effect that it is more a tract than a novel. The less so that I think he is in the right; for I am willing to admit that my book is even worse than a tract; it is to some extent that much hated thing, a novel with a purpose. Though I have no quarrel with your critic, may I venture to raise a fresh issue, not on my own account only, but on behalf of literature in general? I take literature, as opposed to journalism, to be the method by which we endeavour to reach, by written words, a public less ephemeral than that which reads newspapers and reviews. Now, let us suppose two things; first, that a writer considers that a crisis in the affairs of his country is at hand; and, secondly, that he, with many others, sees a way of escape from this crisis. That writer casts about how he may convey his sense of the danger he foresees and how it may be avoided. Is he not fully justified in employing that literary method which is as much the formula of the present age as the tragedy was in Elizabeth's time, the comedy during the Restoration, or the essay in the days of Queen Anne? Is he not justified in putting his ideas and his proposed remedy in the form of fiction? Or must the novelist for ever write for boys and girls, and deal with no issues but those which concern the affairs of the heart? If a writer has problems to solve which touch the hopes and fears and welfare of men, which deal with the relations of men with men, is the novel as a literary form to be under an embargo for him? Certainly no one will read him if he tries any other mode of literary expression than the novel, so perhaps these questions answer themselves. You will observe that I am not at issue with your critic so far; indeed I go further still in agreement with him. He is clearly a staunch Free-trader; so am I. He says: "Mr. Crawford appears to think that Protection would repopulate the rural districts." There, again, we are together. I do think so, but at some necessary cost that it would repay us to incur; but the issues I tried to raise in my book are necessarily larger than your critic can have space to deal with. What my novel tries to convey is briefly this: Granting that Free-trade is sound economy and Protection unsound, may circumstances not arise when national salvation lies rather with Protection than with Free-trade? The staircase of a house is a safe and sound method of leaving a house, and a knotted rope from a fifth-floor window a very risky form of exit, but when the house is on fire the rope may be the wise way of getting out of doors and the staircase the stupid one. The question is, Is the house on fire or likely to catch fire?—I am, Sir, &c.,

OSWALD CRAWFORD.

Hotel Schwarzwald, Freudenstadt, Württemberg.

THE THINGS BEYOND THE TOMB.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your paper on "The Things Beyond the Tomb" in the *Spectator* of September 15th reminds an old reader of the best traditions of the *Spectator*. You well point out that the kernel of what is revealed is not in environment, but in essence,—that of personal communion with God through Christ. This, however, must surely be reached, for mankind as now constituted, through various stages which may be regarded as purgatorial, including our earthly discipline. When you further include in this latter "uncertainty" as to future recognition of those we have here known and loved, is there not risk of extending the same uncertainty to our own future personal identity?—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. F. MALLETT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—As a unit among the gropers in faith, I should like warmly to thank the writer for his Scriptural, sober, yet most sympathetic article on the above subject in the *Spectator* of September 15th. But comprehensive, within our chartered limits, as it is, may I suggest that there yet is omitted one note of comfort given by our Lord Himself in the words that speak of a place being "prepared" for us? Those who can rejoice actually, or through the thankful elegies of memory, in pleasures and homes "prepared" for them by the devotion of parental or other fervent love, will know what I mean. And if we, "being evil," can give this shadow of joy to idiosyncrasies we know and love, how shall not the Creator of spirits give its substance, when the place that has been "prepared" by the Redeemer receives the soul, also "prepared" for it and for the "receiving you unto Myself," that opens vistas of encircling Almighty love, with "light, more light," and "pleasures for evermore"?—I am, Sir, &c.,

CAROLINE FOX.

Shute Leigh, Wellington, Somerset.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—No Christian who reaches back into the thought of God Himself can ever believe that the light of Christianity will lead him "over a precipice to annihilation." Our Lord's own words certify him of the resurrection of the dead, and also of one of the chief differences between the life here and the life beyond the tomb:—"They neither marry nor are given in marriage." Even the ancient Jew never feared annihilation. The life of Sheol was indeed to him the negation of real existence, but it was life. From the Apocalypse, as well as from St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, we cannot fail to learn that after death the Christian will be with Christ, that he will be free from sorrow, that all his right human needs and impulses will be satisfied, and that he will share in the royal activities of his Lord (Rev. vii.) Surely it is enough to know. Is it only now, in our day, that the Church is learning that the spiritual life "is to be *begun*, not *expected*"? If so, the Church is only just beginning to understand the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's 1 Corinthians; just beginning to understand St. John's vision of the New Jerusalem, the holy city that he saw "coming down out of heaven from God." The Apocalypse dwells far more upon the present spiritual life of the Church than upon the Church's hopes of future bliss. And we look higher. Our Lord said: "The hour cometh *and now is*, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they that hear shall live." Faith is not the acceptance of certain tenets; it is the responsiveness of the soul to the goodness, the manifested love of God. In so far it does exclude the agonies of doubt.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Tiverton-on-Avon.

A. ALLEN BROCKINGTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The deeply interesting and sympathetic article on "The Things Beyond the Tomb" in the *Spectator* of September 15th has suggested to me that the little paper of thoughts on the same subject which I enclose might not be unwelcome to you, and might, perhaps, give to some of your readers the comfort I and a few intimate friends to whom I have communicated them have found in them. It may add somewhat to their weight with you to state that the writer is a woman well on in the eighty-fifth year of her life and in the eighth of commune with her own heart in the stillness of the bed she will never leave but for the grave.—I am, Sir, &c.,

M. G. G.

"AFTER DEATH?"

When reading the other day of the terrible slaughter of natives and British troops in quelling the Indian Mutiny of 1857, the thought pressed itself upon me: What will be the first consciousness of another life to all those souls, Christian, Pagan, Moslem, believers and unbelievers, thoughtful and thoughtless, so suddenly launched from the temporal, the visible, the known, into the unknown, the unseen, the eternal, never by the immense majority thought of as a reality; ridiculed by many as an invention of priestcraft; by many more believed in as a place of bliss or torment of which their priests or prophets hold the keys and can give a safe conduct to the one and escape from the other without any moral responsibility or effort on their part beyond passive obedience? Pondering upon this question, two events in the New Testament record forcibly suggested themselves as offering possible answers. May not that first consciousness of another life come

to the unthinking, the ignorant, the credulous, the scornful, the vile, as Christ to Saul on the road to Damascus, as the sudden sense of a dazzling light and an overwhelming Presence, before which each soul will sink into utter abasement and wonder with Saul's cry: Who art thou, Lord? And will not that be the beginning for each one of that cleansing, purifying perception of a Beauty, Goodness, Truth, Life undreamt of before, having nothing to do with Time or Space, only with what is; scathing the vile by the perception of their own vileness; leading the blinded souls gently towards enlightenment, as Saul was led to Ananias, and dealing with the ignorant and the savage as with little children, guiding, soothing, training the power to understand and to act in this new life? For those who *have* thought, those who *have* known and believed and, at least, striven however feebly and falteringly to follow Christ, though, perchance, denying Him once and again like Peter, but like Peter turning back to him in bitter repentance, surely there will be another consciousness brought by that sudden great light and sense of a Divine Presence. Will not their cry be: It is the Lord! and will not they, like Peter by the shore of Galilee, spring forward in absolute self-forgetfulness and adoring love and trust to hear His greeting: 'Children, come'?"

[We have received several other letters on this subject, but regret to be unable to find room for them.—ED. *Spectator*.]

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—With reference to the article under the above heading in the *Spectator* of September 1st, may I tell you a story? Not long since I had a sagacious Scotch mechanic from London for a few days' work. One day he said to me: "Yon man I'm lodgin' with is a deal better off with his fifteen shillin's a week than I am in London with thirty. Look at him! For a shillin' a week he gets a house with three rooms, and a fine garden in which he grows all his vegetables, and keeps a pig. Look at me! I have to pay ten shillin's a week for two rooms in a dir-r-r-ty slum off the Blackfriars Road. What it costs *me* for vegetables I can't tell you," &c. The story is instructive. The agricultural labourer is, as you say, attracted to London and other towns by the prospect of higher wages, but he unfortunately does not calculate beforehand whether he will be better or worse off with them than with the lower rate in the country. The younger men are also carried away by the flare of the gas lamps, the gorgeous public-house, the low music-halls, &c. As for the agricultural labourer's life being "arduous and monotonous," I should have thought it was less arduous and less monotonous than that of most of his fellows. Consider the nature of his work, varying as it does with weather and seasons almost daily. Outsiders, I believe, think the ploughman's daily task very severe. If they knew that at most he walks at a slow pace only eight or nine miles a day, turning his furrow before him, than which there is no healthier occupation, they might change their mind. Then his hours are far shorter than those of any labourer or artisan in the towns. Taking the year through they average very nearly the ideal eight,—for it must be remembered that he does not work by artificial light, and in winter therefore his day is short. Moreover, as a leading article in the *Times* stated a day or two since: "Few things strike an outsider more forcibly than the sluggish, indolent way in which ordinary farm labour is performed, men standing and staring about for no small portion of the time during which they are paid for working." The writer might have said "talking" as well as "standing and staring," for they are always talking, albeit your contributor writes of the "silence and solitude" of agricultural labour. Silence and solitude! He can never have lived on a farm. It is no doubt something of a marvel (to those who do not know with what an infinity of detail they embellish any tale they may have to tell) what the labourers find to talk about, but they do talk incessantly at work, and going to and fro. Anyhow, the "silence and solitude" of agricultural labour is surely preferable to the deafening din of the factory, where the unhappy "hand" cannot make himself heard if he wants to speak to his neighbour. If the agricultural labourer were the ill-paid, half-starved, badly-clothed, overworked mortal which he is popularly supposed to be, would he at the same time be (as in fact he is) the longest-lived member of the community save and except the clergyman? To this longevity the pure air he breathes, and his freedom from anxiety (for he marries early, knowing that however many children he may have work will be found for them, and probably in his own parish), doubtless conduce. Let me conclude with another

story. I was talking the other day to a labourer, hale and hearty at eighty years of age. "Happy?" quoth he, "there's no man happier than I am. I've always enjoyed a fair share of health; I've brought up seven children, all doing well; I've never had any help from the parish, and I don't owe any one a farthing." This man, an ordinary farm hand, has, of course, lived through all the good and bad times referred to in your article.—I am, Sir, &c.,
RUSTICUS.

ENGLAND'S COAL STORE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out that there is room for some difference in opinion upon the conclusion arrived at in the *Spectator* of September 15th (p. 328), where you encourage the belief that less coal will be burnt when its heat of combustion is turned into electrical energy at the pit's mouth? From this you deduce "that our supply of coal would practically last for ever." The result will, I believe, be otherwise. Industry requires the effect of heat in two forms, one of which is "directed" motion, and is more expensive to obtain from coal than the other, or undirected motion of the ultimate particles of bodies. It is popular to particularise the first effect as *energy* "which makes the wheels go round," the other as "heat" or "warmth." That portion of coal which is distributed in order to obtain "directed energy" at various places can, with advantage, be burnt at the pit's mouth in a power-house, and 10 per cent. of the coal's potential energy (which is all we have as yet learnt to "direct") may be sent along wires to the places requiring power, the remaining 90 per cent. being wasted as hot air and hot water. Wires will convey this 10 per cent. of the energy more cheaply than locomotives will convey the coal, but it does not cost anything to force a current through a wire. After a few miles (say twenty-five to fifty) the two systems are equal, except for the cleanliness, noiselessness, &c., of the electrical method. So far no coal economy!—except in the superiority of large engines over engines of about three hundred horse-power, which is not as great as is often imagined. That other large consumption of coal which imparts undirected energy, or more simply heat, to various merchandise, laundries, our persons, and our food would be increased about nine-fold if the energy were first "directed" through the inefficient intermediary of the steam boiler and engine. If we even had the engine and boiler Mr. Balfour spoke of which gave us 20 per cent. of the heat of coal electrically, we should eclipse the wildest claims of our cleverest inventors. In fact, with the best boiler that can be bought regardless of expense, and regardless of the rate at which it might be depreciated for the sake of having thin boilerplates or what not for efficiency, only a vast increase of our coal consumption would result from a central electrical supply of "warmth" for the bulk of our daily wants. Economy of our national coal store and smokeless cities will not, I think, come that way. There may be other ways. In large towns the heating of the air of our rooms and of the water we consume are the great causes of coal waste and smoke, while hot water and hot waste gases are exactly the by-products from an electrical power station which still run to waste. The economies of coal resulting from a "pit's-mouth power-house" are (1) that the small slack which is often wasted (up to 30 per cent. of the coal sold) would be used more freely; (2) steam locomotives, which are very wasteful of fuel from the exigencies of their compactness and portability, would be less used for coal conveyance, and replaced, except in special cases, by the more efficient polyphase or direct-current motors. These and the small causes of decreased consumption, such as the replacement of gas lights by electric light, will be more than outweighed by the fillip which will be given to industry by the extreme adaptability of electricity to every form of mechanical motion. There is another point of view which is still more discouraging for the long life of our coal store. Professor Thompson remarks that "a single firm sometimes wastes more coal than is sufficient to light all Manchester." If a man is sated, and has a loaf of bread by him, you cannot prevent his throwing it into the sea by supplying him cheaply with more bread. The firm that is wasting so much coal either has not the capital or the wit to replace its antiquated machinery. Electricity from the pit's mouth will not remedy these deficiencies, and the waste will continue. Lastly, rejoiced as I am at the certainty of an

immense increase of electric working in England, the prospects of pit-mouth stations are not helped but hindered by dear coal, because the dearer the coal the less important is the cost of its carriage relatively to its total value, and the smaller is the radius of that circle round the pit's mouth within which it pays to distribute power through wires. Electric lighting will receive encouragement as compared with gas light from a rise in the price of coal; but this is another matter.—I am, Sir, &c., MERVYN O'GORMAN.

82 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

A CORRECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The brief mention of "The Battle of Maldon, and other Renderings from the Anglo-Saxon, together with Original Verse," in the *Spectator* of the 18th ult., has recently come to my notice, and I hasten to throw what light I can on the points mentioned by your critic. To begin with, you must have wondered, like myself, at the strange word "Panitation" included in the quotation from the sonnet on Wagner. This, I need hardly point out, was an error in printing, which, however, unfortunately deprived the passage of its essential meaning. The right word is "Parsifalian." Coming to your critic's question whether one counts syllables in writing stressed verse, I may say that one certainly does not, since it is this very point that marks the difference from syllabic verse. Quite apart from Coleridge, whose glorious footsteps it were vain to wish to tread, I have tried in a small way to apply with greater strictness a metrical principle, which, if often ignored, is as old as the language, and in so doing I have generally sought to avoid those conventional stresses (unbacked by rhyme) which Mr. Bridges considers to mar so perfect a poem as "Christabel,"—at least from the point of view of stress.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F. W. L. BUTTERFIELD.

Grand Hôtel du Lac, Vevey, Switzerland,
September 17th.

THE UNIONIST ATTACK ON MR. HORACE PLUNKETT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I am glad you couple Mr. Gerald Balfour with Mr. Plunkett in your defence of the latter. Both have shown singular courage in giving effect to the principle solemnly laid down in Parliament that the administration of the new Agricultural Department was to be strictly non-political and non-sectarian, whereby in the particular case of the appointment of Mr. Gill as secretary Mr. Plunkett has incurred the wrath of a section of his Unionist constituents. And English Unionists should understand that though the latter has been singled out for attack, the blow is really aimed at the Government and the Chief Secretary. The Irish landlords have never forgiven, either, the Land Act of 1896, to which they attribute the losses, grievous and mostly undeserved, which they have suffered during the last few years. In this I think them entirely mistaken, though I have had my share of such losses. But whatever the responsibilities of the present Government in this matter, Mr. Plunkett certainly has none, and I can see neither common-sense nor common fairness in making him the scapegoat. But to return to the Agricultural Department, for his administration of which Mr. Plunkett is nominally called to account, I should like to note one or two reassuring signs. In the first place, the malcontents in his constituency, though wealthy and socially influential, are evidently but a small section, and in this particular matter of his official action they seem but half-hearted. They denounce, indeed, Mr. Gill's appointment, but it is from no love of the Agricultural Department, which for the most part they damn with faint praise. On the other hand, they do not venture on a direct attack on this part of the Government policy,—perhaps from an uneasy consciousness that the open hostility thereto of Mr. Dillon and the United Irish League can hardly be based on Unionist principles. At all events, whatever may be the fate of Mr. Plunkett himself, his agricultural policy (for here unquestionably the responsibility is mainly his) is not seriously impugned in South Dublin. But, secondly, looking at the wider issues and at the country generally, it is remarkable how much Mr.

Plunkett has already lived down the not unnatural suspicions of the mass of the people, on the one hand, and revived, on the other, the dormant faith of his own class in the future of their country, and in the possibility of working with other classes, creeds, and parties for the common good. Here, again, as in South County Dublin, the extremists are, I am satisfied, but a small section; and however bitterly the landlords generally may mistrust the Government, few of them really hold it a crime in Mr. Plunkett to have kept flying the flag of non-party patriotism, under which he first stood for South Dublin, and to have in some measure won the confidence of his political opponents. It would surely be a blunder as well as a disgrace if such a man were driven from office and from Parliament at the moment when he is at last in a position to carry out the policy on which such widespread hopes are fixed.—I am, Sir, &c.,

MONTEAGLE.

[We most heartily endorse Lord Monteagle's letter both as regards Mr. Gerald Balfour and Mr. Horace Plunkett. Both men have done public service, which is alike admirable for its fearlessness and its essential soundness.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

POETRY.

PACISQUE IMPONERE MOREM.

THE flame of battle burns no more
For warrior Briton, warrior Boer;
No more their answering thunder fills
The hollows of the fortress hills;
No more the murderous marksmen hide
Entrenched along the mountain-side;
No more our lines with gathering speed
Press onward to their desperate deed,
And, fired beyond all human fear,
Storm the fell rampart with a cheer.

Sons of the North, one toil is done;
Now be a bloodless task begun!
Of that redoubled work of Rome
The weightier half is yet to come:
The proud are crushed, the vanquished spared,
Now be the paths of peace prepared!

Behold, the long-distracted land
Lies in the hollow of our hand,
And where the robber flags have flown
Our flag must fly, and ours alone.
Even now the foe has felt the light
Pierce his dim cave of truthless night,
And owns with half-amazed relief
The chivalry of an English chief.
Slowly his sullen brow shall clear,
Lightened of all but wholesome fear,
Till Time have purged his better part
From the false cunning at his heart,
To earn a freedom far more true
Than any that ere now he knew.

Britain, thy task to frame the State!
No new achievement for thy fate—
(So witness by St. Lawrence flood
Wolfe and Montcalm in brotherhood,
While o'er the Indian sea shall speak
The wild Pathán, the warrior Sikh)—
Thy task to heal the scars of strife
By lessons from an Empire's life,
To blend the strains of rival blood,
To build the road, to bridge the flood,
To sow amid the scattered garths
Light from our veterans' loyal hearths,
To lead the land in willing awe
To learn and love a juster law,
To know with gradual new delight
The restful rule of equal right,
And 'neath thy large and liberal sway
Work out her own redemption day.
Then shall the ghosts of greed and lies
Fly hellward from that fair sunrise,
And the swart storm-cloud palely cease,
Lost in the broad Britannic Peace.

ERNEST MYERS.

BOOKS.

BRISTOL.*

BRISTOL in the seventeenth century was not only the second city in the kingdom; it was still the city of enterprise and romance. Though in the year of the Armada Bristol, Bridgwater, and Minehead between them only mustered ten ships, the prosperity of Bristol increased so rapidly that by 1626 she got leave of the Government to fit out sixty vessels with letters of marque. From Bristol it was that Martin Pringe, induced by Richard Hakluyt, set sail in 1603; it was the honour of Bristol that the "Angel Gabriel" sustained against the Spaniards. And all the while Bristol was a typical English town, with a life of its own, with opinions of its own, with commerce of its own. Charitable, careless, adventurous, untidy, it was much the same three hundred years ago as it is to-day, and Mr. Latimer's admirable history is marked by a familiar humour which you will vainly look for in more pompous compilations.

The first thing that strikes us in Mr. Latimer's records is the tyranny of the ancient Corporations. The restraint which they imposed upon trades and handicrafts was far severer than anything devised by the modern Unions. No "foreigners," as they called those who were not citizens of Bristol, were permitted to enter the precincts of the city, nor might any manufactured article be introduced from without. Again, the trades were kept rigidly apart, and each was governed by a law of narrow specialism. No shopkeepers, for instance, could deal in goods made by men of another trade; no carpenter could work as a joiner; nor could a butcher sell cooked meat. Even more, a tailor might only make the one garment to whose fashioning he had been trained; and again and again you will find protests made and fines inflicted at the breach of these ordinances. But the interest of records is various, and there is no side of life that is not touched in Mr. Latimer's book. In 1606, for instance, you may know that some illumination was deemed necessary in the streets, for in November of that year half a crown was paid the bellman "for giving warning to hang out candle light," and as early as 1607 we find the explosion of the Gunpowder Plot already celebrated as "England's holiday." But the recital of these bare facts is relieved by imposing ceremonies and Royal progresses. In 1613 Anne of Denmark, James I.'s Queen, visited the loyal city of Bristol, and although she had already claimed from the city five thousand two hundred gallons of wine, and compelled it to pay £360 for sugar and other groceries, £94 for spices, and £9 6s. 8d. for pepper, she was received with extravagant enthusiasm. But first of all the streets had to be cleansed, dung-heaps had to be removed, and the roads, furrowed with ruts, to be repaired. While the maces and swords of state were regilded, "drummers and phifers" were hired and gaily appressed. The Queen, moreover, was not only presented with a purse of gold, she was invited to witness such a spectacle as never had been seen in the city. "After entertaining the Court to dinner at his own house," says Mr. Latimer, "the Mayor conducted her Majesty to Canon's Marsh near the confluence of the Avon and Froom, where a bower of oak boughs, garnished with roses and plentifully sprinkled with perfumes, was prepared for her reception. An imposing sham fight then commenced, an English ship being attacked by two Turkish galleys, the crews of which strove to board, but were finally repulsed with great slaughter, six bladders of blood being at hand to pour out of the scupper holes." It is not surprising that after this ingenious display the Queen declared "she never knew she was a Queen until she came to Bristol."

If you would know the life and state of an old Bristol merchant, the career of John Whitson will serve as well as another. This Whitson was apprenticed in 1570 to one Cutt, wise merchant, and Cutt dying in 1580, Whitson continued in the service of his widow. John Aubrey has sketched for us the life of the wealthy merchant. "He kept a noble house," says the antiquary, "and did entertain the peers and great persons that came to the city. He kept his hawks. I remember five youths that had been bred up under him, but not one of them came to good; they lived so luxuriously.

He was charitable in the breeding up of young scholars. He had a fair house in St. Nicholas Street, where is the stateliest dining-room in the city." It is a pleasant enough picture, and doubtless the Bristol merchants of the seventeenth century lived with as fine an ease and splendour as Alderman Six of Amsterdam, or as "the sober, wealthy merchants of London," with whom Samuel Pepys was "mightily pleased" to compare them.

But Bristol, like many another city, suffered from the hardships imposed by the Civil War. The city was divided in its allegiance, but King and Parliament alike required money, and at the very moment when commerce decreased large subsidies had to be found for this party or for that. For a time, then, the history of Bristol is a history of battles and sieges, which differ little from the battles and sieges of other towns. But not all the citizens were disposed to accept the King's government, and we hear of the 'Mary Rose' setting sail for New England packed with sturdy emigrants. A little later Blake's victory over the Dutch is loudly acclaimed, and money is generously collected for the wounded. Or the luxury of the times is reproved by the King's chaplain, who warns the ladies of Bristol that the black patches wherewith they adorned their faces were but the forerunners of blacker and more deadly spots; and sure enough presently the plague broke out and claimed three thousand victims. And despite its religious fervour and its political zeal, Bristol was always guilty of kidnapping. We often read of children snatched from their parents and sold as slaves across the sea. This crime, properly described as one of "great villainy," is constantly discussed, and ordinances are devised which shall prevent it. It is noteworthy, indeed, that Judge Jeffreys makes it, after the dirt, the principal count in his indictment of Bristol. He complains that the very Magistrates are quarrelling among themselves. "Yet they can agree for their interest, or if there be a kid in the case: for I hear the trade of kidnapping is in much request. They can discharge a felon or a traitor, provided they will go to Mr. Alderman's plantation at the West Indies. Come, come, I find you stink for want of rubbing." But Bristol survived even the insolent hate of Jeffreys. It has gone on its own way; it has kept its own old-fashioned counsel; and it is a point of interest in Mr. Latimer's book that the Bristol of to-day does not differ very much for good or evil from the Bristol of the seventeenth century.

THE WHITE ROSE.*

MR. LANG has never been more happily inspired than in this study of the broken life-story of one who will always be a premier figure in romance,—the last conspicuous Prince of an ill-fated house and the centre of a movement which he did not comprehend. He has given us the severe truth, leaving no source unsearched to find the facts of a difficult career, and at the same time he has invested the whole narrative, splendid and sordid, with an unreal fairy-tale atmosphere, which is the true one. For Jacobitism in the '45 was the most forlorn of causes. In the '15 it had reasonable chances which were flung away by gross mismanagement. But things had changed since Mar raised the standard: Charles of Sweden had died; France had lost much of her prestige, and fallen under a régime which had no love for Quixotic enterprises; the Jacobite party in England had acquiesced in the inevitable; Scotland had lost her first bitterness about the Union, and was beginning to understand the solid commercial advantages of Whig rule; and the old strife of religions was dying down to a universal Laodicean contentment. The English Jacobites of the Beaufort and Hinde-Cotton stamp were ready enough to toast the Cause, but would take no steps till they heard of a French invasion, when they were prepared to cry with Squire Western, "Hurrah for old England! Twenty thousand honest Frenchmen are landed at Dover." The ordinary English populace was thoroughly anti-French, as was shown by their fury at the attempted invasion of 1744, and any suggestion of foreign aid would have destroyed the little Stuart loyalty they possessed. Again, Charles was a Catholic; if he became an Episcopalian, he would lose the support of the French, the English Catholics,

* *The Annals of Bristol in the Seventeenth Century.* By John Latimer. Bristol: William George's Sons. [13s. 6d.]

* *Prince Charles Edward.* By Andrew Lang. London: Goupil and Co. [23 3s. net.]

and the Scots Lowlands; if he remained a Catholic, he would never get the confidence of the English people; while if he became a Presbyterian, as was suggested, he would please nobody. The actual steps in the campaign were as doubtful as the chances. England might waver for a moment, but she was bound to win in the end. The King might play the fool and get his valuables on board a yacht, and Newcastle might spend his nights debating whether to change masters, but without the support of the people Charles was nothing, and the support was impossible. Had he advanced on London he might have beaten the army at Finchley, but he had Wade and Cumberland on his rear, and had he beaten them he had still to conquer England. He might, to be sure, have never crossed the Borders, held the line of the Esk and Tweed with his army, while a French fleet provided supplies and men, and laboured to make Scotland alone his kingdom. There was always a belated nationalism abroad in the North which might have united Highlands and Lowlands in a common distrust of the old enemy, and with the help of France Charles might have made Scotland his own. "But after that, what else?" Could he ever have ruled for a month over a people he scarcely understood, and settled fierce questions of religion and politics for which he cared not at all? The truth is that he was an adventurer on an enterprise which was doomed from the beginning. He could count at the start on the loyalty of the Stuarts to their chief, of the Catholic Macdonalds to a Catholic Prince, and of Camerons, Macleans, and Macphersons to the old line of Kings, and a general opposition to a Whig régime which all detested. With this slender hope he made the venture, and succeeded beyond men's expectations. But it was a mere staving-off of an inevitable downfall, and after Prestonpans, Clifton, and Falkirk he goes to Culloden with the clouds gathering around him. "His kingdom," wrote a French lady, "is not of this world"; and, says Mr. Lang, "Charles is loved for his forlorn hope; for his desperate resolve; for the reckless daring, the winning charm, that once were his; for bright hair and brown eyes; above all, as the centre and inspirer of old chivalrous loyalty, as one who would have brought back a lost age, an impossible realm of dreams."

In the faithful picture which Mr. Lang has drawn, and in the melancholy series of portraits which show the gradual degradation of feature from boyhood to a sensual old age, we see something of the Nemesis of his family. He had none of the sheer, hard-bitten strength which alone could have withstood his temptations, nor had he the support of the gentle and obstinate piety of his father and brother. He was born for gaiety, enterprise, and success, and, though he was gallant enough in physical misfortunes, he could not endure the hope deferred and the inglorious idleness of his later days. He was at his best in the open air, living a soldier's life, and when he landed in Moidart it is no wonder that his followers were delighted with his kindness and high spirits. Throughout the whole '45 he was at his best, tactful, resourceful, uncomplaining, and had he fallen with Keppoch and Strathallan at Culloden he would have gone down to posterity as a Bayard born out of due season. But he was ill-fated enough to escape to France, where he returned to the life of gaming and drinking and suppers with Madame de Pompadour, for which he was in no way fitted. He quarrels with all his friends, Balhaldy, Lochiel, Lord George Murray, and at last his conduct drives his brother into taking a Cardinal's hat, and so finally ruining the cause. He imagines himself a second Charles XII., and in another mood becomes a friend of the *philosophes*, a correspondent of Montesquieu, and a patron of Rousseau. He lives to see Jacobitism flicker out in England on the succession of George III., while he himself succeeds to the empty title of Charles III. and the monotonous life in Italy. He marries a certain Louise of Stolberg, who elopes with Alfieri. Finally, between drink and idleness his brain seems to have become affected, but he dies peacefully, nursed by his illegitimate daughter, and to the last moved to tears by memories of Scotland. "Untrue to himself, untrue to many a friend, he was constant to his Highlanders."

So much for the Prince, who to the world was the central figure of the Cause. But it is too little remembered that loyalty to the Stuarts was not the whole of Jacobitism, nor even, perhaps, its most essential part. The mere fact of

legitimism went for little with anybody but the Stuarts, the men of the Royal clan. Mr. Lang rightly insists that sentiment was the cause of the Rising, but what was the sentiment? Partly loyalty to the exiled rightful Kings, more loyalty to an old order of things in religion and society which was rapidly passing away, and most of all the sentiment of nationality, the antagonism of the little, poor, proud people against the rich, the exclusive pride of a race with its own traditions against the patronage of the unfriendly and commercial South. It was a fraction of some such feeling which was the serious element in the tortuous policy of a schemer like Lovat, who would betray Charles and Hanoverian George with scandalous impartiality, but who maintained that he had never betrayed Scotland. To men born under certain conditions to follow the Prince was a conscientious necessity, and only the weaker and baser spirits refused. Just as Duncan Forbes of Culloden and Colonel Gardiner with their traditions could not have been Jacobites, so it was impossible for Lochiel or Pitsligo, the Oliphants of Gask or the Scots' non-juring Bishops, to be anything else. An ideal may be mistaken, but if it be followed to the loss of goods and the peril of life, it is a purifying force for its disciples. Hence the passionate fervour of the songs of the Cause, and the long roll of gallant deeds which adorn those dreary moorland wars, and the characters of men like Lochiel and women like Flora Macdonald and Lady Clanranald, which in an age barren of the more heroic virtues shine forth with a kind of primitive purity and simplicity. Mr. Lang has shown us the dark side of the picture as well as the bright. He has shown us, in his own inimitable way, Charles as the Fairy Prince, and as the broken-down sot of Paris and Rome. But for the Jacobitism, for which men suffered death and exile, there was but one Charles,—the Young Adventurer, the champion of that elder, vanished Scotland, who on a misty July morning landed on Eriskay to entrust his fortunes to his people.

THE WELSH PEOPLE.*

It may seem curious that, at a time when the Imperial sentiment of the English-speaking world is waxing stronger every year, the national sentiment of its component parts was never more clear or outspoken. The novelty, perhaps, consists chiefly in the outspokenness. Ireland was as strenuously national in the days when Mr. Butt gently wooed the House of Commons to mild concessions as when Parnell taught his countrymen to give raucous voice to their hatred of England. Wales has always preserved its national feeling, though it is chiefly during the last fifty years or so that it has been taught how to develop and emphasise it. The sentiment existed; it only needed the stimulus of the revived Eisteddfod, of a national University, and of a very vigorous representation in Parliament to bring out all its latent ardour. In these days of "literary abounding"—if the abundance can with any propriety be called "literary"—and perpetual talk, it is natural that these feelings and ideals should be loudly "voiced," to use the appropriate and classical expression of the daily Press, which Shakespeare and Bacon found convenient, and Dr. Johnson pronounced obsolete. But it would be a mistake to conclude that because those national sentiments are more noisily declaimed, they are therefore modern or even much more vigorous than before. One has only to go to Yorkshire or Devonshire to realise that national feeling has always existed even in a provincial area, and that there are wheels within wheels, nations within the nation, and strong pride of race and traditions within the borders of England herself. It is better it should be so. A man is not the worse Englishman because he is a good Yorkshireman, or less a Great Briton because he is a staunch Welshman. On the contrary, the very feeling that he must do credit to his race will make him the more emulous to outvie his competitors, and the pride of country, albeit "provincial," may be a stepping-stone to the pride of empire. The Irish and Welsh have proved amply with their blood that national rivalry is compatible with the finest devotion of the Imperial soldier, however it may be with the professional politician. "Gallant little Wales" has done her duty in Africa every whit as well

* *The Welsh People: Chapters on their Origin, History, Laws, Language, Literature, and Characteristics.* By John Rhys, M.A., Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, and David Brynmor-Jones, M.P. With 2 Maps. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [16s.]

as Yorkshire or Middlesex, and her separate national pride has only urged her to greater zeal in the common cause.

The present volume, of which we are glad to see a second edition announced, is peculiarly interesting as a study of how national problems may be solved. It is singularly apposite, at a time when Irish educational questions, language questions, University questions, are being increasingly pressed, that we should understand how similar problems have been met in Wales. There is, of course, one great factor in Ireland which does not exist in the Welsh situation,—the overwhelming power of the Latin Church, the most potent cause both of weal and woe in the once "distressful country." But Wales had, and has, her Nonconformist difficulty (or advantage), which had much to say to the University question, and the way in which this arose and has been met is one of the most interesting sections of a remarkably instructive book. What Nonconformity has done for Wales is thus summed up by the authors:—

"In 1730 the Welsh-speaking people were probably as a whole the least religious and most intellectually backward in England and Wales. By 1830 they had become the most earnest and religious people in the whole Kingdom, and in the course of their development had created powerful Nonconformist bodies stronger than those to be found in any other part of the country, while the adherents of the Church had in the Welsh districts dwindled down to a comparatively small class. The Methodist revival which produced this striking result, and which in many respects resembled that which took place under Whitefield and Wesley in England, was commenced within the bounds of the Church. Its origin is usually associated with the name of Griffith Jones of Llandhowror, but it was Howell Harris, and Rowlands of Llangaitho, who carried the movement to a triumphant success. In the face of continual and violent persecution those men by their extraordinary preaching aroused the people from their lethargy. . . . By many persons unacquainted with the facts the whole revival is looked upon as one of those manifestations of dissent which have arisen from time to time to disturb the peace of an organised Christianity. It may be looked at in that light; it was no doubt a religious revival, but the moment its inner meaning is penetrated, the circumstances of its origin and its progress understood, it becomes obvious that it was a good deal more than that. It was, in fact, the new birth of a people. It would be going too far to say that it created a new national character—that, of course, was impossible; but it profoundly changed and strengthened the mental and moral qualities of the Welsh-speaking people. In the highly-strung and sensitive natures it produced a saintly type equal to any afforded by the literature or tradition of the Church. Among the people, who, as a whole, threw themselves into the movement, it developed intellectual powers which may have before existed but which were only imperfectly utilised. It induced men who had never indulged in speculation to raise and to discuss fundamental religious and philosophic problems, and stimulated to an extraordinary degree the argumentative and imaginative faculties of a naturally quick-witted race. It turned the attention of men to the art of oratory and to the capabilities of language. . . . Practically every Welsh-speaking person became acquainted in a very high degree with the [Welsh] text of the Scriptures; and lastly, it improved the general moral tone of the people, though perhaps it made them, when its results were quite fresh, take a somewhat one-sided view of life and of culture."

How it was that the Church allowed so great a triumph to pass out of its own hands must be read in the tenth chapter of *The Welsh People*. The miserable pay of the Welsh clergy led to a low standard of duty and the neglect of the offices of the Church, and we hear frequently of parishes where no sermons were preached at all, or at best two or three sermons in a twelvemonth. To such congregations the vivid preaching of men like Harris and Rowlands and their successors came like an electric shock, and woke them to new spiritual life. One must rejoice at the result while deploring the apathy and lethargy which in the last century, and unfortunately even to-day, in some parts of England, nullifies the efficiency of one of the most potentially powerful and beneficent organisations that ever spread its network of agents over the world. What the Church of England could do is practically boundless. What it has done in some of its branches this history of Welsh Nonconformity sufficiently reveals.

The book covers the whole field of Welsh history, law, society, literature, and education in a popular, but by no means sketchy, form. A large part of it appeared as an introduction to the Report of the Royal Commission on Land in Wales, and was commonly regarded at the time as probably the only valuable part of the somewhat superfluous labours of that portentous body. This part has been considerably enlarged and improved, and there are new chapters on Roman

Britain, "The Pictish Question," the political history of Wales from Cadwaladr to 1282, legal and constitutional history since 1282, and so forth. The new matter is in some respects even more charming—because less directed to current political questions—than the old. Professor Rhys roams at large among those problems of Celtic origins and legends which he has often discussed before, not always, if we remember aright, with perfect consistency. He progresses, no doubt, as his researches advance. His chapters on ethnology and the Pictish question have already excited some controversy. He seems fairly convinced that the Picts were non-Aryan, and that this non-Aryan aboriginal population was the chief element in forming the British race. The Goidels and Brythons, who formed the ruling classes, intermarried with these "Picts," and also with each other, but the later admixture of Scandinavian, Norman, Flemish, and English blood "has not greatly modified the race, the predominant element in which has probably always been the substratum contributed by the earliest lords of the soil of these islands." How a substratum can be predominant, however, is not clear. We cannot here follow him into the discussion of non-Aryan syntax, Irish nomenclature, early Celtic legends, and Ogam inscriptions, on all which he pours a wealth of illustration out of his treasure-house of learning. Traces of matriarchy in Ireland, or at least descent by birth alone apart from the identity of paternity, are adduced, with numerous curious examples in legend and personal names. The whole subject is full of fascination, and Professor Rhys is as interesting and suggestive as ever. We cannot honestly say that we find the historical chapters equally attractive; indeed the authors confess that there is a good deal that is shadowy and colourless in the annals of Wales. But the account of "Ancient Laws and Customs" abounds in curious information, some of it so "curious" that it has to be wrapped up in decent Latin. Altogether, whether looked at from the point of view of the student of antiquities, ethnology, and folk-lore, or from that of the modern politician or the student of national characteristics, we have seldom met with a more informing and valuable work. Nor is the mass of authentic information its sole merit. It is written brightly and sympathetically, yet with a remarkable abstinence from party colouring. Those who expected a Welsh Radical manifesto from the pens of Professor Rhys and Mr. Brynmor-Jones will be disappointed. The book is well balanced, calm, judicial; and though no Welshman (nor Englishman neither) dealing with national subjects can be absolutely impartial, we must confess that we are agreeably surprised at the authors' self-control. "Burning questions" are treated with the least possible radiation. We wish an Irishman would do a like service to Ireland; there is a great field open to him; but probably this is asking too much of the *perfidium ingenium*—we suppose Professor Rhys would have us say—*Pictorum*.

DYING OFF.*

It is, unfortunately, but seldom that we can find space to notice French works of fiction. But the novel which forms the subject of the following notice is so striking and so full of an interest which, in one form or another, is universal, that we feel sure our readers will be glad to have their attention directed to it. Probably M. René Bazin would not agree that his admirable story, *La Terre qui Meurt*, was written with a moral and intellectual purpose, and intended to illustrate a process now at work through all the European countries. But there is no more natural origin for a story than some general remark, and in a sense his book arises out of a remark. Everywhere land that has been long under tillage fights a losing battle with the land that is new to the plough; and in consequence the hereditary landowners, once the centres of wealth and social power, fade into insignificance; they are dying off; while the actual tillers of the soil find it daily harder to win from the earth anything beyond their natural sustenance, and are confronted at every turn with the spectacle of other men and women in their own class to whom a lighter and less monotonous toil brings more command of money and offers a range of distractions unknown to the peasant. That is the observation that we all make for ourselves in England and in Scotland; while in Ireland the same causes draw the labourer not into

* *La Terre qui Meurt*. Par René Bazin. Paris: Calmann Lévy. [3 fr. 50 c.]

the great towns, for they are few or none, but to the richer prospects overseas. It is the same in France; and M. Bazin shows you in a concrete instance the working of the causes, half social, half economic, and shows you, too, the tragedy and the pathos of the struggle. It is not merely a phase of the struggle for existence. What still lives, what still struggles, though steadily dying out, is almost a religion, the cult of the ancestral soil, which is in the blood and the bones of those who descend from generation upon generation of tillers—who know one corner of earth as their fathers knew it before them, who labour upon it in subservience to the powers of the air, fulfilling half-consciously a ritual, "bound to the earth," Tolstoy has said, "as the vestals to the sacred fire."

It is this cult, this instinctive devotion, and the failing of this cult that M. Bazin writes of, rather than the more material aspect of the change. Toussaint Lumineau is a Vendéen of the Marais, linked by blood to a score of the best farmers in the countryside, and proud of his blood as the Marquis himself, Lumineau's hereditary seigneur. Year in, year out, for centuries there had been a Marquis at the château, a Lumineau at the farm, bound to each other by mutual service. Now that was changed, and the last Marquis, after living the way of his ancestors, hard drinking, hard riding, hail-fellow well met, had been forced by his wife to leave the familiar country for Paris. And so when Lumineau is pressed for the rent in a bad season the Marquis is there no longer, and matters must be settled with an agent. But the change strikes nearer home. Lumineau is old, his wife, who kept all together, is dead, and the eldest of his children, the son who inherits most strongly his passion for the soil, is crippled by an accident. The second son, François, is one of those whom barrack life has ruined; labour means only a way to get money, money to squander; the town draws him irresistibly, and he goes off to work on the railways, taking a sister with him, whose portion is invested in a little café. The old man scarcely survives this disloyalty to La Fromentière, and he is hard set, for his hired hand, Jean Nesmy, has been dismissed because he had dared to betroth himself to the youngest daughter, Rousille. Landless and a stranger, he had no right to aspire to the child of a *métayer* of the Marais. Yet there is always hope, for the youngest son, André, serving in Africa as orderly to a brother of the Marquis, is about to return; and the scene of his return is a masterpiece. André is a born worker, a lover of the land, a lover of La Fromentière. But François was his favourite brother, and the farm is lonely without those that had gone. And, work as they will, the pinch is still hard. It surprises, rather than distresses, old Lumineau to see a new way with the young. They read. On Sundays when the old folk go round the fields and talk over prospects, André is reading. And at last the gist of his reading becomes apparent. One day in winter he and old Lumineau, idle with the frost, determine to clear the vineyard which the phylloxera has left useless. The true spirit of the Georgics is in the description of that melancholy labour, and the thoughts in the young man's mind as he severs the clinging roots up which once ran the sap that passed into grapes—into the luxury and the gaiety of the peasant's life—but up which the sap ran now to no purpose. Old Lumineau has the same thought, and as they sit at home, "That was a black day's work we did to-day," he says. "Ay," says André, "but there are other lands where the vines do not fail." And he pours out on them the flood of his reading; the daily increasing competition of new lands, America, Australia, and the rest. New lands, where a man may have land for the asking, and get his passage paid to go there. The father, like the true peasant, simply answers that these are old wives' fables; but before long a day comes when André takes ship for South America. Logically, that is the end. Old Lumineau is beaten, and the farm must pass away from the ancient stock.

But there is another personage in the story, Rousille, the youngest girl, who in the early chapters stole out at dawn to meet her lover in the *verger clos*, where in the walled orchard the apple trees met and arched over a vaulted pathway, down which the girl ran stooping. The meeting was in all honesty, though her father blamed Rousille because she, a *Maraîchine* and a *métayer's* daughter, would let herself be courted by a mere day labourer, a miserable stranger. Yet it was Rousille who made the sacrifice of her portion, when

the others refused, to meet the arrear of rent, and Mr. Barrie might envy the skill which depicted the peasant girl's visit to the two old dressmakers with whom the money was lodged, and their counsel to her in her distress. It is a scene which English people would do well to read, that they may realise how honest, how fresh, and how wholesome is the essential life of France, though one need hardly particularise this scene, for every page in the book conveys the same truth; and the two Michelonnes sisters are not more charming figures than Lumineau himself and his friend, Le Glorieux,—or, indeed, than Rousille and her constant lover, Jean Nesmy. No lady in any land is treated with more deference of devotion than Jean uses with Rousille; separated as they are, perfect trust is between them, and when at the last old Lumineau turns to his daughter and asks whether Jean Nesmy would come back to La Fromentière, she answers for him confidently, and the eldest of the Michelonnes is sent gladly to make the necessary advances. So it comes about that although the name passes, old Lumineau's blood will still be devoted to the farm, for he has found a man who is kept to the spot, not merely by the love for the land he has wrought on, but by the love also for a woman; and Rousille has all her father's feeling for the land and for the home. One may try, in conclusion, to show how beautifully, when he departs from his habitual simplicity, M. Bazin can set to words the wordless feeling of these folk:—

"Every night the farmer used to cross his doorstep, and before he went to bed draw a breath of the air of his home. He walked out to the middle of the yard, and, after his custom, looked at the sky to judge of the weather for the morrow. Some clouds were gliding westward, the rearguard of a wider spreading mass that lost itself below the horizon. They shaped themselves into transparent islands, sundered by abysses of a deep and star-set blue. The wind drove them with one continuous motion towards the neighbouring coast. Slowly like a laden vessel it carried to the living sea the kiss of the earth-life, the scent and the thrill of growths, the seeds adrift, germs entangled in the dust, dropping here and there in a mysterious rain, the cry of numberless creatures, scarcely heard but by the wind, as they sing in the forests of the pass. A wave of contentment passed, a calm and fruitful tide, on its way to join the other, to sweep over it and spread into the wide sea-solitudes the odour of the harvests of France. And the farmer, drinking in the air where the soul of his Vendée hung suspended, felt in himself a stirring of the love that had not weakened, a love that he could not have expressed, yet that filled him to the very marrow of his bones."

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

MR. JACOBS, enviably impervious to all the literary influences of the hour that make for pessimism, proceeds tranquilly with his genial delineations of the humours of the coasting trade. *A Master of Craft* is his first full-length story, but only in quantity do we mark any notable deviation from his earlier methods. The scene is as usual laid on a small coasting schooner, or in the various haunts or houses of call of those engaged in this trade, and the motive is not for the first time furnished by the amorous susceptibilities of an amiable but singularly indiscreet skipper. Happily, all suggestion of monotony is avoided by Mr. Jacobs's inexhaustible fertility in the contrivance of ludicrous situations. In the present instance, Captain Flower, of the 'Foam,' finds himself in the embarrassing position of being simultaneously engaged to three young women, and to extricate himself from the entanglement, enlists the services of the mate as his accomplice in a sham suicide, hoping that when the time is ripe for his return to life, the ineligible partners will have consoled themselves elsewhere, and that the charming Miss Poppy Tyrell will still be available. The imbroglio is worked out with unflagging ingenuity and a rich variety of unexpected complications, and in the end a very proper Nemesis befalls the inconsiderate skipper for exacting more of his accomplice and his betrothed than could be reasonably expected in the trying circumstances. The story, in fine, is very far from being a mere farce, and unlike many modern farces, it is absolutely free from the taint of vulgarity or lubricity. Mr. Jacobs may have slightly idealised the conversation and manners of his *dramatis personæ*, but he has

* (1.) *A Master of Craft*. By W. W. Jacobs. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]
 —(2.) *Sons of the Morning*. By Eden Phillpotts. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]
 —(3.) *The Soft Side*. By Henry James. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]
 —(4.) *Neighbours: being Annals of a Dull Town*. By Julia M. Crotbie. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [6s.]
 —(5.) *The Conquest of London*. By Dorothea Gerard. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]
 —(6.) *Daunay's Tower*. By Adeline Sergeant. London: F. V. White and Co. [6s.]

done it in a manner that is at once legitimate and artistic, nor does it seriously detract from the naturalness of his portraiture. To say more of Mr. Jacobs's book would be to discount the enjoyment of the reader. *A Master of Craft* can be unreservedly recommended to all who have not lost their appetite for wholesome food for laughter.

Mr. Henry James, while still diligently exercising his talent as the interpreter of recondite and exotic emotions, shows a less uncompromising preference for the abnormal in *The Soft Side* than in any of his recent novels. That is to say, we are in the position of being able to admire the subtlety of his method and the elaborate ingenuity of his treatment without being condemned to breathe an atmosphere of moral malaria as the penalty of indulging our æsthetic appreciation. In one story, that entitled "John Delavoy," in which the narrator aids the sister of a dead celebrity in foiling the vulgar schemes of an enterprising editor, there is a note of downrightness as rare as it is welcome in Mr. James's later romances. "Do you know, dear Mr. Beston," remarks the heroine, "that you make me very sick?" and the plain person, wearied somewhat of Mr. James's perfect detachment while engaged in his analysis of the odious, welcomes the outburst with enthusiasm. As a *tour de force* of delicate insight, nothing is better than the opening sketch. Put baldly, it is the account of how a successful literary man, on the verge of collapse from overstrain, is rescued by a prolonged sleep, in which he dreams that he is the inmate of a sort of paradisiacal convalescent home for mental invalids. The atmosphere of dreamland, the interconnection of waking with sleeping thoughts, and the resumption of the thread of consciousness, are all conveyed with masterly skill. Three other stories are of a distinctly psychic complexion, one dealing with the experiences of a biographer, at first stimulated but finally hampered in his task by the consciousness of the presence of his dead friend; another describing the absorption of a weak mind in the spiritualistic cult of a dead girl whom he never saw; and the third of a purely fantastic kind. "The Tree of Knowledge" and "The Abasement of the Northmores" are clever studies in disillusionment, the latter of a somewhat painful cast, while in the last story of all we have a humorous exemplification of the clashing of Italian with American domestic traditions. We cannot say that we have found the volume exhilarating, in view of the insistence with which the author has represented the living as so many puppets, the strings of which are pulled by the dead, or the dead-alive, or the family skeleton. But as a virtuoso of transcendental morbidity Mr. James claims unstinted admiration.

Another volume of short stories of uncommon interest is that put forth by Miss Crottie under the title of *Neighbours*. They are unequal in execution and far from optimistic in their outlook on humanity; but we have not encountered in any of the younger writers of Irish fiction a finer talent for reproducing the characteristic eloquence of Irish peasant talk. When a well-meaning but indiscreet neighbour informed Peggy Dee that her only son was a changeling, Peggy uprose in her wrath. "Go home, you walking stack of ignorance," she said, "an' if you ever come within a hen's race of my child—if I see you even looking crooked at him—I'll set the dogs o' the street after you." Again, when Mr. Maurice Connors is knocked up by the two runaways in "Turned Back," with what a splendid wealth of metaphor does he apostrophise the trembling pair!—"In the name of the seventeen jeuces, what are ye thundering an' pounding at the doors for," he cried wrathfully. "Here I am with a toothache that would kill the Danes, an' every thump going through my head like the hammers o' death!" It is in the same story, which describes the ineffectual attempt of a public-house apprentice to enlist while his master lies dying of delirium tremens, that the conflict between opportunity and capacity is thus summed up by a tipsy customer:—"Bedad! John O'Dell is in a bad way again," said the band-boy. "Wow! Isn't it terrible to have soft brains, an' he with the handlin' o' this world of fine liquor, that he could be drunk every day that riz on him in comfort if he had a solid headpiece! But that's the way with human nature,—conthrairy an' r'asonless always! People that have full an' plenty never know how to enjoy it." Alike by its outbursts of wild humour and its ruthless delineation of the

soul-destroying effects of the drink habit, this is one of the most impressive stories in a volume written throughout with an energy and breadth of handling rare in the work of a woman.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has travelled far since his early farcical ventures, and though we are unregenerate enough to welcome with gratitude such relapses into levity as his *Human Boy*, it is impossible in view of work so earnest in aim and careful in workmanship as *Sons of the Morning* to gainsay his claim to recognition not merely as an able but as a strenuous and serious novelist. In the volume before us the scene is once more laid in Devonshire, in the neighbourhood of Dartmoor, for which Mr. Eden Phillpotts cherishes a deep and passionate devotion, and the plot, though familiar in its main outlines, derives freshness and interest from the peculiar circumstances in which the heroine is placed. Honor Endicott, who lives with a blind uncle, is the last of her race, and mistress in her own right of the farm that has descended to her through a long line of yeomen. At the opening of the story she has just decided to marry her neighbour, Christopher Yeoland, like herself the last of a yeoman stock, and for the rest a vivacious, engaging, but indolent optimist. Scarcely have they been betrothed when Myles Stapledon, Honor's cousin, a man of substance as well as of high aims, comes upon the scene. His powerful individuality impresses his cousin, though without seriously shaking her allegiance; but Yeoland, in a moment of impatience and jealous distrust, releases her from her engagement, and goes off to Australia, whence in due time he sends a false report of his death, backed by the arrival of a coffin containing the remains of a namesake. So Honor marries Stapledon and is happy enough till Yeoland's return. Then the tables are turned, and it is Stapledon who is tormented with jealousy. Finally he is killed by a purely accidental fall over a cliff, and Honor marries Yeoland, with every prospect of happiness until she overhears her blind uncle talking to himself about Myles's heroic self-sacrifice, and we leave her, with a mind poisoned by this misconception, to face a future for ever haunted by a ghost of her own raising. The influence of Mr. Hardy—in regard to the curious relations of the principal characters, their helpless subjugation to destiny, and the spirit of Nature-worship which animates many passages in the dialogue and description—is strongly felt throughout a book which—in spite of some excellent rustic interludes—exercises in the main a somewhat depressing influence on the reader.

The Conquest of London is not a sensational romance of the next European war, as its name might easily suggest. On the contrary, the conquerors not only belong to the spindle side of creation, but they are anything of an Amazonian type. Novels without heroes are common enough, but here we have a story with four heroines—a quartet of pretty and impecunious orphans—who, suddenly extricated from the clutch of poverty by the unexpected legacy of an eccentric uncle, rashly decide to spend the entire sum on a husband-hunting excursion to London. The results of the campaign—humorous, exciting, disastrous, and at times humiliating—are set forth with her accustomed skill and charm by Miss Gerard. *The Conquest of London* is in lighter vein than many of her books, and cannot compare with some of her studies of life and character in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but it is none the less a bright and entertaining narrative.

Miss Sergeant in *Daunay's Tower* describes the regeneration of a middle-aged doctor with a disreputable past, by his disinterested affection for the beautiful, high-spirited, and altogether admirable daughter of the doctor's patron. That patron, John Daunay, is a most unnatural parent, for after omitting to recognise his child for eighteen years, he brutally punishes her for refusing to marry a man she has never seen by branding her falsely in his will with the stigma of illegitimacy. Such things are, of course, conceivable, but Miss Sergeant fails in the present instance to lend plausibility to her plot. Her characters are a jumble of contradictions—jumping from steely composure one moment to convulsive fury the next—and the sustained artificiality of the story is only redeemed from absurdity by the author's fluent style and the unflagging energy with which she shifts the scene and bustles her puppets about the stage.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE GENIUS OF PROTESTANTISM.

The Genius of Protestantism: a Book for the Times. By the Rev. R. McCheyne Edgar, D.D. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 6s.)—It was a good idea of Dr. Edgar to write on the genius of Protestantism. Not a few clergymen of the Church of England speak of Protestantism with disdain, and regard its connection with their Church as a plague-spot on its history. There is some danger, therefore, that those who listen to such teaching may forget, or perhaps never learn, the deep debt they owe to the movement which preserved a rational faith for the Teutonic peoples. In the sixteenth century Europe stood in perplexity between the frivolous sceptics of the Renaissance on the one hand, and a religion so disfigured by childish and fantastic superstitions that it had ceased to be credible to men of enlightenment. The Protest of the Reformers indirectly introduced great practical reforms into the Church of Rome, and it gave to those who separated from it a faith which they could believe without being guilty of intellectual suicide. It is true that the after-history of Protestantism did not quite fulfil the promise of its heroic youth. Rendered timid by the bloody wars and the revolutionary social movements which its Protest had excited, it sought refuge behind the State, became intellectually timid, and often spiritually slothful. But its original genius never altogether deserted it, and its history can show a record of quiet moral and religious progress to which it would not be easy to find a parallel. Dr. Edgar writes with knowledge and with unflagging enthusiasm, and we credit him with the wish to be fair. In the opening chapter of his work he lays down the admirable principle that we are not likely to do full justice to Protestantism if we do injustice to the Romanism which preceded it and still confronts it. In the course of his work, however, he often forgets his initiatory good resolution, and indulges in an indiscriminate laudation of Protestantism, and in a not less indiscriminate vilification of Catholicism. But it is hard, we suppose, for an Irish Protestant living in Dublin to be altogether fair to a Church with which his own is often in deadly conflict. With much, if not with all, that he says about the superiority of Protestantism as a religion for educated men, we can cordially agree. But we doubt the wisdom of dwelling upon the circumstance that money flows faster into Protestant than into Catholic pockets, and that Protestants know better than Catholics how to make themselves comfortable in the present world. It may be quite true that in Canada "the great jobs, the industries, the commerce, and the principal shops are in the hands of Protestants." But Catholics may, with reason, object to such a test being applied to their religion, and plead that it would be more to the purpose to inquire which form of Christianity better promotes the virtues inculcated in the New Testament. Dr. Edgar's volume abounds in quotations, some of them of great interest. He cites a prediction from an American writer which deserves attention:—"It is quite evident that the free humanistic spirit is rapidly approaching the climax of its development. It is sweeping forward to its final excesses. It has plunged the great body of men into a condition of doubt, of utter indifference to spiritual things, of intense worldliness, like that which characterised the last days of classical civilisation. Hence, in accordance with its fundamental law, Christianity must soon undergo another transformation. The sense of spiritual need will again be aroused to its fullest activity. A new age of faith will begin." These words are, we believe, true; and they account for the revival of Catholicism on the Continent of Europe, and for the recent growth of the High Church party in England. A Church with impressive services and a definite creed has many attractions for those who are beset with intellectual doubts, but have the wish to believe. It remains to be seen whether Protestantism retains enough of its true genius to offer to such spirits a more rational, and therefore more abiding, solution of their difficulties.

THE EXPOSITOR'S NEW TESTAMENT.

The Expositor's New Testament. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. Vol. II. (Hodder and Stoughton. 28s.)—This second volume contains Acts (by Professor Knowling), Romans (by Professor Deaney), and 1 Corinthians (by Professor Findlay). Comparing it with Dean Alford's edition, we find it worked on a somewhat larger scale. There are nine hundred and sixty-three pages as against five hundred and ninety-two (2 Corinthians having been reserved for the third volume). The various readings occupy a much smaller space, the editor having limited the

references in this department—wisely, we think—to the chief authorities. Consequently the commentary is much more full. The writer of this notice has used this volume daily since its publication, besides examining specially the more difficult and disputable passages. The result of this experience has been to strengthen the belief, expressed in the notice of the first volume, that the work is one of great merit; the text is always carefully examined, with reference both to Hellenistic and Classical Greek, and the exegesis is evidently the work of thoroughly competent persons. Not less conspicuous is the breadth of view. The introduction to the Acts is, we think, especially valuable. No book in the New Testament demands a better equipment both of learning and of sound judgment. Much labour has been lately expended on the book by critics of various schools. Precedence may fairly be accorded to Professor Ramsay, but the names of McGiffert, Orello Cone, Blass, Page, will occur to the Biblical student. Professor Knowling shows himself to be fully informed as to the latest results of inquiry. We cannot pretend to deal with particular passages. One, however, we may briefly mention. It is the famous crux of 1 Cor. xv. 29, "Else what shall they do who are baptized for the dead?" Professor Findlay explains it by the well-known experience "that the death of Christians leads to the conversion of survivors." But could such an experience have become sufficiently common in the Corinthian Church to be used, when that Church had existed for so short a time? St. Paul arrived at Corinth late in 50 A.D., and wrote this letter early in 56. A period of little more than five years could hardly have witnessed so many conversions of this kind as to make the experience familiar. Professor Findlay lays down some conditions for the interpretation of the passage which we cannot accept. The Corinthian Christians may well have been superstitious enough—if we choose to use the word—to use a substitutionary baptism. And we can conceive St. Paul not disdaining to use it. He did not disdain to turn to his purpose strange Rabbinical fancies when occasion served.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

The Evolution of the English Novel. By Francis Hovey Stoddard, Professor of English Literature in New York University. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)—This is a pleasant little book, full of suggestive criticism. But "Phases" or "Developments of the English Novel" would have been a better name for it than the rather high-flying title Mr. Stoddard has chosen. We have read very carefully the pages devoted to the explanation of the term "evolution" and its application to the growth of the novelist's art and responsibility, and we lay down the book entirely unconvinced that "evolution" has anything to do with the matter. The novel is the expression of *the* mood, or *a* mood, of the hour. It reflects the—or some of the—political, social, and emotional conditions of its time. A novel that makes a "hit" is followed by a succession of imitations, some of which may perhaps be, in points of method and style, improvements upon the book that gave the pattern. But most of the imitations will be inferior to the pattern; and in time the reading public will weary of them. That kind of novel will be said to be "played out," and some new writer will make a new departure in a new line. But this is not evolution. One kind of great novel does not grow out of, or into, another kind of great novel. A better case for evolution might be made out of the story of the developments of fiction preceding the birth of the novel which Mr. Stoddard says happened when Richardson wrote "Pamela." There were romances as far back as the sixth century, but no *novel* until the tale of "external, far-off, glorious unrealities passed away," and in their "place came the simple story of a humble life, in scenes real, at hand, the story of a simple, homely, struggling soul; the story of a Pamela, of a Marianne, of a Manon Lescaut, of a Joseph Andrews, of a Clarissa Harlowe." The novel once born, Mr. Stoddard traces what he calls its evolution—what we should call its development and differentiation—upon four lines: the novel of personality, the novel of history, the novel of romance, the novel of purpose, and so comes to the modern problem novel; endeavouring to show in each case an advance in motives and methods "from the physical to the intellectual, from the depiction of far-off occurrences and adventures to the narration and representation of contemporaneous, immediate, domestic occurrences; and, finally, to the presentation of conflicts of the mind and soul beneath the external manifestations." To Mr. Stoddard it seems that there is promise of much good for the world in the preoccupation of the modern novel with social, religious, and ethical problems. At the same time, he is careful to say that he does not consider that any of the problem novels have as yet given us "great treatments" of their themes. Nor does he find in any of them

"solutions" But that the authors of these books should try to find solutions seems to him to indicate a "confidence in the usefulness of the novel as a permanent form of literature." The immense popularity of the novel assures its permanence for the present, if we may be allowed a "bull." And the preference for books with the problem-motive only means, we fear, that the reading public of our day, being in the main uneducated, likes the excitement of discussion better than the repose of solution or the finish of art.

THE LAW RELATING TO PATENTS.

The Law and Practice Relating to Letters Patent for Inventions. By Roger William Wallace and John Bruce Williamson. (W. Clowes and Sons. 40s.)—This is a legal text-book on a branch of the law of great importance to manufacturers, and productive of much litigation. An inventor is not primarily entitled to make sole use of his invention; and neither at common law nor by any statute is there such a thing as property in a new invention. The inventor may, it is true, keep the object or the process of his discovery secret, but that is as much as saying that he shall desist from all the profits which the invention may place within his reach. Having once published his invention to the world, he has made the public free to use or copy it as they think fit. In order, therefore, to enjoy the profits of his ingenuity, he must get a grant to use his invention and to prevent others doing so for such a period as the law will allow him. This grant is a monopoly, which, from time immemorial, can only be bestowed by the Crown, and only in certain cases. The Crown as the protector of trade, which in the Middle Ages it more or less really was, soon played a leading part in introducing new manufactures from abroad, and granted letters of protection to foreign traders. Thus Edward III. enabled a native of Flanders to establish the industry of clothmaking in this country. The custom of granting similar privileges to Englishmen by means of letters patent—that is, letters open to all men and addressed to all men in the Sovereign's name—soon followed. The law, which recognised this Royal right to intervene and grant a monopoly, soon found it needful to protest against its abuse. Under the Tudors the practice of granting the most objectionable monopolies became an inexpensive method of rewarding favourites. Queen Elizabeth carried the practice even further than her predecessors, and by the end of her reign the Courts of Law had had occasion to distinguish between unlawful monopolies and those of some manufacture new to the country and granted for a limited time. These monopolies, granted to the first inventor, were held to be a proper incentive to enterprise, and consequently advantageous to the nation. James I. soon after his accession issued a declaration, speaking of monopolies as contrary to our laws, unless they were for projects of new invention. But he does not seem to have exactly carried out the precepts which he laid down, and the increasing numbers of the most objectionable monopolies led to the intervention of the House of Commons. Every person who kept an inn was compelled to pay fees for the grant of a license to certain favourites, who in their turn had got a monopoly to grant leave to act as inn-keeper. The making of gold and silver thread was likewise made a monopoly. Public feeling began to run high. Some of the chief holders of monopolies were impeached by the House of Commons; and James was so much alarmed that he appeared in person and announced that he intended to revoke the grants. In 1624 the famous statute of monopolies was passed, abolishing the abuses which had grown up, and making one single exception in favour of inventors. The reasonable time during which an inventor might enjoy his privileges was fixed at fourteen years. Such is the early history of the law, and the authors of this book rightly dwell on the antiquity of the law of patents. "Thus the statute of Monopolies created no new patent right. It merely forbade the granting of those monopolies which the law had already declared to be *ultra vires* of the Royal prerogative. All legal patent grants were left precisely where they were before, except that in no future case could the term of a patent grant exceed fourteen years." Even down to the present day the law has retained the language and the principles of the Act of James I.'s reign, and the form of grant of letters patent bears traces of its extreme antiquity. It would be out of place here to follow the authors of this very complete and well-arranged book into the intricacies of the modern law. The name of Mr. Roger Wallace, Q.C., is so well known as a patent lawyer that those who have occasion to use this book can hardly have higher authority to rely on.

The Young Sportsman. Edited by A. E. T. Watson. (Lawrence and Bullen. 10s. 6d.)—Mr. Watson, the editor of the *Badminton*

Magazine, has put together in this volume the articles in the "Encyclopædia of Sport" (published by the same firm) which seem most necessary for boys who are to grow up with tastes and knowledge for outdoor exercise and field sports. Some of the articles have been furnished with introductions, covering, for the sake of young readers, what their seniors were supposed to know. The book will no doubt be appreciated, but it is not a case in which the half is greater than the whole. The parent "Encyclopædia," if not too expensive, is a very valuable book of reference of its kind.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

The Speaker's Chair. By Edward Lummis. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.)—In the first century of which Mr. Lummis gives a record of occupants of the "Speaker's Chair" (1377-1478) there are some forty names, besides *lacunæ* which cannot be filled up. Since 1801 there have been eight, including Mr. Speaker Gully. In the old days Parliaments had very brief lives, never lasting more than a few months. And the essential qualities of the fitting man were very different from what they are now. Indeed, the account of the development of the office is one of the most interesting things in Mr. Lummis's book. The Speaker had to be the champion of the House, defending it against outside powers; now he has to defend it from itself. In the ninth Parliament of Queen Elizabeth Serjeant Yelverton, when elected to the office, excused himself on the ground of his defect in what he conceived to be a Speaker's qualifications. "He that supplieth this place ought to be a man big and comely, stately and well spoken, his voice great, his nature haughty, and his purse plentiful and heavy." The plea did not avail, but he was burdened with the office for little more than three months. The most famous Speakers are William Lenthall, who was elected in 1640, and after various intervals of office, presided in the last Session of the Long Parliament; Arthur Onslow, who sat for more than thirty-four years; Henry Addington, and Charles Abbott. In our own days the House has been singularly fortunate in its selections, not the least happy, considering how little was known of his qualifications, being the last. Sir Fletcher Norton (1770-1780) must not be forgotten. Mr. Lummis records two famous utterances of his. In one he called the House to order in these terms: "You are almost as bad as the other House"; the other was his speech to the King when he presented a Bill that had been passed for paying his debts and increasing his allowance by £100,000: "Your faithful Commons have, in a time of public distress, full of difficulty and danger, and labouring under burdens almost too heavy to be borne, granted you a supply and great additional revenue, great beyond example, great beyond your Majesty's highest wants, but hoping that what we have contributed so liberally will be employed wisely." Mr. Lummis has given us a book of considerable value.

Studies in Texts. By Joseph Parker, D.D. Vol. VI. (Horace Marshall and Son. 3s. 6d.)—This is the completing volume of Dr. Parker's "Studies." The title is not descriptive, for the texts, so far at least as this volume is concerned, are rather mottoes than subjects. The preacher does not interpret a complete saying, but gives us reflections more or less suggested by the words. "We abode in the valley," for instance, in Deut. iii. 29 (describing the halt of Israel while Moses ascends Pisgah), is made the occasion for various moralisings on life, sometimes forcible enough, but not always in the best taste. "Christ has abolished death. Poor, poor death! What! Abolished? It is an act of contempt, and yet an act of sovereignty." Surely a little more sobriety of expression would be more becoming.

Thomson's Winter: a Reproduction of the Original Edition. With Introduction by W. Willis, Q.C. (W. H. Bartlett. 1s. net.)—Mr. Willis is a collector of editions of Thomson, and is probably unrivalled in his knowledge of the poet, who, indeed, has few readers nowadays. Mr. Willis is severe on the later biographers who have reproduced some gossip which might have been more profitably suffered to perish,—the story of the poet eating the peaches off the wall because he was too lazy to pluck them. The only doubt is whether it was worth while to deny the idle stories. The real interest of the volume lies in the contrast between the first text and that which received Thomson's final corrections. The poem is more than doubled in length, being expanded from 405 lines to 1,069 in the edition before us. The total number of the Four Seasons grew from 3,902 to 5,423, a middle term being found in the "Subscription Edition" of 1730, which

contained 4,363. The verbal corrections may fairly be said to be for the better. No one can doubt but that "Congenial Horrors, hail!" is better than "Wished, wintry, Horrors, hail!" if either is good. And some of the additions are of value. The really charming lines about the redbreast who—

"Hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is,"

were an afterthought. But we must own that Thomson does not please when he is compared with the finer taste and keener observation of Tennyson. We can hardly wish success to Mr. Willis in his desire to "increase the study, by our young men and women, of the pure and noble writings of Thomson." His place in the "British poets" is probably secure, but he must be content to remain unread, even when he rises to such heights as his paraphrase of "Consider the Lilies":—

"Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race."

Dartmoor Illustrated. By T. A. Falcon, M.A. (J. G. Commin, Exeter. 12s. 6d. net and 25s.)—This volume is intended to be a "Pictorial Companion" to a recent republication of the "Peregrination of Dartmoor and the Venville Precincts." It consists of a hundred photographic illustrations, with topographic notes, by Mr. Falcon. The photographs are of excellent quality, and do as much justice to the beautiful scenery of the forest as the camera can do.

Half-Hours in Japan. By the Rev. Herbert Moore. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)—Mr. Moore, who has been engaged in missionary work in Japan, writes a pleasant little book—perhaps too elaborately simple in style—about the manners and customs of the Japanese. Of course it is the sunny side of the country and the people that he describes. But he does not find everything perfect. He is very "faithful" about the fruit, which seems to be but of poor quality; the persimmon only moves him to anything like enthusiasm. The book is likely to be really serviceable to any traveller in the country, for Mr. Moore is always practical. One piece of advice we may quote:—When there is an earthquake, do not run out of the house, but stand in the doorway till it is over. We see that in the description of marriage ceremonies bridegroom and bride have to drink (nine times too!) out of a cup with two spouts. This is the *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον* of Homer, if, indeed, Schliemann is right in his interpretation of that phrase.

The Palace of Poor Jack. By Frank T. Bullen. (J. Nisbet and Co. 1s. net.)—Mr. Crockett commends Mr. Bullen to the public—modestly saying that the "Palace" needs no "porch" of his making—and Mr. Bullen commends a design for furnishing a home for "Poor Jack" when he is ashore, and in danger of being devoured by evil creatures who are accustomed to prey upon him. The special cause which calls for a new effort in this direction is the shifting of the centre of nautical life on the Thames. It has moved lower down the river. Forty odd years ago it was at Ratcliff Highway—and probably is believed by many to be still there—but now the West India Dock Road is the place where the *ναυτικός ὄχλος* is thickest. Here Mr. Passmore Edwards is going to build the "Palace." The public is asked to furnish it, start it, and keep it going. To persuade this same public is Mr. Bullen's object. With the readers of the *Spectator*, who, if we may say so much of a colleague, have reason to think well of him, he ought to succeed. We may add that the present headquarters of the Sailors' Institute is at Mercer Street, Shadwell, E.C.

Elementary Studies in Chemistry. By Joseph Torrey, jun. (A. Constable and Co. 6s. net.)—Mr. Torrey is an instructor in Harvard University. It is specially interesting, therefore, to see what demands he makes on behalf of the subject which he professes. The time he demands for chemistry is "at least five, and preferably six, hours per week." He also requires that the student should already have a knowledge of "elementary physics, geometry, and algebra."—We have received Part II. of *A Treatise on Zoology*, edited by E. Ray Lankester (A. and C. Black, 15s. net), containing "Great Divisions of the Metazoa," by the editor; "Porifera," by E. A. Minchin, M.A.; "Hydromedusæ and Scyphomedusæ," by G. H. Fowler, B.A.; and "Anthozoa and Ctenophora," by G. C. Bourne, M.A.

We have received a very convenient edition, described as "The Elongated Edition," of *The Book of Common Prayer* (Oxford Press), which may be obtained with or without "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," attached, and also printed on either common paper or the

Indian paper which is almost a speciality of the Oxford Press. It measures 5 in. by 2½ in., and weighs about 3 oz.—*The Days of Our Pilgrimage*, by the Rev. S. C. Lowry (Skeffington and Son, 3s. 6d.), is described as containing "Devotional Readings for Church and Home," under the various headings of "Walking," "Waiting," "Watching," and "Working."

WAR BOOKS.—Of books about the war in South Africa we have *The Siege of Mafeking*, by J. Angus Hamilton (Methuen and Co, 6s.) Mr. Hamilton republishes in this volume certain contributions to the *Times* and to *Black and White*, illustrating them with photographs that have appeared in the latter journal. The first six chapters are introductory; in the seventh the author gets, so to speak, to work, giving a very graphic description of the "Skirmish at Five Mile Bank." One of the most interesting incidents that came within his experience was a narrow escape from a shell, which almost blew him out of his saddle, and did carry off his helmet. (He was riding to inform the officer in command of a gun detachment that he was firing on his own friends.) After this comes an account of the "First Day of Bombardment," this, again, being followed by "The Advent of Big Ben." So we follow the story to the end, where we have a chapter as good as anything in the book detailing the author's conversation with Commandant Eloff, who had taken him prisoner in May and was now a prisoner in turn. One thing is clear,—that Cronje was treated with a courtesy beyond his deserts. More than twenty-two thousand shells were put into Mafeking during the siege. Add to this number the total of the rifle bullets, and we shall find the proportion to injuries inflicted immensely large. The garrison, all told, amounted to fifteen hundred.—*Some Reminiscences of the War.* By the Earl De La Warr. (Hurst and Blackett. 1s.)—Lord De La Warr complains loudly of the manner in which the censorship was exercised. One count in his indictment is so serious that it ought to be made the subject of inquiry. "In many cases letters from husbands to wives and important business letters were opened and read, and the officials in the Censors' department were frequently unduly talkative" (the italics are ours). The names of these officials are presumably known, and it is to be hoped that Lord De La Warr has lost no time in communicating them to the authorities. Of the letters themselves it is needless to say anything more than that they have the interest of the subject.—*Echoes from the Battlefields of South Africa*, by Dudley Kidd (Marshall Brothers, 2s. 6d.), gives us an opportunity of viewing the war from a different standpoint than that usually taken. It tells the story of religious ministrations to the soldiers at the front, to the garrisons in the besieged towns, and to the wounded and sick in the hospitals. Parts of it have already been published in various booklets. We will content ourselves with recommending the collected work to our readers.—Though China has ousted South Africa from the first columns of war news, there has scarcely been time for the appearance of books. That we may be prepared, however, to understand them when they are published, and in the meanwhile to read with profit the news as it comes, we have *How to Read the War News from China* (T. Fisher Unwin, 1s.), described as a "Vade-Mecum of Notes and Hints to Readers of Despatches and Intelligence from the Seat of War, with a Map and Glossary of Military Technical Terms."

NEW EDITIONS.—In "The New Century Library" (Nelson and Sons), we have Vol. V. of "The New Century Thackeray" (2s.), containing *The Paris Sketch-Book*, *The Irish Sketch-Book*, *A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*.—*Curiosities of Natural History.* By Francis T. Buckland. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. per vol.)—There are four series of these admirable books, originally published between the years 1857 and 1865. Their success has been most marked, for the First Series has reached the twenty-first edition, the Second the sixteenth, the Third and Fourth the tenth. And no one can doubt that the success has been thoroughly well deserved.—Two volumes of a somewhat similar kind, and, indeed, closely related, as being also the work of a devoted and acute observer of Nature, are *Inmates of My House and Garden*, and *More About Wild Nature*, by Mrs. Brightwen (T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. per vol.)—*Simple Lectures for Company Field Training.* By Major A. W. A. Pollock. (W. Clowes and Sons. 3s. net.)—Major Pollock has been acting as correspondent to a London journal during the war in South Africa, and has taken advantage of the circumstance to bring his book up to date. He is able, however, to say that the alterations made necessary by recent developments in firearms are very few. Two chapters on the use of infantry in war, and the lessons of the Boer War in particular, have been added.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Braddon (M. E.), <i>The Infidel</i> , cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	6/0
Brereton (F. S.), <i>With Rifle and Bayonet</i> , cr 8vo	(Blackie)	5/0
Brereton (Le G.), <i>Landlopers: a Tale</i> , cr 8vo	(Unwin)	3/6
Buchan (John), <i>The Half-Hearted</i> , cr 8vo	(Isbister)	6/0
Burton (J. B.), <i>Servants of Sin</i> , cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Carrel (F.), <i>The Realization of Justus Moran</i> , cr 8vo	(Long)	6/0
Channer (C. C.), <i>Lacemaking in the Midlands</i> , cr 8vo	(Methuen)	2/6
Chesterton (G.), <i>Greybeards at Play</i> , 4to	(R. B. Johnson)	2/6
China of To-Day, oblong 4to	(Newnes)	5/0
Cleeve (Lucas), <i>The World's Blackmail</i> , cr 8vo	(F. V. White)	6/0
Colmore (G.), <i>The Marble Face</i> , cr 8vo	(Smith & Elder)	6/0
Cornford (L. C.), <i>English Composition</i> , cr 8vo	(Nutt)	3/6
Cowham (J. H.), <i>The School Journey</i> , 8vo	(Simpkin)	2/6
Crane (Walter), <i>Line and Form</i> , 8vo	(Bell)	12/0
Cullen (F. S.), <i>Cancer of the Uterus</i> , roy 8vo	(Hirschfeld)	31/6
Dudeney (Mrs. H.), <i>Men of Marlowe's</i> , cr 8vo	(Long)	6/0
Farrelly (M. J.), <i>Settlement after the War in South Africa</i> , 8vo	(Macmillan)	10/0
Farrow (G. E.), <i>The Mandarin's Kite</i> , cr 8vo	(Skeffington)	3/6
Fletcher (M.), <i>Every Inch a Briton</i> , cr 8vo	(Blackie)	3/6
Following Jesus, by D. J. D., folio	(Partridge)	2/6
Fox (J.), <i>A Cumberland Vendetta</i> , cr 8vo	(Harper)	3/6
Garnett (Olive), <i>Petersburg Tales</i> , cr 8vo	(Heinemann)	6/0
Gibb (E. J. W.), <i>A History of Ottoman Poetry</i> , Vol. I., roy 8vo	(Luzac)	21/0
Golschmann (L.), <i>Boy Crusoes</i> , cr 8vo	(Blackie)	3/6
Hackel (E.), <i>Riddle of the Universe at Close of 19th Century</i>	(Watts)	6/0
Hall (J.), <i>"Light unto my Path,"</i> cr 8vo	(Oliphant)	5/0
Hardy (Hon. A. E. G.), <i>Autumns in Argyleshire with Rod and Gun</i> , 8vo	(Longmans)	10/6
Haycraft (Mrs.), <i>Around the Fire</i> , cr 8vo	(Partridge)	2/0
Hertz (H.), <i>Electric Waves</i> , 8vo	(Macmillan)	10/0
Hichens (Robert), <i>Tongues of Conscience</i> , cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Hocking (S. K.), <i>To Pay the Price</i> , cr 8vo	(Warne)	2/6
Hunt (Violet), <i>Affairs of the Heart</i> , cr 8vo	(Freemantle)	6/0
Jenks (T.), <i>Imaginations: Truthless Tales</i> , 4to	(Unwin)	3/6
Kenealy (Arabella), <i>Charming Renée</i> , cr 8vo	(Hutchinson)	6/0
Kessen (W. A.), <i>A Spanish Grammar</i> , cr 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	3/6
Khaki in South Africa, oblong 4to	(Newnes)	5/0
Kidd (D.), <i>Echoes from the Battle Fields of South Africa</i>	(Marshall Bros.)	2/6
Kingsley (F. M.), <i>The Cross Triumphant</i> , cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	3/6
Kneeshaw (J. W.), <i>The Burtons of Bndale</i> , cr 8vo	(Partridge)	2/6
Knight (G.), <i>A Son of Austerity</i> , cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	6/0
Lynch (Hannah), <i>Clare Monro</i> , cr 8vo	(Milne)	2/6
MacLurgan (H.), <i>The Twentieth Century Cookery</i> , cr 8vo	(Everett)	3/6
Masse (H. J. L. J.), <i>Chartres, its Cathedral and Churches</i> , 12mo	(Bell)	2/6
Matheson (G.), <i>Studies of the Portrait of Christ</i> , Vol. II. (Hodder & Stoughton)		6/0
Mayer (H.), <i>A Trip to Toyland</i> , oblong 4to	(Richards)	6/0
Meade (L. T.), <i>Wages: a Novel</i> , cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	6/0
Miles (A. H.), <i>Rigmaroles and Nursery Rhymes</i> , 4to	(Bousfield)	5/0
Minchin (E. A.), <i>The Porifera and Coelentera</i> , 8vo	(Black)	15/0
Moore (C.), <i>North-West Under Three Flags, 1635-1796</i> , cr 8vo	(Harper)	10/6
Morgan (G. C.), <i>The Spirit of God</i> , cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	3/6
Murray (Charlotte), <i>Muriel Malone</i> , cr 8vo	(Partridge)	2/6
Paine (A. B.), <i>In the Deep Woods</i> , 4to	(Heinemann)	3/6
Paston Letters (The), 1422-1509, 4 vols. cr 8vo	(Constable)	21/0
Pryce (Eleanor), <i>The Heiress of the Forest</i> , cr 8vo	(Isbister)	6/0
Pugh (Edwin), <i>Mother-Sister</i> , cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	6/0
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Roosevelt (T.), <i>Oliver Cromwell</i> , 8vo	(Constable)	10/6
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Snigden (E.), <i>A Twentieth Century Parson</i> , cr 8vo	(Skeffington)	3/6
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Young (F.), <i>The Relief of Mafeking</i> , cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Zwemer (S. M.), <i>Arabia: the Cradle of Islam</i> , 8vo	(Oliphant)	7/6

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The Spectator

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

BEFORE the next issue of the *Spectator* is in the hands of our readers the polls will be in full swing, and the general result of the elections indicated, though not decided. We have expressed elsewhere our fear that abstentions may injure the Unionists, and urged that even at the eleventh hour the Prime Minister should give clear and specific assurances to the country in regard to Cabinet reconstruction, and thus deprive the Opposition of their only really effective weapon at the polls,—the allegation that those who vote Unionist are giving a blank cheque to the old Cabinet, and abandoning all power to secure greater administrative efficiency. Assurances as to reconstruction are due to the party and the nation, and under ordinary circumstances the failure to give them might reasonably be followed by the protest of abstention. As it is, however, the risk of placing in power the tangled groups which make up the Liberal party is one too serious to be encountered. Such a result might mean a Majuba settlement in South Africa. Unionist voters, then, who care for the welfare of the nation and of the Empire, no matter how strongly they may feel about reconstruction, must go to the polls and vote for the Unionist candidate. They can, however, make, and should make, every possible effort to induce the candidates they support to give personal assurances that in the event of victory they will see that the views of the voters on the question of reconstruction are brought home to the Unionist leaders.

The week has been full of the noise of manifestoes and of great speeches by party leaders, but we can only deal with two of the most important manifestoes. Lord Salisbury's address to the electors, a most able document, is practically an appeal against abstention. He insists that the one object of the elector should be to use his vote to bring about the result he desires to obtain. That sounds like a truism, but if the elections "fail to produce a Parliament fitted to deal with the emergency of the time, it can only be because the truism is neglected." Competent prophets believe the Unionists to be threatened with many abstentions, but if these take place the elector will only have stultified himself and his special views. Lord Salisbury, after dwelling on the need for obtaining a Unionist majority in order that the South African policy of the nation may be firm and continuous, points out that in order to carry effective Army reform a strong Unionist Government is also essential. On Chinese affairs, owing to the co-operation with other Powers, he is obliged to be reticent, but the matter is one of great complexity. Lord Salisbury ends with the declaration that

unless the Government rests upon a strong majority in the Commons, "it will lack the authority at home and abroad which is essential to the performance of its task." That is perfectly sound, but how infinitely more effective would have been Lord Salisbury's appeal against abstention if he had pledged himself to reconstruction and had indicated the lines on which it would proceed.

Lord Rosebery has written a letter to Captain Hedworth Lambton which is, in effect, a party manifesto. It is an interesting document, for it shows that Lord Rosebery has not left either politics or the Liberal party, but means if he can to found an Imperialist group within that party which shall gradually eat up the other groups. In the present situation of the world, says Lord Rosebery, he would vote for almost any strong Administration, but the present Government is strong only in votes. "In other respects it is the weakest that I can recollect." "Nor could I support a Government which has neglected that social legislation for which the country calls and to which it was pledged; which has so managed foreign affairs as to alienate all foreign nations while keeping our own in a hurricane of disquietude and distrust, and which by its want of military foresight and preparation exposed this country to humiliations unparalleled in our history since the American War." Lord Rosebery goes on to declare that neither in social legislation nor in administrative reform—"more especially at the War Office"—is there anything to be hoped from the present Government. Lord Rosebery grossly exaggerates the weakness and the mistakes of the present Government, but we fear his words will have a bad effect on many voters in view of the failure of the Government to give any pledges in regard to reconstruction. Electors will have it dinned into their ears by the skilful electioneers on the other side that it is no use to say that the Government are going to make a fresh start, for they will not even admit that there is any need for reforming the Cabinet.

Mr. Goschen has addressed a letter to the electors of St. George's, Hanover Square, telling them that after thirty-seven years of almost continuous Parliamentary life he does not mean to seek re-election, and that he will retire from the Admiralty as well as from the House of Commons. It is presumed that he will be raised to the Peerage, but no statement has been made as to whether he will remain in the Cabinet. That Mr. Goschen has worked with the utmost devotion at the Admiralty during the past five years cannot possibly be doubted, and there is no reason why he should be lost to the Ministry, even though he has wisely determined to give up what is perhaps the most arduous office in the Administration. In any case, the country owes Mr. Goschen a deep debt of gratitude. No Unionist can ever forget the splendid pluck and vigour with which he fought the Unionist battle in the old days. His political record is in every way a worthy one, and he has not gained without deserving it the respect of the whole political world.

One of the most unfortunate features of the General Election from the wider national point of view has been the dead-set made against Mr. Chamberlain, and the monstrously unfair attempts to represent him as the evil genius of the present Government. This procedure has tended to deprive the electors of all sense of perspective in the fight, and to make Mr. Chamberlain appear as a party bugbear, not a statesman to be criticised and defended on his merits. The result of these grossly exaggerated and grossly unjust attacks upon a Minister who, whatever his faults, has been a faithful and zealous public servant, has been to make sane and sober discussion of his actions practically impossible. We, for example, think him open to criticism on several points, but when

he is being slandered as if he were a pickpocket, men with any sense of justice or any feeling for the decencies of public life can only be silent. At present Mr. Chamberlain cannot be criticised, even as regards matters where he has acted unwisely, because of the partisan malignity with which he has been assailed. That is the inevitable result of the spirit of detraction gone mad which possesses a portion of the Opposition. As "A. J. C." says in verse in another column, the extreme section of the Opposition seem determined to subordinate every interest, national and Imperial, to the one ignoble object of "giving Joe a fall." We may note, however, to their honour, that the Liberal leaders, even though so strongly opposed to Mr. Chamberlain as, for example, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Asquith and Mr. Morley, have absolutely refused to make any reference to, or to encourage, the baser sort of attacks made against Mr. Chamberlain's personal honour.

The war news during the past week has been wholly good. General Ian Hamilton reached Komati Poort, the place where the Delagoa Railway line enters Portuguese territory, on Wednesday, and ample supplies are being forwarded to our troops from Lourenço Marques. This means that the Boers can get no more supplies, while we can have everything we want direct from the coast. Other events of importance which have taken place at the front during the week are the entry of large numbers of Boers into Portuguese territory and their surrender to the authorities there, the capture of large stocks of Boer sheep and cattle and ammunition, and lastly, the discovery of a number of Boer guns. General Hamilton found in the Crocodile River amongst others two 12-pounders which belong to Q Battery Royal Horse Artillery, two 75mm. Creuzot guns, two 3 in. Krupp 1895 pattern, one 75mm. Vickers-Maxim quick-firing mounted gun, number D 4541, two "Pom-Poms," one 7-pr. r.m.l. mountain gun, and three muzzle-loading mountain guns, hexagonal-bore. There are probably other guns buried, like the body of Attila, in river graves. It is stated that most of the guns are destroyed, but we may hope not beyond repair, for the Boers were real connoisseurs in artillery and never bought a bad weapon. Lord Roberts has wisely decided not to fix a date for his return, but that the war is practically over is clear. We may add that on Friday news was received that General Settle has relieved the small garrison besieged at Schweizerrenneke after an engagement in which the Boers suffered heavy loss. The Boer leader was captured.

The situation in China should be a great deal clearer next week, when Count von Waldersee will have reached Peking and received his final instructions. At present opinion is only bewildered by rumours, some of which, we are convinced, are Chinese in ultimate origin, and intended to sow discord among the Powers. Under these circumstances we can only state with all reserve our general impression, which is that Count von Waldersee, acting for Germany, but with the approval of Great Britain, France, and Japan, will formulate at Peking the demands essential to secure reparation for the past and safety for the future. The precise character of those demands is still unknown, but they will certainly include the execution or banishment of a limited number of notables responsible for recent outrages, a moderate indemnity, and some plan for ensuring to Europe constant and safe access to the actual ruler of China. These demands will be refused, and the Allies will then seize the Chinese Fleet, and proceed to one or other of the measures of coercion discussed elsewhere, leaving it to China to declare war or not at her discretion. This, we say, is the probable course of events, but in China it is not always the probable that happens. The one thing we hold to be certain is that the Imperial Court intends to resist.

The Chinese Government has, it is asserted, taken three steps this week, all of which show a determination to continue their resistance. Prince Tuan, the Prince of the Blood who has been leader in the recent movement, has been appointed under some title or other which Chinamen understand, head of the Executive. Peking has been officially declared a city desecrated by the foreigner, and Segao or Sian in Shensi, the ancient metropolis of China, seven hundred miles from any coast

has been proclaimed the future capital of the Empire. An Edict has warned the Viceroy that they must continue the war on the foreigner under penalty of death. It is believed also that fresh levies have been made, and that they have been ordered to assemble in two provinces,—that is, in Shensi for the protection of the Court, and in Pechili for a fresh attempt to regain Peking as soon as the cold makes communication with the coast more difficult. It is fancied that with the railway cut, swarms of soldiers attacking from all sides, and the people of Peking in insurrection from hunger, the old capital may be recovered. This is not, it must be remembered, a European war, but a war like that of the Mexicans against Cortez, in which the defending generals are willing to expend a hundred for one.

The weakest points in the position of the Allies are that in December the entrances to Taku will be frozen, that the collection of supplies and munitions will be costly and slow, and that there is in Europe a strong undercurrent of dislike to a war with such uncertain possibilities. In Germany it is believed that the Reichstag will object strongly to the expenditure; in France all parties are asking what France is to get even if the Allies are successful; and in England there is a singular absence of enthusiasm for any special policy in China. The people do not understand that country, and for the present are satiated with war. These feelings will probably only embarrass without arresting the Governments, but they tend to make action irresolute, to favour too much discussion, and to encourage the Chinese, who, though semi-barbarians, are well informed of what passes, and shrewd to take advantage of any hesitations. Were it not that William II. is absolutely determined to avenge his Ambassador, there might even now be a deadlock. He is moving forward, but everybody else is considering.

The Asiatic Department of the Russian Foreign Office fails, we fear, to hold its generals well in hand. It is asserted from many quarters that General Gribsky, in command of the district of which Blagovestschenk is the chief town, indignant at the Chinese invasion, and probably suspecting collusion between his assailants and the Chinese civil population, after repelling the soldiers, let his troops loose on the unarmed people. The troops, who in that region are for the most part half savage, commenced a general massacre so extensive that the fish of the Amur died of eating the dead bodies. He then issued a proclamation declaring that the Chinese bank of the Amur had become Russian, and threatening death to all who resisted. The same savage policy was also followed at Newchwang. We do not doubt that the Russians have had terrible provocation, the Chinese having secretly planned and executed the massacre of the unarmed employés of the railway; but war of this kind, which includes women and children, is wholly opposed not only to Christianity but to every principle of civilisation. The excuse put forward, we see, is that it was necessary to move the Chinese, and as they would not go force was employed; but it is totally inadequate. If the Czar wishes to govern Manchuria in peace he must choose for generals men who understand that terrorism of this kind destroys their moral claim to rule, and justifies in Chinese eyes their own barbarities.

A great event has occurred in Paris. Under circumstances detailed elsewhere, M. Loubet invited all the Mayors of the thirty-six thousand communes of France to a banquet in the Tuileries Gardens. It was thoroughly understood that all who accepted the invitation announced in doing so their adhesion to the Republic, but to the consternation of the Reactionaries twenty-two thousand Mayors attended the entertainment. Of the remaining fourteen thousand, two thousand at least were, it is said, either sick, or shy, or too poor to pay the half railway fares and their own lodgings and maintenance in Paris for two days. The dinner, for which preparations had to be made of a colossal kind, each guest, for one detail, being expected to drink a bottle of wine, passed off without the smallest confusion, and, as few could hear the President's voice, each Mayor was provided with a copy of the speech. They, in fact, checked the scene from the libretto, but the applause at telling passages was none the less enthusiastic. The impression made by the scene is said to have been profound, the presence of the guests, each one of whom was the elected representative of his neighbour-

hood, being recognised as an informal plebiscite, and it will, it is believed, encourage the Council of State to restore Colonel Picquart to his grade, that act of bare justice having already been determined on.

The speech is unusual from the heartiness with which it approves the Republic and the absence of any military allusions. After a graceful allusion to the fact that he had himself been a Mayor, the President marked the national character of the gathering, and its assurance of renewed co-operation in the work of pacification and progress "which the will of the representatives of the people has confided to us." He extolled the Revolution, and though admitting that some of its institutions might be modified, asserted that the Republic was unassailable. Its "principles are the glory and the honour of France." Their duty was to realise them more every day. "We remain faithful to the spirit of the Revolution because our patriotism is equal to our love for the Republic," and "we will accomplish to the end our mandate without hesitation or weakness." This Ministry of M. Waldeck-Rousseau has turned out a strong one, though General de Galliffet has resigned, and it may perhaps enjoy an unexpected duration. It is certainly the best France has had for many years.

The Church Congress opened on Tuesday morning at Newcastle. Dr. Jacob, the Bishop of Newcastle, who delivered the inaugural address, after some preliminary remarks on the growth of Tyneside in the century, and the history of the See and its endowment, passed in review the various subjects chosen for discussion during the week, and briefly indicated the spirit which should govern their debates. He held that the question of the higher criticism of the Old Testament should be bravely faced, and laid down the two great principles which they must grasp in dealing with the question to what had the Reformation committed the Church of England. These were the entire continuity in doctrine and Apostolic order of the Church of to-day with the Church of Apostolic times, and the "absolute legitimacy, nay, the painful necessity, of that claim of national rights, that reversion to primitive doctrines and practices, that assertion of the supremacy of the Word of God, which we associate with the Reformation." As for the question of concerted action by the Church, he declared that the discussion practically resolved itself into the best way of securing the representation of the laity,—not of a few laymen of ecclesiastical tendencies, but of the rank-and-file of the laity of the Church. Autonomy was the leading practical problem for the Church to solve, and autonomy implied the real representation of clergy and laity in parish, diocese, Province, and Church.

The death of Marshal Martinez Campos on September 23rd is a severe blow to the Queen-Regent of Spain and the Royalist Conservatives. Though probably not a great general, he was a capable one, as he showed when he defeated the Carlists in 1876, and the confidence of the Army in him after that event was so great that his support made Ministry after Ministry tolerably safe. He seldom took office himself, disliking political work, but every one who wished to attack the Bourbon Monarchy knew that he would at last have to reckon with the Marshal, and usually shrank from doing it. He was a statesman in his way, though not an original man, and though he failed in Cuba because the Ministry could not bring itself to concede the Home-rule he promised, the Army adhered to him, and his name shielded the dynasty from the fury roused by the loss of all colonial dominion. As ultimate power belongs in Spain to the Army, his disappearance might shake the throne, but that we fancy all Spaniards are now disposed to await the accession of Alfonso XIII. in 1904, and see whether there is in him the capacity to be a King. The majority of Spaniards are not Royalists and not Republicans, but are men anxious to be governed well, and, on the whole, disposed to trust Royal personages rather than "plain men."

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* reports a remarkable speech by Count Albert Apponyi to his Hungarian constituents. He dissuaded them from seeking a revision of the *Ausgleich*, or, indeed, quarrelling with Austria in any way. There seemed to be anarchy coming on the other side of the Leitha, and a revision of the *Ausgleich* might then be

necessary, but in any case Hungary would remain independent, for that independence made her the backbone of the Empire, and a great guarantee of European peace. His idea is evidently that while the Hapsburgs are Kings of Hungary they can await developments in Austria with a good deal of calmness, and, provided Hungary herself is not affected, can sooner or later establish a working system of administration. There is probably much truth in that view, but what an advance it marks from the state of affairs in 1848, when the grand danger of the Hapsburg Monarchy was the hostility of Hungary, and the grand object of the Emperor was to use Austria to destroy Hungarian independence. If the Irish Home-rulers knew their business, it is Hungary they would quote, not Norway, as their exemplar.

No one interested in Army reorganisation should miss Dr. Conan Doyle's admirable paper on "Some Military Lessons of the War" in the October *Cornhill*. The first and greatest lesson of all is "that there must be no more leaving of the Army to the professional soldier and to the official, but that the general public must recognise that the defence of the Empire is not the business of a single warrior caste, but of every able-bodied citizen." Another is to eliminate the useless soldiers and increase the pay of the useful ones, for as Dr. Doyle pertinently asks, "if a man is not a dead shot with a rifle, what is the use of carrying him seven thousand miles in order to place him in the firing line?" It is in regard to mounted troops, however, that the chief reforms must be carried out. The Army of the future, Dr. Doyle urges, must be drawn from a higher class than at present, and better paid—"we must insure that instead of the recruiting-sergeant seeking the man, the man must seek the recruiting-sergeant."

The special correspondent of the *Times* at the French manœuvres, writing in Tuesday's issue, condemns in no uncertain language the methods adopted by generals and umpires alike. "In spite of South Africa and its lessons, the idea is prevalent in the French Army, and rules its training, that there is only one factor in warfare. That is infantry advance." And again: "The success of an operation seemed to be decided in favour of the officer who could hurl the largest mass to destruction in the shortest time." In other words, the French Colonels habitually marched their battalions in mass to the attack at a range of 1,200 yards. In brief, he notes perfunctory scouting, disinclination to take cover, and the refusal to admit the effectiveness of long-range rifle fire amongst the weak points of the manœuvres. To judge from the mediæval methods adopted, even the sorely criticised Salisbury Plain manœuvres would not suffer by comparison with those recently held by the French. It is evident that the French, the excellence of whose ordnance was so conclusively proved in South Africa, are in no humour to profit in their turn from the tactical lessons they might have learned from the Boers.

Mr. Dooley's observations "On the Troubles of a Candidate," though prompted by the Presidential Election, will be read with appreciation by British M.P.'s, or would-be M.P.'s. The campaign, observes Mr. Dooley, is doing as well as could be expected. He pictures Mr. Bryan's chairman calling to one of his trusty henchmen and saying: "Mike, put on a pigtail an' a blue shirt, an' take a dillygation iv Chinnymen out to Canton [Mr. McKinley's residence] an' congrathlate Mack on th' murder iv mission'ries in China." Similarly Mr. Mark Hanna, Mr. McKinley's right-hand man, "rings f'r his sicrety and bids him call up an empl'yment agency an' have a dillygation iv Jesuites dhrop in at Lincoln [Mr. Bryan's headquarters] with a message fr'm th' Pope proposin' to bur-rn all Protestant churches the night before iliction." Mr. Dooley dwells feelingly on the sufferings endured by the candidates by being perpetually photographed "with wondherful boardin'-house smiles." "Glory be!" he adds, "what a relief 'twill be f'r wan iv thim to raysume permanently th' savage or fam'ly breakfast face th' mornin' afther iliction! . . . 'Tis th' day afther iliction I'd like f'r to be a candydace, Hinnissy, no matther how it wint."

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
New Consols (2½) were on Friday 98¼.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE DANGER OF ABSTENTION.

A FORTNIGHT ago, and before the Dissolution was announced, we, as convinced Unionists and supporters of the Government and its general policy, urged on the Ministry the necessity for Cabinet reconstruction prior to an appeal to the people. We pointed out that this course was absolutely necessary to prevent abstentions. We urged, that is, that there were thousands of electors who, rightly or wrongly, were not willing to give a blank cheque to the present Cabinet, and who wanted to be assured before the Election took place that there would be a reconstruction of the Cabinet, and a public guarantee be thus given that the Administration would be reinvigorated and placed on a more businesslike footing. At first our demand was regarded as 'impracticable,' 'impertinent,' 'visionary,' and what not, and even sinister and 'unaccountable' motives were sought to account for a proposal which, of course, had in reality one aim, and one aim only,—the strengthening at the polls of the only party which we believe can under present circumstances be safely trusted with the management of the nation's affairs. This attitude of indifference to, or even amusement at, our 'absurd proposal' has, however, passed away, and in view of the facts that have been forced upon men's minds by news from the constituencies, we now find in many quarters, and all of them quarters which cannot possibly be suspected of disloyalty to the Unionist party or Government, strong expressions of opinion in favour not only of reconstruction, but of pledges as to reconstruction being given before the polls. For example, the *Daily Mail* in a leading article on Thursday, headed "Why Electors are Apathetic," speaks in the plainest terms as to the need for reconstruction. The *Daily Mail*, after dwelling upon the proofs of apathy, finds the reasons for that apathy to be two. First it places the belief in many quarters that the Election is a foregone conclusion. "Secondly, and far more important, is the annoyance which exists within the ranks of the Imperialist party. Unionist voters, staunch hitherto, are telling candidates on all sides that they will not go to the poll merely to return what is known as 'the old lot.'" Something more, the *Daily Mail* declares, is required by the country than mere general promises of reform. "The Government must give the electors something besides pious assurances and the honeyed talk of minor luminaries. In a word, the nation ought to know the name of the man who is going to reorganise our Army." After dwelling upon the ineffectiveness of the War Office under the present régime, it continues:—"The resignation of Mr. Goschen, a hard-working Minister, to make way, it is to be presumed, for a younger and more expert organiser, has suggested that other and more needful resignations are to come." Until, continues the *Daily Mail*, the country feels sure that the right men are going to be put in the right place, "neither the feeling that anything is better than government by a Campbell-Bannerman and a Harcourt, nor the admiration so generally felt for the splendid and courageous fight which Mr. Chamberlain is making," will suffice to arouse the electorate. In a word, "the Government, the leaders of the Imperialist party, must first do their duty fearlessly and remorselessly by giving us a capable Administration. Then they can call upon the voter with effect to do his duty in his turn. There must be not merely apologetics and promises; action is required to show that Imperialism is in deadly earnest in the cause of the Empire. The policy of keeping in office the men who have failed in the past can only help the Little Englanders; that it is helping and encouraging them no one who is at all behind the scenes of the present Election campaign can doubt." That these words are to a very great extent true no one will deny who has taken the trouble to find out the state of opinion among the electors, we will not say in a constituency where a specially eager party fight is taking place, as, say, in Oldham, but in ordinary and normal constituencies.

Another example of the trend of public opinion among even the most thoroughgoing Conservatives is to be found

in the *Globe*. The *Globe* of Tuesday in an able and temperately written article dwells almost as strongly and more in detail than the *Daily Mail* on the necessity for a reconstruction of the Cabinet. "It is not likely, not even possible," it says, "that exactly the same distribution of public offices will continue." The *Globe* goes on to point out that "an occasional infusion of new blood is as essential to the vitality and to the usefulness of the Cabinet as to that of a Board of Directors or of the Bench of Judges. Men who were in full vigour five years ago may well claim to be shifted to less onerous posts; in some cases the round peg has been set in the square hole. A measure of readjustment is as salutary as it is necessary." With this we are in entire agreement, as also with the further declaration that times are too critical for the country to be content with anything short of the very best and strongest Cabinet that can be got together. There are plenty of good men available, but experience has shown "that the experiment of so large a Cabinet has not been satisfactory, and the country would gladly see a return to the earlier practice." The very best administrator we have should, we are told, be sent to the War Office. As to the need for separating the Foreign Office from the Premiership, and so securing a real Prime Minister, the *Globe* speaks with an earnestness and a sense of responsibility that are strongly marked. The enormous difficulties of the post of Secretary for Foreign Affairs render it, says the *Globe*, eminently undesirable that it should be any longer held conjointly with another office. "Lord Salisbury has rendered services to the nation and to the world which the present generation hardly recognises at their full value, but to which posterity will do ample justice. The Unionist party desire no higher reward than to be allowed to continue to serve under Lord Salisbury. While he lives they can own no other leader. At the same time, the demands of foreign affairs cannot fail to withdraw him in some degree from that general superintendence of the Cabinet which is the essential duty of a Prime Minister." The significance of these words will be seen to be very great when we remember that the *Globe* is one of the most loyal and consistent supporters of the present Government. No one could possibly accuse it of wavering in its loyalty to the Unionist party.

In truth, the more loyal an organ of public opinion is to the Unionist party the more strongly will it urge the need of reconstruction. It is, we believe, of the utmost importance to the causes with which all thoughtful Unionists are concerned—i.e., those of the Union, of a sound settlement in South Africa, and of administrative efficiency—that the Unionist party should be returned in full strength. But the only certain way to secure this result is to make it clear that reconstruction will take place, and to announce the general lines on which it will be carried out. If that were done even now, and at the eleventh hour, it would prevent thousands of abstentions. Unionists, though dissatisfied, would feel justified in giving a newly organised Cabinet an opportunity to do their best. It is the fear that we are to have the Cabinet, the old Cabinet, and nothing but the old Cabinet that takes the heart out of Unionist workers. We cannot ourselves defend those who contemplate abstention on these grounds, for we would infinitely sooner have an unreconstructed Cabinet than a Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet or a balance of parties, but we cannot blind ourselves to the facts,—and one of them is that many Unionists do not realise the danger of abstention and must be given no sort of excuse for indulging in that fatal luxury. But it may be urged that though this is true enough in the abstract, the present circumstances do not permit of reconstruction, and that, therefore, the risk of abstention, owing to no scheme of reconstruction being announced, must be endured. The circumstances that forbid reconstruction at present are said to be the General Election. If, it is urged, the Prime Minister were to reconstruct his Cabinet before the polls, he must offend a great many people. There are men who now expect office, but who would not and could not get it, and these men, it is insisted, would show their resentment, and so injure the party. But surely this is a very absurd argument. The men who were disappointed would be, for the most part, Members of the House of Commons, or rather at the moment Unionist candidates. But these men, however much disappointed, could not show their annoyance by

asking the electors not to vote for them. That would be a form of cutting off their noses to spite their faces which need not be expected. No doubt some men must be disappointed, but these disappointed men would be every bit as dangerous after as before the polling. Next, vague constitutional objections are urged, but these are clearly untenable, because we have already had one change in the Cabinet. What has been done by Mr. Goschen could be done in other cases. Cabinet remaking is admittedly very difficult work, but it is not made easier by being postponed. In fact, it is made harder. Now the Prime Minister can tell his colleagues that he must go to the country with a new team or he will be at a disadvantage, and no valid answer can be given to him. After the polls the existing Cabinet Ministers can most reasonably say :—‘ We have one and all received a new mandate at the elections, and there is no reason for any change. In fact, the verdict of the country is for the old Cabinet, and no new Cabinet can possibly receive so strong a sanction.’

One other objection will, we foresee, be urged to the demand for reconstruction. It will be said that it is now far too late to do anything, and that, right or wrong, the Government must adhere to their policy of silence. We deny that it is too late, or, rather, we should say that though the announcement of reconstruction will be late, it will be better late than never. The mechanism of announcing reconstruction at this hour is not, we fully realise, easy, but it is by no means impossible for Lord Salisbury to find ways of communicating to the country the knowledge that certain members of the Government will retire altogether, that others, like Mr. Goschen, will not continue in their present offices, and that in the case of certain new men he will without delay take the Royal pleasure in regard to their appointment to important offices. We shall not attempt to indicate who are the men who ought to go, to say what changes of offices are advisable, and to speak of the new men available. That is not our business, but the business of the Prime Minister. We will only say that we are as strongly of opinion as ever that we must obtain a real Premier by separating the offices of Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, and that Lord Salisbury must remain Premier.

Let those who wish to realise what would be the practical value of an announcement of the kind we have indicated, were it to be made by the Prime Minister even on Monday, consider the effect in any one constituency. They will find, we venture to say, that the only really telling card played by the Liberal candidate is the accusation of administrative inefficiency and Cabinet inertia. All his other points fall flat,—his Pro-Boerism, his personal indictments of Mr. Chamberlain, his Home-rule zealotry, and his platitudes about doles to the landlord and the parson. When, however, he points out War Office muddles, insists that the Prime Minister does not oversee his gang properly, and asks pointedly what reason there is to suppose that things will be different in the coming Parliament, the Unionist elector begins to be stirred and the Unionist candidate to find himself in a difficulty. If only he could tell the electors that in supporting him they will not be voting for the old Cabinet, but for a substantially different and far more efficient one, he would have a thoroughly good answer to his opponent’s keenest strictures, and the balancing Unionist elector would be quite willing to say : ‘ Well, let’s give ’em another chance.’ As it is, he can only promise vaguely that things will be different, and is at once answered by the other side with a ‘ Well, if they are going to be different, why should not Lord Salisbury say so ? His not speaking shows that there’s to be no change.’ Give the candidates the right to assure the electors on the word of the Premier that such and such men are going, and that such and such offices will be filled either by new men or by changes, and there is hardly a constituency in the country in which the Unionist poll will not be increased by seven or eight per cent.

If the Premier remains obdurate and will not speak, there is only one thing to be done. Candidates must act on their own responsibility, and must pledge themselves to insist on reconstruction at all costs. If that is done we shall no doubt obtain reconstruction, but in a way which will be peculiarly embarrassing to the Government and at a considerable sacrifice to party homogeneity. When, however, issues so serious are involved those results cannot be considered too minutely. At all costs abstention must be

stopped, or we may be face to face with the terrible disaster of an equality of parties, and the Irish Members holding the balance.

THE POWERS AND CHINA.

WE do not wonder at the hesitation manifested, both in Europe and America, at the determined proposal of the German Emperor. He may see his way clearly, though we doubt it, and Russia decidedly sees hers, but the remaining Powers, like the remaining peoples, are still a little bewildered. They all desire, like the Germans, to punish the unexampled outrage to which they have been subjected, but they do not see how to secure punishment for the Manchu Princes without a great war, from which they not unnaturally shrink. All the evidence obtainable points to two conclusions,—one, that the Chinese people are in no degree irritated by the conduct of their rulers, but, on the contrary, admire their energy ; and the other, that those rulers, having gathered some idea of the terms to be offered them, have resolved to continue the war. They are not discouraged yet. They think they can break up the Concert, make separate terms with America, Russia, and perhaps Japan, and then defy the remainder of the world. Having left Peking, they have no dread of personal consequences while their subjects obey ; they think China, as one of their diplomatists recently said, is too big to be conquered ; and they conceive that if beaten they can make peace at any moment. The intermediate destruction of life and property makes no impression on their imaginations, and remembering the vastness of their dominion, they cannot conceive of circumstances under which they could not retreat. They instruct their Ambassadors, therefore, to declare the German terms inadmissible ; they order new levies to be raised, and to be concentrated for the defence of Segan ; and they declare that city henceforward the capital of the Empire, Peking “ having been desecrated ” by the footsteps of the barbarian. It may be untrue, though it looks true, that a secret Edict has been issued threatening death to any Viceroy who shrinks from continuing the war, and that Li Hung Chang has given up his journey to Peking because peace has become impossible ; but it is almost certainly true that the Empress has assured the “ Boxers ” of her impartiality between them and the Christians, that Prince Tuan has been placed at the head of the Administration, and that honest negotiations are as far off as ever. Prince Ching talks to Sir Robert Hart, and Li Hung Chang protests, and the Chinese Ambassadors demur and explain and threaten, but of any serious effort to make peace, or even to offer Chinese terms of peace, there is no one sign. There is the usual medley of semi-official statements from Berlin and Washington, of untrustworthy rumours and counsels from Shanghai (where, apparently, everybody thinks himself a statesman), and of useless accounts of military movements from Peking, but the only ascertained facts are these. America will do nothing until November 4th, the day of the Presidential Election, is overpast ; Russia will do nothing at any time, except complete the conquest of Manchuria ; and Germany, Great Britain, France, and perhaps Japan, are at war with China in a just cause.

What, then, are the Allies, thus reduced in number, to do ? Clearly they must either coerce China or go. They cannot go on for ever maintaining armies on the other side of the world, or pretending to negotiate with bland plenipotentiaries who never recede an inch, or allowing the safety of European life in China, and therefore the safety of all trade, to be permanently suspended. The statesmen of Europe must act, and how to act perplexes and almost bewilders them. They have not the full support of their people, who in Germany are restless under the idea of new taxes, in France are obliged to think of Russia, and in this country are so imperfectly awake that in most electoral addresses all reference to China is omitted ; they are not quite agreed among themselves as to their objects ; and, above all, they are not clear as to the plan of campaign that best suits the situation. It is possible that Count von Waldersee may have final instructions in his pocket, which he will reveal at Peking, but at present opinion is distracted between several plans. One is to seize the ports and wait, as we originally suggested ; but that seems to excite the jealousy of the Powers, and moreover, though in many respects a most sensible plan, is a doubtful method of

coercing a Power which takes no account of time, but would wait with smiling complacency half a century to get its own way. Another scheme, by no means so completely out of the question as the public imagines, is to march on Segan itself in two expeditions, of which one would start from Pekin and march to the south-west, and another from Hankow and march to the north-west. That plan, if successful, might really make an impression on China, and if partition were resolved on it might be adopted; but it would be enormously costly, it involves chances which the most far-sighted Minister cannot foresee, and it would require a mutual confidence in the Allies of which Europe appears to be incapable. The third, and probably the most reasonable, is to hold Pekin and the country between it and the sea until the Chinese Court, wearied out, afraid of the permanent loss of North China—for Manchuria would go, and Korea, and probably Shantung—and harassed by rebellions in all directions, finally submitted to the terms against which it is now in revolt. Even this plan is by no means an acceptable one. It involves expense, it includes possibilities of discord among the Powers, and if the Manchus are doggedly obstinate it need not inevitably succeed. An octopus is not necessarily killed if a tentacle is cut off, and China is the octopus of Empires.

But, we shall be asked, is there nothing, then, in the American argument that China, as an independent State, must be allowed to negotiate in her own way, and that the punishment of malefactors can be insisted on during the negotiations? We fear there is very little except retreat. It is clear from the determined resistance now offered that the Manchu group in whose hands are the destinies of China will not punish any one of importance. They are ready to stake the Empire rather than yield on that point, and no amount of negotiation will render them more amenable to pressure. They might promise to do so, but we know from experience what their promises are worth. The trial of the accused would be a Dreyfus trial; if any one were condemned to death a substitute would be found; and as for degradation, that only means promotion to higher office in a distant province. If it is justice which is sought, the Judges must be Europeans; and we cannot but think that, gloomy as the outlook appears to be, it is better to seek justice first, at least until we know that in the mysterious providence of God it is unattainable by human means. A dozen paths may open if we are only firm. To yield before we know that success is hopeless seems to us a desertion of the victims, a derogation of dignity, and a dangerous blow to all safe intercourse with China. Grand as a shop may be, dealings are difficult if the shopwalker carries a revolver, and is known to be ready to use it without intelligible provocation.

THE REAL ISSUES.

WE shall not quarrel with Mr. Morley for telling the electors in his address that the war is the chief issue before the electors,—the issue on which they must decide whether they will vote for a Unionist or a Liberal candidate. To this issue we must, however, add two others,—the questions of Home-rule and of administrative efficiency in the Army and Navy. What the electors have to decide is whether the South African settlement shall be carried out on the principles of equity and justice to both races, whether the Union shall be maintained, and whether we shall establish a sound Army and Navy. The essential question is, how can a vote be best used to obtain these things? We admit that there are a certain number of things which can be criticised in the actions of the present Government, and, as our readers know, we have not hesitated to deal with them as occasion arose. For example, we have condemned the Ministry for shirking that most vital feature of Unionist policy, the establishment of a Catholic University in Ireland, for their failure to deal adequately with Mr. Rhodes and his misgoverning Company, and for their mistake in placing and maintaining at the War Office a Minister of insufficient administrative grasp and power. We admit also that a section of the Liberal party who call themselves Imperialists claim, and no doubt with entire sincerity, to desire all the three things which we have just set forth. They claim to have abandoned Home-

rule, for the time at least. They claim to be strongly in favour of the settlement in South Africa foreshadowed by the Government. They claim also to be eager for a better organised Army. But the fact that this section of the Liberal party seems to offer as much as the Unionist leaders must not delude the electors. Voters must remember that it is one thing to offer, quite another thing to be able to perform. If the present Government were beaten and the Liberal party were to come into office, does any reasonable human being believe that the Union would be as secure as it is with a Unionist Government in power? The most the Imperialist Liberals can say is that they do not want to touch Home-rule; but we must never forget that they have all voted for it in the past, and that not one of them is pledged not to vote for it again. If the Irish Members could contrive to make it timely once more, Lord Rosebery and Sir Edward Grey and the other leaders could not refuse, and very likely would not desire to refuse, their assent to a third Home-rule Bill. At any rate, they have never stated that they made a mistake in supporting the establishment of Home-rule, or given a pledge that they would now oppose it. But this is not all, for a Liberal Ministry, if it were to come in, would not be entirely composed of Imperialists. It would number many men who would be sincere, nay, fanatical, enemies of the legislative Union.

In the case of the South African settlement, the inability of the Liberal Imperialists to carry out their promises would be quite as marked. They may want to avoid anything in the least approaching a Majuba settlement, but they would be face to face with colleagues and supporters who would be resolutely intent on re-establishing the Boer Republics, not as free Colonies, but as autonomous States. Again, in the case of Army reform, the Liberal Imperialists would be impotent. Their group might have sound ideas, but they would be thwarted and controlled by men who at heart did not want a stronger, but a weaker, Army, for in their belief a strong Army means militarism. In fact, if the Liberals came into power they could not, even though some of them would, do the things which we firmly believe the country desires. The Unionists, on the other hand, do not merely want to do those things, but can do them. That is a fact for the elector who thinks as we do to remember when he is tempted to vote for an Imperial Liberal. The Unionist can make the will of the voter executive, the Imperial Liberal cannot. Of course, it might be argued that the Unionist leaders are so "slack" that they will not though they can; but that, in our opinion, is not true, for the weakness of the Unionist Government, though it has existed, has been grossly exaggerated. In any case, it is better to have a servant who could do the work if he would than one who physically cannot, however willing. The man with the physical capacity can always be made to work, and it will be the business of the electors to impress on Unionist candidates that it is their duty, if necessary, to keep the Ministry up to the mark.

A word more in detail must be said as to the issue of the war and the settlement. There are doubtless a good many electors who still have misgivings as to the justice of the war, and who are haunted by the notion that it might have been avoided. Mr. Morley, who sincerely believes that the war was unjust and avoidable, naturally tries to impress this view as strongly as possible in his address, though, in our opinion, with singular want of success. However, Mr. Morley is a controversialist who is always worthy of respect, and we need not apologise for paying special attention to his address. Nowhere is the anti-war case better, or indeed so well put, as by him. We agree entirely with Mr. Morley when he says that war on the scale waged in South Africa "is a transaction in all senses so enormous that it has either been so demonstrably right or else so fatally wrong that it would be unworthy of the self-respect of free citizens to shirk the responsibility of looking at the case in all its bearings and forming and expressing at the polls a full and deliberate judgment, both upon the policy that has ended in so violent a catastrophe, and upon the authors and managers of that policy." Of course Mr. Morley decides that the war was unjustifiable, and he declares that "to have extinguished the independence of two States is no honour and brings no profit." At any

rate, says Mr. Morley later in his address, "this at least is true, that the Government we have broken up and trampled out of existence was a Government so chosen and cherished by the people to whom the country by all public law, right, and treaty belonged, that they were willing for it to sacrifice all that made life dear and to fight for it to the death." That no doubt sounds very well as a general proposition, but it is an utterly misleading way of looking at the problem. How misleading it is may be realised by remembering that exactly the same sort of thing was said towards the close of the American Civil War by the sympathisers of the South. Those who took the side of the South, like Mr. Gladstone, were for ever insisting that the North had broken up and trampled out of existence a Government so chosen and cherished by the people to whom the country belonged that they were willing for it to sacrifice all that made life dear, and to fight for it to the death. We were told then, as now, that the North were fighting for Empire and the South for freedom, and that the cause of Jefferson Davis and the Confederates was the cause of independence and of a people rightly struggling to be free. But then, as now, the wiser minds in America and here refused to make the devotion of the Southerners to their own States and to their flag, and their readiness to die for it, the test of the justice of the war. They looked deeper, and asked not whether the Southerners were devoted to their independence and hated the polity which desired to coerce them, but whether the aim of the Southerners in claiming their independence was right and ought to be allowed. If it was not, their bravery, their devotion, their patriotism, and their persistence against great odds might cause admiration, but could not be allowed to obscure the real issue. It is just the same now. Because the Boers are brave, and as patriotically devoted to their States as were the men of Virginia and Georgia and the Carolinas, we must not assume that their cause is good or that their aims must be tolerated. We must go to the origin of the war and ask what were the objects of the Boers before we decide whether we are to regret that their States have been extinguished. But the real origin of the war was the refusal of the Boers to grant good and free government to the settlers in their country, though they were bound in honour, if not in law, to give them equal rights. Had they treated the Outlanders properly there would and could have been no war. The Boers deliberately preferred war to giving the Outlanders the rights of civilised free men in the country of their adoption. Therefore a war to compel them to do so was just, and the extinction of their States a subject which cannot be regretted by those who desire the triumph and spread of free institutions. Again, the essential political objects of the Boers were of a kind that could no more be permanently tolerated by the British than could the aspirations of the Southern Secessionists be tolerated by the Northern States. The Boers without doubt desired to drive the British from South Africa, and to establish a Dutch racial ascendancy—a great community with Dutch language, Dutch laws and customs, and Dutch ideas as to the treatment of the natives—which should rule from the Zambesi to the Cape. And this aspiration the Boers absolutely refused to abandon, but made every effort to carry out. Consequently the war was inevitable as well as just. In truth, the more the war is considered in the light of recent events the more clear does it become that it could not have been avoided, and that the extinguishment of the Dutch aspiration for a racial supremacy was absolutely necessary. Between the destruction of the Boer oligarchy and the secession of South Africa from the British Empire there was no middle course, for the Boers were determined to make no compromise, and regarded war as a much less evil than the loss of their aspiration for a Dutch South Africa.

We have only space to speak shortly of Mr. Morley's gloomy prophecies as to South Africa becoming a second Ireland. To be plain, we believe his sombre vaticinations to be entirely unfounded. It is pure conjecture on his part, and the conjecture of a pessimist on all questions involving the relations of our oversea possessions and Colonies. It might conceivably be true if the South Africa of to-day were going to remain as unchanged as, say, Yorkshire or Munster. But it will not remain as

it is. In the course of the next twenty years the Orange Colony and the Transvaal will change as completely as did the States of California and Texas between the years 1848 and 1868. The great influx of British-born population that is about to take place, the opening up of the country by railways and irrigation as well as by mining, and the dispersal of the Hollander clique will transform the country and entirely alter its nature. The Boer in the Transvaal will become like the Spaniard in California or Texas,—a negligible quantity. Mr. Morley will say that this also is mere conjecture. Possibly, but at any rate it is as good a conjecture as his. In any case, something for the future peace of South Africa has been achieved by the destruction of the dangerous and disturbing elements produced by Mr. Kruger and his gold-kept oligarchy, men demoralised by power and bribery, and buttressed by the imported Hollanders who, headed by Dr. Leyds, supplied the Boers with a bureaucracy and a police system recalling the worst days of the Second Empire. The war may have been a terrible ordeal, but at any rate it has accomplished the removal of factors fatal to the peace of South Africa. In our belief, it has done a great deal more, and when in another generation South Africa accepts a Federal Constitution like that of the Commonwealth of Australia, the majority of the inhabitants, both Dutch and British, will bless the day that saved them from Pretoria rule and the establishment of the ascendancy of the Boer oligarchy from the Zambesi to Table Bay.

THE DETHRONEMENT OF PARIS.

IT is nearly five months since we pointed out (May 12th, 1900), rather to the amazement, we fancy, of some of our readers, that the dominant influence of Paris over France had declined and was declining. Throughout the nineteenth century the ascendancy of the capital had been nearly absolute, but the decay of mob power through the introduction of arms of precision, the increased prosperity of the great cities, and, above all, the improvement in the means of internal communication, had sapped the sources of metropolitan strength. France is no longer led by Paris; she not only forms an opinion of its own, but ventures on occasion to express it with decision. The great fête organised by M. Loubet on Sunday last brings this fact, which is of great importance not only to France but to Europe, before every one's eyes. The Nationalists, as the united groups of Reactionaries call themselves, have, as our readers will remember, captured Paris, returning in the municipal elections of May a clear majority of their candidates. The victory put them almost beside themselves with vain-glory. They believed, and with their traditions had good grounds for believing, that the capture of Paris was equivalent to the capture of France, which it was assumed was sure to follow the signal of its representative city. It was necessary to make the fact patent before the Chambers reassembled, and as the quickest method of taking an informal plebiscite, M. Grébauval, President of the Municipality, invited all the Mayors of the thirty-six thousand communes of France to a grand banquet at the Hôtel de Ville. The Government, well aware of the motive of the invitation, and of the impact its success would have on European opinion, locked on with an anxiety which was, however, speedily relieved. The tocsin of Paris had lost its resonance. Only sixteen hundred Mayors accepted the invitation of the Municipality. That seemed final, but it was still possible to explain it away. The Mayors were too poor to travel, or were too much immersed in private affairs, or were reluctant to affront possible supporters by so decided a declaration of political opinion. The Government, therefore, determined upon a counter-stroke which should make misconception impossible. M. Loubet was advised to invite all the Mayors to a banquet in the Tuileries Gardens, avowedly that they might by attending proclaim their devotion to the Republic. Twenty-two thousand Mayors, or if we make a most moderate deduction for the sick, the absent, and the very poor, two-thirds of the entire number, accepted the invitation, and, travelling by all routes from every corner of France, attended at the banquet. Old aristocrats from Normandy and Brittany, peasants in blouses from Central and Southern France,

grave men of the middle class, each whatever his rank elected by the majority of a commune, and some by the greatest cities, no city in France except Paris being unrepresented, they sat down in an improvised hall literally by tens of thousands to a Gargantuan feast, and applauded sentence by sentence a heartily Republican speech from M. Loubet, *which did not contain one sentence of the usual fulsome eulogy for the soldiers of France*. The banquet was, in fact, a civil plebiscite intended to show that the civil population of France at least was contented with the Republic. Certainly M. Loubet put it to his guests in an unmis-takable way. He spoke indeed of the "work of pacification" which the Government were intent on completing, but he made it evident in almost every phrase that the work was to be accomplished through Republican agency. Not content with asserting that France owed a debt of gratitude to the Revolution, he declared the Government convinced that the Republic, its methods and its principles, must ultimately triumph. "The Republic has always triumphed over its enemies. It has emerged victorious and each time stronger from the trials it has undergone. Doubtless it is possible that it will modify some of its institutions, and, provided this be effected by peaceful and lawful means, we willingly accept the eventuality of certain changes. But the principles underlying the Republic are intangible. They are its *raison d'être*, its very essence; they seem to have the more splendour and solidity because of the length of time which they have taken to evolve themselves from the national conscience. They are the glory and the honour of France. Our duty is to realise them more every day, and to imbue our laws and our morals more profoundly with them." A vast assemblage of representative men of all grades cannot applaud sentences like those as the Mayors did and yet remain at heart devoted to reaction.

We do not say that revolution is impossible in France. The Army is too powerful, the Clericals too active, the Reactionaries too bitter, for any certainty of that kind, but we certainly think the assemblage proves that we have all been a little misled by the opinion of Paris, that there is less discontent with the Republic in the provinces than was imagined, and that the rural districts have shaken off to an extraordinary degree the influence of the capital. It is not unnatural that it should be so. Parisians do not feel, as the provincials do, how good a Government that of the Republic is, how many abuses it has remedied, how much it has done for the communes, how completely it has opened the path to ability, how greatly it has succeeded in securing the civil equality which the average Frenchman loves. There is not a child in France who may not end his career as President of the French Republic. 'It has not been splendid,' thinks the Parisian; 'but then,' thinks the provincial, 'splendour has always been mainly confined to Paris.' 'It has not given us glory.' 'But,' is the retort, 'it has given us peace, which we value at least as much.' 'It is too completely in the hands of plain men,' sneers the Parisian, 'who have neither genius nor achievements to illustrate their names.' 'That means,' responds the provincial, 'that they are very like us. It is we who rule the Republic, and if we desire changes we can make them.' That sense of complete self-government is new in France, and it supplies, we suspect, much of the vacuum left by the perception that France has no man of genius at her head, no Dictator who can rapidly put straight all that is awry. A whole generation, it must be remembered, has grown up which has known no Government but the Republic, which does not, therefore, miss the grand figurehead, and which has found that though the Republic taxes heavily it does introduce improvements, that though so often threatened it remains stable, and that above all it preserves the peace to which the Frenchman is devoted, and for which, first of all, he bears the heavy burden of the conscription and the endless military expenditure. No outsider ever quite enters into the inner mind of France, but it is at least conceivable that the men in the red scarfs whom the people around them trust, as they ponder these things, are by no means satisfied that change would be for the better. At all events, they would like to assent before the change is made, and not to find it made for them in a moment by the city which has lost, from its increased nearness, much of the glamour it formerly possessed. Paris in the Revolutionary period was seven days' dis-

tance from Marseilles, and now it is fourteen hours'. When the next contest occurs for supremacy in France other factors may rule the situation, but it is well for all who watch events to remember that though Paris must always retain a potential initiative in all French movements, it has lost its ascendancy over France, and so long as the Chambers are free to act it must obey the national will, which is better represented by the twenty-two thousand Mayors whom M. Loubet entertained, than by any crowd, however excited, which the capital can throw into her streets.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD CANDIDATE.

TO summarise the qualifications needful for success in political candidature is a task which may be safely essayed at the present juncture without the risk of incurring any suspicion of partisanship. Every one is agreed as to the qualities of the ideal modern candidate. To start with, he should be a man of blameless character. He should be a man of independent means, to protect him from the charge of being a place-hunter, yet not so richly endowed with this world's goods as to be a target for the shafts of the anti-capitalist. He should be well-informed, industrious, accessible, and good-looking. He should have a silver voice, an iron constitution, and a thick skin,—even if it may not yet be necessary for him to have what the Irish Member declared to be essential to a Chief Secretary, "the heart of an iceberg and the hide of a rhinoceros." He need not be a great orator, but he should be fluent, ready in retort, patient of interruption. He must be a patron of, if not actually proficient in, our two great national pastimes. And, above all, he must be a master of those minor dexterities of management for which opportunity is furnished in personal contact with the individual elector. He ought also, of course, by family, or residence, or calling, to be connected with the district he aspires to represent. But while it is easy to sketch the ideal candidate, few politicians are found who realise in mind and person the conjunction of qualities enumerated above, while many achieve success in spite of the lack of what might appear to be the most essential requirements. Wilkes was not handsome; Sheil had a squeaky voice; Lord Randolph Churchill lacked equanimity; and Mr. Chamberlain, as he has often confessed, has never taken any interest in athletic exercises. And while these limitations do not preclude success, great and solid endowments are often no guarantee of recognition by the electorate. The late Mr. Walter Bagehot, a man of extraordinary all-round capacity as well as the highest integrity, was a complete failure as a political candidate. Indeed, a most curious record might be made of the ineffectual descents of genius into the political arena.

The failure of the intellectual candidate is best accounted for by the phrase applied by one of the most distinguished literary politicians of the day to the case of Robespierre,—"the unhappy doctrinaire immersed in the intricacy of practice." A man who has led the *vita umbratilis*, the cloistered life of the student, is ill at ease when he exchanges his seclusion for the cockpit of contending factions. He is like the bookish boy plunged into the rough-and-tumble of the school playground. Confidence in his own ability does not mend matters, for while constituencies are tolerant of many things, they seldom endure consciousness of mental ability unless it is reinforced by achievement in the world of action. Even in an academic constituency the academic candidate is at a disadvantage. But while the purely literary man seldom shines on the political platform, it by no means follows that those who live by their pen make bad candidates. On the contrary, we are inclined to think that the successful modern novelist enters on a political campaign with many positive advantages. He is almost of necessity a travelled personage, and his conscientious quest of local colour from China to Peru has probably implanted in him a sense of our Imperial responsibilities. He is pretty certain to have explored the slums, and to have made himself familiar with the various forms of philanthropic enterprise. Finance, "combines," "corners," company promotion,—all come within his extensive view. The modern novelist, in short, is *ex hypothesi* omniscient: having largely usurped the function of the dramatist, the preacher, the pamphleteer,

and the historian, he is bound to know a good deal about everything, from metaphysics and the higher criticism to the manufacture of tin-tacks or the methods of pilchard fishing. Take the question of the housing of the poor, and where could you find a better expert than Mr. Arthur Morrison? Or if agricultural depression were the theme of discussion, who would be better fitted to serve on a Committee than Mr. Rider Haggard? Outside the ranks of trained engineers, who would be better equipped to assist the inquiry into the efficiency of machinery—say, water-tube boilers—than Mr. Kipling? Lastly, for sane, stimulating, and businesslike criticism of our military system, where can we look even among Service Members for a better and sounder critic than Dr. Conan Doyle, whose admirable article on the lessons of the war we refer to in another column? We are very far from contending that the ability to produce a popular novel is a guarantee of Parliamentary capacity. But we assert without fear of contradiction that the preparation involved in the writing of a serious novel dealing with the social problems of the hour constitutes a far better claim to the confidence of the electorate than the equipment of the company promoter or the professional politician.

Experience clearly shows that the ideal candidate is not always a good candidate. The late Professor Henry Smith was an ideal candidate for Oxford University,—regarded *in vacuo*. But his high character, his great accomplishments, and his wit were powerless to effect the conversion of the reactionary non-residents. And again, the good candidate—in the sense of the man of weight who inspires respect—is not always the winning candidate. Still, even if we narrow the term “good” down to its electioneering as opposed to its ethical content, it stands for certain qualities which are by no means undeserving of admiration. Courage, consistency, sincerity, never fail to impress a political audience. Volubility often begets distrust: indeed, we feel convinced that the prolix manifestoes of the present campaign are a tactical blunder, as well as an indication of uncertainty. Nowhere is the saying that brevity is the soul of wit truer than in regard to an election address; and for one elector who has the patience to wade through Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman’s interminable tractate, twenty will prefer to master the contents of Lord Rosebery’s short letter to Captain Lambton. But for what may be called electoral style the best model is John Bright, who managed to compress the maximum of significance within the limits of a letter not more than twenty lines long. As Mr. Bright said himself, “I deal in no extravagance of language, but state the case in simplicity and, I hope, with clearness.” How accurate was his description will be admitted when we recall such phrases as “My sympathy for Ireland was not born of faction, and in a struggle for office and pay and power”; or “Justice to Ireland requires not only that the laws should be just, but that they should be obeyed”; or that wonderful description of Mr. Parnell, in October, 1887:—“At present he sulks and skulks in Avondale, and keeps silence amid the tumult he has done so much to create, while his lieutenants keep the rebellion pot boiling in three of the provinces of Ireland.” The manifesto writer of to-day, on the other hand, often suggests the literary hack who is under contract to produce so many thousand words.

There is lastly one quality required in the modern candidate, the demand for which has grown out of the altered conditions of modern electioneering. He must not merely satisfy the electors: he must win the approval of their womankind. Alike as speakers, canvassers, and workers, women now play an extremely energetic and efficient part in determining the results of a campaign, and whatever views may be held on the subject of their claims to the suffrage, it will be generally admitted that the keener interest which they take in the choice of a candidate is a satisfactory sign of the times. We do not assert that they are now entirely impervious to those minor flatteries which Dickens satirised in his pictures of the Eatanswill election, but we are inclined to believe that the more active part taken by women in electioneering exerts an elevating influence on the moral atmosphere of political life. The entrance of women into the political arena has certainly inclined the balance in favour of the candidate whose character inspires more confidence.

ABDURRAHMAN KHAN ON HIMSELF.

ANY autobiography is interesting, and especially the autobiography of any King, because one unconsciously expects him to see things from a separate standpoint; but the present writer cannot say that he has found the autobiographical sketch of Abdurrahman Khan as published in Mr. Murray’s new *Monthly Review* quite as delightful on closer acquaintance as it seemed at first sight. The Ameer tells us so little of what he thinks. He is really a man of strong character in a very remarkable position, an independent Mussulman Prince who is Lord of the Marches between Russia and the British Empire in India. He is quite conscious of that position, too, and frankly suspicious about it, saying plainly that Afghanistan is a “goat at which a lion from one side and a terrible bear from the other side are staring, ready to swallow at the first opportunity offered them”; but beyond that suggestive remark he lets out even incidentally but few of his inner thoughts. He gives no hint of his true wishes or apprehensions, but proceeds immediately to write, as a European Sovereign would, in a rather conventional way about his love for his country, and his desire to see it entered on the path of progress, by which he clearly understands, like most other Kings, perfect obedience to himself. It is rebellion which is to him as the sin of witchcraft, and about it he grows once almost poetical. Afghans are probably the most unruly folk on the planet, and their ruler, who possesses, and exercises freely, the power of life and death, has to remind himself now and again that “the pains of a lover are the luxuries of his love.” Sometimes even this thought is insufficient, and he fairly loses both his temper and his spirits:—“On many occasions I get quite discouraged on account of the misbehaviour of my people, who keep on rebelling, quarrelling, and intriguing against each other, and making false reports of each other to me. I have then to make inquiries to find out the truth, and this wastes more than half of my valuable time; so that as I try to walk in the steps of progress they keep on pulling me back. I get very weary, and sometimes think that their position is unchangeable and their intrigues incurable, and that it is impossible to raise them to that standard which would make them equal to their neighbours in strength and character. I feel that it would be well for me to retire from this life of everlasting anxiety and struggle, and take a quiet, peaceful life somewhere else, leaving my people to fight amongst themselves until they are ruined. But this would be a cowardly action and a refusal to fulfil the duties ordained by the real Almighty Master and Sovereign, for which He has created me.” That last sentence, it should be added, is probably honest, every Mussulman sincerely believing that the position he occupies is the one to which he is “called,” in the old Prayer-book sense, though that does not prevent him from trying to improve it, as, for example, by trying to conquer Kafiristan. The disposition to reflect does not, however, last with the Ameer, or he deems it unsafe to indulge it, for he wanders away into a description of his work and surroundings exactly like a schoolboy’s letter home to his father. He tells us how hard he works at his lessons, which consist chiefly of appeals sent up from his provinces, in letters not to be opened by anybody else—one wonders if they ever are, or if the certainty of impalement on detection acts as an effective registration—of the way in which he sleeps and eats, or does not eat, of the amusements of his Court, and of the people of whom that Court is composed. The study and the refectory, the playground and the games, are all brought before us in schoolboy style, accurately, we do not doubt, and therefore interestingly to those who are interested, but in the baldest schoolboy fashion, made peculiar only by a very naïve self-appreciation. The Ameer works, it appears, very hard, because he likes work; he is never alone, not even at night in bed, for a reader keeps on reading to him when he is asleep—just imagine that reader and his thoughts with the Sovereign’s life in his hands—and he amuses himself when he has time by looking on at chess and backgammon, played by professional players:—“Musicians keep on playing and singing for the pleasure of those who are present, and sometimes I also steal a minute or two to listen to them. I love music, and the best pianos, guitars, violins, bagpipes, and other musical instruments are always to be found in my palaces. I know music myself well, and can play the violin

and ru'ab. [A musical instrument, something like a banjo.] It must therefore be a luxury and pleasure for my officials to be in my presence to enjoy all the various pleasures that I provide for them, and those who serve me sincerely and honestly are treated as my personal friends, sometimes being playfully teased by me, and sometimes teasing and joking with me; there is always laughing and joking going on, but with those who are insincere and hypocritical I am very severe and harsh." One wonders if all Kings are equally innocent of perceiving that such occupations are not necessarily "luxury and pleasure" to their courtiers, or of recognising that the torment of Courts is never-ending ennui.

There is nothing specially Oriental in all this, or indeed specially characteristic at all, except two things. One is the existence of Mamelukes at the Court, that is, slaves, sons of prisoners taken in war, or of poverty-stricken officers who are bred up carefully in the Palace, and being utterly dependent, are often more trusted than great nobles:—"For instance, Faramurz Khan, a Chitrali slave, is my most trusted Commander-in-Chief at Herat. Nazir Mahomed Safar Khan, another Chitrali slave, is the most trusted official of my Court; he keeps my seal in his hands to put to any document, and to my food and diet,—in short, he has the full confidence of my life as well as of my kingdom in his hands. Parwanah Khan, the late Deputy Commander-in-Chief, and Jan Mahomed Khan, the late Lord of the Treasury, two of the highest officials in the kingdom, in their lifetime were both of them my slaves." Another is the Ameer's idea of religious liberty. He says, with pride, that he is perfectly tolerant, for that, although a Sunni himself, he employs Shi'ahs, and even Hindoos, in his service; but then, he adds with an inimitable simplicity and directness, "there is a leader of the prayers (Imam) appointed for the courtiers, who gives the prayers five times a day; and the Muhtasib (directors) are appointed throughout the whole country, who first advise the people to attend the mosque five times a day for their prayers and to keep fasts in the month of Ramadan, and then, if people will not listen to their advice, they administer a certain number of lashes, because a nation which is not religious becomes demoralised, and falls into ruin and decay, and misbehaviour makes people unhappy in this world and the next."

We have often wondered in reading the history of Oriental States whether there is much difference between a working Oriental Sovereign and a Western King, and suspect that it is not as great as is imagined. The Asiatic potentate hears more flattery, and of a more fulsome character, and his power of judgment is more warped by the peculiar Asiatic wilfulness, which sometimes appears to be wholly uncontrolled by reason, like the motions of a little child, and by the poisonous effect of absolutism, from which even a man like Akbar could not escape; but allowance being made for those differences, we fancy there is much similarity. The Oriental despot who works, as a good many of them do, practises the business of governing like any other profession, and issues orders, as, for instance, a great squire would, according to his judgment or his temperament. If he is cruel, for example, he issues cruel sentences, unless indeed he is a monster, as part of his business, and in order to do that business easily and quickly, and not from any delight in cruelty. The rebellious *must* be ruined, and the inconvenient, and, of course, a servant who questions orders, had better go,—in Europe out of the house, in Afghanistan out of this life altogether. He has, therefore, no sting of conscience at all, but looks upon himself as Abdurrahman obviously does, not as a bloodthirsty tyrant, but as a hard-working official, very much plagued by resistances, and refractoriness, and intrigues, and human stupidities generally, but determined to put them down. Abdurrahman Khan is really one of the most terrible of rulers, so terrible that his own Governor of Herat, a brave soldier, was on one occasion unable to open a letter from him on account of the trembling of his hands; yet he writes of himself, with obvious intention to be frank, as if he were rather a genial person, who was never harsh except towards an insincere appearance of friendship for himself. The power of self-deception in the human mind is endless, and we can quite believe that the terrible ruler of the Afghans, whom even they regard with abject dread, looks upon himself as a reasonably good fellow, and wonders why any subject should harbour evil thoughts of him. Does he not live laborious days to make Afghanistan

strong, and keep her from the hug of the bear and the spring of the lion? Has he not "always loved beautiful scenery, flowers, green grass, music, pictures, and every kind of natural beauties"? Verily he prefers good to evil and as to that end he must have obedience and good service, what wonder that the disaffected or the negligent should for their offences pass to the next world. "I am tolerant," says the Ameer, and therefore if any one will not repeat the five prayers he is lashed till he does. For, you see, "a nation which is not religious becomes demoralised, and misbehaviour makes people unhappy in this world [*surish*] and the next." Those, we do not doubt, were Dr. Busby's principles as well as those of Abdurrahman Khan, the difference being mainly that the latter strikes with the axe instead of the birch, and has for subjects men and not unruly boys. We were wrong in saying that the autobiography was not as delightful as it ought to be. It is delightful, especially to cynics, to see how a successful tyrant can misread himself, and how pleasant to him would be a little approbation.

TENNYSON AS A THINKER.

THE two last great poets of England were no less distinguished as thinkers than as artists. Browning was a more subtle psychologist than Tennyson; indeed, Shakespeare apart, Browning penetrated deeper into the human mind than any other poet England has produced. But while Tennyson was not the equal of Browning in psychology, he was a genuine and profound thinker, his mind ever dwelling on the deep problems of "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," and his poetry from first to last was dominated by philosophic speculation. This attitude of Tennyson is made very clear by a little volume on "The Mind of Tennyson," by Professor E. H. Sneath, of Yale University (Archibald Constable and Co., 5s.), which admirably sums up for us Tennyson's philosophic ideas and the creed he had ultimately arrived at. Since Mr. Stopford Brooke's comprehensive survey of Tennyson, nothing so excellent has been written on the poet's ideas. It will be at once granted that Tennyson has been the most consummate poetic artist since Keats, but we doubt whether most English readers quite realise that Tennyson has given us in his exquisite finished verse a "criticism of life," to use Arnold's expression, the outcome of thought on the deepest themes. Of course every one knows that Tennyson deliberately chose such themes and that his poetry is charged all through with moral power, showing him to be in the true line of succession to the greatest English poets. But they cannot trace, perhaps, the emergence and growth of his thought on the three great problems of God, Freedom, and Immortality, as revealed in the body of his work. It is here that the aid of Professor Sneath's little volume will prove of no small value, especially as it is the work of one who is himself a philosophic thinker and teacher.

What especially renders Tennyson so interesting as a thinker is that he embodies, as no other writer does, the mind of his age. Shakespeare is not for an age, but for all time. Milton was in advance of his age, as was Wordsworth. But some English poets have been the very incarnation of the *Zeitgeist*. Pope was in respect to that body of thought contained in the "Essay on Man"; so was Cowper in the new Evangelicalism combined with the new human sympathies which permeate "The Task" and many of the minor poems. But never was there a more complete epitome of his time than Tennyson. The strenuous revolutionary poetry of Byron and Shelley had somewhat died down, the epoch of social earthquake had yielded to an epoch of rest marked by the poetry of Keats. Then came the awakening, especially in France and England, of 1830, which we associate with an eager spirit of hope in social life, and an enthusiastic Romanticism which reached its climax in Victor Hugo. Of this movement both Tennyson and Browning were born; their young manhood coincided with its zenith. The fear and horror of the French Revolution had passed away, and a golden dawn appeared to promise a new day in which were enfolded boundless possibilities. But, on the other hand, a spirit of criticism, of positive science, was disturbing the mind of England. The Church was in the throes of conflict, strange new critical theories were casting doubts on its message, on the validity of the Bible, on the very

fundamental ideas of Christianity. Long before Darwin imparted his shock to the Christian edifice, St. Hilaire put forth the idea of evolution on its scientific side, as the great thinkers of Germany had developed its philosophic side. The world was in a ferment. Elements of hope seemed to be confronted by dark spectres of doubt, all the root questions of life surged up in the teeming brains of young and ardent men, not least in that little band at Cambridge of whom Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson were the foremost figures. All the conflicting thoughts, opinions, hopes, fears, doubts, centred themselves in the mind of the budding poet; and it is this fact which renders Tennyson of such exceptional interest. His mind discloses to us, and will represent to posterity, "the very form and body of the time."

So far as the great problems of religion—God, Freedom, Immortality—could be disentangled by the poet, and could present themselves with persistent appeal to his soul, this new birth was brought about by the death of Arthur Hallam. Tennyson, it is clear, was a doubter from his boyhood; he had to face from earliest days "the spectres of the mind." But Hallam's death forced the problem to an issue; for the strong, many-sided, swift-glancing mind of Tennyson there was no rest. Does death end all? Can we know God? Is the world good? Is there aught but matter? The singing-ropes of the poet symbolise more than symmetry of verse and mastery over subtle forms of metre; they also mean for us a poetic treatment of the highest ideals and a reasoned out view of the content of religious belief. Professor Sneath finds in Tennyson a poetic statement of Kantian ideas. Kant furnished to mankind a kind of final analysis of the philosophic movement up to his time. In his "Critique of the Pure Reason" he is agnostic; the mind cannot know the real world. But in treating of the "Practical Reason" Kant restores to us that which he had taken away. In a word, he finds God, Freedom, and Immortality given us in terms of consciousness; we cannot prove them, but they are essential factors in our inmost being. This seems to have been the creed towards which Tennyson grew and which he made his, but it was enriched for him by a certain mystic contemplation, through which he appeared at times to rise to that state of Oriental "enlightenment" when the body is forgotten and the soul dwells in the paradise of purity and light. Tennyson held with Kant that we can only "know" phenomena, but that we must reach the transcendental objects of religion by faith. To this conclusion tend the specially religious poems, such as "In Memoriam," "The Two Voices," and "The Ancient Sage." This is Professor Sneath's view, and it seems to us to represent with truth the general tendency of Tennyson's religious thought.

It is easy, however, to misunderstand this attitude, and therefore to class Tennyson in that category of unthinking religionists whose belief lies outside the intellectual circuits. "Believe," says Browning in a famous poem, "and the whole argument breaks up." Yes, but the argument does not break up because thought is suppressed, but because it is lifted into the higher region of imaginative reason. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is the shimmer of the distant jasper towers of the City of God. Since, as Tennyson says,

"The type of perfect in his mind
In Nature can he nowhere find,"

faith in that perfect is for the man of faith an intellectual necessity. He must posit it, he must see it in the vision of his soul, or the world falls in ruins around him. Faith is not the indolent attitude of a mind which has exhausted itself, it is the state of the mind in its highest potency, in its swiftest flight, in its divinest power. It is, so to speak, the mind raised to its spiritual *nth*, the mind infinitely energised. This was the faith of Tennyson. This faith which in "The Ancient Sage" he commends to the materialistic youth "with a scroll," he fortifies by urging to a life of goodness. "He that doeth the will," said Christ, "shall know of the doctrine." It is not by probing into the secrets of Nature—"I found Him not in world or sun"—nor by endless analysis of the mind—"The petty cobwebs we have spun"—that man rises to any knowledge of God. "Thou canst not prove the Nameless"—but thou canst do His will and find an ever clearer response in thy soul to "the Power in darkness whom we guess." But if God is, immortality is, else were

this world made in vain. Supreme reason would not perfect through countless ages conscious beings only in the end to destroy them. This attitude of mind is called by Professor Sneath "rational consideration." But it is the same attitude of faith in a reasoned order from which the imagination cannot escape and does not wish to escape.

Such was Tennyson's creed, which we do not criticise, but which seems to us significant, as being, after all is said and done, the outcome of the most representative mind of the epoch, after that mind had tried upon its fine edge all the theories and speculations of the time. The poet rests in his intimations of divine things:—

"Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,
Vast images in glimmering dawn,
Half shown, are broken and withdrawn."

We think we may say he rested in that faith, though we admit that there is not the unclouded peace of Wordsworth, or, indeed, of Browning. Tennyson's temperament, sceptical from the first, counts for much, while Wordsworth, to whom the world revealed nothing but blessing, lived before the questioning age of Darwin. If Tennyson had not that perfect spiritual repose which his great predecessor in the Laureateship knew, at least his poetry testifies to a noble inner warfare waged without pause, to a brave facing of "the spectres of the mind," to an ever-growing spiritual strength, and to the inspiring creed that it is the function of poetry to testify to the Unseen, and so guide and inform the generations of men.

THE NEED FOR CHEAP MACHINERY.

AT the Paris Exhibition, among the triumphs of mechanical ingenuity which crowd the buildings one great and damaging defect is in evidence. Almost without exception the machines, of all kinds, are too dear. The costliness of what is now almost a necessary of life is in evidence everywhere, from autocars to the simplest implements needed for modern agriculture. The makers assert that cheap machinery cannot be made. It is very doubtful, if the truth were known, whether the greater number of masters or men interested in its production are really desirous of making it. In France the masters prefer to sell a few machines dear rather than many at a lower price. Trade-Union rules in England, such as those which restrict the number of hours during which a man may work a "tool" for making machinery, or limit his output, show that something of the same spirit exists in many branches of the industry in this country. Add to this the dislike of the masters generally to turning out anything but the best work—a highly creditable desire, but one which often leads to the rejection of the very notion of making a cheap article, *which is good enough for its purpose*, though not the best which can be made—and we find the nucleus of a considerable body of opposition to one of the great and pressing needs of the day. The difficulty is evidently beyond the financial capacity of modern mechanical manufacturers. The result has been that while material of most kinds remains cheap and becomes cheaper, the machinery to convert it to use remains dear, and lessens the benefit of cheap raw material. High wages are the cause, urged most often, among many others, for the prohibitive price of mechanical appliances. We believe this cannot be maintained as the reason. Good workmen get high pay in other callings than that of the mechanic, and produce vast quantities of excellent work at a low price. The Oldham cotton spinners are among the most flourishing working men in England. Their wages are high, their houses good, their amusements planned on a great and expensive scale. But though the Oldham spinners earn a high wage, is the article they manufacture other than cheap? It is well known that it is so inexpensive that the poorest and most frugal nations on earth buy it. Recently the natives of parts of Central Africa where cotton is indigenous ceased to grow it, or to make the cloth. It was cheaper to buy what was made by the highly-paid operatives of Lancashire. Clearly, high wages do not necessarily mean that the article produced by the dear workman must itself be dear. On the contrary, his value and his pay ought to depend largely upon his ability to produce good things which can be sold cheap.

As the cotton operative works by means of machinery, we must assume that these particular machines are cheap; or

else that the organisation of the mills is very much better than the organisation of machine shops. The latter is highly probable. Cotton spinning is an older business than machine making, and has had more brains spent for a longer space of years on the business side of the work. A number of other trades might be cited to show that high wages do not necessarily mean a dear product. But the reason for the dearness of machinery clearly lies elsewhere. It is not because there is no demand for it. On the contrary, in the one or two instances in which a useful machine has been made cheaply it is nearly always in demand and brings profit to the able manufacturers, and often results not only in benefit to tens of thousands of purchasers, but in creating new centres of industry. Mowing machines and sewing machines, mainly for domestic use, might be quoted as instances,—though we are far from regarding either as coming up to the standard of really cheap machinery. There is, in fact, only one machine which is made really cheap and good,—the watch. But the watch is a highly valuable and instructive instance; so by all means let us make the most of it. All the arguments by which manufacturers say you cannot, will not, and shall not have a cheap self-binding reaper, or a cheap steam digger, or a fifty-guinea autocar, or engines for a launch that shall not cost more than if they were cast in silver, were used against the men who said they could make cheap watches. They knew better, organised their work, had cheap tools to make their watch machinery, and very soon turned out by the hundred thousand a most delicate machine, adjusted to fractions of a second, cheap, fairly durable, and *good enough*. Fifty years ago a keyless stop-watch in which the parts of seconds could be measured, and the hands stopped quickly enough to time the flight of a bird, would have cost not less than £30. To-day one can be bought for £1. It is true that the case is gun-metal. But the machine is good enough for use. And it costs one-thirtieth of what it did fifty years ago. That is the kind of thing we mean when we speak of cheap machinery. A case in which the same treatment might yield enormous results to-day is that of the self-binding reaper. The first reaping machine cost £70. The most modern self-binder now costs about £35. That is a reduction of one-half since the invention appeared. Practically every one who farms would buy a reaper, often many reapers, if they were cheap. But the price, considering all things, is simply extravagant. The raw material for them, as for most machinery, is very expensive. It is wood, iron, and steel. In the ingot and the plank probably the whole could be bought for a couple of sovereigns. With fifteen times the cost of the material added, can we call this a cheap machine? If it were it would cost about £8 or £10. Yet that would be only a reduction to about one-quarter of the present price. The “working” watch has been reduced to one-thirtieth. But supposing a reduction all round to one-quarter of the present price, let us say for farming machinery, or for locomotives on roads, effected solely by brains and organisation, as was the reduction in the price of the watch. What a decrease in the labour bills and profit to the farmer would result! It might mean the re-establishment of English agriculture, and an era of prosperity like that introduced by steam and coal sixty years ago.

A contributing cause of the expense of making machinery is the costliness of “the machines which make machines.” These are known as “tools,” and the makers are “tool-makers.” The implements are mainly different kinds of lathes, and implements for planing, boring, and cutting metal. Their general characteristic is to do accurate work very slowly, and to turn out very little of it. Their other feature is their price, which makes economical production by their means simply impossible. From £200 to £1,000 is the range of prices for “tools” on a list now lying before the writer. The work turned out is perfect. But there is a great tendency to extravagance of finish in non-essentials in the results. What is wanted is a tool which can cut steel like wood, and do it cheaply. It is said that at Paris one which fulfilled the first condition was exhibited. It is noted in nearly all machine-making that there is a luxury of finish, a downright wastefulness of strength, polish, and even of what the makers consider ornamental, which is not practical. Almost the earliest machine in which educated Englishmen took any interest was, the sporting gun. It was long before any respectable gun-

maker would condescend to do what the Belgians of Liège, and later the manufacturers of Birmingham, contrived to do, to turn out a quite serviceable gun for £6 instead of £40. When a future Gladstone arises to revise our system of rating, to readjust burdens, and, where possible, to remove mischievous taxes, he may be trusted to give early attention to the impost, recent in date, but antiquated in spirit, which taxes the machinery which makes machines. The rating of machinery in general taxes it as if it were a house or a field. The owner pays a fixed assessment on his “plant,” and pays again in the form of Income-tax on the profits he makes. In theory, he deducts the cost of rates on his machinery from his profits, and so pays less Income-tax. But the payment of the rates comes before the return of profits, and whether he makes profits or not, this tax has to be paid, and the same happens whether he has work for the machinery or whether he can get no orders. A fair parallel would be a tax or rate levied on a writer’s brains, payable before he made profits by them, and irrespective of whether he could find any one to publish his books. Leaving illustration and going to facts, the taxing of many forms of machinery is almost as mischievous to the agricultural community as a tax on corn or fruit trees. In Turkey no one will increase his flock of goats, or plant new walnut trees, or even start a bee-farm, because he knows that each cow, tree, or hive will instantly be rated and taxed. In England no farmer can buy a steel plough, or a chaff-cutter, or a self-binding reaping machine, much less a steam digger or a motor van, without paying the heavy indirect tax levied on the “tools”—lathes, planing machines, slot-cutters, drills, and all the rest—which made them. If he is progressive, and would like to fit up his dairy with steam gear to separate his milk and make butter, he is instantly met with a demand for direct taxation on fixed machinery. Like the Turkish peasant, the English machine-maker hesitates to buy a new “tool,” because it involves the yearly rating expenditure besides its own heavy cost. Whatever can be said for rating machinery which deals directly with raw material for manufacture into cotton, cloth, beer, or flour, the taxing of machinery meant to produce the instruments of production is almost equivalent to taxing the produce itself, and so discouraging industry. It matters little whether the cow is taxed which gives the milk, or the machine which makes the butter, whether the impost is on corn in the sack, or on the manufacture of the steam plough which prepares the land. This particular check to the cheap production of agricultural machines is peculiarly objectionable from another point of view. The machines are mainly manufactured in towns. They are bought and paid for by dwellers in the country, who are practically paying the rate levied for the benefit of the town.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A DIET OF FLOWERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE “SPECTATOR.”]

SIR,—One of the most striking features of the old cookery books, and cookery books constitute a not uninteresting mirror of life, is the amazing botanical knowledge that was apparently necessary to the good housekeeping of a hundred years ago. For the domestic bill-of-fare at the end of the last century comprised not only those simple vegetables with which even the most town-bred of housewives is familiar, but a vast variety of curious roots and herbs and even flowers. It was mainly, perhaps, in the preparations of the “stillroom,” that most mystic appendage to old-fashioned houses, that such things were used. Those various “waters,” obsolete as the “vapours” and such-like complaints that they were designed to cure, though they derived their names, “walnut,” “milk,” “cherry water,” and the rest, from some one distinguishing ingredient, had almost all a similar foundation of balm, mint, rue, marigolds, carduus, and so forth; there is a certain sameness in the receipts. But flowers were used for many other purposes besides distilling. Among those curious decoctions known as “home-made wines,” now, it may be happily, almost extinct, there was “elder-flower wine,” in the making of which to six gallons of spring water, and six pounds of “raisins of the sun chopped,” there was added a peck of elder-flowers. To what extent these elder-flowers contributed to the flavour of the finished production, which was, we

are assured, "very like Frontiniae," is a little uncertain; for besides the other ingredients, every gallon of the wine was fortified by a "quart of Rhenish." So in an old receipt for "cowslip or clary wine," as well as the cowslips there is sugar, lemon-peel, whites of eggs, syrup of citron, and, again, "Rhenish." Of elderberry wine, gooseberry, raisin, and currant wines, we have most of us some vague recollections as being among the dainties of childhood; that is, of a rather remote and country-bred childhood; but the existence of "birch-wine" is more of a surprise. This was a preparation of the juice of the birch tree, procured by boring holes in its trunk and putting in fosses made of hollowed branches of the elder; and the only adventitious flavourings were sugar and lemon-peel. There may perhaps still linger in some secluded neighbourhood a maker of "birch-wine"; but its constituents do not appear, on paper, to be convincing.

More picturesque are the syrups; we read in the old manuals of such fairy-like concoctions as syrup of roses, syrup of peach-blossoms, syrup of clove-gilliflowers. It is hard to believe that when we are bidden to take "three pounds of damask rose-leaves" it is for the purpose of preparing food for mere gross humanity; it seems more fitting for a mid-summer night's dream banquet; yet the product is to be put into bottles, we are told, and stored for use, as though it were the prosaic pickle or marmalade. There is another method of preserving roses which is worth quoting entire: "Take rose-buds, or any other flowers, and pick them, cut off the white part from the red, and put the red flowers and sift them through a sieve to take out the seeds; then weigh them, and to every pound of flowers take two pounds and a half of loaf sugar; beat the flowers pretty fine in a stone mortar, and by degrees put the sugar to them, and beat it well till it is well incorporated together; then put it into gallipots, tie it over with paper, over that a leather, and it will keep seven years." There is something delightfully incongruous in a receipt which is at the commencement so Herrickian, ending with these commonplace allusions to gallipots and leather.

Roses were apparently a favourite article of food in the time of our great grandmothers, for we also find a receipt for making a "conserve of roses boiled," and in this, too, great stress is laid upon removing all the white; in the directions for pudding-making, also, rosewater is a frequent flavouring. Next to roses the most popular of flowers seems to have been the cowslip. Here is a description of "cowslip pudding," intended primarily for a fast dinner, but included among "a number of good dishes, which you may make use of for a table at any other time." "Having got the flowers of a peck of cowslips, cut them small and pound them small, with half a pound of Naples biscuits grated, and three pints of cream. Boil them a little: then take them off the fire, and beat up sixteen eggs with a little cream and a little rosewater. Sweeten to your palate [this is a fine variation of the modern 'sweeten to taste']. Mix it well together, butter the dish, and pour it in. Bake it; and when it is enough, throw fine sugar over and serve it up." In this, as in the "cowslip or clary wine," we have a floral diet much disguised. Was it, one is tempted to ask, that the cowslips had some subtle flavour distinguishable amid the cream and eggs and Naples biscuits, or were they added as a delightful affectation, to give a name which might appeal to the poetic sensibility of the guests, while their grosser tastes were satisfied by the other ingredients? This is a problem that, if it is to be solved at all, must be solved experimentally; but the test may be unfair, for perhaps the modern cookmaid's hand has lost its cunning in the preparation of such delicacies, and we sigh for the taste of them in vain. Perhaps also this practical age, which draws diagrams to illustrate the values of what it calls by the peculiarly unappetising name of "foodstuffs," would have but a poor opinion of cowslip pudding, and tell us that there is a great deal more nourishment in whole-meal bread; at any rate, we see it not in the modern menu. But such things make a pretty chapter in the history of the art of cookery; prettier a great deal than some other and more substantial dishes, directions for which we may read in the same old manuals, "how to ragoo hogs' feet and ears," for instance, or how to "make a pudding with the blood of a goose." One turns back with speed to the cowslips and the roses, or even to the waters with their marigolds and their rue.—I am, Sir, &c., X.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

COUNT VON WALDERSEE'S APPOINTMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "L. C. J." (*Spectator*, September 22nd) challenges me to say what reparation for the recent outrages in China should be exacted, and from whom. For the answer to the first question I would refer him to your own admirable article of the 22nd inst. on the German Circular. To the second I reply: From the Emperor Kwangsu. Many people hold that in 1860, if Lord Elgin and Baron Gros had insisted upon treating with the Emperor Hsien Fêng in person, he would have been produced, and that it was a mistake to accept any plenipotentiary, even the Emperor's own brother, Prince Kung. So, now, Kwangsu is the proper person with whom to treat, and not either Li Hung Chang or the other creatures of the Dowager-Empress. If the Powers were agreed, there would be little difficulty, though much opposition, in making the Emperor meet the plenipotentiaries. Nankin, and not Pekin, should be the place of meeting. So, and not otherwise, would all China know who are the masters. To leave unavenged the horrors of Pao-ting-fu (than which the tragedy of Cawnpore itself was not more revolting), and the outrages upon the sacred character of the Envoys, would make the Western nations accomplices after the fact, and be an everlasting disgrace to the whole civilised world. The disintegration of China has begun in Manchuria, and it would now be as easy to arrest the waters of Niagara in mid-air as to stay the partition of the Middle Kingdom. You, Sir, have shown that such partition, though we should have no share in it, would not be to our disadvantage. The *status quo ante* which "L. C. J." seems to favour is out of the question.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Batsford Park, Moreton-in-Marsh. A. B. F. MITFORD.

THE UNIONIST ATTACK ON MR. HORACE PLUNKETT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It seems strange that neither in your editorial note in the *Spectator* of September 15th, nor in Lord Monteaule's letter printed in your number of September 22nd, have the main grounds of objection to the appointment of Mr. Gill as the highest permanent official in the Irish Agricultural Board been mentioned or alluded to. As far as I am aware, no objection has ever been raised on the ground that Mr. Gill is a Roman Catholic. Certainly such an objection has been disavowed by Lord Ardilaun, by Mr. Ball, and by the Conservative working men of Dublin. The objections chiefly insisted on are two. First, that in contravention of a pledge given by Mr. Gerald Balfour in the House of Commons, a Secretary was appointed who possesses no special or expert knowledge of agriculture. The fact that Mr. Gill possesses no such knowledge has been publicly admitted by Mr. Horace Plunkett. Secondly, it is objected that Mr. Gill was a prominent organiser in the "Plan of Campaign," a criminal conspiracy described by Mr. Chamberlain as "the most immoral and dishonest conspiracy which has ever been devised in a civilised country," and that up to the date of his appointment he had never expressed regret for his part in a system of violent injustice and fraud.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Highfield House, Co. Dublin. EDWARD DOWDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I think you do an injustice to the Unionists of South Dublin by assuming, as you do in the *Spectator* of September 15th, that their opposition to Mr. Horace Plunkett arises from bigotry. They do not, as you suggest, wish to unseat him simply because he appointed one who is a Roman Catholic and a Nationalist. Mr. Gill's appointment is objected to by Irish Unionists, not because he is a Roman Catholic and a Nationalist, but because they consider that a man who was a prominent member of that "immoral conspiracy" the "Plan of Campaign" should not have been placed in a position of trust in connection with Irish land. Nor is that dissatisfaction much lessened by what Lord Ardilaun has called "a tardy and second-hand admission that Mr. Gill now believes in the Eighth Commandment." But the head and front of Mr. Plunkett's offending has not this extent and no more, though he very skilfully endeavours to make it appear so.

No one who has read the speeches of his opponents—and no one who has not done so should pronounce judgment in the dispute; men like Lord Ardilaun and Professor Dowden are not to be disposed of in a leaderette as bigots whose opposition to any fair-minded man is to be expected—can fail to see that they are rejecting Mr. Plunkett because they feel that, so far from representing their opinions, he is entirely committed to the policy of a Government with which they are most profoundly dissatisfied. Whether Mr. Gill was rightly or wrongly appointed is not the question in this election. That appointment is but one of the many actions which have made Mr. Plunkett's constituents believe that by voting for him they would be helping to return to Parliament one who could not be counted on to withstand the further attacks which are threatened on the interests of the Unionists of Ireland.—I am, Sir, &c.,

HERBERT M. THOMPSON.

College Historical Society, Dublin.

[Our correspondent is quite frank. He admits, what is no doubt true, that the attack, though nominally made against Mr. Plunkett for appointing Mr. Gill, is really made against him because he has supported and shared in the Irish policy of Mr. Gerald Balfour and the present Administration. We shall not, of course, convert Mr. Thompson; but we believe that policy has been good both for Ireland and the United Kingdom, and that the Irish Unionists who oppose it are gravely mistaken.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE COTTON TROUBLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your article on the above subject in the *Spectator* of September 22nd is calculated to mislead the outside public as to the causes of the present embarrassment in the cotton trade. Briefly, the present scarcity of cotton is due to the simultaneous failure of last season's crop both of American cotton and Indian cotton; and the stocks in the world, relative to the consumptive requirements, have been reduced to a lower point than at any time since the American War. This scarcity is rendered more acute by the fact that the incoming American crop is a late one, and threatens to be again seriously short. A further aggravation of these untoward conditions was the recent devastating storm at Galveston, which wrecked the port and shipping and delayed the shipment of new crop cotton to Liverpool. No combination of speculators could have exercised much influence apart from these natural and unavoidable causes. It is also very questionable whether the action of these speculators has been as malign as might appear, as the high price in Liverpool has attracted all the surplus stocks from all parts of the world, and yet there is an absolute famine! The writer of your article is not, apparently, acquainted with the trade, or he would not say "one result of the present month's experience will be to develop the importance of other sources of supply, such as the Indian and Egyptian." This country has almost ceased to use Indian cotton, not that the crops are smaller, but because we can more profitably spin American. The Egyptian cotton crop has more than doubled itself since the English occupation of Egypt, and the consumption of Egyptian cotton in this country has correspondingly increased. You further say: "Surely it is not too much to expect that the leaders of the cotton trade . . . will take effectual steps to secure that in future the true character of the cotton crop in the United States shall be known to them and all concerned both early and accurately." The Washington Agricultural Bureau announced last October that the crop was a failure. This country did not believe it. The American spinners did, and secured their cotton. This country was left in the lurch. These are the unadorned facts of the present lamentable scarcity of cotton, and appearances indicate a straitened supply for some time to come. Some of us cotton people read your journal regularly for inspiration and guidance, and we may be pardoned for thinking it is quite excusable for a literary writer, in commenting on a large trade, not always "to see it steadily and see it whole."—I am, Sir, &c.,

A LIVERPOOL COTTON BROKER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your article on the cotton troubles is most valuable owing to its suggestiveness, but if I may be allowed, I should like to point out a feature which has been overlooked, viz.,

that Great Britain uses only a dwindling proportion of the American crop, our average takings from the States during the past five years being about one-third of the total growth, the remaining two-thirds of the yield being consumed in America and on the Continent. As a matter of fact we spin less of this class of cotton than the States, and also less than the Continent. If you had space I could show the important extent to which the cotton-spinning industry has recently developed in foreign countries, especially in America. All agree with you that trustworthy reports on the size of the crop should be got as early in the season as possible, but in any plan of reporting an international agreement would probably have to be arrived at. The Washington Commercial Bureau has for a long number of years back issued periodical reports, and though its figures have just lately come out fairly correct, this department does not seem to command full confidence on either side of the water. Last season was a most exceptional year in many respects, the like of which we hope not to experience again in Lancashire.—I am, Sir, &c.,

22 St. Mary's Gate, Manchester. WILLIAM TATTERSALL.

"DIABOLUS EX MACHINÂ."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—A day or two before reading in the *Spectator* of September 15th your remarks on the evils to be apprehended from the practical "shrinkage of the world" through quick travelling, I happened to come across a passage in Mr. Wells's "Tales of Space and Time" in which other dangers are traced to a like locomotory source. The clever romancist supposes himself to have "dipt into the future" more effectually even than the hero of "Locksley Hall," and, thus immersed, to contemplate the nineteenth century from the standpoint of the twenty-first:—

"Prominent, if not paramount, among world-changing inventions in the history of man is that series of contrivances in locomotion that began with the railway. . . . That these contrivances, together with the device of limited liability joint-stock companies and the supersession of agricultural labourers by skilled men with ingenious machinery, would necessarily concentrate mankind in cities of unparalleled magnitude and work an entire revolution in human life, became, after the event, a thing so obvious that it is a matter of astonishment it was not more clearly anticipated. Yet that any steps should be taken to anticipate the miseries such a revolution might entail does not appear even to have been suggested; and the idea that the moral prohibitions and sanctions, the privileges and concessions, the conception of property and responsibility, of comfort and beauty, that had rendered the mainly agricultural States of the past prosperous and happy, would fail in the rising torrent of novel opportunities and novel stimulations, never seems to have entered the nineteenth-century mind."

Fitzjames Stephen satirically declared that when steam travelling began, enthusiasts seemed to expect that railroads would take them up to heaven! An antidote to any such confidence of machine-worshippers is to be found in what may be called the *diabolus ex machinâ* views expressed, near thirty years ago, by the author of "Erewhon." That ingenious fabulist believed, or affected to believe, that man would gradually fall into dependence on, nay, into subjection to, his own inventions; inasmuch that at last, instead of men employing machinery, machines will employ "mannery." If this prophecy does not go beyond the limits of exaggeration permissible in a satire, then may we say of science what Mark Pattison paradoxically said of religion: it is a good servant, but a bad master. Lord Beaconsfield, when asked by a friend how he liked being in the Upper House, wittily answered: "I am dead, but I am in the Elysian Fields." Let us hope that this may not be a sort of parable suiting our remote descendants. Is it, or is it not, possible that a machine-ridden, I had almost said a *machine-made*, posterity may be content to live on in a comfortable decrepitude after losing all that makes human life worth living,—*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*? The late Mr. Pearson, in his "National Life and Character," regarded such a lame and impotent conclusion of human history as quite possible. The mention of Mr. Pearson's name reminds me of his foreboding that the Chinese and Japanese, after what may be termed an industrial as opposed to a military invasion of Europe, will achieve an economic triumph; in short, that the yellow labourer even in the West will supplant the white labourer. The facts adduced in your article make this foreboding appear less chimerical than it is or was commonly thought to be.—I am, Sir, &c.,

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

THE DESECRATION OF SCENERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your vigorous treatment of the above topic in the *Spectator* of August 18th gave great satisfaction, I am sure, to many lovers of Nature, both English and American. For one I want to thank you most heartily, and to express the earnest hope that such protests will result in something more substantial than complaint in the public prints. It certainly seems a case where a practical application of the boycott is legitimate and in order. I write out of a sense of disappointment which some years have not effaced. Making a first visit to England in 1895, I fondly hoped to find relief from that torturing desecration of natural scenery which had long made me ashamed of my own country for its indiscriminate devotion to the advertising mania, regardless of all sense of beauty or propriety. Landing at Liverpool, and taking an early train for London, I was soon amid those summer charms of English rural landscape with which English literature has made us all so familiar. It was indeed the "Motherland," and I felt at home. But no sooner had I fairly surrendered myself to the spell of my surroundings, than away across the spreading turf, against a background of the lovely hedges, there smote upon my eye the vision of two upright poles bearing a broad board inscribed with the ghastly legend: "Take ————"! It was "home again" with a vengeance. The spell was broken, and could not be wholly recovered. During all my stay I was continually reminded that Britain and America are constantly increasing the bands that show their kinship and bind them together. I am bound to say, however, that I saw nothing in England quite so bad as the blood-curdling form of advertisement which appeared about that time at San Francisco, where a chimney-sweeping concern spread its announcement in enormous letters burnt with quicklime in the grass near the summit of one of the "Twin Peaks" on the west side of the city, where for at least a year it could not be obliterated, but stared in the face of both citizen and tourist, to the shame of the former and the disgust of all. If that was not a case for the strongest kind of boycott, no severer penalty being available, then there never was one.—I am, Sir, &c., M. W.

Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

SUBVERSION OF THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It should be borne in mind that the watchwords or principles of the "Boxers" were twofold,—(1) the subversion of the Manchu dynasty; (2) the expulsion of foreigners from China, &c. The Chinese Government adroitly seized upon the second of these, and worked it through the "Boxers" to the exclusion of the first. But the time will come for the first to be brought to the front, especially if an attempt is made to exterminate the "Boxers." In the private letters from my brother, Bishop Scott, who has been in China over twenty-five years, and nearly twenty years in Peking, occur such passages as: "We have all been waiting for this [crisis] for at least a year past." "It is the sort of crash which seemed inevitable." "If the foreign authorities could have been brought to believe all that they were plainly told, the present state of things would have been prevented, but those whose foresight had prevented it would have been denounced as panic-mongers without doubt."—I am, Sir, &c.,

The Rectory, Wanstead.

JOHN SCOTT.

THE HOSPITAL ARRANGEMENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Not one of the various writers of the many interesting letters which have appeared recently in the *Spectator* concerning the hospital arrangements in South Africa has drawn attention to the very startling fact that practically all the enteric fever was due to the neglect of the most elementary hygienic precautions. Will you allow me to bring before your readers one example of official inertia in the matter of the application of the results of modern sanitary science to the preservation of the health of the men who fight the enemies of the Empire? The filtration of water in the Royal Navy is still carried out by means of a substance called "carbolite," in spite of the almost unanimous approval by experts of the more modern Pasteur-Chamberland filter.

Since the introduction of the latter into the French Army the number of attacks of enteric have diminished by 62 per cent., and as its use is extended it is expected that even more favourable results will accrue.—I am, Sir, &c.,

FRANK KENNEDY CAHILL.

10 Harcourt Street, Dublin.

THE MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have read with very great interest your article in the *Spectator* of September 22nd on the status of the European missionary in China. After the bewildering mass of details shot upon us by the daily papers, it becomes increasingly difficult to decide broad issues, and such a clear statement of view is indeed welcome. But I venture to doubt whether the writer has laid his finger upon the essential difficulty. Would the treatment of the missionary in China ever have become a crying question if it had not been complicated by that of the native convert? The tales of pseudo-converts who "Christianise" in order to gain some civil advantage over opponents seem to grow in number. What should be the attitude of the European Powers in this respect? Has it always been internationally just? It is a hard matter to decide, and there is cause for suspecting something wrong when astute Chinamen can succeed in securing material advantage by temporarily changing their religion and invoking the aid of a European Consul. Perhaps the writer of last week's article may be induced to define the limits of foreign intervention in this respect. That the converts should, as far as possible, be protected from massacre and actual injury seems clear, but how far are we to go in vindicating their civil rights in their own country?—I am, Sir, &c., W. ALDERSEY LEWIS.

White Rock School, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your article on Chinese missions in the *Spectator* of September 22nd you imply that all those who object to see missionaries forced upon the unwilling Chinese must of necessity be agnostics. Will you permit me to state my objections from a strictly Christian standpoint? In the "Sermon on the Mount" Jesus said: "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." Again, referring to unwilling hearers, He said: "Whosoever will not receive you, when ye go out of that city shake off the very dust of your feet for a testimony against them." In face of these two express commands, I fail to see how any professing Christian can justify himself in forcing his religion upon the unwilling Chinese. What then ought we to do? Continue the present system, with this proviso. Before a missionary is allowed to teach or preach to the Chinese, let him obtain a permit from the Chinese Government or the Chinese local authorities. If he cannot obtain this, let him follow Paul's example at Corinth, and shake his raiment, or if he pleases, the dust off his feet, but go elsewhere, to labour in a more fruitful field. His dreams will not then be disturbed by the reflection that he has escaped with his life and left his innocent congregation to be massacred. This counsel is supported by all the teaching of history. I can recall no instance of benefit following Christian teaching which is backed by the power of the sword, except in those very doubtful cases where unbelievers have been exterminated wholesale,—but "I have not so learned Christ." It is very poor economy to neglect the divine command, and attempt to force new wine into old bottles when thousands of new bottles are waiting to be filled.—I am, Sir, &c., H. B. PROCTOR.

Maryton Grange, Allerton, near Liverpool.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Although I rarely find something in your journal with which I do not fundamentally disagree, I always read it with interest and profit. Your article on "Mortmain in Thought and Life" (*Spectator*, September 22nd) has that acuteness and charm which is a constant feature of your "middles," but the article on "Missionaries in China" seems to me mischievous in its tendency. You exercise a well-won influence in both Church and Dissent, and the mistaken attitude of both these sections of Christendom will be stiffened by your

counsel that mission work shall run along the old lines of undisciplined zeal. You have to face the fact that, however successful missions among the lower races have been, they are failures among races whose creeds are more venerable than that which seeks to supplant them. Sir Alfred Lyall's remarkable "Asiatic Studies," to which you refer, shows that Christianity is making no headway against Brahmanism; and in his "Australian in China," Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent in Peking, gives like testimony to failure in that country. Dr. Morrison writes as one in sympathy with mission effort, and he shows that at the present rate of conversions (these being well-nigh solely among the lower orders, who reap some temporal advantage by change of creed) the triumph of Christianity in China may be expected *ad Calendas Græcas*. This is certain, unless the *quality* of the missionary, male and female, is improved, and it is to this that your influence should be directed. There is already sufficient cause of unrest in the competition of the different sects, bewildering the Hindoo and the Chinaman with their respective claims to possession of the truth. But this, serious though it be, pales before the hindrance wrought by ignorance of the history and tenets of the religion combated. You send out a number of men and women (see Dr. Morrison's book) fortified by the prayers of the churches, but wholly unequipped to deal, by tact and knowledge, with ancient faiths embalming, with many errors, precious records of man's spiritual development, and endeared by myriad associations to their adherents. The various missionary societies should start an intelligence department, which, with its other duties, should sift rigorously all reports of progress; and they should compel every candidate to evidence such acquaintance with the modern science of comparative theology as may be gained from reading books of the type of Dr. Tylor's "Primitive Culture."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Strafford House, Aldborough, Suffolk. EDWARD CLODD.

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The following conversation may interest you, which I had with an intelligent young Yorkshire farmer about thirty years of age, who lives and works on his father's farm. Happening to meet him recently, I said: "So you have not gone to your new place?" (For some time past he has been thinking of going into a business in a town.) "No," he replied, "and I think it will fall through. Father and mother are trying to persuade me not to go. You see, it's in this way. You *can't* get men to work on the land nowadays. Not but what there are plenty who would work and never mind the hours if you gave them *high enough wages*. But that would ruin the farmer. And there are plenty who would work for *less wages* if they could start by a whistle and know when they had done, like a factory. It's the hours. It's all bed and work. It's hard work too, but I don't mind that. I've been brought up to it all my life, and I like it, *yet I want to get away as bad as ever I can do*. I feel tied hand and foot. You never can get away to see anything or do anything. Not but what I go about a good deal buying and selling, but you never feel sure of an hour. If things go on as they are doing people *must* give up farming unless they can get Irishmen." When I asked about the superior attractions of a town, he said:—"They like it for a bit—a day or two, or perhaps a week—and then they would like to get back to the country. They would never stop in a town (unless bred there) if it wasn't for the hours. On a farm, even if you go to bed at 8 o'clock, you never know that you mayn't have to get up to a cow calving, a horse ill, or something of that sort. It's just the hours and nothing else. The Eight-hour Bill would do no good to us, for you can't have two men for every job, and in farming so many things happen that you can't *fix* a man's time. No, I see nothing for it but big wages, which farmers can't afford till they get more for their produce. At the present time we can buy corn cheaper than we can grow our own, and cattle don't fetch much. It's just the hours, and nothing more." The above was written before I saw the *Spectator* of September 22nd. Your correspondent, "Rusticus," is evidently not aware that the "hands" can talk to one another without difficulty, even in the noisiest factory. The next time he goes

through one he may note (if he keeps his *eyes* open) how the mill girls are obviously discussing him, knowing full well that *he* cannot hear though they can. Also he is in error as to the winter work on a farm. The feeding, grooming, and cleaning out the houses of horses and cattle, which during the summer are out of doors, take up many hours. If "Rusticus" will reside on a farm during the winter months he will see the men moving about with lanterns till long after dark, and there are very few weeks when he will not find one or more up till a late hour attending to something which *must be done then*.—I am, Sir, &c.,

G. J. C.

THE CLOSING YEARS OF LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have read the *Spectator* many years, but I do not remember an article having impressed me more than the one published in your issue of the 15th inst. on "The Things Beyond the Tomb." There are abundant reasons in favour of anonymous writing, but one feels really anxious personally to thank the writer for his paper, so full of insight and sympathy. I was most struck with his observations on the views men take of death. I believe it to be quite correct that no sane man would like to live his life over again. At my age (approaching sixty) I can, as it were, see the end of my life approaching. The prospect gives me no fear. As one grows older the outlook becomes clearer and calmer. I have been a doubter, but, like my forefathers, I can now find consolation in the services of the Church. It is astonishing how the ordinary affairs of life seem to adapt themselves to your added years. One's pleasures are quieter but quite as enjoyable. To live in the lives of your children, to watch their progress, the development of their minds, is one great source of pleasure. Then one has music, reading, gardening, &c. May I also add that I took the advice of an old friend some years ago, who said the two things most likely to give pleasure in declining life were to learn whist and to play the violoncello? These are simple things and within the reach of all but the very poor. The writer of the article quoted with approval a verse from one of Baxter's hymns. There is, however, a verse in the same hymn still more appropriate to my state of mind:—

"If life be long, O, make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no labourer is sad
To end the toilsome day."

—I am, Sir, &c.,

A HIGH CHURCHMAN.

POLITICAL DEMORALISATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have been a Liberal all my life, and hope to die one. But I am not a Home-ruler, any more than I am a Liberal Unionist, masquerading in the garb of a Tory. I am, in fact, nothing politically, and I dare venture to say that this is the condition of some hundreds of thousands of the electors at the present moment,—they *cannot* vote for the Liberals, so-called, and they *will not* vote for the Tories. When I reflect that I was an active Liberal worker thirty years ago, and that I shall not even record my vote in the forthcoming Election, I get some measure of the demoralisation which has fallen upon me, although I have no clear conception as to the cause, and no idea whatever as to the remedy for my deplorable condition. But I am clear about this: that I shall never recover until some one arises who has the political instinct, the self-sacrifice, and, above all, the devotion of Mr. Gladstone, and who will let the accursed nightmare of Home-rule rest for a while—a long while—as the great chief himself would probably have done, when he saw that it was hopeless, and worse than hopeless. We have no time for such vagaries when the interests of the once "great Liberal party" are being trifled with by a parcel of fanatics, who would let Liberal principles go by the board so long as their own miserable fads are carried out.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J.

THE ISRAELITE, THE BOER, AND THE MAORI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—There is a curious analogy between the Boers and the Maories in New Zealand in their interpretation of the Old Testament. The Boers accepted the Old Testament as literally true. The Maories looked upon it as only pro-

phetically true. Nevertheless, they both arrived at a somewhat similar conclusion. The Boers simply copied their prototypes, the Israelites of old. The native inhabitants of the Transvaal were to them as the Canaanites of old were to the Israelites,—either to be exterminated or utilised as slaves. The Transvaal was the land of promise. The weary journey from Cape Town was the second edition of the wandering in the wilderness by the Israelites. The Boers were just as certain that the Almighty was guiding them to their home as the Israelites were that Jehovah was leading them. History is never tired of repeating itself. In both cases, however, both Israelites and Boers were mistaken. Neither Palestine nor the Transvaal belongs either to the Israelite or the Boer. The Maories, or at any rate a large number of them, believed that the Old Testament, in the account of the Israelites in Palestine, foreshadowed the doings of the Maories in New Zealand. A teacher (Maori) explained to me this apparent mystery. We, the English, the Irish, Germans, and Italians, were the Canaanites, Hivites, and Hittites of the Old Testament; the Maories were the true Israel, and Auckland was the Jerusalem, into which town the Maories would be gathered and live in happiness, when we had all been destroyed and driven into the sea. I have no reason to suppose that my teacher was not fully impressed with the truthfulness of his belief. Indeed, only a few years ago a prophet with a very considerable following arose in the North Island, with the express purpose of driving us out of the land. He was, however, captured; treated, I am glad to say, most kindly; taken to all the chief towns in New Zealand to see our power and civilisation, and has never given us any further trouble. There is, I think, a singular agreement between the Israelite of old, the Boer, and the Maori, that each nation firmly believed that the Almighty favoured his own particular nation at the expense of every other. History, however, happily does not give support to this form of belief.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. M. CLISSOLD.

Cheltenham.

THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I be allowed to protest in your columns against the admission of schools of young children to Hertford House? I met recently a tribe of little ones, certainly all under thirteen, with one young teacher to look after them. They wandered about aimlessly as children always do in museums unless some one directs their attention to special objects, and explains them; and it is no disparagement to the intellect of their teacher to say that she probably knew as little as they of art in general, and of French eighteenth-century art in particular. The collection is unique, and is housed in rooms which are not too large. It is also of that kind which can only be appreciated by the cultured artist or connoisseur. It affords endless opportunity for study to men engaged in all trades bearing upon house furnishing and decoration; and it may be hoped that our "Jerry-built" villas will, at least in the future, be furnished better than they are at present through the object teaching of Riesener and Gouthière, and Fragonard and Watteau. But surely this exquisite art is neither profitable to the young, nor in any way a part of elementary education. The National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, and the British and South Kensington Museums are much more fitted for teaching art to infant minds, and, indeed, more entertaining. The latter museums contain examples of most of the objects exhibited at Hertford House, and there is plenty of space for the children to walk about and profit by any explanations that their teachers may be able to impart.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Parkstone.

SOPHIA BEALE.

THE VOICE OF THE TRANSVAAL IMPERIALISTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—There is a small class of Transvaal ex-burghers whose case, and it is a sad one, is but little, if at all, understood by the English public, and which consists of persons who mostly are unable to plead their own cause, partly from being unaccustomed to formulate their ideas in such a manner as to be able to obtain a hearing, and yet more from a defective political education. The class I allude to is composed of men of English extraction, who have always under the most trying

circumstances remained true to the Empire, and have always and rightly considered themselves as owing allegiance to it. According to English law, subjects cannot be released from their allegiance except by words of explicit signification. I believe that I am correct in stating that no such release was given to the people of the Transvaal; they were never declared to be not British subjects, although freedom to choose their own form of government was granted to them. There was a marked difference in this respect between the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, for the people of that State were distinctly freed from their allegiance to the Empire. Bearing this in mind, let us trace the history of those whom I may call the Transvaal Imperialists. They emigrated to the Transvaal from England, Cape Colony, or Natal before the annexation. They, as was the custom, reported themselves to the veld-cornet of whatever district they settled in, he inscribed the name of such in his official book, and there the matter ended; there was no oath of any kind. When the annexation took place, these people rejoiced; and when the Boers rose in revolt, they were faithful to the Empire, staking their property and the lives of themselves and their families on their faith. The Retrocession ruined them. It broke the fortunes of all, but it did worse; it shook their faith in England. Yet their love for the Old Country, which most of them had never seen, or seen but in early youth, remained. They could not leave the Transvaal. Their homes were desolated, their crops ravaged, their movable property appropriated by the Boers, and few of them had any reserve capital to speak of; but the Convention saved whatever land they possessed from confiscation, and, being unable to realise on it, owing to land in the Transvaal being practically unsaleable for some time after the Retrocession, they had perforce to remain and try to make a living; almost starving in the meanwhile, waiting wearily for the tardy compensation for losses sustained during the war that was sparingly dealt to them by the British Government, and subjected to the jibes and petty tyrannies of the Boers amongst whom they dwelt. Then they were notified that lists were to be prepared of all residents in the Transvaal, whereby each man would have the option of registering himself as a British subject or as a burgher. Registration as a British subject excluded a man from all political rights in the Transvaal; even in a municipal election he would have no vote. It carried with it one immunity. No man so registered could be personally commandeered, although value could be commandeered from him. Few, of course, registered themselves as British subjects. Believing that by the very terms of the Convention the Transvaal Republic was a vassal State of the Empire, and having no premonition that registration as a burgher would involve being commandeered in a war against that Empire, it was not likely that men would barter the right of trying to regulate the government of the country they had to live in for the apparently empty title of British subject, and exemption from military service against rebellious Kaffirs. During the years which intervened between the Retrocession and the Bloemfontein Conference of 1899 these men and their sons learned painfully how little the vote availed them under a Government that was based on and maintained by corruption; and how greatly their avowed claim to be Englishmen although burghers exposed them to frequent petty insults and injuries and to occasional gross injustice. Yet they remained true to the Old Country, and brought up their children to be proud of their descent, to reckon themselves English men and women, and to hold an insult offered to England or to the Queen as a personal insult, while it seemed possible that their country had forgotten their very existence. A most curious state of things political, having no parallel but in things social,—the status of some disowned children! They had yet to learn that what had seemed to them almost a mockery, the registration as a British subject, was all that separated any of them from the Boers in the eyes of the British Government. The opinion of Sir William Conyngham Greene on this subject was explicitly given to those who sought his advice when war was imminent. Registration as a burgher was allowed by the Boer Government to any Outlander who was qualified according to their regulations, although until the eve of war he had not availed himself of his right, but no facility was offered to the Transvaal Imperialists to rectify a mistake which those even who registered themselves

as burghers eighteen years before had fallen into unwittingly, and which many were in no way responsible for, having been under age when their fathers registered. And so these men had to remain, to be forced to assist the enemies of England. Personally, many could have left the Transvaal by stealth, but their families and their substance would have had to remain. Practically they had no choice; their case was desperate. Threats of death and confiscation were used to compel them to take up arms when war was declared. It is true that, according to martial law as officially published, fines and imprisonment were to precede extreme rigour; but all residents in the Republic are well aware that small dependence could be placed on Boer law, even when it was civil and not martial law. It was pitiable to witness. Men bade their wives and children good-bye, calling God to witness that they would go to the front and face death, but never aim at an Englishman. They dropped or buried their cartridges surreptitiously, so that it might not be known how few they used; they bribed their veld-eornets, did menial services for the Boers, did all they could to avoid being placed in the fighting lines; surrendered arms, took the oath, and assisted the British in whatever way they could; and are paying the penalty even now in the midst of the guerilla warfare which is distracting the Transvaal, for these men are mostly farmers or wayside storekeepers, and have no protection from Boer violence when the district they live in rises in insurrection after having treacherously submitted. It is for the English public to consider, when the war is over, whether these Transvaal Imperialists ought not to be recognised as a peculiar class, and dealt with accordingly. It is pretty generally admitted now that the Retrocession was a blunder, the wording of the Convention of 1881 a blunder, and the various attempts at patching up these blunders still further blunders. There is small cause to question whether the action of the British Government in the matter of registration was not a blunder also. It will be unjust to let the onus of these blunders fall more than is absolutely inevitable on the Transvaal Imperialists. They have been, and still are, innocent, silent, and even heroic victims of them. To do justice to them will involve the careful sifting of evidence in each case, for the Transvaal is full of turncoats, who are already posing as old Imperialists. But it is not only just, but expedient, to spend much trouble and care in discriminating between the true and the false; and by showing practically, in the matter of compensation, and also of appointments under Government, that a different measure is meted to the easy-going time-server or subjugated Boer, and to the truly loyal-hearted men who have never wavered from their allegiance to England, much good will be done.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Pretoria, July 26th.

SARAH HECKFORD.

THE WHITE ROSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your interesting review with the above title on Mr. Lang's "Prince Charles Edward" in the *Spectator* of September 22nd there is a mistake, which it is perhaps worth while to correct. It was not Squire Western who expressed delight at the landing of the French, but another (unnamed) Jacobite squire. The passage is as follows ("Tom Jones," Book XI., chap. 2):—"And soon after arrived a famous Jacobite squire, who, with great joy in his countenance, shook the landlord by the hand, saying, 'All's our own, boy; ten thousand honest Frenchmen are landed in Suffolk. Old England for ever! ten thousand French, my brave lad! I am going to tap away directly.'—I am, Sir, &c.,

Windermere.

W. SNOW.

POETRY.

THE NEW RADICAL CREED.

We differ? Ne'er was party more agreed;
One easy clause contains our simple creed.
Fleet, Army, Commerce, Empire—perish all;
We care not, so that Joe shall have a fall.

A. J. C.

LIEUTENANT ROBERTS' CHARGER AT COLENZO.

[Chieveley, Friday, December 15th.

Lieutenant Roberts, son of Lord Roberts, was shot about 8.30 a.m. We saw him fall from his horse. The noble brute never shifted from his master's side, though the Boers played their pom-pom on him on several occasions. An officer of the Staff afterwards managed to get this horse away."—From the *Diary of Corporal William Hunter, 2nd Batt. Royal Scots Fusiliers*; published in the "*Scotsman*" for Wednesday, September 12th, 1900.]

"Post bellator equus, positus insignibus, Aethon,
It lacrimans, guttisque humectat grandibus ora."

THERE, where he dropped, riding to save the gun,

He lay, a faint, still, hardly-breathing horse,

A hero, the great hero's only son;

Beside him stood his horse:

Who would not leave his master, though to leave

All hearts were fain, and all who left not fell,

For still the eager foe gave no reprieve

From bullet and from shell.

"We saw him stand," they tell, "the noble brute,

Silently loyal to the sunken head."

Ah, how more eloquent that service mute

Than aught that tongue had said!

Yet haply had some all-compelling Power

Given sudden speech, as in the world's first morn,

What witness in that agonising hour

Had the dumb nature borne!

"Men live and struggle for a hundred pleas,

For God, for country, for ambitions high;

We blindly share man's labour and his ease,

And when he bids, we die.

"Yet often is our life as truly given,

And given as gladly for a worthy cause,

As his, and though we cannot read in Heaven

The purport of earth's laws,

"We love the highest in our humbler ken,

We worship and obey the best we know;

As gods and devils, unto brutes are men,

Angels of joy and woe;

"And he that has the skill to be our friend,

Winning our heart, we have no loftier name,

Unquestioning we serve him to the end,

To flinch were ache and shame."

So when of old the Trojan chivalry

Followed their boy-knight's bier in sad array,

His steed, the big drops in his wistful eye,

Went, mourning even as they.

Kind to thy beasts, firm-willed, but gentle chief,

Scant room and time for tender thoughts are thine,

Yet that his charger shared thy love and grief,

Be this too anodyne!

THETA.

BOOKS.

LETTERS FROM PEKIN.*

WE are glad to welcome Mr. Freeman-Mitford's well-known hand once more. His *Tales of Old Japan* are classical to students of the Far East; and although it is long since he won his experience in the Legations of Peking and Yokohama, such experience is practically modern, so far as China is concerned, and what he saw in 1865-66 is exactly what any one might have seen in the spring of 1900. We do not understand why these lively letters have been reserved all these years, but that is their writer's and their receiver's affair. They appear, at all events, at an apposite juncture of events, and those who know the author's skilful pen will be prepared for a vivid and amusing picture of Chinese manners. The letters are quite unpretentious, and make no attempt to rival the standard authorities. All they do is to present in a singularly clear and natural manner the first impressions of a young diplomatist attached to the Peking Legation. A peculiar interest belongs to the date of their writing. Mr. Freeman-Mitford arrived in China but five years after the memorable

* *The Attaché at Peking.* By A. B. Freeman-Mitford, C.B. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]

campaign of 1860. Chinese treachery had been brought to book, the Anglo-French Army had entered Peking, and for the first time European representatives had been established in the capital of China directly accredited to the Emperor himself. The Europeans of the Treaty Ports—largely extended under the Treaty of Tientsin—were almost unanimous in their optimistic views of the future. China was to be opened up; the presence of the Legations at Peking was to civilise the Court and Administration; it was to be a new era in the hoary age of the Middle Kingdom. Even that shrewd judge of Chinese character, Sir Harry Parkes, was awhile deceived by appearances. Mr. Freeman-Mitford writes from Shanghai:

"I have had a good deal of conversation with Sir Harry Parkes, our Consul here. You will recollect him as famous for the pluck he showed when he and Loch were taken prisoners in Peking. He is one of the great authorities in China and one of our ablest officers in the East. He tells me that he considers the state of feeling between the Chinese and Europeans in this part as on the whole satisfactory; that the natives have begun to accept us and our trade as a necessity; to use his own expression, it is a sort of husband and wife arrangement, with slight incompatibilities of temper on both sides. Sir Harry Parkes is a man of extraordinary determination and energy; his knowledge of the Chinese language, customs, and character have [*sic*] given him an immense influence over the natives. He is in every way a remarkable man, and great things are expected of him, even by those who differ from him in opinion. It is only fair to say that there are many men of judgment and experience out here who do not agree with him in thinking that our trade with China stands on a solid footing. They consider that the unwilling spirit with which the natives first received us has by no means died out, and that little by little, always by fair means and without violence—for they know our strength—the Chinese will endeavour to oust us from our position and return to their traditional conservatism."

This was considered a very desponding view in 1865, yet the prediction of "fair means without violence" reads oddly when we recall the events of the past few months. Mr. Freeman-Mitford found the people much less civil at Peking than at Shanghai. The opprobrious term *Kwei-tzū*, "foreign devil," was commonly cast at members of the Legation, and Sir Rutherford Alcock and his suite were even insulted with stones. A delightful instance "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" occurred to the Spanish Minister. He was taking formal leave of the *Tsung-li Yamen* before quitting Peking, and among the Foreign Board none was more complimentary or *empressé* than *Hêng-Chi*, a Mandarin who prided himself upon his friendly relations with Europeans, and indeed was the very official who had contrived the release of Parkes and Loch in 1860 just a quarter of an hour before the Imperial order for their execution arrived. In return for his civilities, M. de Mas went to call and thank him, and—

"After the two old gentlemen had exchanged banalities to their hearts' content, the Spaniard, knowing that *Hêng-Chi* had a little son, the child of his old age, of whom he was inordinately proud, thought it would be a very pretty compliment if he asked to see the little boy, who was accordingly produced, sucking his thumb after the manner of his years. Him his father ordered to pay his respects to M. de Mas—that is to say, shake his united fists at him in token of salutation—instead of which the child, after long silence and much urging, taking his thumb deliberately out of his mouth, roared out '*Kwei-tzū*' at the top of his voice, and fled. Imagine the consternation of the two old twaddles!"

Life in the Legation was much the same in 1865 as in 1900, minus the Boxers, and even then the scanty Europeans knew for certain that, "if a rising should take place, we were in a death-trap from which there could be no escape. Those grim and frowning gates once shut, rescue was impossible; for what could a mere handful of men—in those days there were but some seventy or eighty Europeans, all told, in Peking—avail against the seething mob of enraged devils?" The Legation itself was in much worse order than when Sir Claude MacDonald entered it. "The gardens are a wilderness, the paving of the courts is broken, the walls are tumbling down, and the beautiful place is going to ruin. Fancy a residence in the heart of a great and populous city where foxes, scorpions, polecats, weasels, abound! We have more than an hour's ride before we can escape from the city and its stinks to breathe a breath of fresh air." Riding out often, as he did, in the country, however, there was no sign of hostility among the villagers, only the usual pestering curiosity which is the bane of Chinese travel. "The people are beginning to get rid of their prejudices against us," writes Mr. Freeman-Mitford, "and to see that we mean them no injury; at any rate they are quite friendly, and seem to look upon us as harmless eccentric creatures, but very ugly. As for personal

safety, no one ever dreams of carrying arms, either by day or by night, and nobody is ever insulted or attacked." The chief annoyance in the country was the inquisitive criticism of the inhabitants. The idle vagabonds who loaf about every village and make remarks about foreigners generally have a fogleman or choragus, who leads the criticism, in this way:—

"*Fogleman*. Those boots! They are made of scented cow's leather.

Chorus. Those boots! They are made of scented cow's leather.

F. Those boots! He that wears them need not fear water.

Ch. Those boots! He that wears them, &c.

F. (to one of us). Those boots! How much did they cost?

Englishman. They cost 14 taels.

F. Those boots! They cost 14 taels, and he speaks the mandarin language.

Ch. They cost 14 taels, and he speaks the mandarin language.

And so it goes on *ad infinitum*. If we are in a good humour we give the fogleman a cigar, which he puffs at vigorously, and swears 'it is both strong and fragrant'; but it makes him cough violently, and he passes it on to the next in the crowd, until the whole of them retire, coughing and declaring that it is 'both strong and fragrant,' into a corner, from which every now and then we hear 'those boots' all over again."

The afflicting urbanity, the complicated and tedious politeness of the Chinese, evidently worried Mr. Freeman-Mitford, and one must sympathise with him in his dislike of the incorrigible intrusiveness of the Celestial:—

"As I was lathering my face before dinner"—this is a typical instance—"trying to get rid of the deposit of two or three sandstorms, the curse of travellers in North China, a carter walked coolly into my bedroom smoking his pipe, and went into fits of laughter at the sight. I, irritated by the intrusion, flung the contents of my soapy sponge into his face—which must have very much astonished it, for it was much in the same state as the fists of the Irish boatman two years after he had shaken hands with the Lord Lieutenant; and my enemy fled howling. Presently another gentleman appeared, who addressed me as 'Venerable teacher'—a high compliment—and informed me that his name was Ma, and that he was a merchant of caps, travelling from west to east; after which he retired, but shortly put his head in again to ask my honourable name and nation, and I heard him afterwards in the yard explaining to a knot of carters, muleteers, and loungers that I was the English teacher Mi, that I understood good manners, that my body was all over pockets, and that my years were not few; which statements the auditors received with many grunts and eructations and repeated several times, afterwards one by one sauntering up to judge for themselves."

This, of course, was at an inn, and the intrusions of the day were excelled by the noises of the night. One old carter in particular, wrapped in sheepskin, sat on the shaft of his cart "beating a sort of death-watch with a stick on a piece of hollow bamboo, like a ghoulish old woodpecker. I went out and tried to chaff him out of his performance, but he took my irony for high praise, which so delighted him that he every now and then burst into snatches of song in a high, squeaky falsetto, never stopping his eternal devil's tattoo. Mules, asses, horses, and quarrelling Chinamen made up a fitting chorus." Mrs. Bishop found this want of privacy one of the most irritating conditions of travel in Korea and China, and it certainly taxes the smoothest of tempers.

There are worse things, however, just now in the Flowery Land than intrusive curiosity, and one is eager to hear the views of so thoughtful and well equipped an authority as Mr. Freeman-Mitford on the present situation. In a preface, written since the relief of the Legations, he expresses the decided opinion that the hostility of the Chinese towards Europeans is not due to missionary enterprise, and he fortifies this opinion by a singularly interesting sketch of the relations of the early Jesuit missionaries, such as Ricci, Schall, and Verbiest, with the Court of China. Father Ricci's treatise on "The True Doctrine of God," written in admirable Chinese, and revised, oddly enough, "by a Minister of State called Sin," was included in an Imperial list of the best Chinese books. The daughter of one of his converts, baptised Candida, built thirty-nine churches, and the Emperor gave her the title of "the Virtuous Woman." This, it is true, was early in the seventeenth century. Fifty years later Father Schall was actually tutor to the young Emperor, Kang Hsi, afterwards one of the greatest of Chinese rulers, under whom Father Verbiest became Court astronomer and constructed those beautiful bronze instruments which are still among the wonders of the Observatory at the southern corner of the Tartar City. Mr. Freeman-Mitford argues from these and similar facts that religious intolerance is not a characteristic

of the Chinese. Nor is a dislike to foreign trade at the root of this antagonism. The Chinaman is a born trader, and does not care with whom he haggles. As to the opium legend, of course our author, knowing China, knows the absurdity of the charge. Opium has nothing to say to the anti-foreign feeling. "My conclusion," he says, "is that neither the religion of the missionaries, nor the trade of the merchants, nor even the much-abused drug, can honestly be counted as the cause of the anti-foreign movement in China, though one and all have been used as levers to envenom it [*sic*]. Foreign intercourse in any shape is the bugbear of the mandarin, as being the one standing danger threatening abolition of himself and his privileges, of which the two most dearly prized are robbery and cruelty." Every step taken towards introducing European methods into China means necessarily a decrease in the Mandarins' power and profits. So long as these officials can control the Court, an anti-foreign policy is their natural means of self-defence: hence their curious "envenoming levers." The root of the difficulty lies at Peking. Every one thought that when once we had Legations there, close to the Emperor, all would be changed. As a matter of fact, nothing has been changed, and the Legations are, and have always been, treated with contempt as mere "tribute-bearers" to the Son of Heaven. So long as the Mandarins can keep the Court and Central Government ignorant and prejudiced in distant Peking there is no chance of improvement. Mr. Freeman-Mitford's remedy is bold but practical. Remove the capital to the old seat at Nankin, he says, and bring the Emperor, or at least his immediate circle of advisers, into intimate touch with the civilisation of the ports, and the anti-foreign policy will fall, along with the power of the Empress-Dowager and of the conservative Mandarins. Nankin was the capital of the Ming dynasty, why not of the Ching? It is near Shanghai, the centre of European commerce in China, and it would be open to influences which can never be adequately felt in remote Peking. The removal would probably necessitate the levelling of the "Imperial Forbidden City"; it would certainly imply the deposition of the Empress-Dowager and her agents, and the substitution of more liberal and open-minded Chinamen, of whom there are probably a few; and it must be emphasised by the execution of the authors and ringleaders of the recent attacks on Europeans.

This might prove the best remedy for the present ills of China; but whether even then the Chinese would consent to modify their ancient civilisation into some degree of harmony with European ideas may be doubted. Europe instructing China is rather like teaching one's grandmother to suck eggs. Japan, as Mr. Freeman-Mitford justly points out, is not a parallel case: the Japanese had no civilisation of their own, it was all adopted from China, and all they had to do was to jump from the thirteenth into the nineteenth century, and throw off a Chinese dress in favour of the European mode. They did it boldly, almost without a regret, but it is another matter when a system is so old, so innate, and so revered as that of China is to its people. At all events, it may be hoped, with Mr. Freeman-Mitford, that the barren conquest of 1860, which begat the horrors of 1900, may not be repeated in an equally hollow evasion of the present crisis. The experiment of 1860 failed. The solution of 1900 must be more permanent.

RURAL CHARACTERISTICS.*

WHATEVER claims may be advanced on behalf of Wiltshire in regard to its archaeological interest or the excellence of its bacon, its inhabitants have long been regarded as touching the nadir of rustic intelligence. The despair of the earnest "educationist," however, may prove the delight of the detached observer, whether his study be embodied in fact or fiction, and just as many of Richard Jefferies's most engaging portraits were drawn from Wiltshire originals, so Mrs. Tennant has within the limits of a single village in the south of that county "heard many things said worth recording—of humour, intentional or otherwise, and of pathos, real and deep," an assertion amply borne out by the contents of her pleasant little volume. It may be, as the anecdote which she tells of the origin of the phrase "Wiltshire moonrakers" would seem to indicate, that the traditional stupidity of the Wiltshire peasant is based on a misconception, and that under-

neath a guileless or loutish exterior there lurks a capacity for unexpected slimness. But in any case the absence of sophistication and culture is of great value to the observer anxious to penetrate to the elemental traits of rural intelligence. More than that, it is of real value to any one anxious to undergo a wholesome self-discipline in regard to the first principles of literary expression. "I think," says Mrs. Tennant, and we are inclined in the main to agree with her, "we must go nowadays to the uneducated, as we call them, if we are to learn how beautiful the English language can be; for they are not weighed down by the load of over-much adjective, and have a simplicity of phrase which leaves their meaning wonderfully clear. Did people know how much they weaken their conversation by adjective, they would try to keep it as much in check as do the wise that pernicious habit of 'underlining' in their letters." Most people think that style consists of adjectives, whereas it is really a matter of verbs and nouns. As a perfect instance of simple yet effective narrative Mrs. Tennant quotes the description of the death of the Shunammite's son:—

"And when the child was grown, it fell on a day that he went out to his father, to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head. And his father said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died. And she went up and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him and went out."

As a contrast to this passage it may be instructive to append a few sentences from the description of a recent funeral service at the Oratory given by a leading daily journal:—"One looked out over the clean-cut faces of the great forensic notables, over the crude strength emblazoned on the Irish peasantry, over the stately catafalque, with its sweet embroidery of flowers, to the deep immensity where, in the far distance, black-robed priests lit or extinguished the brown wax candles upon the altar. . . . Outside the sun blazed a mighty candle, and the busy 'buses chanted their London requiem." This is the sort of thing that lends credibility to the story that the late Dean Stanley once stayed in bed all day to avoid seeing the gushing obituary notices of an eminent statesman in certain newspapers. Commenting on the poignant simplicity of phrase shown in the passage from the Bible given above, Mrs. Tennant observes: "The poor speak like that. Unknowingly though it may be, they have kept a true sense of the weight and value of words." They are not, moreover, afraid of the expansive journalist's great bugbear,—the repetition of a word or phrase. (Is there not a story of the editor of a famous daily who objected on these grounds to the saying "To the pure all things are pure"?) Uneducated talk is effective, however, not only by its simplicity, but its very inaccuracy lends it force and picturesqueness. Of this trait Mrs. Tennant gives two good instances in the definition of a flighty girl: "Why, she leaves the house three times for every once she comes in"—a remark almost in the Boyle Roche vein—and the anecdote of the servant who met any attempts at correction or blame with: "There! I know. For mother's often said, 'Well! of all the girls I ever did see—you are one.'" The sentence is wildly incoherent and elliptical—yet it is far more impressive than the most lucid expression of the underlying thought.

The artistic value of simplicity of expression,—that is the great literary lesson to be learnt from a sympathetic study of the phraseology of the uneducated villager. But the friendly intercourse of gentle and simple yields ethical fruit as well. "Hypocrisy and insincerity," writes Mrs. Tennant, "are rarely to be met with among the cottagers." Occasionally, no doubt, this habit of speaking out is pushed to extremes which seem to savour of callousness, as in the case of the woman who said to Mrs. Tennant of a sick girl sitting by her side, "As I tell her, poor girl, it will be a merciful day when we hear the bells a-tolling for her"; but the narrator is careful to add that the seeming heartlessness of the words was belied by a "world of loving sympathy in her voice." Yet if country folk live in a Palace of Truth amongst themselves, they are by no means inaccessible to the soft-sawder of an outsider or social superior. "Charm of manner and a kindly intonation of voice go far towards popularity. You are appreciated by your friends for much that you might have said, if you leave an agreeable impression behind you. Age could not wither, nor custom stale, the

* *Village Notes*. By Pamela Tennant. London: W. Heinemann. [6s.]

pleasure derived by one old woman in repeating the farewell words of a young friend. He had been her lodger, and she told the story often, with much graceful emphasis. "Mrs. Brown," he said to me, just as he was going away, "Mrs. Brown, I shall never see you again. But when I do, I shall *not* refrain from coming to see you. Leastways, if I am in these parts," he said to me. Oh! he was a very well-spoken young man." Of the friendly, and even intimate, relations that may prevail between cottagers and those who live in the "big house," these chapters furnish many agreeable proofs. No man can be a hero to his valet, and presumably no woman is a heroine to her lady's-maid. But the barrier is often removed where contact occurs only in the house of the inferior or in the open air. Sir Walter Scott, surely one of the most natural and genial men, notes this difficulty in a curious passage in his *Journal*, March 15th, 1826. "I have a shyness of disposition," he says, "which looks like pride, but it is not, which makes me awkward in speaking to my household domestics. With an out-of-doors labourer, or an old woman gathering sticks, I can talk for ever." Such a personage is Anthony, the cow-man and guardian of the poultry yard in Mrs. Tennant's "Notes," who used to address his favourite cow "in a voice of unutterable tenderness" as "Dormed old 'oman," and who could not understand people who were "onkind to the po'r dumb animals," with the sole exception of that "brazen everlastin' nuisance" the fox.

Mrs. Tennant's sphere of observation is not, however, confined to human beings. She has a keen sense of the picturesque in the landscape, witness the chapter headed "April Weather," a delicate appreciation of the fanciful nomenclature of wild flowers, and a sensitive ear for the peculiar qualities of the songs of the different birds, witness this passage on the robin:—

"The robin has three different notes. There is the sharp 'stitching' sound as he hops in and under the bushes—a sound made when he is uneasy, a blending of impertinence and fear. There is the fine 'hair' of sound, if one may so put it, high and slender as the tzit-tzit of a bat, only drawn out like a sigh. And there is the acid little song—pitched incredibly high, and crowded with quick, tripping notes. It is sharp and clear as snow crystals."

That is charmingly expressed, though we demur to the word "acid." There is nothing in the robin's note to set one's teeth on edge. We must not omit, in taking leave of a most attractive book, to mention the beauty of the photographic illustrations, or to commend the graceful lines which form its "Envoy," and describe the felicity of a life spent in "companionship of quiet things."

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.*

THE critical part of Mrs. Thomson's study of Richardson strikes us as being extremely well done. Her examination of the three famous novels is lucid and judicious, and, moreover, can be read with interest even by those who do not know their *Clarissa* or *Sir Charles Grandison*. But the specially interesting part is her commentary on the moralist who was so much to the fore in all Richardson's undertakings. In his own day the ladies worshipped him; nowadays it is a lady who, more willingly than any masculine critic, trounces the mean morality of the smug little Philistine. Slavish respect for rank was never carried further than by Richardson, who is as ready to condone the vices of a gentleman as to condemn the lapses of a servant. As for Pamela's modesty, it is inconsistent with any real delicacy; she is scarcely more anxious about preserving her character than keeping her place; the moralist's morality is, in short, a mere matter of convention. And yet Mrs. Thomson, though expressing these views—which would have seemed strangely incomprehensible to *Clarissa's* respectable creator—has also the justice to recognise that Richardson could and did rise far above convention. *Clarissa's* refusal to accept the marriage which Lovelace offers by way of reparation raises a sordid plot to the heroic level of tragedy; and it proves a reach of mind in Richardson of which *Pamela* would never have led us to believe him capable. Still, as Mrs. Thomson points out in a piece of excellent criticism, *Clarissa* has her creator's limitations, and is not exempt from a touch of priggishness. But

we need not recapitulate the points which are made excellently in the book; rather we propose to call attention to some of its shortcomings on the biographical side.

It would be hard to name another writer of equal eminence whose life was so perfectly devoid of interest as Richardson's. There is the one fact which everybody knows, that he used to write love-letters for damsels in distress, and this when he was a boy of thirteen. Further, Richardson himself has recorded the trait that his story-making faculty exercised itself at school, where he was set to "write a history on the model of Tommy Pots,—of a servant-man who was preferred by a fine young lady (for his goodness) to a lord who was a libertine." Everybody knows also that in his later days he surrounded himself with a circle of devout flatterers, mostly women, and that he printed the *Journals* of the House of Commons. Yet somehow—for documents are not wanting—it should have been possible to constitute a picture of the man and his circle that should at least bring home to us their way of living, if it did not explain the secret of his wonderful gift. And in this respect Mrs. Thomson has, unwisely as we think, denied herself the most obvious assistance. Richardson kept all the letters he received, and duplicates of his own as well; and six volumes of his correspondence were printed by Mrs. Barbauld, while a great mass of stuff yet unpublished is accessible at South Kensington. Yet Mrs. Thomson abstains almost entirely from quotation, and we are tempted to endeavour by a few brief extracts to call up an image of the man and his atmosphere.

He was kindly, even generously beneficent, so much is amply proved; but it was a beneficence that looked for return in punctilious acknowledgment for small favours and enthusiastic veneration for greater ones. The Reverend S. Lobb was a parson to whom the great man had done some little kindness, extending itself to a younger Mr. Lobb, an undergraduate. But the undergraduate, after the fashion of his race, had neglected his social duties and his father wrote profuse apologies. Here is Richardson's reply; is it unfair to say that the man who wrote was a humbug?—

"Why did my dear and reverend friend so severely and repeatedly chide his son for not calling upon me in his way to the Devises? You say you repeated your chidings oftener than he cared you should. Do we not know that love, were that in the present case wanting (the contrary of which I hope and believe), is not to be forced? And did I not know my young friend better I should have been afraid he would have loved me less for your chidings. . . . But I know what your chidings were.—Do not I see you in the very act, with tears of joy in your honest eyes—'Billy, my love, you might have called—you should have called, methinks—should you not? on our friend R.'"

Mrs. Lætitia Pilkington, the garrulous lady whom Swift to his misfortune tolerated and even encouraged, was not so remiss in her acknowledgment. Here is the opening of an ode, presumably on receipt of a cheque:—

"To thee, within whose heav'n-illumin'd breast
Resides each virtue that adorns the blest,
'Tis bold presumption to attune my lays."

Nevertheless she attunes them, as a mere makeshift; but the full reward, "the harvest of thy well-spent years," must be deferred to another and a better world:—

"Then shall conspiring Angels in thy praise
Their loud Hosannahs to Jehovah raise."

It was a good deal to swallow, but there is no sign that Richardson stuck at it: he was inured to flattery, and in the eighteenth century they did not do things by halves. In another letter of Mrs. Pilkington's we cannot but admire the exquisite indelicacy of the entreaties urged by herself and Colley Cibber ("who neither of us," as she reasonably observes, "set up for immaculate chastity") to save *Clarissa* from actual outrage. And a little later we find the Laureate addressing his remonstrances in person—although this time the lady in danger was not *Clarissa* but Miss Harriet Byron:—

"Zounds! I have not patience till I know what's become of her. Why, you—I don't know what to call you! Ah! ah! You may laugh if you please, but how will you be able to look me in the face if the lady should never be able to show *her's* again? What piteous, damned, disgraceful pickle have you plunged her in? For God's sake send me the sequel, or—I don't know what to say."

A Laureate is always a Laureate, even if he be Colley Cibber—and indeed there have been lesser men in the office—and who shall blame Richardson if his head was slightly turned.

* *Samuel Richardson: a Biographical and Critical Study.* By Clara Linklater Thomson. London: Horace Marshall and Son. [6s.]

by this conspiracy of eulogy? He lived in a circle that literally hung upon the varying fortunes of his characters with as keen an interest as if the drama had been real. There are few documents which keep more of the atmosphere of that age than the letters preserved by Mrs. Barbauld which passed between the ladies of that devoted "little Senate." Miss Highmore, to whom we owe the well-known sketch of Richardson reading aloud in his grotto, writes to Miss Mulso, one of the auditors who figure in the sketch:—

"Oh! my dear, what a charming letter have you sent to Mr. Richardson, and what a charming one received in answer; all the excellent vein of raillery of his Lady G. runs through it attempered with his own sweetness of disposition, though, I own, there are some severities. But are you alarmed or not at his dreadful imagination relating to Sir Charles? I am not, for I know it cannot be; he only means to frighten you, and to hear what you will say on the occasion; pray say something very strong. Sure, as Sir Charles is designed as an example in prosperous circumstances, it would rather frustrate the end proposed to take him off in that untimely manner."

That brings us full into the tepid atmosphere by which Richardson was surrounded through life,—certainly not a tonic, yet perhaps necessary to his peculiar temperament. Here, at least, he was dictator. You feel the prophet in his references to the "poor *ineffectual* history of Clarissa," which he cites as a *locus classicus* on a point of conduct. Indeed, he frequently quotes the remarks of his own characters—"as Clarissa says," "as Lovelace says"—generally while discussing cases of conscience, a form of disquisition which makes up the bulk of his letters. Whether a wife should press for a separation from her husband; what degree of compassion should be accorded to a wealthy woman who has married a noble of low tastes, and finds herself left to rule the house while he drinks with low associates; these are the themes on which Richardson enlarges with a feminine zest to an audience of women. Beyond this range of interest, as Mrs. Thomson points out, he did not go; he had no interest in foreign politics, no desire to satirise social evils. Indeed, he is a prophet of little education, though he deplores the neglect of Cowley, and shows a genuine enthusiasm for the *Faery Queene*,—"in description no man will ever come up to Spenser." But the steady preoccupation of his mind was a kind of dramatised gossip; what *he* said, what *she* ought to have done. And, so curious are the conditions of artistry, this was equipment enough for a genius.

HOBOLAND.*

MOST people are but dimly conscious of the existence of the hopeless and idle residuum of the population of modern States. They feel, to use the words of our author, that "so long as there are lazy people, discouraged criminals, drunkards, and boys possessed of wanderlust, Hoboland ['hobo' is the slang name for tramp] will have its place in our social geography." But it is startling to realise, as readers of these vivid sketches must, how highly organised is the life led by a vast number of worthless individuals, how great a tax upon the community their support in comparative comfort must be; and how little has been done to apply a remedy. What Mr. Wyckoff has attempted in the case of labour, Mr. Flynt has accomplished even more thoroughly in the more restricted field of the beggar classes. For the first time, as far as we know, he has studied the problem of human parasites in a thoroughly scientific spirit. At intervals for many years he has lived the life of the tramp, not only in America, but in Germany, Russia, and England, and though perhaps not primarily writing as a censor or moralist, he has formed definite theories as to dealing with this considerable evil of modern societies based on the only sure ground, that of experience in its most practical shape. It is of America, however, which he describes as the paradise of the tramp, that he speaks with the most intimate knowledge. He seems to have travelled with tramps there for months at a time, to have become acquainted under his tramp name of "Cigarette" or "Cig" with the various circles of the hierarchy, and with their most prominent individuals; and the following sentences give an idea both of the conditions of their existence, and of its economic effect:—

"No one can tell exactly what this tramp population numbers, but I think it safe to say that there are not less than sixty thousand in this country [America]. Every man of this number,

as a rule, eats something twice a day, and the majority eat three good meals. They all wear some sort of clothing, and most of them rather respectable clothing. They all drink liquor, probably each one a glass of whiskey a day. They all get into jail, and eat and drink there just as much at the expense of the community as elsewhere. They all chew and smoke tobacco, and all of them spend some of their time in lodging houses. How much all this represents in money I cannot tell, but I believe that the expenses I have enumerated, together with the costs of conviction for vagrancy, drunkenness, and crime, will easily mount up into the millions. And all that the country can show for this expenditure is an idle, homeless, and useless class of individuals called tramps."

Several causes co-operate to make tramp life more attractive in the United States than elsewhere. Among Anglo-Saxon communities the sentiment of pity for the poor and homeless is stronger than elsewhere. And in America, where money is quickly made, and the general level of comfort is a high one, this sentiment has full play. But the most potent cause of encouragement to vagrancy is the facility of locomotion from one part of the vast territory of the Union to another, so that when one State becomes obnoxious to the tramps on account of stricter legislation or administration, they can move to another; or when the approach of winter renders the Northern States impossible for outdoor life, they can avoid the necessity of spending the winter months in prison by a flight to the genial South. They can do this owing to the custom which has grown up of allowing them to travel on the freight trains. It is the boast of the "hoboes," Mr. Flynt tells us, that "they can travel in every State of the Union for a mill a mile, while in a number of States they pay nothing at all," and he estimates that during his first trip in Hoboland, which lasted eight continuous months, he travelled over twenty thousand miles, and that there were not ten occasions when any payment was demanded of him, even then the medium of exchange consisting of such things as pipes, neckties, tobacco, and knives. Well might the old tramp in East Prussia to whom he described this system exclaim: "Ach, how beautiful that must be! A Republic is the only place for the poor and outcast." And well may Mr. Flynt remark: "No other country in the world transports its beggars free of charge, and there is no reason why it should continue to do so."

The custom, it seems, grew up after the Civil War, before which there were comparatively few tramps in America, and practically no railway tramps. There then appeared upon the scene a large class of men who had become so enamoured of camp life that they found it impossible to return to ordinary life, and who took to wandering about the country. As there were no laws against walking on railroad property, the men from using these roads took to jumping on and off freight cars, and by 1880 the practice was accepted by the companies as an unavoidable nuisance. There are few more amusing passages in the book than those which describe the shifts to which tramps are put in their railway excursions. Their favourite plan is to steal into an empty "box car" on a freight train, but if the train has no "empties" they must ride on the top of the car, between the "bumpers," or on the car ladders. Every night in the year ten thousand free passengers travel on the different lines. Mr. Flynt is convinced that if the tramps were kept off the railroads the life would become so unattractive that it would never again appeal to men as it has done in the past, and he has a most interesting chapter describing how one company has succeeded in putting an end to this abuse.

Mr. Flynt treats fully of the most pathetic side of the question, that of the children of the road, in their various categories: those who are born there, driven there, enticed there, or go there voluntarily. Those who are enticed there begin by being full of admiration, born of the *Police Gazette*, of the desperadoism of the cowboy, they fall under the influence of some slouching wizard at the street corner, and finally disappear with him, becoming the slave of their master or "jocker," and the reward held out to the "prushun," as he is called, throughout his cruel apprenticeship is that he will some day be able to snare a boy to slave and beg for him as he has slaved for others. "Surely," exclaims our author, "there is kindness and ingenuity enough in the world to devise some plan or system" for reclaiming these children of the road, and he insists that wherever law is able to deal with them it should be done on the basis of intelligent classification. In other words, reform the reformatories, and

* *Tramping with Tramps: Studies and Sketches of Vagabond Life.* By Josiah Flynt. London: E. Fisher Unwin. [6s.]

"station them, not at the end of the road, but at the junction of all bypaths that lead into it."

We cannot follow Mr. Flynt in his admirable pictures, realistic but restrained, of life on the road. No note, whether of pathos or humour, is forced, and the impression left is one of simple truth. But in his tramps in England there are some discriminating touches which we may quote. He discovered in England a species new to his American experience,—tramps who start out from London in the spring and "batter" (beg) all the summer, saving every copper in order to live during the winter on their earnings. This kind of tramp would not be allowed to associate with the American variety, who likes more generosity among his fellows. Altogether, the English "moocher" seems to be a poorer creature than the true "hobo." He is worse dressed and more filthy. The following is a conversation between "Cigarette" and a clever countryman encountered in England:—

"I'd rather be lynched in our country than die a natural death over here; and as for moochin' and lodgin', why I can beg in five minutes in New York more than I can here in a day. As it is, I'm a little bit of a wonder to some of these fellows, because I'm so dead stuck on havin' the pleasures of life. I look for 'em till I get 'em, you know, and so far I've had my bob a day, besides chuck. And that's more than some of these blasted gay cats [amateurs] can say. Did you ever in your life see such badly faked bums? They make me think of prehistoric gorillas. Half the time only a few parts of their bodies are covered in, and yet they think they can batter more when togged that way. How's that for being bughouse [crazy], eh?"

We must refer our readers to the book itself for suggestions as to dealing with the problem. The short chapter on the criminal class seems to us full of good observation and sound sense. We may perhaps quote a few words from another chapter, entitled "Club Life Among Outcasts." "It is their gregariousness which makes them so difficult to deal with." There is little chance of helping them by respectable clubs; you must "destroy their own clubs and punish their members":—

"I would not have any word of mine lessen the growing interest in man's fellow-men, or discourage by so much as a pen-stroke the brotherly influences on the 'fallen brother' which are embodied in neighbourhood guilds and college settlements of the present, but I am deeply convinced that there is a work which these organisations cannot, must not, do. That work must be done by law and Government. Vice must be punished, and the vicious sequestered. Public spirit and citizenship, duly appreciated and exercised, must precede philanthropy in the slums. Government, municipal and State, must be a St. John the Baptist, preparing the way and making the paths straight, ere the embodied love of man and love of God can walk safely and effectively therein."

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

OF the many writers who have borrowed or adapted what may be called the Dickens formula, none have been more uniformly successful than Mr. Pett Ridge. In the delineation of the humours of modern Cockney life he is without a peer, and while by no means oblivious of the squalor of the slums, he is as invincible an optimist as his great forerunner. His new novel, *A Breaker of Laws*, is as good as, or even better than, *Mord Emly*, that admirable picture of the regeneration of the female "Hooligan," or its companion, *A Son of the State*, which describes the gradual conversion of a gutter-snipe into a good citizen. The volume before us traces with equal, or even greater, skill the tragi-comic career of a *gamin*, for whom the combined influences of heredity and environment prove too strong, though in the end he expiates the wrong done to his wife and child by an act of really heroic self-effacement. "Elf" Bateson, the central figure of the story, is a most engaging rascal,—good-natured, indomitably sanguine, quick-witted, and a genuine humourist. His affection for his wife, a delightful little Devonshire housemaid, is the redeeming feature of his character, and the splendid loyalty of his comrade, the stolid, taciturn Finnis, is, in view of Bateson's attractiveness and *bonhomie*, quite in accordance with the facts of everyday life. Mr. Pett Ridge also gives us a series of striking portraits in *Mother Fayres*, the old "fence";

Mr. Ladd, her chief customer, a thief and histrion in one; and his strange sister, who cherishes an unrequited affection for Bateson. In the matter of incident the story is packed full of excitement without ever degenerating into melodrama. Mr. Pett Ridge's style is not devoid of mannerism; in his short *staccato* sentences he carries the cult of brevity and incisiveness to excess. But it would be ungrateful to lay stress on so venial a fault in a book that contains so much wit and tenderness as *A Breaker of Laws*.

Mr. Merriman has at least three strong claims on the gratitude of the novel-reading public. He is a good workman, he eschews verbosity, and he does not dilute his talent by over-production. The announcement of a new novel from his pen consequently gives rise to agreeable expectations, which are not belied by a perusal of *The Isle of Unrest*, a romance of modern Corsica at the time of the Franco-Prussian War. The plot, which has its mainspring in a family vendetta between the houses of Perucca and de Vasselot, is both complicated and ingenious. The adjoining estates are apparently worthless, but Colonel Gilbert, a French engineer officer employed on the railway works, has discovered traces of gold in the soil, and with great patience and skill exploits the ancestral feud to gain his ends,—that of buying out the owners. He succeeds in hastening the death of the Perucca, hoping to induce his heiress to buy, but finds her obstinate, and what is worse, falls in love with her. Denise, on the other hand, is in love with Count Lory de Vasselot, a gallant young soldier, but is misled by Colonel Gilbert into attaching a discreditable significance to the mystery surrounding his establishment. As a matter of fact he is harbouring no mistress, but his father, who for thirty years has lain *perdu* after shooting one of the Peruccas. Then come the war, in regard to which Lory's attitude is summed up in *Lovelace's* lines to *Lucasta* (which Mr. Merriman prints by way of overture to the book); his journey to Corsica—when half recovered of his wound—to search for his father, who has disappeared from the Château; his discovery of the title-deeds which enable him to frustrate his rival's designs; and his return to the war to fight alongside of and under the very man whose schemes he had upset, but who redeems his reputation by a gallant death. The Corsican setting of the story is excellent, both as regards the landscape and the part played by the natives, notably the Abbé Susini, a typical Corsican, who from time to time disappears into the *macquis* with the outlaws. Altogether, this is a book which shows careful observation as well as historical study—Mr. Merriman makes excellent use of the attachment of the Corsicans to the house of Bonaparte—and is marked by a sympathetic appreciation of the excellences of the French character which has not been invariably displayed by recent writers in the English Press. Personally, we think Mr. Merriman's attitude towards the Second Empire and its head far too considerate, but are content to overlook the unsoundness of his politics in the excellence of his romance. The book is undoubtedly a trifle sombre, but that is inevitable in a story overshadowed by the disaster of 1870-71, and dealing largely with the blood-feuds of a "sullen and turbulent race."

If *The Flower of the Flock* were Mr. Norris's first book, it would be possible to speak of it in terms of considerable approval. But unfortunately we are all too familiar with Mr. Norris's manner to be particularly exhilarated by a new specimen thereof. Mr. Norris, of course, like other novelists, chooses for each of his works a new plot and a new set of characters, but unfortunately *plus c'est différent, plus c'est la même chose*. He invariably presents us to a crowd of amiable, polished ladies and gentlemen, whose characters are generally distinguished by a fluently superficial cynicism, and whose emotions, though sometimes labelled with the big word "love," are far too urbane and well-regulated ever to descend below the level of a well-bred regard. In Mr. Norris's pages the marriages are all "arranged," to use the elegant phrase of the society paragraphists. But as a set-off it must be admitted that Mr. Norris writes excellent English, and is happily free from any of the literary affectations of the day.

Mr. Buchan has given us in *The Half-Hearted* a spirited study of an Admirable Crichton of our own day, who, after a coruscating display of ineffectual versatility, redeemed a shattered career by sacrificing his life in a frontier fight against countless odds. The book is excellently written, and

* (1.) *A Breaker of Laws*. By W. Pett Ridge. London: Harper and Brothers. [6s.]—(2.) *The Isle of Unrest*. By Henry Seton Merriman. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *The Flower of the Flock*. By W. E. Norris. London: J. Nisbet and Co. [6s.]—(4.) *The Half-Hearted*. By John Buchan. London: Isbister and Co. [6s.]—(5.) *The Dishonour of Fraik Scott*. By M. Hamilton. London: Hurst and Blackett. [6s.]—(6.) *The Love that Lasts*. By Florence Warden. London: Ward, Lock, and Co. [3s. 6d.]—(7.) *For Lack of Love*. By Lillias Campbell Davidson. London: Horace Marshall and Son. [3s. 6d.]—(8.) *The Living Remnant, and other Quaker Tales*. By K. K. K. London: Headley Brothers. [3s. 6d.]

the chapters describing the delights of the "land of the mountain and the flood," and the heroine's first visit to a charming country house in the Highlands, are capital reading. But we fear that Mr. Buchan's readers, or a considerable portion of them, will never forgive him for marrying the heroine to so repulsive a specimen of the professional politician as Mr. Stocks. It was quite right that Lewis Haystoun, the "half-hearted" hero, should be punished for his instability by the loss of his lady-love, but there was surely no need to sentence her to a lifelong partnership with a pompous and unctuous vulgarian.

Before Mr. Hamilton embarks in another novel of *le hig-lif* we recommend a course of study in *Debrett's Peerage*. He will there learn that although the daughters of Earls are known as "Lady," the "style" of the younger son of an Earl is simply "the Honourable." Wherefore in *The Dishonour of Frank Scott* neither of the two wives of that indiscreet bigamist would ever have been "Lady Francis Scott." It would surely have been quite as easy to make the father of Frank a Marquis. Let us, however, admit that, apart from the feeling of acute discomfort caused by the unpleasant nature of the story, the book is eminently readable. Still, the common-sense reader will find it difficult to believe that even so easy-going a creature as Frank Scott would have drifted into marrying two women practically at the same time, even though he did imagine the second one to be within a few weeks of death. The pictures of life in Anglo-India are well drawn, and the book—always excepting the painful motive—very bright and amusing.

In her new story, *The Love that Lasts*, Miss Florence Warden is "verra Scotch." The hero marries the heroine, mostly for her money, but omits the precaution of being off with the old love before the ceremony. Accordingly the said old love continues to occupy, in shameless luxury, a wing of his Scotch house, whence she issues disguised as a boy and, very naturally, makes no end of mischief. There is generally a subtle flavour of the Christmas annual about Miss Warden, but, judged by the standard of mere "sensation," her work is readable.

The heroine of *For Lack of Love* does not find it quite as easy as the hero of *Pinafore* to maintain her story of having been changed at nurse and being the rightful owner of the property. Unfortunately, too, her mother, long since disposed of in Australia, meets her in a casual visit to Westminster Abbey, and, as a schoolboy would put it, gives the whole show away completely. This is a harmless little story, though the good heroine is unnatural in her perfection.

Though slight in texture and unpretending in scope, the Quaker tales collected under the title of *The Living Remnant* are instinct with the gracious and gentle serenity characteristic of the Society of Friends,—the *amœna piorum concilia*, to borrow the Virgilian phrase. The scene is laid in a country town half a century back, and the characters in their strength and weakness are the counterparts of those who in real life excited the sympathy and the banter of Charles Lamb.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Lace Making in the Midlands. By C. C. Channer and M. F. Roberts. (Methuen and Co. 2s. 6d.)—In some counties lace-making has entirely disappeared; in others it still holds its ground, or part of its ground. We agree with the authors of this little volume that it would be a pity were it to cease. A hundred years ago it was anything but a blessing. Schools for lace-making ousted schools for reading and writing. That is not likely to happen again. The industry which remains is wholly unobjectionable, followed as it is by the aged poor, who often are incapable of any other work. Our authors deal with both past and present, and have given us a valuable little volume.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging *Work* (Cassell and Co.), the nineteenth volume of the series, and containing the issue from January 13th to July 7th of the current year. *Work*, we may remind our readers, is an "Illustrated Weekly Journal for Mechanics," and gives practical directions for every kind of handicraft. Many, possibly most, of its readers are amateurs,

but we can easily imagine it being useful to the working artisan. It certainly does not fail either in the width of its purview or the practicality of its treatment.

We have received Vol. II., Part I., of the *Catalogue of the Library of the India Office*, by J. F. Blumhardt, M.A. (Eyre and Spottiswoode). It is interesting to see the proportionate share occupied by various subjects. "Arts and Sciences" occupy sixty-three pages, of which "Divination and Magic" claim more than three. "Astrology" divides a page with "Astronomy." "Literature" has about seventy, of which fiction claims more than two-fifths. "Theology" is nearly equal, and "School-Books" occupy not quite half as much.

SCHOOL-BOOKS.—*Georgics of Virgil, Book I.* Edited by S. C. Winbolt, M.A. (Blackie and Son. 1s. 6d.)—The illustrations are the noticeable things in this and its kindred volumes. It is not easy to be original—and accurate—in commenting on Virgil. But much may be done by pictures. The agricultural instruments, for instance, of the First Georgic are best explained by the pencil. The edition has all the appearance of careful preparation.—To the same series belongs *Livy, Book VI.*, edited by W. Cecil Laming, M.A.—From the same publishers we have also received *A Brief Introduction to Commercial Geography*, by the Rev. Frederick Smith, "a handbook of the Commercial Relationships of Great Britain, the Colonies, and the United States."—*Asinette*, by Mrs. J. G. Frazer (J. M. Dent and Co., 3s. 6d.), described as a "French Story for English Children." Mrs. Frazer has had considerable experience in French reading-books for young children, and knows their tastes and capacities.—*Le Coup de Pistolet*. By Prosper Mérimée. Edited by J. E. Mitchell, M.A. (Blackie and Son. 1s.)—*An Ingenious Method of Learning the French Conjugations*, by Leopold Courtrai (the Author, 400 Glossop Road, Sheffield), a way of simplifying the conjugations of verbs, bringing them, in fact, into one.—*German Without Tears, Part II.*, by Mrs. Hugh Bell (E. Arnold, 1s.); and *Exercises in German Composition*, by Richard Kaiser (same publisher, 1s. 6d.)—*A German Commercial Reader*, by S. E. Bally (Methuen and Co., 2s.), the object being to combine with material for translation "some practical hints on commerce, industry, commercial history and geography," which may be counted upon to excite the interest of the student.—In the "Dinglewood Shakespeare Manuals," *King Henry V.*, with Questions and Notes by Stanley Wood (J. Heywood, 1s.)—*Progressive Course of Chemistry for Junior Classes*. By Telford Varley. (A. and C. Black 2s.)—With these may be mentioned *Laudate: a Hymn and Tune Book for use in Secondary Day Schools* (same publishers, 2s. 6d.) The editor has gone to many sources for his selections, drawing apart from the usual hymnals upon those specially intended for use in particular schools. The hymns are described as "undenominational," but the term must be taken with a limitation, as, among others, we have Bishop Cosin's paraphrase of the "Veni, Creator Spiritus," and the "Holy, Holy, Holy," so often used at the Trinity festival. We are unfeignedly glad to see them. Indeed, to banish the hymns which nine English Christians out of ten are accustomed to use would be a sad mistake.

MAPS.—Messrs. Stanford have published, with accompanying notes, *A Map of the Parliamentary Boroughs within the County of London*. Before 1832 London had eight boroughs, and part of the representation of two counties. In 1867 it had ten, and part of three counties. It has now fifty-six, returning fifty-seven Members, not counting the University. (The two Hams are not within the county.) This is a most seasonable publication. The map, which has on its face the populations and political representation of the boroughs, is a good piece of work.—We have also received from the same publishers, in four sheets, *Stanford's New Orographical Map of the World*, in which the various elevations are marked by variations of colour.

NEW EDITIONS.—*The Ascent through Christ*. By E. Griffith-Jones, B.A. (J. Bowden. 3s. 6d.)—*Queen Victoria: a Personal Sketch*. By Mrs. Oliphant. (Cassell and Co. 3s. 6d.)—*Japanese Notions of European Political Economy*. (Love, Camden, N.J., United States. 1s.)

A cordial welcome is due to the first number of the *Northern Counties Magazine* (Andrew Reid and Co., Newcastle; Elliot Stock, London; 6d.), edited by Mr. Howard Pease, already well-known by his clever Northumbrian tales and sketches. Mr. Pease has enlisted a goodly array of contributors under his banner, and the opening number contains, amongst other interest-

ing contributions, a fine poem by Mr. Swinburne on Northumberland, excellent short stories by the editor and Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, a London literary letter from Mr. E. V. Lucas, and a most interesting illustrated article on the great works at Elswick. We may be allowed, however, to protest against the acrimonious tone of the paper on "Some Aspects of Modern Art" by Sir William Eden. The new venture, which represents literary Particularism in a most engaging form, is well got-up and printed, though it might be well if a bolder type were employed for the table of contents on the cover.

Mr. A. St. John Adcock's *Songs of the War*. (R. Brimley Johnson, 1s. net) forms an excellent pendant to his volume of short stories, "In the Wake of the War," recently reviewed in these columns. Mr. Adcock's standpoint is that of the sober Imperialist, equally removed from the blatancy of the music-hall and the Little Englander's readiness to think the worst of his countrymen. He satirises with equal zest the man in the suburbs, too absorbed in his hobby to equal about the war, the armchair strategist, the fraudulent contractor, and the Jingo bards who "tickle the brute" in us. Occasionally, as readers of the *Spectator* may remember, he employs the dialect of Hosea Biglow, but more often uses the unvarnished slang of the "man in the street." To represent Mr. Kruger as speaking the broken English of the German-American is, we think, a solecism. But the booklet is inspired from end to end by an honest patriotism expressed in vigorous and pointed verse.

(For Publications of the Week see page 418.)

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Ade (G.), <i>Fables in Slang</i> , 12mo	(Pearson)	2/6
Adventures in the South Pacific, cr 8vo	(R.T.S.)	2/6
Alexander (W.), <i>The Finding of the Book, and other Poems</i> , cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	6/0
Anstey (F.), <i>The Brass Bottle</i> , cr 8vo	(Smith & Elder)	6/0
Benson (R. M.), <i>Life of Father Goreh</i> , cr 8vo	(Longmans)	5/0
Bullen (F. T.), <i>The Men of the Merchant Service</i> , cr 8vo	(Smith & Elder)	7/6
Burgess (G.), <i>The Lively City of Lige</i> , 4to	(Methuen)	6/0
Buxton (S.), Supplement to "Political Questions of the Day," 8vo (J. Murray)		2/6
Canton (W.), <i>The True Annals of Fairy Land</i> , cr 8vo	(Dent)	4/6
Capes (B.), <i>Juan Brotherhood</i> , cr 8vo	(Pearson)	6/0
Carey (Rosa N.), <i>Rue with a Difference</i> , cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Celli (A.), <i>Malaria</i> , 8vo	(Longmans)	10/6
Cobb (T.), <i>The Dissemblers</i> , cr 8vo	(Lane)	6/0
Coleridge (M. E.), <i>Non Sequitur</i> , cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	6/0
Colville (H. E.), <i>Life's Anchor</i> , cr 8vo	(R.T.S.)	2/6
Cowham (Hilda), <i>Fiddlesticks</i> , 4to	(Pearson)	3/6
Cushing (Paul), <i>God's Lad</i> , cr 8vo	(Pearson)	6/0
Dale (E.), <i>The Scenery and Geology of the Peak of Derbyshire</i> , 8vo. (S. Low)		6/0
Different Conceptions of Priesthood and Sacrifice, 8vo. (Longmans)		7/6
Emtage (W. T.), <i>Elementary Mechanics of Solids</i> , cr 8vo. (Macmillan)		2/6
Farmiloe (Edith), <i>Chapel Street Children</i> , cr 8vo	(Richards)	5/0
Farmiloe (Edith), <i>Pleasant, oblong folio</i>	(Richards)	6/0
Frazier (Mrs. J. G.), <i>Asinette: a French Story</i> , cr 8vo	(Dent)	3/6
Gibson (A. H.), <i>Natural Economy</i> , cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	3/6
Gledstone (J. P.), <i>George Whitefield, M.A.</i> , cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	6/0
Grant (Mrs. G. F.), <i>Kathleen</i> , cr 8vo	(A. Gardner)	6/0
Griffiths (A.), <i>The Brand of the Broad Arrow</i> , cr 8vo. (Pearson)		6/0
Grinnell (G. E.), <i>North American Indians of To-Day</i> , folio	(Pearson)	21/0
Hatton (J.), <i>In Male Attire</i> , cr 8vo	(Hutchinson)	6/0
Hayward (G. M.), <i>The Other One</i> , cr 8vo	(Pearson)	5/0
Heppenstall (R. H.), <i>The Malice of Grace Wentworth</i> , cr 8vo	(Long)	6/0
Hill (Headdon), <i>The Plunder Ship</i> , cr 8vo	(Pearson)	6/0
Hill (H. W.), <i>Chemistry for Examinations</i> , cr 8vo	(Allman)	2/6
Hillier (A.), <i>South African Studies</i> , cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Irvine (R. F.), <i>Bubbles</i> , 4to	(Unwin)	3/6
Johnson (H.), <i>With our Soldiers at the Front</i> , cr 8vo. (R.T.S.)		2/6
Jones (J.), <i>The Love of Two Women</i> , cr 8vo	(F. V. White)	6/0
Kilton (F. G.), <i>The Minor Writings of Charles Dickens</i> , 12mo	(E. Stock)	4/6
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Lampen (C. D.), <i>Barclay the Mutineer</i> , cr 8vo	(Everett)	6/0
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Leph (M. H. C.), <i>Gold in the Furnace</i> , cr 8vo. (R.T.S.)		3/6
Le Queux (W.), <i>In White Raiment</i> , cr 8vo. (F. V. White)		6/0
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Maycock (W. P.), <i>Electric Wiring Tables</i> , 32mo	(Whittaker)	3/6
Mayer (H.), <i>A Trip to Toyland</i> , oblong folio	(Richards)	6/0
Merrick (L.), <i>The Worldlings</i> , cr 8vo	(J. Murray)	6/0
Montgomery (Florence), <i>Prejudged</i> , cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Moore (A. W.), <i>History of the Isle of Man</i> , 2 vols. 8vo	(Unwin)	32/0
Newbolt (H.), <i>Froissart in Britain</i> , imp 16mo	(Nisbet)	6/0
Nuth (M. E.), <i>Kindergarten Gift Plays</i> , 4to	(Curwen)	2/6
Pemberton (Max), <i>The Footsteps of a Throne</i> , cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Praeger (S. R.), <i>Child's Picture Grammar</i> , 4to	(G. Allen)	3/6
Princess's Story-Book (The), cr 8vo	(Constable)	6/0
Rollston (M. A.), <i>An English History Note-Book</i> , cr 8vo. (Simpkin)		3/0
Ross (Albert), <i>A Sugar Princess</i> , cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Rosslyn (Earl), <i>Twice Captured</i> , cr 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	10/6
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* *A Bibliography of English Military Books up to 1642 and of Contemporary Foreign Works.* By M. J. D. Cockle. With an Introductory Note by Charles Oman, M.A., F.S.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. [30s.]

* *The Oldest Books in the World.* By Isaac Myer, LL.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. [30s.]

in Book CXXV. of the *Book of the Dead* we have given us in wearisome iteration versions, sometimes absolutely identical, made by various Egyptologists. In section 1, for instance, we have eight equivalents of one maxim, none of them presenting any difference of the slightest importance. Sir P. le P. Renouf gives: "I am not a doer of wrong to men." Why then fill up space with Dr. Pleyte's "I have not committed sins to men," or the "I have not done evil to men" of the unnamed translator of the Turin Papyrus? In section 26 we have seven variants of the boast that the confessor has not tampered with the beam of a balance; the next section goes over the same ground, though here the last of seven readings has something quite different, "I have not defrauded the gods of their choice offerings," a variance which requires some explanation. In section 28 there are five various expressions of the virtue of not carrying off milk from the mouth of a nursing. The result is that twenty-nine pages are occupied with what might have been much more effectively given in a quarter of the space. The same thing occurs in other chapters. It helps to make the volume a costly one, but it can hardly promote its efficiency as an agent of reform; "500 copies at thirty shillings" will not go very far in converting the world from its evil ways.

The first portion of the book, after the general introduction, is devoted to the "Prisse Papyrus," so called from its first editor. M. Prisse had employed some fellahs to excavate in the Necropolis of Thebes. One of them brought him this manuscript, which had not been found, he said, at Thebes, but had been given him for sale by a third person. The man was probably lying, and M. Prisse came to the conclusion that the papyrus was found in a Royal tomb of the Eleventh Dynasty. This is the view of Dr. Budge also. But it is a copy of treatises belonging to a far earlier time, one provisionally attributed to the early days of the Third Dynasty, the other dating some four centuries later, the time of the Fifth. The earlier moralist had little to say beyond caution against drunkenness and gluttony, but the latter, Ptah-Hotep (of the reign of Assa), had a much wider range. Here are some of his maxims:—

"Wisdom is more difficult to find than emeralds."

"Justice is great, unchangeable, and assured." (Compare the famous words of Antigone: "This is not of to-day and yesterday, but lives for ever.")

"If thou humblest thyself in obeying a superior, thy conduct is wholly good before God."

"Do not repeat an extravagance of language; it is a thing which has escaped from a heated soul."

"A good son is one of the gifts of God."

The next document treated of is the "Papyrus of the Scribe Ani," otherwise called "The Bulak Papyrus." Here there is some variety of opinion about the date, both of the composition and of the actual copy which has come down to us. Egyptian palæography is less definite than that which concerns the Greek and Roman codices. Conjectures as to the antiquity of the manuscript range between 1200 and 525 B.C. The matter is certainly, in part at least, much older. Ethical aphorisms are handed down from generation to generation without much change. Our own proverbs preserve words which are fallen out of use,—"*harder than the nether millstone*" is an instance. The matter, however, is, according to Mr. Myer, later than that of the Prisse Papyrus. The more frequent references to religious ritual prove, he thinks, so much. The older document is inspired by a lofty monotheism which did not concern itself with worship paid to this or that deity. Orthodox thinkers will find Mr. Myer, for once at least, on their side. A more convincing argument will be found in the evidences of a more developed social condition. "If vices have increased, manners have softened and become more refined." Perhaps the most interesting utterance on the religious side of life is to be found in the eleventh section, where we have, "Pray humbly, with a loving heart in which all the words are said in secret." A later section (56) deals with the position of women. Its precepts do not go much beyond good manners, though Mr. Myer thinks that "they advance the idea of an equality of the sexes," and that it is "to the glory of ancient Egyptian wisdom that it has been the first to express the dignity and high position of the wife and the woman." It is quite true, as he says, that "one of the greatest Sovereigns of Old Egypt was the Queen Hatshepsu." But her reign was something like a usurpation. By wearing male attire (a fact which

Mr. Myer mentions without apparently recognising its significance) she seems to have acknowledged that her position was abnormal.

Part VI. is devoted to the "Papyrus of Sayings," attributable, Mr. Myer thinks, to the time of the Hyksos, when, as the writer, who, according to this theory, was one of the oppressed race, puts it, "barbarians take from everywhere unlawful gain; nothing remains from yesterday." It contains many allusions to Egyptian customs and social habits, but as a contribution to ethics it has little importance.

Mr. Myer thinks that many of the origins of Christianity may be found in Egypt, and even speculates on the possibility of the Founder having visited that country (otherwise than in His childhood). It does not trouble us to be confronted with anticipations of Christian ethics. No reasonable being ever supposed that a brand-new code of morals was introduced by the great teacher of Nazareth. The theory really formidable to belief is that of ethical evolution. Even those who care little for the historical side of Christianity hold that human virtue found its consummate expression in a living Christ; without this they can hardly "profess and call themselves Christians." Mr. Myer does not trouble us with all his eulogies on the moral teaching of the "Oldest Books in the World." We have gladly selected some of the most striking passages. But the selection is not easy. As a whole they are vastly inferior to the Old Testament, not to speak of the New Testament, ethics. Half a dozen chapters of the "Proverbs of Solomon" far more than counterbalance the whole.

Nor does the Egyptian doctrine of immortality (discussed in VIII.-XII.) show all the greatness which Mr. Myer attributes to it. It was certainly not a Gospel for the poor. It was, to use the phrase of Death in the *Alcestis*, *πρὸς τῶν ἐχόντων*, "in favour of the rich." The King or wealthy official who could build a spacious tomb for his Ka to inhabit, and could make it worth the while of future generations to provide his surviving self with the necessities of its ghostly life—curious mockeries of reality all of them—might expect a continued existence, though always dependent on the goodwill of the living. But the peasant, however worthy of immortality, was left outside these hopes. His body was smeared with bitumen and laid in the sand or in a cave (where it would not be likely to remain undisturbed). A staff and an old pair of sandals were his sole equipment for eternity. The hopes of Christianity are at least equally valid for rich and poor. Apart from the exaggerations into which Mr. Myer's theories have led him, this book will be found to be one of considerable value.

THE OLD FRENCH COURT.*

MRS. BEARNE has again given us a delightful book, and, with all due allowance for the former volume containing less familiar information, we must congratulate her on the greater ease with which this continuation of her history of the Queen-Consorts of France can be read. The illustrations by Mr. Bearne are charming,—though he will have to forgive us for candidly remarking that he has much idealised some of the scenes. Mrs. Bearne's volume will put the general reader in possession of certain facts with regard to the latter end of the Middle Ages in France which will certainly militate against the usual ideas of the person with a popular knowledge of history; although, in spite of, or because of this, she will entertain him the more. We do not know that even he, as Mrs. Bearne thinks, is ignorant enough to suppose that no career was open to talent in the Middle Ages. Ecclesiastics, who were in those days men of both worlds, were keenly alive to the advantages of connections with great houses, and they valued, as do all men of sense, the forces that lie latent in men of pedigree, and the conveniences that ensue in dealing with people who play the game of life after the rules of gentle breeding. But, if brains and character appeared elsewhere than in scions of great houses, the ecclesiastical machinery could deal with such men both nationally and internationally; and there were many careers that feudalism, war, and religion, and the frequent combination of all three, offered to popular abilities most easily picked out when Church and State were really identical for all practical purposes.

* *Pictures of the Old French Court.* By Catherine Bearne. Illustrated by Edward Bearne. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [10s. 6d.]

But persons capable of taking thought for days which are no more will not turn to Mrs. Bearne for estimates of the strength of ecclesiastical and international currents of affairs, but rather to what may be, with all respect, designated the valuable gossip which her work brings before us, and in which she illustrates features and characters of the Middle Ages,—material capable of evoking alike the interest of the frivolous and the serious; for instance, as to the important influence upon dress exercised by Isabeau, Queen-Consort of Charles VI. No woman—of any importance as a woman, that is to say—can fail to note, not only that Isabeau encouraged the sugar-loaf head-dresses of the period, but that she practically fixed the fashion of low-necked Court dresses for Western Europe, which had been unknown to Christendom before the time of that able pioneer. Isabeau's claims to respect in other directions are not remarkable, we regret to say; although she bore twelve children, she also neglected them, and the poor King, in the intervals of his insanity, seems to have had to endure some housekeeping scenes, in which he was told that the Royal children and their household had not sufficient to eat or to wear. The Royal lady, however, as so often happens to such women, developed a passion for pet dogs and monkeys. With her terror of thunder-storms, love of extravagance, desire for personal comfort, selfish absorption in the company of her favourite, her petty jealousies as regards what concerned herself, and her more than tolerance of scenes of disorder and license, we are at once in touch with the stamp of woman who, in the Court or in the slums, and in all intermediate gradations of abode or sojourn, thinks of nothing except how she can secure what she is often pleased to describe as a "good time." There is no case in which this does not imply that the surroundings of such a woman will have been bad. No historical ghost need come from the grave to tell us this; another example is found in the wreckage floating round Isabeau's name, standing out, even in those days of license and Court luxury, in evil notoriety. As Mrs. Bearne says:—

"All the researches into the history of their times, from which these records are drawn, seem to prove that during the eight reigns in question most of the Queens of France really were distinguished for their excellent qualities, and that except the unlucky Charlotte de Savoie they were all more or less good-looking; Blanche de Navarre, Isabeau de Bavière and Marie d'Anjou being remarkably beautiful; and that at any rate Blanche de Navarre, the three Jeannes, wives of Philippe de Valois, Jean and Charles V., and Anne de Bretagne, were highly cultivated women, possessing superior talents and strongly marked characters. In Isabeau de Bavière we find an entirely different personality."

Indeed, the various sketches of womanhood afforded by these glimpses into old records, so admirably treated by our conversational author, rather distract us from their surroundings. It is impossible, indeed, to read the history of France without wondering at what period and by what means that nation could have saved its soul alive, and if the Revolution last century were at all worse than many other events in the story of those who were never welded together, and who always seemed ready to develop into futile inhumanities even when most civilised. The inhumanities of the noble and the atrocities of the peasant merely differed in kind, not in degree.

But to turn to the lighter portion of the book before us. In it the reader will gain a vivid idea of the æsthetic side of the Middle Ages. These times, for the convenience of historians, practically end with the fall of Constantinople in 1453, but they are also prolonged into the whole period covered by this book, namely, till the beginning of the sixteenth century. They mean ages of faith and of superstition, of luxury and of misery, of breadth and of narrowness. No one is concerned to deny the special capacity of the fifteenth century for devising and enjoying pageantry. There are many signs in our own day, and in London in particular, that to wear a badge and to see a sight, to be jostled in a crowd and to view a procession, are beginning once more to take their places in popular esteem. But for subtle devices and for costliness the shows of the Middle Ages cannot be matched, and, till lately, there was little attempt to rival them. Of course such processions have survived in some places; for example, in the "Preston Guild" celebration that occurs

every twenty years in Preston, Lancashire, we have the uninterrupted continuance of a feature of mediæval life.

Among the luxuries mentioned by Mrs. Bearne are white silk sheets, "richly embroidered pillows, one of which had on it, a knight, a lady, two fountains, and two lions," all kinds of jewelled embroideries and dresses, "five new bellows carved and ornamented with gold," houppelandes, worn both by men and women,—“an enormously long trailing robe or mantle with loose sleeves, made of cloth, silk, or velvet, and trimmed with furs and rich embroideries.” The spoils accumulated by the monasteries were such as to make some of them into most wonderful museums, and even the mediæval fair was an educational exhibition of the fine arts, as far as æsthetics were concerned. It was the place to which all the merchants and travellers took their spoils, and, while private views took place at any palace, to the fairs people looked for their news and opportunity to purchase their costly dowries and other gifts. Mrs. Bearne's volume takes us back to times which were mad and bad and sweet, and the actors in them were very merry and often very miserable indeed.

THE ROYAL SPORT.*

IN 1781 the ingenious Mr. Peter Beckford published his *Thoughts on Hunting*, and founded for all practical purposes the literature of the sport. Since his day we have had innumerable volumes on every detail of the art,—apologies, reminiscences, scores of hunting novels, lyrics of the chase, hints on veterinary subjects, guide-books showing how to hunt on nothing a year, and quite recently an admirable treatise on the value of hunting as a training for war. It has its supreme epic genius in Surtees, its laureate in Whyte-Melville, its witty and spirited essayist in the late Mr. Bromley Davenport, and its weighty exponents in the "Badminton" writers. Of this immense literature and history behind him Mr. Paget is quite conscious, but he is not burdened with the reflection. In his book the history of the sport is dismissed in half a paragraph. He suggests that our prehistoric ancestors must have hunted something, remembers that Xenophon hunted the hare, and then leaps boldly over some two thousand odd years to Somerville and *The Chase*. He is content to write as the practical exponent of the art, and his book is the good conversation of an enthusiast full of his subject. And it is more, for as hunting in some form or other is the essence of sport, it is also a sound and ingenious exposition of the meaning of that most debateable of all terms. Some may be found to quarrel with Mr. Paget's advice on details, but on the main question of conduct and method he will win the approval of all good sportsmen.

"In all hunting," he says, "there should be slight odds in favour of the animal pursued. . . . I should put the odds at three to one on the fox in an ordinary country with a good pack of hounds and a fair huntsman." It is this slight disparity in chances which is at the root of sport, and he would be glad to see it rigidly maintained. Hence he does not love hare-hunting, unless the harriers are not more than seventeen inches. The second point he would insist on is that all hunting is the pursuit of some animal with the intent to acquire it. It is not the riding but the capture of the fox which is the object of a run, and the fox when caught has to be given to the hounds, who share the same feeling. There is to be no hard riding for hard riding's sake, but the whole day's sport is to be regarded in the light of a series of manœuvres by which a wild animal with the odds on her side is to be circumvented by the tactics of hounds and riders. If a man wants to ride hard across country, let him pursue the carted stag; if he cares only about watching hounds working steadily and together, let him go out with harriers or beagles. But if he wishes to see the rigour of the game, the scientific joint action of man and hound and horse, and at the same time share in many incidental joys, then let him keep to fox-hunting. "I will not even pretend," says Mr. Paget, "that I think the question admits of any argument, for to me fox-hunting is first and everything else is second."

In his chapter on "The Hound" the author traces the evolution of the breed from the old buckhound, with which at Belvoir and Badminton and every great house they hunted everything, from a deer to a marten. With the buckhound

* *Hunting*. By J. Otho Paget. "The Haddon Hall Library." London: J. M. Dent and Co. -[7s. 6d. net.]

the Southern hound, famous for his nose, and the little fiery Northern beagle were interbred, and the result, after generations of careful breeding, is our modern foxhound. Mr. Paget enters at great length into the questions of breeding, which are for the M.F.H., and not for the layman, but he has many other interesting facts to record. The Bilsdale claims to be the oldest pack, for in that little Yorkshire vale they have hunted the fox with hounds since the dark ages. The Belvoir Mr. Paget thinks the most perfect union of strength with quality, and the Cottesmore bitches are famous for their combination of music and drive. Indeed, on the subject of music the author professes himself a fanatic, and considers that muteness in a hound creates jealousy and prevents any joint action. From the hound he passes to the fox, for in Jorrocks's famous apophthegm, the horse and the hound were made for each other, and the fox is the connecting link between them. The excursus on the natural history of the fox is a most pleasing piece of work, especially the account of the dealings of the fox with the badger. The curious question is raised of the origin of the hatred of rooks for the fox. He can do them little harm, yet a "beaten fox will be followed for miles by rooks, mobbing him and jecring at his distress." Can it be that the lost piece of cheese still rankles? A healthy fox lives chiefly on rats, mice, and beetles, and does not rob the hen-roost except in seasons of stress. Mr. Paget, in the spirit of the old fishing adage, "Handle your worms as if you loved them," lays down many rules for the tender care of foxes, not, we fear, solely on humanitarian grounds.

From the lower animals he ascends to the *personnel* of the hunt and the art itself. "An M.F.H.," he says, "to be perfect, must embody all the virtues of a saint with the commanding genius of a Kitchener and the tact of a diplomatist." He should demand and attain from his followers the most scrupulous loyalty, and in return exert his authority with tact and courtesy. The huntsman and whipper-in must be minor saints in the same hierarchy. Mr. Paget's rules for conduct in the field are in every way worthy of a great sport and not too exacting for frail humanity. But it is in the chapter, "The Art Itself," that the author is at his best. His descriptions of cub-hunting in the early September morning, the dew on the grass, the ground iron beneath the feet, and the hedges thick, are as good as may be. And then he passes to the real thing, for which all this preparation has been made, and he has an elaborate account of an imaginary run, full of hints for the Master and advice for the humble follower some fields behind. Here is Mr. Paget on the *ethos* of the sport:—

"The idea is that a fox should be hunted to death, which of course is quite wrong. A foxhound should never be allowed to hunt, when there is a chance of him running or of getting him nearer to his fox. . . . To better define the two sports, we should speak of them as hare-hunting and fox-running. Slow hunting and the puzzling out of a line is very pretty to watch, but those who want to see it should go out with harehounds, and not wish to debase the foxhound's character. The principle of fox-hunting is to get away after your fox as quickly as you can, and to use every means in your power to keep near him."

In descending to minor matters Mr. Paget provides an ingenious theory of balance in riding, and also considers that the majority of horses are over-bitted. If six horses jump a fence, one of them is certain to break it down, the reason being that its rider grew nervous and tightened the curb. "If every one used snaffles, or shorter cheeked bits, there would be fewer falls, and the farmers would not have to complain so much of broken hedges. . . . My father's advice to me as a boy was to imagine the reins were silken threads which any sharp pull would break." He does not believe in the old adage to go slow at a fence and full-pace at water, but considers that "the proper pace to ride at every species of obstacle is a hand-canter." And, finally, he concludes with the good advice that "the way to extract the most enjoyment out of a ride is to forget all about the riding, and imagine yourself in the huntsman's place, with his desire to catch the fox."

We have left ourselves no space to speak about the excellent chapters on hare-hunting, stag-hunting, and otter-hunting. Mr. Paget has written a book as full of sound advice as it is of good reading. Our one objection is that the whole sport is conceived in a somewhat lordly and expensive fashion. It is essentially a book for the Master or the man who can afford to hunt in the best style, and not for the economical amateur.

And the author realises this, for he admits that the sport, as he conceives it, is for the rich, or those who are content to be poor. "The man whose chief centre of interest is hunting and hounds, will very seldom find time for the making of money. There will always be found plenty of sneaking Jacobs to take advantage of the easy-going, sport-loving Esaus of this life."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A HAMPSHIRE GUIDE AND A NORFOLK NOTE-BOOK.

Hampshire, with the Isle of Wight. By G. A. B. Dewar, John Vaughan, and others. With Illustrations. (J. M. Dent and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)—*Norfolk.* By W. Dutt. (Same publishers and price.)—Natural features are the great and almost the only claim of one county to attract visitors from another. That, at least, is the conclusion come to on laying down these two pretty, well-bound, and well-written guides to Hampshire and Norfolk. Though part of a series of "County Guides," they are the two which any one who knows rural England well would at once select before all the others if he relied merely on a previous knowledge of our counties, without comparing the treatment. What makes Norfolk so intensely attractive? Not its towns or antiquities, though it has enough of both; but the wonderful variety of scenery,—the broads, the heaths, their very antithesis, the meal-marshes, the sandhills, the wonderful air, the interest of its fisheries and decoys, its game preserves and wildfowl sanctuaries. In Hampshire this standard of excellence is easily put to the test. The nearer to Nature the county approaches the greater the acknowledged charm. For in Hampshire, though one-tenth of the county is wood, and it has a vast acreage of water, two things stand pre-eminent above all, and that absolutely without question,—the Hampshire chalk rivers, the Avon, Test, and Itchen, which are almost entirely natural features, and the New Forest, which has been practically let alone, except for a little planting in parts, since the Conqueror shot stags there. Which things being so, it is perhaps fortunate that the historian and guide is Mr. G. A. B. Dewar, a native of the northern highlands of Hampshire, to which he is greatly attached, and of which he has written very pleasantly in "Wild Life of the Hampshire Highlands," the county which Cobbett was addicted to visiting to go to Weyhill Fair, and where North Hampshire squires still venerate the name of Assheton Smith. Mr. Dewar does not mention Mr. Tom Smith, of the Hambledon, of whom an admirer said that if he were a fox he would rather be hunted by the best pack in England than by Tom Smith with a stick in his hand. Mr. Dewar's itineraries are mainly those of the naturalist, sportsman, and good countryman who has eyes for Nature and feasts them where he can. Usually the subject is too profuse for him to treat as he would like. But except in the New Forest, which is rather blurred in these snapshots, his pictures of the scenery and talk by the way is generally interesting. The variety of landscape in the county is astonishing. A county which holds Farnham and the pine and heather of the Hindhead regions, the loam and wood zones, the heath and forest areas, the chalk-down areas, the Test, the Itchen, and the Avon valleys, veins of most precious worth, not to mention Winchester, Portsmouth, Christchurch, and Southampton, and their adjacent harbours and the Solent Sea, with the New Forest as a climax, is surely without rival. The history of the Isle of Wight was an unnecessary addition to this book. It is now a separate county and deserved separate treatment, though Mr. Vaughan has done his best in the space given him. Special articles on the birds, flowers, butterflies, geology, and sport of Hants are of distinct value. The flowers are curiously local. Thus the hyssop only grows on the walls of Beaulieu Abbey, and the only known habitat of the yellow wall-rocket in the county is on the old town wall of Southampton. Near Calshot Castle, on the shingle spit there, the fishermen use to bleach the shoots of wild sea-kale, by covering them with sand and shingle. The New Forest is a most famous place for butterflies and moths; but Mr. Hewett, of Winchester College, says that nearly all the New Forest insects can be found in any of the woods, probably meaning those near Winchester. The epitaph of a New Forest worthy, the Rev. William Gilpin of Boldre, who wrote the best descriptions of forest scenery ever penned, will fitly close this notice. He was vicar of Boldre. On his tomb is a long confidential epitaph telling him he, aged eighty, and his wife, aged eighty-two, lie together, secure from the dangerous enjoyments of life. It, or rather the author of it, goes on to pay a little compliment to the surviving neighbours of the dead; referring to their place in a better world, he adds: "Here it will

be a new joy to meet several of their good neighbours who now lie scattered in these sacred precincts around them."—*Norfolk*, by William Dutt (same series and publishers), is also a creditable piece of work, though the introduction is slightly flavoured with unconscious advertisement of the county as a "resort." It would have been better if the author, who is quite as keen a naturalist and as appreciative of natural features as Mr. Dewar, and therefore well fitted to deal with such an attractive region as Norfolk is, had taken Mr. Stevenson's admirable preface to "The Birds of Norfolk" as a model when dealing with the characteristics of the county. His division into the Breck, Fen, Broad, Meal Marsh, and enclosed districts forms the best starting-point for informing the traveller, sportsman, naturalist, or antiquary. But the book is well arranged, full of information of all kinds, and very pleasantly written. As an itinerary and guide, it is practically useful. When local tradition or past history is given it is given fully, and in an interesting and quotable form. The chapter on Yarmouth, for instance, has a full account of the old "beach companies," whose curious look-out places, like windmill towers with no sails, once formed the most striking features of the shore. They were like the Florida wreckers, using the word in its inoffensive sense. Their business was to "salve" or aid cargo-ships which got into trouble on the numerous sands. So many did get into trouble that it was a good and flourishing business. But all these "salvage" enterprises have a smack of piracy and brigandage about them, just flavouring the legal status given them. Thus even on the Thames any one is at liberty to board a barge having only one man on board, and to demand pay from the owners for this unasked assistance. At Yarmouth, "when the burning of a flare, the soaring of a rocket, or the booming of a gun announced to the beach companies' watchers that a ship had struck on a shoal," the members of the beach companies were instantly roused from bed, and "within a hundred yards of each other the rival societies would strive with might and main to get the yawls afloat, and when the swift-sailing boats were beyond the coast-surf a strenuously contested race would ensue. The first man to lay hands on the endangered vessel would probably win for his crew the prize, the master generally engaging the services of the first arrivals." There is something rather piratical about the whole proceedings; one cannot help thinking that prayers for fine weather were unpopular in the companies' "courts," as their club-rooms were called. We can add to Mr. Dutt's marine anecdotes. Off the coast there is a most unpleasant channel called the "Gat." There were two families of "Gat pilots," natural enemies, who competed for business for some generations. At last a wise man arose among them who arranged that the families should henceforth intermarry. By a family compact this was arranged, the two eligible pairs of the moment setting the example. Thenceforth there was no competition. In addition to good chapters on the broads, coast marshes, antiquities, botany, birds, roads, and sport of Norfolk, the book contains a useful guide to the Norfolk "Hinterland," the country round Thetford, where warrens and heaths and flints abound, a very little known and interesting region. There are many maps, and a concise gazetteer of towns and villages. The source of a quotation of nearly a page describing the coast and marshes of Salthouse and Cley is not credited to the *Spectator*, in which it appeared, nor are the names of authors and books from which matter is borrowed usually stated.

THE MAMMALS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The Mammals of South Africa. By W. L. Slater, F.Z.S., M.A., Director of the South African Museum, Cape Town. "Primates, Carnivora, and Ungulata." (F. H. Porter. 2 vols., 30s. net. 1 vol. ready.)—Those who intend trying the Cape and South Africa as a permanent home, or to make any long stay in the country, will find that Mr. Slater's book tells them much which will make life more interesting. These Colonies are essentially places in which out-of-door life is the main pleasure and best resource. Yet until this instalment was issued no complete work dealing with the mammals of South Africa had been published, except one by J. Smuts, issued at Leyden in 1832. The result is that while overdone with accounts of the habits of the large beasts of the chase, the habits, and even appearance, of very many of the smaller mammals, of which the country is full, and which are the common and natural objects of curiosity to residents by kloof, mountain, and veldt, are very little known. What is recorded is scattered about in all kinds of books on sport, travel, and natural history. Mr. Slater has, in the first place, given a list of the best of these books, and a short description of their contents. It fills ten pages of print. Next he has given a well-arranged account of every animal. Necessarily these accounts are condensed. But he has prefixed to each a short *résumé* of all the im-

portant references to the beast in the different leading books. Consequently the reader can look up habits, structure, distribution, or whatever he wishes to find, and is saved much labour and disappointment. The notice of that very interesting animal the Cape hunting dog, *Lycaon Pictus*, will serve as a specimen of the general arrangement. Sixteen references to its appearance, range, habits, and native names, with the dates, authors, and pages, precede a lively description of its appearance, size, and distribution. Then comes the writer's own compilation, short but not dull, of its habits. Gordon Cumming says that it has a separate cry for rallying the pack. Drummond notes that when starting game a few of the fastest of the number take up stations along the expected line of the run, and that the wind, the ground, and the habits of the game are all taken into consideration with the most wonderful skill. Smuts says that they have ten or twelve puppies at a birth. Probably Mr. Slater will find that this is incorrect. Of the large carnivora wolves are the only really prolific species, and it is very rare for a she-wolf to produce more than six whelps. A Cape hunting dog at Dublin "Zoo" last year produced only one puppy, but this may have been due to its being in captivity. It is difficult, as a rule, to find any facts whatever in natural histories about the life of the small wild cats, polecats, and other lesser carnivora of South Africa. The exquisitely marked skins of the caracal, the serval cat, the black-footed cat, of the jennets, tiger cats, and others, may be seen sewn into Kaffir karosses, mixed with those of meerkats and civets, and doing duty for rugs, of a very beautiful kind, in English drawing-rooms. The skin of the zorilla, a small black-and-white-striped beast allied to the skunks and the weasels, is often seen in these karosses. It is quite capable of imitating the unpleasant performances of the skunk, and is a shocking chicken-killer. Yet it is often tamed, and becomes most useful in keeping down the rats and mice in a house. The number and variety of all these small carnivora can only be learned from such a book as that before us. Baboons, of the largest size and most destructive intellect, are still seen even on Table Mountain itself. In the late agreement between the Powers baboons of all kinds are among the few animals not given protection. They have added to their other forms of mischief the sucking of ostrich eggs, and a taste for killing lambs and kids for the sake of the milk in their stomachs. They also rob orchards and steal corn, as they did in the days of "Masterman Ready." Modern authors have written almost nothing about their habits, the last reference to them being in a letter by two officers escaping from Pretoria, who were stopped in crossing a river by the appearance of a troop of these formidable beasts coming down to drink. There is good reason to think that when all Africa from the Zambesi southwards is under our flag, a good and sensible game-law may not be too late to protect the greater number of the species which ever existed there. There are still elephants in the Addo bush in Cape Colony. Dutch proprietors, even Orange Free State Boers, have shown themselves inclined to protect the rarest wildebeests and antelopes; and it is just possible that though the white rhinoceros, the largest of all land animals after the elephant, is extinct south of the Zambesi, some may remain nearer the sources of the Nile. It was believed that the species was never found north of the Zambesi; but Major Gibbons claims to have shot one during his recent journeyings in the Central African watershed. Mr. Slater thinks it possible that it may be discovered in Somaliland, but does not give the grounds for his belief. The book is handsomely bound and well printed, but the illustrations are poor. When descriptions of species need the aid of a plate, it is usually possible to obtain admirable photographs, which are far preferable to inferior drawings, such, for instance, as that of the male eland's head or the suricate here shown.

KING ALFRED'S VERSION OF THE CONSOLATIONS OF BOËTHIUS.

King Alfred's Version of the Consolations of Boëthius. Done into Modern English, with an Introduction, by Walter John Sedgfield, Litt.D. (Henry Frowde. 4s. 6d.)—This charming edition of the "De Consolatione" of Boëthius ought to realise the aim of the translator and editor, and bring a large number of English readers nearer to the heart and mind of the great King of the West Saxons who first turned the work into the English of a thousand years ago. All the most notable comments and additions which the Christian Alfred wove into the text of the Roman philosopher are given by Mr. Sedgfield in italics, and as we read the pages the effect of these italicised interludes is that of notes in a familiar hand upon the margin of a book by an unknown author. Between the day of Boëthius and the day of Alfred we may count, roughly, four hundred years; between the day of Alfred and the present day a thousand. But Alfred's comments

reveal a mind, apart from its ignorance of science, as modern as our own; while the dialogues of Boëthius carry us into the remote atmosphere of scholastic reasoning about plain matters of practical piety. Mr. Sedgfield reminds us that the "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*" was for many centuries a book of such popularity and influence that it can only be compared to the "*Imitation of Christ*" and the "*De Officiis*" of Cicero. Boëthius himself, under the name of Severinus, was canonised by the Roman Church, though there is not a word in his book that justifies the supposition that he ever adopted the Christian faith. His philosophy is the highest reach of the ancient Theistic creed, that acknowledged a supreme God overruling the lives of men and placed man's happiness and duty in pious submission and manly acceptance of the inevitable. It is no more Christian than are the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*. But Alfred read his own Christian faith into it, and scrupled not to give a definitely Christian turn to many a passage capable of such adaptation. Mr. Sedgfield speaks of the King's "anonymously personal note." It is just that that makes the charm of the book. One realises that Alfred, while delighting in the thoughts of the Roman Consul, yet found something wanting, and straightway supplied it out of his own experience, spiritual and practical. For it is not only the Christian who makes additions, it is the King and the Englishman who speaks; as such, Alfred replies to Philosophy when she reminds Boëthius of the worthlessness of power and the folly of coveting it: he has not desired power, but as a King, having authority, he has desired "instruments and materials to carry out the work I was set to do, which was that I should virtuously and fittingly administer the authority committed unto me. Now no man, as thou knowest, can get full play for his natural gifts, nor conduct and administer government, unless he hath fit tools, and the raw material to work upon. By material I mean that which is necessary to the exercise of natural powers; thus a King's raw material and instruments of rule are a well-peopled land, and he must have men of prayer, men of war, and men of work. As thou knowest, without these tools no King may display his special talent. Further, for his materials he must have means of support for the three classes above spoken of, which are his instruments; and these means are land to dwell in, gifts, weapons, meat, ale, clothing, and what else soever the three classes need." Sometimes it is a long passage like this, of practical wisdom, that brings Alfred close to us. Sometimes it is only two or three words of local colour interpolated in the text of the Roman, such as "by the sea-cliffs" tacked on to the comparison of riches to "the grains of sand." Mr. Sedgfield's introduction gives a general account of the literary labours of Alfred, a sketch of the life of Boëthius, and a bibliography of the "*De Consolatione*." The form of the book is delightful, and the type most pleasant as well as pretty to the eye.—*The Story of Alfred the Great*. Told by Walter Hawkins and Edward Thornton Smith. With 10 Illustrations. (Horace Marshall and Son. 2s. 6d.)—This is a pleasant little book very well suited to the purpose for which it is written,—that of making the character, life, and work of King Alfred better known to young or uneducated people. The story is told with due respect for the modern lights that have thrown doubt on the nursery anecdotes of other days; but, we are glad to be able to add, with due regard also for the probable fidelity, to the spirit if not the letter of historical truth, of all the legendary lore that has gathered round the great King's name. The book has some pleasant full-plate photo-prints of the places in which Alfred lived, and smaller illustrations show the shape and working of the Alfred jewel in the Bodleian Library.

ON THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

The Care of the Child in Health. By Nathan Oppenheim, A.B. (Harv.), M.D. (Coll. P. and S., N.Y.) (Macmillan and Co. 5s.)—It would greatly improve this book to substitute the chapter dealing with the "Relation of Parents to Children" for that which actually stands at the beginning of the volume. An essay discussing the comparative claim upon women of wage-earning and domestic duties is not the right introduction to Mr. Oppenheim's teaching as to life and the preparation for it. And though we are very much in agreement with what he says on this head, we cannot help seeing that the individual women are not responsible, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, for the circumstances that drive them to earn money, and that among those who do become wage-earners are to be found many of the best mothers and most domestically useful women of their time. The women who need to be reached by this book are not those who have made a mistake in the choice of a serious vocation, but those who fail to realise the seriousness of any vocation; the butterflies of every sphere, not the workers in the

wrong sphere. And the excellent little homily on the duties of parents, now embodied in the tenth chapter, says just the things that the unthinking women want to have brought home to them. Whether they are capable of understanding such teaching—let alone applying it—is another question, one that might have been advantageously discussed in a continuation of the chapter on "defective children." Mr. Oppenheim's classification and explanation of the commonly recognised forms of mental deficiency is likely to be of real utility to intelligent parents. But we wish he had said more about some of the vaguer, and as yet imperfectly recognised, forms, where the want is moral or emotional rather than intellectual; where imitative faculty, abnormally developed, simulates all the proprieties of conduct so admirably that the lack of some human note of spontaneous affection or initiating energy is hidden from all but the most constant intimate observer. Lucas Malet challenged physiology to explain this type when she wrote "*Colonel Enderby's Wife*," and indicated her heroine's affinity with her own pet monkey. But the challenge has never been taken up. Possibly there is no precise pathology to be given of this kind of defect. And yet its index in the physique is sure, though subtle; and every book on the moral training of children should take account of it, if only to warn parents against the silly habit of applauding and encouraging the gifts of mimicry which build up the defences of its hollowness, and give dangerous attraction to a kind of human beings signally unfit to carry on the race. Mr. Oppenheim handles, on the whole, wisely and delicately the question of heredity and of responsibility in marriage, taking in a general way the optimistic rather than the pessimistic view. His chapter on "bad habits" is sound and sensible, and altogether his book ought to be helpful to many parents, ignorant of the details as well as the principles of the arts of feeding, bathing, physicking, clothing, and teaching children from infancy to adolescence. The general level of the style is simple and suitable. But every now and then the writer lapses into a phrase too technical to convey any meaning where there is not already more knowledge than the book supposes in its readers. And sometimes, where the ground is delicate, these terms are of the kind that startle and shock without giving the information that makes up for the shock. This is a fault that should be remedied, either by amplification or excision, in a second edition.

MR. GRAHAM'S "DARNLEY."

Darnley. By David Graham. (A. Constable and Co. 5s.)—Mr. Graham's *Darnley* sustains, without adding to it, the reputation won by his *Rizzio*. But to say this is to imply an advance in merit so far as manner is concerned. For *Darnley* is not in itself as good a subject as *Rizzio*, and it suffers accidentally from being used for a sequel. It is always more difficult to be vivid and vital in the work which carries on a set of characters who have been on the scene before than in the work which introduces the characters as original creations. There is no scene in *Darnley* as dramatic as the concluding scene of *Rizzio*, and no dialogue quite as vigorous as that in which Knox takes part at the beginning of the earlier play. On the other hand, the last scene of *Darnley's* life is very good, and in it we find the touch of beauty that is rather wanting to the remainder of the play. An unkind critic might suggest that in the nervous waking of *Darnley* and his calling for the boy to minister to him there is too much reminder of the great night scenes in *Julius Cæsar*, in one of which Brutus, in the other Cassius, are sleepless and full of fears. But, new or not, the scene is good, and it just saves the play from descending to the pointlessness of a dramatic composition in which the protagonist commands from first to last neither sympathy nor respect. Mr. Graham's blank verse is often very good in the way that best suits dramatic composition. It is terse, reticent, and sometimes noble; never involved, never over-ornamented. If anything, it errs on the side of being too plain. Altogether, it is an excellent and effective instrument for dialogue. But poetic in any of the subtler senses of the term it cannot well be said to be. It is sometimes sonorous, but never musical. And we are sorry to say it sinks now and again to the level of poor prose. Of Mr. Graham's verse at his best, a very fine example is the Countess of Argyle's reply to Moray when he asks her if the Queen cares no more for *Darnley*, and if not, for what it is she grieves:—

"No more for him, but for her perished love
Her heart went into mourning when it died,
And aye since then hath been disconsolate.
In truth her grief is sore; 'tis passing sore,
Yea, like a stricken widow for her son,
Her only son, her well-beloved son—
Pride of her youth and comfort of her age,
And her heart's hope for all the time to come—
Snatched to the land of far Forgetfulness,
She weeps great drops of sorrow o'er its tomb,
And still refuses to be comforted."

The characters of Mary and Bothwell are a little wanting in the passion necessary to give zest and movement to the play. And Darnley's weakness and vices make him a hero in whom it is not possible to take a lively interest. But Moray's quibbling conscience and Ruthven's brutal frankness give occasion for some lively contrasts of character and much ingenious fencing in the dialogue. And altogether Mr. Graham succeeds, in spite of the difficulties of the subject, in keeping up interest. Indeed, the play is in many ways so good that it leaves one wondering why it is not better.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CONSTELLATIONS.

Researches into the Origin of the Primitive Constellations of the Greeks, Phœnicians, and Babylonians. By Robert Brown, jun., F.S.A. Vol. II. (Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d.)—No thoughtful man can have learnt to name "the Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins," and their fellow-constellations without wondering how they were christened. An Irish student of astronomy once declared that he began to see how men could weigh the stars and measure their distances; he could even conceive that their chemical composition might be discovered; but he could not for the life of him understand how we could find out their names. Something of this not unnatural surprise attaches to the celestial globe, covered as it is with all manner of fearful wild-fowl and mythological heroes. A few of the constellations, indeed, seem to have gained their names plausibly enough. The Plough has a certain resemblance to that agricultural implement; it is still easier to see why our American cousins call it the Dipper, or saucepan. The Sickie is like a sickle, and the Southern Cross, disappointing as it is to Northern eyes that expect something as majestic as Orion, is yet unmistakable. But most of the constellations—Pegasus, Orion, the Bull, the Crab, are familiar instances—give no indication of the origin of their names, which date back almost beyond the ken of the historian. Mr. Brown in his very learned and convincing first volume showed that the constellation-figures which we owe to the Greeks were not introduced by them, but belonged to a still earlier stage of civilisation, being due to the first astronomers of whom we know anything, in the valley of the Euphrates. In the present volume, which concludes his work, he undertakes the more difficult and more original task of investigating the origin of these figures, and explaining, so far as that is possible, "the mental process pursuant to which these familiar forms first came into existence." His learning is great and his industry indefatigable. He has traced the constellation-figures through the tablets and inscriptions which the great Empires of the Euphrates Valley have left us, and has succeeded in giving a very plausible account of their origin and the way in which they came to be set in the sky. The common notion that the stars were named from their resemblance to earthly objects is once for all pulverised by this analysis, which shows that the ancient celestial globe is but a piece of picture-writing, in which are preserved some of the oldest myths of which we have any trace. "Religious and mythological ideas, already long current and venerated, were stamped upon the sky as sacred and celestial forms." The stars were arranged, when the astrologers perceived the convenience of arranging them into groups, under the semblance of figures already connected with religious and mystical rites, which have survived long after their esoteric significance had vanished from the mind of man, and are now available to throw light upon the psychology of one of the earliest of civilisations. It is interesting to notice how closely Mr. Brown's argument from archæology is in accord with the astronomical one set forth by Mr. Maunder in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is demonstrable, from our knowledge of the secular change in the constellations visible from any given place, that the oldest constellations were named by astronomers living in the valley of the Euphrates, at a date not very far on either side of the year 2800 B.C. When two quite independent ways of attacking a problem lead to the same result, there is a high degree of scientific probability in favour of the common answer. Mr. Brown is entitled to say that astronomical reasoning has placed almost beyond doubt that origin of the oldest constellations which he had already worked out, from historical considerations, with an ingenuity and perseverance worthy of such confirmation.

J. M. BARRIE AND HIS BOOKS.

J. M. Barrie and his Books: Biographical and Critical Studies. By J. A. Hammerton. (Horace Marshall and Son. 5s.)—Mr. Hammerton, in common with an immense section of the public and all critics of sound judgment, admires warmly the literary genius of Mr. Barrie. And we do not doubt that a large section

of the public will also admire Mr. Hammerton's zeal and industry in playing Boswell to Mr. Barrie, while Mr. Barrie is still—as we hope he will be for many years—in the flesh. Mr. Hammerton is quite aware that there are people who think that such books as he has produced are a mistake. But he adduces one reason for their production which is satisfying from a commercial point of view, though it may not be convincing to taste. Having quoted the remark of "a weighty critic in one of the Saturdays" to the effect that books of this sort should not be encouraged—on the ground that they imply too hastily the elevation of a man still on his trial to the rank of a classic—Mr. Hammerton says: "A sufficient answer to the charge would seem to be that in such writers as J. M. Barrie, Thomas Hardy, 'Ian Maclaren,' Rudyard Kipling, and several others, the public that reads books is vastly more interested than in the mighty dead." People not quite disabused of the old-fashioned idea that books are written for instruction might wonder why this argument should not be turned the other way: the public being already "vastly more interested" in Mr. Barrie than in the mighty dead, why not write a book to tell them about somebody they are in danger of neglecting, instead of some one they are sure to read without Mr. Hammerton's recommendation? But books are written not for instruction, or even for reading, only for sale. And a book about Mr. Barrie will help everybody who cannot get through "The Little Minister" to talk as if he had read it, besides telling him gossip details about the author's life and habits. For the rest, the book being written and published, we acknowledge that it has given us a pleasant hour or two of gleaning among extracts from some familiar, and some not familiar, writings of Mr. Barrie,—though we should have enjoyed the extracts better if the showman had been less assiduously omnipresent.

THE PRESERVATION OF PLANTS.

Studies in Fossil Botany. By Dukinfield Henry Scott. 151 Illustrations. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Scott, who is well known to botanists as the Keeper of the Jodrell Laboratory at Kew, has made an excellent book out of his lectures at University College, London, though it is too technical in method and substance to be discussed at length in these columns. To the botanist it will appeal as a thoroughly sound and scientific piece of exposition, which is a considerable contribution to a recent and important branch of the subject. Even the layman may dip into it with profit. Nothing is more wonderful than the extent to which our knowledge of the flora of the early world has been developed by such researches as Mr. Scott here describes. A flower is such a delicate thing that no one could expect it to survive the vast cataclysms and the age-long changes which have evolved the earth in which we live from the strange and almost unrecognisable planet which was chiefly occupied in storing up the solar energy that we now use so recklessly under the name of coal. We can understand how such hard structures as the bones of animals or the shells of tortoises have outlasted a lapse of time in comparison with which the forty centuries of the Pyramids are as a day, but it is simply amazing to think of the perishable and fragile structures illustrated by many of Mr. Scott's pictures having come down to us in such good condition that they are still amenable to the stains by which botanists trace out cell-structure under the microscope. Yet the matter is simple enough when it is understood. Take the "coal-balls," or stony masses which occur in certain mines, to the indignation of the housewife over whose best carpet they love to burst out of the fire. "We can form a good idea of the sort of material which these nodules contain," says Mr. Scott, "if we notice the deposits of vegetable *débris* left on the banks of a tidal river. There we find miscellaneous fragments of plants heaped together in utter confusion, bits of reeds and rushes, rhizomes of water-lilies and aquatic grasses, twigs and scraps of bark from riverside trees, seeds, nuts, and cones. If we imagine a handful of such a conglomeration, saturated and fixed by some petrifying substance, we shall have a very fair idea of the kind of material a coal-ball consists of." Again, we can easily see how a leaf or a fern, falling upon a bed of silt in a tideless sea, is gradually covered up by Nature's plaster, which hardens into a mould of the enclosed thing as perfect as the mask which the sculptor takes of a human face. In the one case we have the structure of an old-world plant preserved, in the other a copy of its outward appearance. All the ingenuity of the palæontologist is often taxed to read the riddle which Nature has set him in these broken and confused fragments. Sometimes he goes astray. Mr. Scott reminds us how four false genera have been based on specimens of the same *Lepidodendron* in various states of preservation, and the history of palæontology contains not a few parallel cases. Still, the mistakes are rare and soon corrected, and the geological record,

confused and imperfect as it is, has been read with a skill that has given one of its most notable ornaments to the scientific history of the century that is now closing.

THE CHURCH OF THE WEST IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Church of the West in the Middle Ages. By Herbert B. Workman. Vol. II. (Charles H. Kelly. 2s. 6d.)—With this volume Mr. Workman brings down the story of the Church in the West during the Middle Ages to the transfer of the Papacy to Avignon. He has, therefore, reached the beginning of a new epoch, with which he proposes to deal in a fresh study of the Reformation, "using the word to indicate not merely the resultant, but the various divergent forces of which it was the outcome." The early portion of this volume is very interesting and fascinatingly written. It tells the story of the fall of the Empire and of "Roma victrix,"—the autocratic Rome, that is to say, of Hildebrand. Mr. Workman, in enumerating the causes of fall and victory, lays great stress upon the circumstance that "the idea of the Empire was a fiction, or rather the foundations of the little reality it possessed lay in the sands of dreams and hopes; the Papacy was a fact built on the rock of spiritual need." Subsequent and equally readable chapters in the same part of the work are "Mohammad or Christ?" "Innocent III.," "The Chains of the Law." The next or fifth part deals with "The Continuity of Life," "Darkness and Dawn," and "The Coming of the Friars"; while the sixth—in many respects the most important of all—consists of two chapters, "The Rise of the Universities" and "Boniface VIII. and Clement V." There is not a dull page in Mr. Workman's volume. Not the least interesting of its features is the skill with which there is traced the growth of that "new nationalism" in Europe which heralded and paved the way for the Reformation, and which, using the Inquisition against the Papacy itself, crushed the Templars, who might well have been converted into the Janissaries of Rome. What Mr. Workman has to say of the Waldenses is of not less value. With most other modern authorities, he holds that they are not to be classed with the forerunners of the Reformation, that "their revolt was really ethical, not theological; a blow rather at the immoral character of the priests of the Church than at its structure or doctrine."

LAW WITHOUT LAWYERS.

Law Without Lawyers. By Two Barristers-at-Law. (John Murray. 6s.)—The title of this book is hardly suitable for a work written by two barristers; and, indeed, the authorship shows that people who find themselves involved in legal affairs cannot do without the assistance of lawyers. We frankly admit that this is a most deplorable misfortune, but one which, we fear, can never be remedied. Every man can no more be his own lawyer than he can be his own doctor; at least he will be the first to regret it if he tries. This book, according to the authors, is an attempt to enable those who are not lawyers to solve for themselves, without having recourse to professional assistance, those legal doubts and difficulties that are continually arising in everyday life. To compress a digest of the laws of England into seven hundred pages would have certainly been beyond the powers of Blackstone, and at the present day the body of English law has become infinitely more bulky and more complicated. To tell the truth, the authors of this book have embarked upon an impossible task, and all the ability and industry which appears in their work has not enabled them to produce more than an incomplete attempt. Let any one who has to do with companies or a bankruptcy turn to those respective chapters, and he will find a very fair and comprehensible statement of the law; but the chance is small that he will find an answer to the particular legal point that may be perplexing him. Nor, if he is a layman, will he be much enlightened by references to 9 *M. and W.* 349 or 3 *De J. F. and J.* 24, of which mysterious signs no explanation is given. But on the whole, so far as we have been able to test it, the information is accurate and clearly given, and we have not come across any popular law-book which was better. In the statement at the top of p. 19 the authors have forgotten the decision in "The Queen v. Lillyman," and they appear also to have overlooked the fact that three years' penal servitude can be given instead of five, which used to be the minimum.

THE ROYAL NAVY.

The Royal Navy: a History. By William Laird Clowes and Others. Vol. V. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 25s.)—This, the fifth volume of a very handsome series describing and illustrating the British Navy, covers the most glorious period of our struggle for sea power,—from 1803 to 1815. Part of this period

—1812-1815—was taken up with the American War, and we are promised that in the sixth and last volume. Governor Roosevelt is to write it. We are glad Mr. Clowes found himself unable to include it in this volume; the two wars should be distinct, if only to enable one to keep the various details of the fighting abreast. We must hasten to express our admiration, not only of the ease and graphic power of the narrative, but for the skill with which he dresses the line of facts and enables us to carry in our minds without confusion contemporary fights in Channel and West Indian waters. An impartial historian brings out the laggards and inefficients into unfortunate prominence, and reveals much hardship and injustice. At no time, it seems, were injustice, refusal to reward merit, and corruption more rampant than in the era of Trafalgar. Ships were kept in commission for years without wages; Dundonald said that the 'Fox' frigate had been in the East Indies for fifteen years and not a farthing of pay had the crew received, and he calculated that if a hundred of her crew came home there would be due to the men £25,000! The 'Fox' was one of many. But when a Lord of the Admiralty had to be impeached, and it was discovered that he was evading his own regulations, one need not wonder at corruption. We owe much to St. Vincent and that great seaman, Dundonald, who despite a storm of obloquy strove to fight the Admiralty, and to Graham, who with more success finished the work they began. This volume has nothing to do with events subsequent to the Great Peace, so that the decline of the Navy cannot be discussed. But a great revolution yet to come in the other Service was effected. A very considerable portion of the volume is dedicated to "Minor Operations," and these are scarcely less interesting than the main chronicle. The names of ships and officers are always carefully traced, though the renaming of certain ships is always a puzzle, and the list of prizes makes one's mouth water. One reads of a boat's crew cutting out a dozen craft. Many a man never saw his prize-money, alas! The illustrations of charts, portraits of Captains and Flag officers, and battle scenes are on a par with the admirable printing and paper. We must again express our gratitude to Mr. Laird Clowes, who is responsible for all the letterpress.

THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

The History of Education. By Thomas Davidson. (A. Constable and Co. 5s. net.)—Mr. Davidson tells us that "to be strictly accurate, the title of this book should have been 'A Brief History of Education, as Conscious Evolution.'" The remark indicates where the strength of the work lies, and where what may be called its weakness. It certainly takes its readers deeper into principles than they are likely to have gone before. On the other hand, it is likely to disappoint the student who consults it with a strictly practical purpose. But of books that give the outside facts about education there is no lack; writers who have the will and the ability to trace back visible results to their beginnings in Nature are rare. We find ourselves often in agreement with Mr. Davidson, and sometimes differing. The section on Judæa in "Civic Education" especially interested us. The following is a concise and clear statement of Jewish ideals:—"The civic consciousness of the Jews centred in three conceptions: (1) an omnipotent, creator God, who had chosen the Jews as his vicegerents on earth; (2) a Messiah to restore them to this exceptional position, which, through unfaithfulness, they had lost; (3) Holiness on their part, as the condition of this restoration. Thus their supreme ideal took the form of a 'kingdom of heaven' upon earth." A subsequent remark that "the three central conceptions of Judaism appear as the three persons of the Trinity" is strikingly ingenious. Some of Mr. Davidson's views of history are strange. Here is a specimen:—"Rome seems to have arisen from a combination (*συναισθησις*) of villages inhabited by peoples of different races—Turanians, Semites, and Aryans—who at different times had settled upon the Septimontium. The Aryans were, doubtless, the dominant factor; but the others contributed important elements: the Turanians, the bulk of the religious notions and rites; the Semites, the prosaic practicality and thirst for power. With their language the Aryans, naturally, imposed their political forms." How did Semites and Turanians find their way into Italy? We observe that Mr. Davidson writes in the United States. This accounts for the statement, which sounds so odd to English ears, that England's "public-school system dates from 1870." "Primary" would be a better word. Surely Mr. Davidson must know that on this side of the Atlantic "public school" means something very different.

DONALD CARGILL.

Heroes of the Covenant: Donald Cargill. By the Rev. W. H. Carslaw. (Alexander Gardner, Paisley. 1s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Carslaw

has written the story of Cargill with sense and moderation. It is difficult—especially for a Scotsman—to relate with calmness the proceedings of the men who ruled Scotland for the twenty-eight years that followed the Restoration (the date is misprinted 1662 on p. 25). But Mr. Carslaw is fairly successful in his effort. He allows, for instance, the good intentions of the statesmen who followed a milder policy in the Northern Kingdom in 1669 at the initiative of Lauderdale, though he has no praise for the policy itself. His principle is the “inalienable right of the Church to manage her own affairs,” a principle which is incapable of a strict application to facts whenever the Church comes into contact with temporal matters and is the owner of houses, lands, and money. Cargill himself is a worthy hero for the story. The polemical spirit in him never mastered the devout. When he was a hunted fugitive he could still preach discourses which might have been written by Thomas à Kempis. His language, indeed, has a curious flavour of mysticism about it. Nevertheless, he was an extremist in politics. In a sense he was a precursor of the men who made the Revolution of 1688. But he had a certain kinship with the earliest revolutionists of 1643. A martyr he may fairly be called, but it cannot be denied that the Government which executed him was quite within its rights. We see in the prefatory note a statement about the value of money which can hardly be correct. Surely in the second half of the seventeenth century a salary of £66 13s. 4d., with £5 10s. for house-rent, was fairly good pay for a Scottish Professor.

MECHANICAL TRACTION IN WAR.

Mechanical Traction in War. By Lieutenant-Colonel Otfried Layriz. Illustrated. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 5s. net.)—Mr. R. B. Marston has translated this compact and handy history of the application of traction and automobile engines to road transport. He has also added illustrations of the earlier engines used on the roads, many of which are quite forgotten. Why we do not know, for according to Lieutenant-Colonel Layriz, England has always been regarded as the nursery of all mechanical developments in connection with locomotives and road engines. The sum of the German officer's review of the subject is that prejudice and official lack of initiative are responsible for the very tardy use of traction-engines. They were used in the Franco-Prussian War, and nothing surprises us more than to find that on one occasion some Prussian officers declined an offer made by a driver of one to haul some guns up to a certain spot, a feat which they could not do themselves. The traction-engine, it should be said, has proved its superiority over all other engines or motors, the many uses to which it can be put making it *facile princeps*. The latest type for war purposes has been a most decided success. It is curious that Jules Verne in his “Tigers and Traitors” should years ago have made so prominent a feature of the mechanical elephant that hauls the travellers across India. The traction-engine has already distinguished itself in South Africa, and its general use surely can only be a matter of a little mental alacrity on the part of our thoughtful war authorities. We have roads enough, but not too many, if the railways became congested, as they might be in war time.

AN ANTARCTIC NIGHT.

Through the First Antarctic Night, 1898-99. By F. A. Cook. With Illustrations. (W. Heinemann. 20s.)—It is difficult, we should say, to write with a continuous enthusiasm of an Antarctic night, and Mr. Cook proves it. The chapters describing the imprisonment in the ice, the awful depression and languor that overcame the crew of the ‘Belgica,’ are related with a technical skill one might expect from the surgeon of the expedition. The ‘Belgica’ was frozen into the ice-pack far from any land, and drifted in this pack the whole winter so far and so long that they ran a chance of spending another winter, till the cutting of a canal and the breaking up of the pack released her. Before getting quite free of the Antarctic, they were frozen for another thirty days, and this last experience Mr. Cook does not describe for us; he had had quite enough of it. There is a dreadful fascination about the wonderful sunsets and sunrises in the pure air which Mr. Cook has striven not unsuccessfully to realise for us. The cold does not seem to have been extreme; they were too far from land, and the meteorological conditions are very different from those of the Arctic regions,—storms being frequent. Life was confined to few forms, but astonishingly abundant in those limits. The condition and extent of the pack vary, and are generally more uncertain than the Northern pack, so that he is a bold man who would trust and calculate on its drift aiding an attempt to reach the Southern Pole. The reproductions of photographs and the few coloured plates are beautiful examples

of Antarctic scenery and its peculiar tabular icebergs; but, indeed, photography has an easy task in such an atmosphere. A portion of the book is devoted to the preliminary experience of coasting down South America, the ports visited, and a few graphic notes on the tall Patagonians, the Onas of Terra del Fuego. They seem, alas! to be irreconcilable, and quite incompatible with sheep-farming on a large scale.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BOER WAR.

Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed: the Conspiracy of the Nineteenth Century Unmasked. By C. H. Thomas. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)—There is a fine vigour about the title of this book which reminds us of “Satan's Invisible World Displayed.” Mr. Thomas is a Swiss by birth, an ex-burgher of the Orange Free State, and a profound disbeliever in the righteousness of the Boer cause. Testimony from inside the Republics as to the rottenness of the Pretoria system is valuable, but we cannot see that Mr. Thomas can claim to be taken as an authority on the general situation. He seems to believe that the Boer War was brought about by unnamed wirepullers in Holland, acting *via* Cape Town. For this “unmasking” he produces not one shred of evidence. He estimates that the Afrikaner Republicans could put one hundred and forty-four thousand men in the field, sixty-two thousand of whom were British subjects between the ages of eighteen and fifty. As for his knowledge of South African history, he thinks that Lord Kimberley (and not Lord Derby) was the Colonial Secretary at the time of the 1884 Convention, that Sir Bartle Frere was Governor of the Cape about 1873, and that Sir Henry (and not Mr. Melius) de Villiers was the arbitrator on the Coolie question. He describes Mr. Schreiner as an “amphibious helmsman,” a phrase that we commend to critics of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

WILD SPORTS OF BURMAH AND ASSAM.

Wild Sports of Burma and Assam. By Colonel Pollok and W. S. Thom. With Maps and Illustrations. (Hurst and Blackett. 16s.)—Mr. Thom describes the game of Upper Burmah and Colonel Pollok Lower Burmah, which he knew before the northern province was annexed. Both these writers know Assam, but Colonel Pollok subscribes the description of its game. The name of Pollok is a sufficient guarantee that the hunting description will be vivid and expressive of the fascination of big-game shooting, and a perusal of this volume only convinces us of the truth of an opinion we have already passed, that no writer can surpass Colonel Pollok in the vivid portrayal of the hunt and the gradually culminating excitement of a tiger, gaur, or tsine hunt. Nor is his skill confined to the actual phase or its emotions; the shikaris are drawn for us, and we seem to know the elephants with individual peculiarities. It is amusing to think that these ponderous creatures are as nervous as any cat, and that an animal ready to face a tiger takes to flight at the sight of a galloping pony. Mr. Thom is a very successful raconteur, and he gives most circumstantial accounts of his hunts, and, of course, knows the country and people thoroughly, for which knowledge we are grateful in his local colouring. Mr. Thom gives much sound advice as regards hunting localities and equipment, and seems to have a thorough knowledge of the *feræ naturæ* of Upper Burmah, all of which he places without stint at the reader's disposal. There are many capital photographs, “Elephants Crossing a River” being an especially good one. A great deal of interesting natural history is to be found in this composite book, which embodies the knowledge and experience of two authorities of the first rank, to whose ability to preserve it in print—a gift somewhat rare—we owe a double debt of gratitude.

PRISON LIFE AT SINGAPORE.

Prisoners their Own Warders: a Record of the Convict Prison at Singapore, &c. By Major J. F. A. McNair, late Royal Artillery, Colonial Engineer, and Surveyor-General and Comptroller of Indian Convicts, Straits Settlements, from 1855-77. Assisted by W. D. Bayliss, Superintendent of Convicts, Singapore. (A. Constable and Co. 10s. 6d.)—We cry mercy that we cannot give in full all the qualifications of the distinguished authors to write this unique volume. It is delightfully illustrated, contains some capital stories, and is intended to show how Singapore used its convicts for the good of themselves and the State. As in everything, there always remained the irredeemable; but Major McNair and Mr. Bayliss claim that by skilful classification they were enabled to restore self-respect to the majority of their convicts, and to employ them gradually with great freedom and for real usefulness. The book is worth reading. “The jail,” write the authors, “was in point of fact a

busy hive of industry. For a short time of probation, no doubt, the task should be irksome; but when this is over—and it should not be prolonged—work should be given which would tend to call out the best feelings, restore self-respect, and act as a sort of cordial to remove lowering depression.” A story is told of a Woking convict of 1866, exceptionally dogged and dull. He became interested in bricklaying, and “gradually began to handle a brick rather well.” He seemed to grow happier, and was promoted “to work upon a chimney piece. A day or two later he was asked how he was getting on. He then replied, with a bright smile upon his face: ‘Oh, very well, Sir, now! I like my chimney piece, and dreams of her at nights in my lonely cell.’” To have work to do and to like doing it are no mean factors in happiness: how good work can be supplied and interest aroused in it, so as to uplift all who will be uplifted, are problems with which England has yet further to concern herself. At least so our American friends assure us.

THREE SURREY CHURCHES.

Three Surrey Churches. By the Rev. H. R. Ware and others. (F. Lasham, Guildford.)—The “Three Churches” are St. Nicholas Compton and St. Mary Guildford. Compton (a name which has to do with the word “combe” so familiar in the West of England) lies on the south of the Hog’s Back. Its church is almost purely Norman. St. Mary Guildford is somewhat later in style, belonging to the transition period between the Norman and Early English. But it has a very early tower. Mr. Ware thinks that it is Saxon, though he doubts whether it was the tower of a church. It was a fortress certainly, whether it had a church attached to it or no. (It is somewhat upsetting to be told that “belfry” has nothing to do with bells. “It is a modern form,” says Mr. Ware, “of the old English word ‘berfray,’ which is the same as the German *berefrit*, which means a watch-tower or place of security.”) Mr. Ware’s contribution to the volume, then, is a highly interesting account of these two churches. Mr. P. G. Palmer supplies an account of St. Martha Chilworth, an old foundation which became a ruin in 1846, when part of the roof of the chancel and transepts fell in. Two years afterwards it was restored. St. Martha’s and its neighbour St. Catharine’s (which is still a ruin) owed the importance which they once possessed to their vicinity to the Pilgrims Way. Some notes on this remarkable relic of the past have been contributed by Major-General E. R. James. The “Way,” as most people know, was originally a commercial track, used for bringing the tin from the Cornish mines to the place of export in the east of the island. Ingots of the metal have often been found in it. Finally Mr. Palmer writes “A Modern Pilgrimage” along the Way, describing a journey from Guildford to Canterbury. This is a book of varied interest.

HUGH LATIMER.

Hugh Latimer. By R. M. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle, Chaplain and Lecturer of University College, Oxford, Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Worcester. (Methuen and Co. 3s. 6d.)—Many of this “Leaders of Religion” series have been reviewed by us on different occasions, and we welcomed the addition of the Life of Latimer in the hope that it would clear the cobwebs from the portrait of that plain-spoken old son of the Church of England. On the whole, difficult as it is “to write without prejudice,” as author or critic, upon the subject, we are not disappointed. The “fairation towards our own side”—so needful, in the old village umpire’s opinion—is “fairation” towards the foreign reformers; and though Latimer is not misrepresented one whit, our particular “fairation” would have quoted other extracts from his writings, merely giving, as it were, a more contemporary view of one not altogether unlike the present Archbishop of Canterbury! Latimer was in contact with the extremely mixed and shifting—also shifty—characters and doings of a remarkably unfinished time, and the moment an attempt is made to define his views in terms of the present day we are liable to be as inaccurate as when we turn francs into shillings. The character of Latimer—possibly little more than twenty when he took his “B.A.” in 1510—is never obscure, nor his object: “God make us all Christians,” he says, “after the right fashion.” His death at the stake, 1555, was indeed a martyrdom, crowning all the long controversies of his many years of thought, speech, and work; yet, whatever has been read into his writings or sayings, of free-will or action by force, we still believe that as to his views he may be placed with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and not with any less loyal son of the national Church of England. The little volume before us notes its obligations to the only at present known sources of materials. They have been carefully used to their utmost limits.

A SKETCH OF IRISH HISTORY.

A Review of Irish History in Relation to the Social Development of Ireland. By John Patrick Gannon. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)—Mr. Gannon’s aim is to show that the course of Irish history was inevitable from the circumstances of the case, and that it can be explained scientifically without “compiling lists of injuries, outrages, and crimes, in the spirit of an advocate, without regard to historical perspective, not to speak of historical charity.” With this purpose in view he has written a lucid and eloquent review of the main features of his country’s history, confining his attention to the development of society rather than to the chronicle of petty wars. He would sum up Irish history in terms of a series of oppositions. The old tribal system is acted upon by the early Church, and the early Church herself comes under Roman influence. Then comes the stress of foreign invasion, first by the Danes, then by Norman settlers. Each invader in turn is naturalised and joins the native Irish in resisting his successor. So there are as many “degenerate English” as native Irish allied against English rule in the long struggles of the sixteenth century. Confiscation is followed by colonisation, and so through Irish history there is this unfortunate opposition of races, and cultures, which is sufficient ground for strife, apart from the action of the English Government. In his final chapter Mr. Gannon gives an admirable account of the “Rise of the Masses,” written judiciously and sympathetically. The book is rather a series of essays than a history, for there is no connected narrative, and a certain degree of knowledge is taken for granted, since the author often analyses movements without explaining the facts of their origin. The style is picturesque and often eloquent, and to any one in search of a coherent scheme of Irish history the little book may be recommended.

THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

The Council of Constance to the Death of John Hus. By James Hamilton Wyllie. (Longmans and Co. 6s.)—In this volume, which gives the Ford Lectures delivered in Oxford during the Lent term of the present year, Mr. Wyllie, who is rapidly attaining a front place among our junior historians, and who but for certain faults of style, of which apparently he does not repent, would be much more appreciated than he is, deals in a painstaking but not too minute fashion with a period in the history of the Papacy which has hardly had justice done to it. The personal portraits in the book, particularly those of Pope John, Sigismund, King of Hungary, and John Hus, are admirable. So also is the account of the proceedings that led up to the Council. The “disturbances” between Sigismund and John must have been as entertaining as modern “scenes in the House.” The Pope called the King a beggar, a drunkard, a fool, and a barbarian. Sigismund retaliated by describing the Italians as “the dregs of the earth.” But the “barbarian ass” was more than a match for the “Italian fox,” and secured his deposition. As for Hus, Mr. Wyllie takes the view that his story was a struggle for supremacy between the right of the State to protect freedom of thought and the right of the Church to repress the heretic, resulting in the unconditional surrender of the State, and that Sigismund had the power to protect Hus, as John of Gaunt had protected Wycliffe, if he had cared to use it.

THE JEWISH PEOPLE.

A History of the Jewish People during the Maccabean and Roman Periods. By James Stevenson Riggs, D.D. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s.)—This is an interesting addition to the valuable “Historical Series for Bible Students,” a set of manuals now being prepared by American academic experts “in response to a widespread demand for non-technical yet scholarly and reliable guides to the study of the history, literature, and teaching of the Old and New Testaments, and of the contemporary history and literature.” Few stories are more fascinating, so far at least as the history of post-exilic Judaism is concerned, than that of the brilliant Maccabean revolt and of the agony which preceded the final triumph of Titus and his Romans. Dr. Riggs does not affect an ability to throw any fresh light upon this historical romance, but he retells it with lucidity. Above all things, he never loses sight of the spiritual and political significance of the Jewish struggle, especially during the time of the Maccabees,—the combat between the rival forces of Hellenism and Hebraism. Nor does Dr. Riggs fail to perceive and to emphasise the moral weaknesses as well as the military capacity of the men—including even John Hyrcanus himself—who made their country independent for about a century and a quarter. The struggle with Rome is not of course so inspiring as that which preceded it, but Dr. Riggs perceives the inner significance. Although he does not conceal his pronounced views, he seeks to be absolutely fair even to such

men as the two Herods. It may be questioned also if anywhere there exists an account at once briefer or more tersely written of the politico-religious systems indicated in the phrases "Scribes" and "Pharisees" than that supplied by Dr. Riggs's volume.

A GLIMPSE OF THE TROPICS.

A Glimpse of the Tropics. By E. A. Hastings Joy. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 6s.)—The best that can be said of this pleasant book is that it does not pretend to be more than what it is,—a simple account of a four months' cruise in the West Indies. Mr. Joy has not much, if anything, that is really fresh to say of St. Lucia or Martinique, Hayti or Jamaica, although he devotes three chapters to the last, and assures us that "signs of new activity are already apparent, and an influx of new blood, and more especially of capital, is now alone wanted to restore Jamaica to its proper position in the Empire." But he is a faithful chronicler of every event that happened to him in the course of his cruise, from the scene of bustle at Waterloo Station on the morning he left for Southampton to the hospitality he received at the hands of Mr. H— in Barbadoes and of Mr. C— in Jamaica and the constituents of a West Indian cocktail "which is an excellent pick-me-up to an enervated West Indian constitution, but is apt to rob the unwary stranger of some of that judgment and reserve which he usually possesses." This book will also be found both interesting and useful for the information, heightened by excellent photographic illustrations, which it supplies as to the physical features, flora, and fauna of the islands visited by its author.

THE SOTERIOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Soteriology of the New Testament. By William Poreter du Bose, M.A., Professor of Exegesis in the University of the South. New Edition with a New Preface. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)—This volume is a reprint of a work which had some vogue in America on its first appearance, and excited a certain amount of controversy in theological circles. It came under the notice of Mr. Gladstone, as did most works on theology, and the author tells us with pardonable gratification that the veteran statesman wrote "some very appreciative" comments on the copy in his own library at Hawarden. Mr. Gladstone was not, however, entirely satisfied with the author's use of the term "personality of our Lord," but added characteristically that it was evidently not used with any "evil intent." All readers of Professor du Bose's book will, we feel sure, acquit him of "evil intent." He is a sincere believer in the doctrines of the Christian faith, and a vigorous writer. He has, however, an irresistible leaning towards philosophic, or we should rather say theosophic, speculation. He vindicates for the Church with some warmth its right to philosophise on the doctrines of the Christian faith, and the right cannot be denied, although some will be disposed to doubt whether such philosophising has led to much. The author writes in his speculative fashion on "The Divine Sonship of our Lord," "The Human Sinlessness of Jesus Christ," "The Human Birth of Jesus," "The Human Nature of Jesus Christ." To some such speculations may have an attraction, but the debates of the later Greek Fathers on such subjects, which were certainly not wanting in philosophical subtlety, injured rather than aided the religious life of the Church, and left little behind them save the memory of strifes about the incomprehensible. We cannot, therefore, look with much favour on the revival of speculations on subjects with regard to which no verification is possible. With the author's view of the New Testament Scriptures we find ourselves in cordial agreement. "The Scriptures," he writes, "are not Christianity. The New Testament assumes the truth of human salvation in Christ; it did not create or originally communicate this truth."

SHAKSPER, NOT SHAKESPEARE.

Shakspere, not Shakespeare. By W. H. Edwards. (The Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati.)—We are not inclined to take Mr. Edwards seriously; he is too thoroughgoing and too violent. We have not yet reached the stage when we accept a process of reasoning by which the whole edifice of history is to crumble into dust. Mr. Edwards cannot possibly believe that the coarse, illiterate yeoman's son could have written the plays, and he views the signatures as forgeries, such forgeries as the easygoing lawyers of the day permitted when writing was not a general accomplishment. Indeed, he regards Shakespeare and everything connected with him as a huge fraud. The man who wrote the plays was somebody else of the same name. The strongest objection to all this destructive analysis is that it lands its devotees in a hopeless quagmire of suspicion, wherein no one can obtain a firm foothold. Contemporary negligence of

the work of the man is one of Mr. Edwards's arguments, surely a weak one. The book, with its copious extracts, its want of taste, and its occasional abuse of others, is not to be considered a contribution to Shakespeare literature.

IN THE WIND OF THE DAY.

In the Wind of the Day. By the Rev. J. M. Blake, M.A. (George Allen. 3s. 6d.)—This little book of parables for children comes from Mr. Ruskin's publishers, and it is evidently the work of a disciple of Mr. Ruskin. The oldest and best loved form of human literature is that which gives a voice to man's silent companion, Nature. Orientals and Greeks alike felt the charm of the myth which made Nature speak to them. The progress of science has not made the task of the writer of Nature-parables any easier. But the desire for communion with the Mystic Mother was never stronger than it is at present, and any author who can make her speak with a credible voice is sure of a hearing. Mr. Blake's parables will, we venture to think, receive a cordial welcome, especially from those who can enjoy a novel treatment of old themes. They are not all equally good. At times the sentiment is somewhat overstrained, ostentatiously original, and the narrative portions are not quite so fully and plainly expressed as they ought to have been in a book for children. But some of the parables are singularly beautiful, and show that the writer possesses a delicate and original fancy. The chapter entitled "Charity," a parable of the sea, is specially good. The book is one of considerable performance, and of still greater promise, for were the writer to attain to a firmer grasp of the reality of Nature, and if he would condescend to a somewhat plainer and more explicit form of narration, with his gifts and fancy he might make an abiding mark in a department of literature in which success is granted to very few. Mr. Blake's etymologies of winter and summer will not commend themselves to the scientific etymologist; but perhaps a writer of parables feels himself to be *supra etymologiam*.

THE SOUTH DOWNS.

Mr. W. H. Hudson's *Nature in Downland* (Longmans and Co., 10s. 6d. net) tells the story of wild life in the great chalk region of the South with truth and appreciation. A critic might wish that the author had made more of his unrivalled experiences of the aspects of Nature and life in another land, the pampas of the Argentine and far Southern America, and shown us something of the unity or contrasts of Nature, and where life on the South Downs fits into the general scheme by analogy or in fact. In the book before us the author's impressions form a series of charming pictures, but almost purely objective and isolated. The geographical position of the Downs rather suggests such treatment, for though they are only broken off in cliffs by the sea from Beachy Head to Seaford, they form a kind of island in Sussex reaching further south than Arundel. The book deals with this region of "high veldt," for which Mr. Hudson has a real and strong enthusiasm. He also touches on the maritime district below, which ends at Chichester Harbour. As a record of natural history it forms a complement to the excellent "Birds of Sussex" of the late C. J. Knox, who mainly described the birds of the weald, Ashdown Forest, and the great parks. But Mr. Hudson's work deals with a place in which Nature sets very few definite boundaries or limits either of fields, woods, distances, or haunts of animals. Even the sheep are wanderers. We close the book much as we finish a downland walk,—pleased, but with no very definite ideas of what we have seen. The pictures are excellent.

ALL ABOUT DOGS.

All about Dogs. By C. H. Lane, Breeder, Exhibitor, and Judge. With 87 Illustrations from celebrated Champion Dogs by R. H. Moore. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Lane writes about dogs mainly as we see them on the show-bench, and Mr. Moore illustrates them from the same point of view. It is a useful form of treatment, for it shows the dog in all forms of physical perfection, and gives an accurate idea of what the people who make the breeding of dogs a hobby and pursuit think each kind and variety should be, so far as form and structure go. A good deal of interesting anecdote about the "inner dog" is also given, and stories of their fortunes in shows, and hints for management in sickness and health. But the author is mainly concerned in showing what the physique of each kind should be, and what are the breeds. Like Dr. Caius, he groups them according to their services to man, either in sport, work, "performances," or as mere pets. But the value of the book rests on its description of the "points" and history of the breeds as they have been built up and stereotyped by modern

fanciers. To outsiders this is rather dull. But they must remember that it is to the people who have taken the trouble to attend to these things that we owe the immense increase of highly bred dogs of every kind and sort which any one can purchase at pleasure, with a pedigree guaranteeing the purity of their blood.

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* * The Editors cannot undertake to return Manuscript, in any case.

NOTICE.—With this week's "SPECTATOR" is issued, gratis, a LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE elections will result in a large majority for the Unionists. That fact is abundantly clear, though many of the elections are still undecided. It may be that the Liberals will still rally and will slightly reduce the Unionist majority as it stood after the Election of 1895, but practically the Unionist party will come back to Parliament numerically undiminished, and, as we trust, greatly increased in strength and vigour, and able to communicate that strength and vigour to the Administration. Regarded from the plebiscitary point of view the results of the Election are most striking. The country is clearly determined (1) that the settlement in South Africa shall be sound and thorough, and shall set at rest for ever all notion of a resurrection of the Boer oligarchies; (2) that the Union shall be maintained; (3) that the question of efficiency in the administration of the Army shall be taken up and dealt with in earnest. Those are results the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. We have dealt with the elections at length elsewhere, and will only say here that we trust that the Government, having received so full and so satisfactory a mandate from the electors, will prepare to execute it with the utmost energy and thoroughness.

The following are the latest figures as to the results of the General Election corrected up to Friday afternoon:—

Conservatives	239	} 281
Liberal Unionists	42	
Liberals (including Labour)	74	} 118
Nationalists	44	
Total returned	399	
Unionist majority	163	

We are most unfeignedly glad to note that Mr. Arthur Balfour has been returned by an immense majority. In 1895 he only carried the seat by 776 votes. On the present occasion he has won by 2,453. That is, he has more than trebled his majority. We trust that this will put an end to the idle or spiteful gossip that has been abroad of late as to Mr. Balfour having lost touch with the country and having forfeited the confidence of the electors. Even if certain of the "smart" people and fashionable intellectuals with whom it was once a craze to worship Mr. Balfour, have deserted him of late, he can feel that he has kept unchanged, nay, rather increased, the support of a great working-class constituency.

But the election is more than of personal good omen. It shows how utterly nonsensical is the notion that it is impossible to advocate a Roman Catholic University for Ireland, or to take a reasonable, moderate, and sane course on the Church question, without incurring the wrath of the average voter. The cause of Roman Catholic University education in Ireland receives as the result of Mr. Balfour's election a very great stimulus.

It is extremely difficult to determine the exact course of events in regard to China. All that can be said with certainty is that the Powers are still negotiating, but that out of the mist of notes and protocols and counter-proposals a policy seems gradually to be materialising. As things stand while we write, it looks as if the policy, when it does take definite shape, will be that set forth in the French Note. M. Delcassé's proposals are said to be as follows:—(1) The punishment of the guilty officials; (2) interdiction of the introduction of arms and munitions of war into China; (3) the payment of an indemnity to the Powers; (4) a sufficient Chinese guarantee for the future. The proposal further demands the maintenance of a sufficient Legation guard in Peking, the demolition of the Taku forts, and the establishment of a line of communication between the sea-board and Peking. Whether these proposals can actually be carried out, of course, remains to be seen, but at any rate there is nothing wild or *per se* unreasonable about them. It is stated that the French proposals have already received the support of Russia, and that America is also favourable, but the accounts of the policy favoured at Washington differ so much from day to day that it is difficult to feel any certainty as to the President's action. For example, it was recently declared that America would stand out of the international imbroglio altogether, and merely insist that whatever territories were acquired by the Powers, America's trading rights should be fully respected.

General von Waldersee has arrived at Tientsin and has begun to organise the international force which will act under him. He has already taken possession of Shan-hai-kwan without resistance, and is said to be making preparations for an expedition to Pao-ting-fu. It is not likely, however, that he will take any striking action or make any announcement of his plan till he reaches Peking. The date of his entry is not yet fixed, but the various generals have arranged to welcome him with military honours, and General Gaselee has already visited him. Meantime the Russians and Americans have withdrawn most of their troops from Peking, and the bulk of the American contingent is said to be already under orders for Manila. Taken as a whole, the local as well as the diplomatic situation continues very obscure, and must remain so until we know with whom we are really dealing when we talk about "the Chinese," and what are the plans and intentions of those who control the still very great physical force available in China. The special correspondent of the *Standard*, telegraphing from Shanghai on Tuesday, notes a significant fact,—namely, that "the endless stream of troops, munitions of war, and artillery going Northwards along the Grand Canal, in the direction of Peking, has now been diverted towards Han-kau, on the road to Shensi." That looks as if China still means fighting.

On Monday news was received that the Emperor of China had addressed a letter to the German Emperor apologising for the murder of the German Minister. His subordinates, says the Emperor, have acted disgracefully, and he has ordered Grand Councillor Kun-kang "to offer oblations before the dead Minister's coffin," while Li Hung Chang and Liu Kun-yi are to offer every facility for the return of the coffin to Germany. "When it reaches Germany I have

ordered my Minister in Berlin, Lu Hai-hwan, again to make oblations. Thus I wish to show my profound regrets." "Formerly," continues the Emperor, "our two countries were peaceful. I now appeal to you, out of regard for our common interests, to allow early peace negotiations, so that perpetual peace may be assured. I make this special earnest appeal." It is one of the ironies of the situation that it is impossible to tell for certain whether this strange document was really written by the Emperor, or merely issued in his name by the Empress. In all probability, however, the letter is genuine.

The Kaiser's reply is of a very stern and unbending character. After stating that he has observed with satisfaction that the Emperor of China endeavours "to atone for the infamous murder of my Envoy," he goes on to say that "I, as German Emperor and a Christian, cannot consider this crime atoned for by a libation. Besides my murdered Envoy, a great number of Christian brethren, bishops, missionaries, women and children, have gone before God's Throne, having died violent and cruel deaths for the sake of their religion, which is also mine; and they here appear as accusers of your Majesty. Are the libations ordered by your Majesty to suffice for all these innocent persons?" Though he does not hold the Emperor of China personally responsible, he insists that his blood-guilty advisers must be punished. "If your Majesty rightly punishes them, I shall consider this as an atonement to satisfy the Christian nations." If the Emperor will return to Peking, General von Waldersee will be ordered to receive him becomingly and give him military protection and help against the rebels. "I, too," concludes the Emperor, "am longing for peace, but for a peace which atones for the crime and the injustice done in full measure, and which guarantees to all foreigners in China full security as regards life and property, and especially the free practice of their religion." There is certainly nothing conventional about this letter, which reminds one of Lord Wellesley's lofty reproofs to the great native Princes of his day, and we dare say it will not prove ineffective for the purpose for which it was written. That its composition gave the Kaiser great pleasure we do not doubt. One does not get the chance of lecturing an Emperor every day, even when one is an Emperor oneself.

On Wednesday Lord Roberts telegraphed that General Buller had returned to Lydenburg, having reached and taken Pilgrim's Rest. Buller's force brought back with it 600 cattle, 4,000 sheep, 150 waggon-loads of supplies, 184,000 rounds of ammunition, and over 100 prisoners. General Hart has also made some very large captures in the Krugersdorp region. With that exception there is this week little South African news to be chronicled, but all the signs indicate that the resistance of the Boers is surely, if slowly, dying out. One curious rumour is to the effect that the Boers regarded it as a point of honour to keep up the fighting for a year, but that when October 13th is reached large numbers of those still in the field will surrender. Meantime, the troops are beginning to come home, the C.I.V.'s as a purely Volunteer corps rightly getting the first place. On Wednesday Lord Roberts reviewed them before their departure, and praised them in one of his felicitously worded and yet perfectly sincere speeches. But while he congratulated them on their fine record, he bade them remember to let the people of England know of "the bravery, the endurance, and the gentleness of the regular British soldier." That was well said, for in praising our Volunteers we must not forget the simple private, and lay ourselves open to the retort of the American Linesman to the gushing young lady: "Beg pardon, Miss, I aint no hero; I'm only a Regular." The C.I.V.'s went out 1,741 strong, and have lost 13½ per cent. of their force in casualties. They have done more than fight well. They have shown how foolish and unjust is the old War Office tradition of despising the citizen soldier, and talking nonsense about the weakest Line regiment being worth two brigades of Volunteers.

It was announced on Monday that Lord Roberts had been appointed to succeed Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief. That the appointment is as wise as it is popular we do not doubt. Not only is Lord Roberts a hero to the soldier and civilian alike, and so comes to the post with plenty of the driving power that is born of prestige, but he is a first-class military administrator. More, he is essentially a reformer, and

his record in India and in Ireland shows that he has the open mind which is not afraid of things because they are new. Though Lord Roberts is so popular, and has shown such tact and ability in all his public acts and utterances, it must never be forgotten that he is not a soldier of the flashy, self-advertising type. Of course, he may find adverse influences at Pall Mall too strong for him, and may fail to do as much as he would wish, or is necessary, but he certainly will not fail without a good try at putting things right. We note that in the *Daily Mail* and elsewhere it has been suggested that Lord Roberts should become Secretary of State for War, and so be given a seat in the Cabinet. That, we do not hesitate to say, would be a most disastrous mistake. Lord Roberts is not a party politician, and must not be turned into one by being put in the Cabinet. He will exercise an influence far more appropriate to his character and experience outside than in a Ministry. For this and many other reasons the Secretary of State must be a civilian,—and that civilian, we trust, Mr. Chamberlain. But Lord Roberts should be a real Commander-in-Chief, supreme over the whole Army under the Secretary of State, and not hold the office, as did Lord Wolseley, in so restricted a form as to make him merely one of the members of a Military Board.

The week has again been deluged with speeches, but again few of them are of sufficiently abiding interest to deserve comment. We except that of Mr. Wyndham noted below, which deals with facts and policy, and does not consist merely of the babble of the political auction-room. It may be noted, however, that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir William Harcourt have had a squabble as to whether Labour Members do or do not make effective Members of the House of Commons, and that Mr. Stanhope has declared that Mr. Chamberlain was blackmailed into whitewashing Mr. Rhodes in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain has in turn declared this statement to be "a characteristic untruth." Mr. Stanhope retorts by daring Mr. Chamberlain to bring an action against him for slander or libel. As we have said elsewhere, we most sincerely hope that Mr. Chamberlain will not accept this fantastic challenge. Imagine if after every General Election all the heated things said were made the foundations for libel actions. The Courts would do nothing else but consider these Election scrimmages. If Mr. Stanhope has got proofs of the dire and dreadful things he insinuates, let him publish them honestly and openly and not deal in innuendoes. If his proofs and witnesses are worth anything, they will be just as effective when published in the newspapers as produced in a Court of Law. But has Mr. Stanhope got anything to publish except some cock-and-bull story based on hearsay? We doubt it, and shall be exceedingly surprised if his wonderful Member sitting on the pounce for Mr. Chamberlain ever materialises. But if our surmise is right, what are we to think of the conduct of Mr. Stanhope in bringing charges which he cannot support?

Mr. George Wyndham, addressing a meeting at Derby on Monday, spoke at length on the subject of military defence. He said that they were no longer content that the Home Army should serve merely as a recruiting office and an elementary school for the Army abroad; they demanded that it should also receive secondary education itself at home. After pointing out the advantages enjoyed by the Navy—conditions of service that attracted a sufficient number of officers and men of a suitable stamp, and facilities for yearly manœuvres—he dismissed Dr. Conan Doyle's scheme as impracticable, as it would mean the addition of one hundred thousand men to the establishment. The existing plan had worked very well, but the peace training of the Home Army was hampered by material and moral impediments. The difficulties to be faced were higher training for the Home Army, recruiting, a proper provision for small wars, and an adequate reserve of officers; and Mr. Wyndham thought that a solution might be found in the plan propounded by William Pitt in 1804, in which Pitt not only forestalled the territorial system of linked battalions, but wished to add "a battalion of reserve, formed in each district, appropriated for the reception of all the surplus men, together with those who, either from age or size, were not judged capable of active service." The rudiment of such a reserve was to be found in the dépôt, and if the dépôts were made centres of territorial sentiment, the second battalions would be left free to prac-

tise the higher branches of their profession and fit to take part in small wars.

The elections have not been lacking in surprises and sensations. It speaks well for the good sense of "canny Newcastle" that the electors did not allow themselves to be distracted from the main issue by so engaging and romantic a figure as Captain Hedworth Lambton, whose incisive and entertaining speeches were models of attractive audacity. Untempered satisfaction, however, will be felt by all Unionists at the rejection of such vehement Pro-Boers—with all deference to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, we do not see what better term can be employed in this case—as Mr. Philip Stanhope and Mr. James Stuart. Derby, the scene of the pivot election in 1895, again provided a sensation, both the sitting Unionist Members being unseated. Lastly, we may note, as the most remarkable amongst many strange features of the campaign in Ireland, the capture of Galway City by Mr. Martin Morris, son of the witty Judge. The Nationalist papers do not attempt to disguise their chagrin, and seek to relieve their feelings by abuse of Mr. Morris as a "paltry humbug" and a "political antediluvian,"—Mr. Morris, we may note, is a young man of thirty-three. Nationalist dissensions no doubt had much to do with the result, but observers on the spot do not hesitate to describe the contest as a duel between the priests and the people, in which the former had a heavy fall.

The *Westminster Gazette*, which is establishing a reputation for recondite quotation, gives in its issue of Tuesday a striking passage from a letter addressed by Bolingbroke to Harley while the latter was first Minister of the Crown. He told his chief that the faults of the Cabinet were: "First, that all the use which might be had is not drawn out of those which serve, either from want of encouragement to some, or want of using authority over others; Secondly, that a great part of the honey is consumed by drones, who clog the Administration instead of helping it forward; and thirdly, that you are forced to execute more than you should, and cannot, therefore, supervise—you are pulling at the beam when you should be in the box whipping and reining in, as the journey you have to go or the ways you pass through require." "Separate, in the name of God, the chaff from the wheat," was Bolingbroke's cry. The *Westminster Gazette* naturally does not fail to note the application of its text.

The Sydney newspapers contain reports of an interview with Mr. Barton, the Federal delegate from New South Wales, in which he gives his impressions of the leading British politicians. He expresses the opinion that Lord Salisbury is "still possibly England's most forceful statesman," while Mr. Chamberlain struck him as the strongest Parliamentarian. Of the latter Mr. Barton writes: "He is a man of great force of character, very able, very adroit, and, in my opinion, perfectly honest." He was also much impressed by the "delicate distinction of mind and refinement of character" of Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. John Morley. At one dinner he was placed between Mr. Balfour and Lord Halsbury. The contrast between "the genial simplicity of the one and the stateliness of the other" was most marked. "At dinner one prefers simplicity." Mr. Barton's extensive experience of public dinners during his visit to England entitles his opinion to the respect due to an expert.

We are glad to note that Mr. Horace Plunkett, the Unionist candidate in Dublin County, has very pluckily refused to promise to vote against giving Irish Roman Catholics the kind of University education they desire. If he is returned to Parliament, as we sincerely hope he will be, the cause for which Mr. Arthur Balfour pleaded with such statesmanship and eloquence in the last Parliament will be distinctly advanced. Mr. Balfour, it is evident, is as convinced as ever of the wisdom of satisfying moderate Roman Catholic demands on this matter, and after the way in which he sacrificed his own predilections two years ago we cannot believe that his colleagues and his party will refuse to follow his advice. The present Government has already done a great deal not only to render the Land Acts more workable, but to improve the material development of Ireland. If it will also solve the University problem, its record in Ireland should be above that of any Government during the present century. Another reform which will not be so

welcome in Ireland must, however, in our opinion be undertaken with equal inflexibility. That is the reduction of the over-representation of Ireland. No historical pleadings and no political sophistries can get over the fact that it is a gross injustice that a voter when he happens to live in Ireland should be endowed with so great an excess of electoral power. Not all anomalies are bad, but here is one without the slightest reason or excuse. Let Ireland, like Scotland, have her just share of representatives and no more.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling contributes to Thursday's *Times* a very striking poem on the entry of Australia into the circle of the free nations of the Empire, entitled "The Young Queen." The poem must be read in its entirety to obtain a proper understanding of its majestic symbolism, but the first verse may be quoted for its poignant imagery:—

"Her hand was still on her sword-hilt—the spur was still on her heel—

She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted steel:
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold, and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen rode to be crowned."

As in all Mr. Kipling's poems in regard to the Colonies, the political ideas are as noble and as sound as the poetry. Here, as in "The Native Born" and elsewhere, he dwells on the existence of the free nations within the Empire. His is no Jingo dream of a Roman or semi-Oriental Empire dominating but not uniting, but rather of a family of free peoples gathered round the Motherland. That is the old Whig ideal so often derided and misunderstood, but now working itself out in the inspiration of our sanest Imperialist.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Monday gives some interesting details as to Lord Fairfax, whose death took place on Friday week at his plantation, Northampton, Prince George County, Maryland,—a house a hundred and fifty years old, with an estate of some seven hundred acres attached to it. Lord Fairfax, who was a direct descendant of the great Parliamentary Commander-in-Chief, though a Peer of Scotland, was a citizen of the United States. Though he did not, of course, assume the title, it was not in any sense dormant, and its passage through male heirs ever since the family have lived in America has been well recognised. The title descends to the late Lord's eldest son, who is a clerk in the New York banking house of Brown Brothers and Co. The fact that this most historic title belongs to an American is a pleasant and picturesque illustration of how closely the two nations are allied by blood. We wish the title were not a Scotch one, and that Lord Fairfax could every now and again take his seat in the House of Lords as "the noble Lord from the United States."

The Roman correspondent of the *Morning Post* states that the Italian Government under the new régime, though it acts very sternly in regard to actual disaffection among the Bishops and clergy, is doing the Church a real service by improving the condition of the poorer priests. The stipend of parish priests are being raised in all cases to £36 a year, and ultimately to £40 a year. It is calculated that ten thousand priests will benefit by this arrangement. Naturally these measures are very popular with the clergy, and will do a great deal towards rendering it difficult for the Vatican to maintain much longer its present attitude of sulking, nay, un-Christian, irreconcilability.

Mr. Bennet Burleigh tells in the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday an excellent story of Lord Kitchener. A certain Yeomanry commander whilst on parade rated his men in unmeasured terms. Nothing was right that the troopers did. They sat their horses wrong, they moved unlike machinery, &c., and were "no better than a d— rabble," "a lot of gutter snipes," &c. "That," said Lord Kitchener, who came up, "is not the way to address men. They are not a d— rabble, but soldiers, and to be spoken to as such. No troops can be trained in that fashion, and the commander who does not respect his men is unable to lead them." The whole force, we are told, heard the observation, and the men were as decorously elated as the Yeomanry officer was obviously crestfallen.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
New Consols (2½) were on Friday 98½.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE ELECTIONS.

THOUGH the elections are little more than half over as we write, there can be no sort of doubt as to the result. The great Unionist majority in the House of Commons will be fully maintained, and by what is in fact a plebiscite the country has declared with overwhelming decision in regard to three things. First, it has pronounced beyond all possibility of doubt against a weak or Pro-Boer settlement in South Africa, and in favour of keeping the late Republics within the Empire,—at first as Crown Colonies, but as soon as safe and possible as free self-governing communities on the model of Natal or New Zealand. Next, the country has finally pronounced for the Union, and has made it clear that Home-rule has ceased to be within the region of practical politics. Thirdly, the country has decided that it must and will have a businesslike Army. That we are delighted and encouraged by this result goes without saying. A more satisfactory decision could not possibly have been recorded by the people. It confers a mandate on the House of Commons and on the Ministry which is as clear as it is strong, and one which cannot be misunderstood in any quarter. That the abstentions which were feared if the Government did not give some more definite pledge as regards increased administrative efficiency have not taken place is a great compliment to, and a great sign of confidence in, the leaders of the present Government. It should, and we believe will, render them determined to make the best possible use of the tremendous powers entrusted to their hands by the popular vote.

It is not necessary to dwell in detail upon the effect of the decision of the voters in regard to South Africa. That it will be most welcome to the loyalists of South Africa, who have been to some extent alarmed by the boasts of the Pro-Boers, cannot be doubted. It will also, we believe, be secretly, though not openly, welcomed by many of the Dutch, and not merely by those who have remained quiet, but even by those who have been in arms against us. The clearness and finality of the decision will make it far easier for them to take their defeat with a good grace and accept the inevitable. While there seemed any prospect, however faint, of a Majuba settlement they felt bound in honour to struggle on. Now that Britain has spoken, and they have been told in unmistakable terms that the dream of a Boer ascendancy in South Africa has gone for ever, they need not feel ashamed of settling down. Again, the completeness of the rout of the Pro-Boers will render the loyalists in South Africa far less inclined to resent and resist the offering of liberal treatment to the Boers. While there was any uncertainty they were not unnaturally tempted somewhat to overdo their protests against magnanimity. Now they, and the British soldiers and administrators generally, will feel that there is no danger in generosity, so long, of course, as it does not mean that those who risked everything and stood by Britain in the hour of danger are to have no more consideration than the men who sprang at her throat. Throughout the Empire, again, the effect of the General Election will be excellent. It is a far-reaching assurance that the Motherland will never desert her children, and will not under any pleas, however subtle and ingenious, allow the interests of the Empire as a whole to be neglected. If any self-governing portion of the Empire by its own free, deliberate, and practically unanimous choice should ever desire to separate—we put the case, though we do not believe it will ever occur—that decision, however regretfully, must be acquiesced in by the rest of the Empire, but the Motherland will fight to the end, and shed her last drop of blood and spend her last shilling, to prevent any hostile and external force like that of the Boer oligarchy shouldering her and hers out of their own. These results will be patent to all, but for the moment it is possible that the country may miss the significance of the Election in regard to Home-rule. Yet, in reality, the General Election of 1900 has killed Home-rule. Home-rule may be said to have made its last rally three weeks ago. When the Dissolution was announced it at once became evident that Liberal candidates were very largely inclined to drop

Home-rule altogether, and to declare it a dead issue. Strong indications of that attitude were indeed to be found in the speech of the chief Liberal Whip, Mr. Herbert Gladstone. But a protest was made by the Nationalists, Mr. Gladstone “explained” his remarks, and officially the Liberals went to the poll as a Home-rule party. It has been made patent, however, to all Liberal candidates that they gained nothing by their adherence to Home-rule views, and probably lost a good deal. Hence it is quite certain that Home-rule will not again be made a practical issue in our politics. The candidates as well as the country are tired of it. We are aware that the Nationalists still imagine that they will some day hold the balance between parties. Possibly, but even that will not now give them Home-rule. Even if they were to induce one of the great parties in the State once again to buy their alliance at the price of Home-rule, the nation would absolutely refuse to endorse the bill. Come what may, the legislative Union with Ireland is now as safe as that with Scotland, and the Heptarchy will not be restored in the centre of the Empire. Ireland may look forward to any amount of national development on Scotch lines, but the policy of the dissolution of the Union is as dead as the restoration of the Stuarts was after the accession of George III. In the case of the third decision made by the country, that in favour of a reformed Army, it is only possible to adopt an attitude of hope and expectancy. The country, at any rate, has done its part, and the voters have shown throughout the constituencies the keenest interest, nay, anxiety, in the matter. After this Election it will be impossible for the apologists of muddle and indifference to complain that nothing can be done to remedy patent defects because the country cares nothing about the Army and takes no trouble about it. If there is any failure in putting things right, the responsibility must now rest upon our administrators, and not on the voter.

There is yet another lesson of the elections which is most satisfactory. They have shown how completely the British democracy may be trusted to exercise a wide and sincere judgment in public affairs, and how little is the danger of their being misled by false issues. It might have been imagined that the natural reaction from the excitement of the war, coupled with the indignation and annoyance felt in regard to many of its episodes, would have induced the people of this country to take their attention off the main issue and to fix it on minor details; to let their dissatisfaction in regard to the little things blind them as to the big things. Instead, with that unerring instinct in regard to great political events which has always marked the British people at moments of crisis, they realised that the shortcomings of the Government in this or that particular were not the question before them, and that what they had to consider was the best way of obtaining certain definite things,—chief among them a satisfactory settlement in South Africa and greater efficiency in the administration of the armed forces of the nation. They saw that these things could not be obtained from the Liberal party distracted and demoralised by internal feuds and burdened by the Irish alliance, and they therefore most wisely determined to entrust the work of government again to the Unionist leaders. This steadfastness and good sense shown by the electors, especially in the great working-class constituencies, should be remembered by those who are fond of arraigning the British democracy, and sheltering their own slackness and incompetency by declaring that it is hopeless to expect anything like fixity of national purpose, or an intelligent appreciation of political issues, from the “many-headed beast.” We are no more adulators of democracy than of any other form of government, for we realise that the working man if under bad influences is capable of being demoralised by power just as were his predecessors in authority in the State,—the Crown and the aristocracy. We do say, however, that the democratic basis is the only safe and possible foundation for government in a modern English-speaking State, and that experience is showing, and notably in the present elections, that democracies can and do show true political wisdom. It is not only as regards policy, but also as regards men, that the British democracy exhibits its good sense. Take as an example the way in which a mainly working-man constituency like that of East Manchester has stuck to Mr.

Balfour. There is nothing of the demagogue, or the trimmer, or the mob-flatterer about Mr. Balfour, yet his supporters in Manchester, in spite of many adverse circumstances from the purely electoral point of view—as, for example, his attitude in regard to a Roman Catholic University for Ireland—have been as loyal to him as if he had used all the arts of Cleon. The truth is, the British electors like a man, and know one when they see him, and so have stuck to Mr. Balfour, setting an example which we hope will be marked by the far more excitable and lightly moved Members of the House of Commons.

CAPTAIN YOUNGHUSBAND ON THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

CAPTAIN F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND has a right to be heard upon the Chinese question. He has much official experience, he has traversed China from end to end, not as a globe-trotter but as a patient and daring explorer, and he has come into intimate contact with Chinamen of every grade. No one who reads his books will question his judgment, and no one who knows him doubts his utter disinterestedness. It is therefore with great regret that we read in the present number of the *National Review* his carefully drawn proposal for the future government of China. It is, in fact, the partition of the Empire through the agency, in the first place, of her Viceroyalties. He maintains that the attempt to exert pressure on China cannot be given up, because the peoples of Europe demand more comfort, and because that comfort might be provided out of the resources of China, which, although they maintain four hundred millions of people, are still to a considerable extent wasted for want of scientific management. To secure this pecuniary advantage is not, he thinks, unjust; first, because the personal security which is its primary condition is granted to all Chinamen who reside in Europe or its dependencies; and secondly, because the Chinese have shown themselves as barbarous at heart as any South Sea Islanders. The second argument is sound, the right of peaceful visitors to be exempt from murder, whether ordered by officials or by mob leaders, being admitted by all moralists and jurists; and the cynicism of the first is rather apparent than real, trade benefiting the seller as well as the buyer. Englishmen would not, we fear, like to see Chinamen “utilising” their unopened mines, or cultivating the derelict farms of Essex, but still we do allow foreigners to monopolise many profitable branches of business on our own soil, and we may therefore let the argument pass. At all events, Captain Younghusband’s first datum, that the pressure will go on, is probably true, and the only point for discussion is how it may most profitably be exerted. Not, Captain Younghusband thinks, through the central power. Europe might have too much difficulty in keeping united for the permanent control of the Chinese Emperor, and if it did keep united the Emperor would not have sufficient power. The Viceroyalties have so large a measure of local autonomy and so high a local position that they do not obey except when they please. It would therefore be simpler and more effective to keep a general control over the Emperor by occupying Peking for many years yet, but to abandon any idea of unity as regards the provinces, to allow Russia to manage Manchuria as she best can, while we manage the Yangtse Valley, and Germany, France, and Japan some other well-defined portions of the Empire. “The objection to any such plan is, I understand, that it would involve the dismemberment of China and a fight between the Powers. But it would only mean dismemberment of parts where both the central and local authorities were wholly unable to afford security. Where adequate security to life and property was given no pressure would be exercised and no dismemberment would take place. And the fear of disagreement among the Powers seems a poor reason for not following a natural and practical course. If the crisis in China were the paltry local rising it was at first believed to be, we might well have thought less of it, and more of each other. But if, as I believe, we foreigners are to be confronted by a huge and prolonged national movement against us, then before many months are over we shall find ourselves obliged to work on hard practical lines, each one of us taking that piece of work which lies nearest to him, and there

will then be little time left for jealous supervision of one another.”

We think the danger of war “for China” much more serious than Captain Younghusband does, because it is the conviction of the Continent that England has too much of the world already, and if war for such a stake ever arose the first idea would be a coalition to divide the Empire without giving England a share; but putting that aside, we cannot see how his plan is to secure his object. The Chinese Viceroyalties are not hereditary Princes, and any attempt on their part to become so would be opposed to the deepest sentiments of the whole body of the people, who for centuries have regarded a deified personage at the centre as essential to their ideal of just government, and to the protection of their worshipped system of competitive examination. Who is in future to appoint the Viceroyalties? If the Emperor is to retain that power, choosing only Mandarins, the present system will continue, while if the power of selection is to pass directly or indirectly to the European States, the partition of the Empire will be practically complete. Each Power will appoint its own man for its own “sphere of influence,” and each will be compelled to support him with troops, fleets, and, as Captain Younghusband clearly foresees, with a European Civil Service. In practice, the Viceroyalties, deprived of their power of extortion, and impatient of a control which is with difficulty endured even by a man like Abbas II., will kick, and will be supported in kicking by the majority of their people. For upon this point Captain Younghusband delivers no uncertain sound. Every Chinaman, he says, hates every foreigner. “Still more noticeable than the conservatism of the Chinese is their antipathy to Europeans—arising, perhaps, to a large extent out of their conservatism. In travelling through a strange country for one’s own pleasure one naturally tries to think the best of the people; and most of the people (except the Mashonas and Matabele) among whom I have travelled I have formed some attachment to. But between me and the Chinamen there always seemed a great gulf fixed which could never be overcome. . . . As for the Chinese with whom I was brought in merely casual contact in passing through towns and villages, the only thing to be said is, that they make no attempt whatever to disguise their aversion. No country is so unpleasant to travel in as China. It was a common experience to have mud and stones thrown at one in passing through a town, and to be greeted with scoffs and sneers by an excited mob. I gather, therefore, from this that the real, the instinctive attitude of the Chinese, as a whole, towards foreigners is one of intense antipathy; and if we consider the rigid conservatism of the people we may be certain that that antipathy will last for many a century yet.” As Chinamen exhibit their antipathies by massacring the objects of them, it will be necessary to maintain order by large garrisons, those garrisons must be paid for out of local taxes, and to levy those taxes with any kind of justice it will be necessary that all financial administration should pass into European hands. That is to say, each European Power would be forced, probably within five years, to govern its “sphere of influence” directly, rather sternly, and with detailed care. Russia, owing to its geographical position, accepts that destiny in Manchuria, though with a certain alarm, manifested in General Gribsky’s cruel orders and outrageous threats; and William II. may probably exult in such a mission; but shall we? Where are we to get the troops to garrison a new kingdom with a hundred and twenty millions of people? Captain Younghusband hints that we may get them in India; but that would be to place ourselves for the second time at the mercy of a sepoy army, whose chiefs might see their way to carving out principalities for themselves by the aid of the Chinese. We could not consider such advice sound even if we felt attracted by the prospect of governing endless millions who, as Captain Younghusband admits, detest us, and will detest us for centuries; who, as he also admits, remain inscrutable to those who have studied them longest; and who, as he does not admit, have a habit of combining in secret societies with which we may find it impossible to contend. Rajah Brooke was a competent ruler as well as an able one, but one night he found that his obedient, docile Chinese were at his throat, that it was his life or theirs, and that there was nothing for it but extirpation.

We had better keep out of that horrible morass, even if we lose some portion of our trade. But we shall lose none.

THE ATTACKS ON MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

WE referred last week to the dead-set that has been made against Mr. Chamberlain during the elections, and the grossly unfair charges brought against him by the baser sort among his opponents. The harm done to our public life by these false and unjust attacks is incalculable. In the first place, they degrade the men who make them, and poison the political atmosphere. Next, they make honest and fair criticism and reasonable discussion well-nigh impossible. Lastly, they take away all sense of proportion from men's minds and obscure the real issues. Two instances in particular of the calumnious attacks upon Mr. Chamberlain may be taken as examples. First, there is Mr. Stanhope's charge that Mr. Chamberlain in dealing with the Jameson Raid was successfully blackmailed by Mr. Rhodes, and that the Colonial Secretary praised Mr. Rhodes in the House of Commons because Mr. Rhodes's solicitor had threatened him with exposure if he did not. Mr. Stanhope has some cock-and-bull story about a mysterious Member, unnamed, who was sitting in the House of Commons during the debate with a wonderful series of incriminating letters in his pocket, and his eye on Mr. Chamberlain ready to explode his epistolary mine if Mr. Chamberlain did not whitewash Mr. Rhodes. This precious piece of nonsense Mr. Stanhope has solemnly paraded before the electors of Burnley. Mr. Chamberlain has, however, absolutely denied the truth of this story, and has declared:—"You may state categorically from me that I received no threat of any kind from anybody before making the speech to which Mr. Stanhope refers. His statement, therefore, is absolutely and entirely untrue." This statement does not, for us, need confirmation, but it is confirmed by the distinct statement of Mr. Hawksley (Mr. Rhodes's solicitor) that Mr. Chamberlain "knew nothing of the steps I had taken in the interests of my client in view of the House of Commons debate in July, 1897." Yet in spite of this Mr. Stanhope still persists in his preposterous charge, dares Mr. Chamberlain to take him into a Court of Law, and talks melodramatic rubbish about "this dark and terrible story." As we have said elsewhere, we sincerely hope that Mr. Chamberlain will not do anything of the kind, and set a precedent under which every General Election will be followed by a whole crop of libel actions. It is idle for Mr. Stanhope to say that he cannot substantiate his charges except in a Court of Law. He can perfectly well, if he has got any proofs of his assertions (about which we are profoundly sceptical), lay these proofs before the public. He cannot injure his case by doing so, but will be, indeed, at an advantage, for there will be no danger of any of his evidence being excluded on technical grounds. The course of openly stating his evidence is clearly the course which Mr. Stanhope ought now to take. If he merely continues to take the line Dodson and Fogg took with Mr. Pickwick when they tried to lure him into Court, all the world will know the value of his "dark and terrible story." If, after all his vapourings, he cannot give the public something more substantial than a theatrical invitation to a libel action, he will occupy as ignominious a position as was ever occupied by a British politician. We hold Mr. Stanhope by his unsupported charges to have done a grave injury to our public life, not only by reason of their injustice to Mr. Chamberlain, but also, as we have said, because they make honest and reasonable criticism so difficult. For example, though we do not believe for a moment that Mr. Chamberlain was blackmailed by Mr. Rhodes or his *entourage*, we think that it was most unwise and unnecessary for him to speak as he did of Mr. Rhodes and his actions in South Africa. Mr. Rhodes deserved very different handling from that which he received, but when the air is full of slanderous statements as to the reason for Mr. Chamberlain's leniency towards the real author of the Raid, it is almost impossible to condemn Mr. Chamberlain without seeming to share in the malignity of such assailants as Mr. Stanhope.

This is still more markedly the case in the matter of the atrocious attacks on Mr. Chamberlain's personal

honour and on that of his sons which have marked the present Election. Certain of Mr. Chamberlain's more rancorous enemies have been parading the fact that two of Mr. Chamberlain's sons and other members of his family are possessed of shares in a small company which is alleged to do business with the Admiralty, and which does or did advertise itself as "Contractors to the Admiralty." Now, we have never hesitated to say that in all matters of business connected with the work of Government, Ministers and members of Ministers' families cannot be too careful, and cannot show too much delicacy in avoiding even an appearance of getting a profit out of public work. Whenever there is a doubtful point it should always be decided so as to avoid the possibility of it being said that a Minister or his family are making a gain out of their connection with the State. But instead of saying this, the assailants of Mr. Chamberlain have talked as if he and his family circle were engaged in pocketing huge profits out of Government contracts, and accusations of corruption and of dishonour have been freely used. It turns out, of course, as any one who knew anything about Mr. Chamberlain and his sons knew it must turn out, that the small company in question did practically no business at all with the Admiralty—not thirty pounds' worth a year it is said—and that as far as substantial profit was concerned the whole story was the merest mare's nest. Yet it was used as the base of a charge by innuendo of personal corruption, and so the possibility of reasonable discussion was destroyed at the beginning. If this had not been so, we should have liked to say at length what it is hardly possible to say now at all, and not possible to say with any real effect. As we have suggested above, any one who knows anything of Mr. Austen Chamberlain or of Mr. Neville Chamberlain must know that they are men of the highest and most unblemished honour, and that it was not in the least necessary to wait to be told that the company in which they held shares was not, except purely nominally, engaged in the work of Admiralty contracts. Further, if the company had indeed obtained Admiralty contracts, it is absolutely certain that they would have been honestly obtained, and held without injury to the nation. But we cannot admit that Mr. Austen Chamberlain's and Mr. Neville Chamberlain's absolute *bona fides* exhausts the matter. They are not the only people in the world, and some day we may have Ministers and their sons in whom the public will not be able to feel the same confidence. But there cannot be two rules of conduct in the public service. It is necessary, therefore, that the men and the families in whom we have confidence shall set an example which must be followed by others in time to come,—men on whom possibly such absolute reliance cannot be placed. No doubt when Mr. Chamberlain's sons put their money into the company in question it did not occur to any one to trouble about the minute amount of Admiralty work which the company was doing, and the matter passed unnoticed. But, in our opinion, the matter ought not to have passed unnoticed, considering that Mr. Chamberlain was in the Cabinet and that Mr. Austen Chamberlain held office at the Admiralty, even though it was, in fact, an office which had nothing whatever to do with contracts. If the keen and vigilant public opinion for which we have pleaded, and shall continue to plead, had existed, it would have been impossible for Mr. Chamberlain's family not to have looked more closely into the matter, and not to have decided that, placed as they were, they would insist on the company which they had purchased separating itself from even a nominal connection with Admiralty work. This would not only have prevented slanderous and unjust attempts to asperse the honour of Mr. Chamberlain, but it would also have set an example which in other cases might have had the most excellent results. At present we are happily free from corruption in public life, but as we see abroad and in America at the present moment, and in our own past history, corruption is a watchful fiend who sits waiting his opportunity in all public services. Unless he is vigorously barred out he is certain sooner or later to find an opportunity to slip in. For that reason no door must be left on the jar, and it must never be considered enough answer for an open door to say that at the moment it has a vigilant guardian who would never tolerate corruption. Some day there may be another guardian who is not so vigilant.

It is curious in dealing with the whole matter of this article to note that in both the cases in which Mr. Chamberlain has laid himself open to slanderous attacks the fault has really lain in his lack of certain qualities which, according to his enemies, he possesses in a high degree. Mr. Chamberlain is supposed to be a cool-headed, cynical man of the world. Yet in reality he has opened himself to misconstruction because he is utterly deficient in these qualities. A man of the world would have divined the web of bogus innuendo and imitation blackmail which would be sure to be woven round him if he were not exceedingly circumspect in his dealings with Mr. Rhodes, and so would have avoided the snare. As it was, Mr. Chamberlain, in the impulsive, emotional way which characterises him so much oftener than do coolness and deliberation, gave himself away. Again, the wary man of the world would have told his sons that they must not, out of any carelessness or indifference bred of a knowledge of their own good faith and rectitude of intention, lay him open to false and malicious innuendoes. But not being a man of the world, Mr. Chamberlain's idea seems to have been that it was quite unnecessary for him to trouble about appearances so long as he knew, and his friends knew, that he was, as he is, perfectly straight. The man of the world knows that this is not enough, and that the extremity of prudence, discretion, and circumspection is never thrown away in public life. Mr. Chamberlain is absolutely sound in the matter of personal rectitude and high-mindedness. He is, indeed, without any touch of baseness or treachery, though so good a hater and so hard a fighter. He is willing, also, to make all sacrifices for his country. But, in spite of these high qualities, he would be very much better for a little more discretion and more prudence, and a little more ability to see that the world cannot be run on the dilemma: 'Either I am trustworthy or I am not. If I am worthy of trust, then it is shameful and malignant not to trust me all in all.' He forgets that we must think of other people besides himself, and of other generations besides the present.

THE OUTLOOK IN GERMANY.

THE sagacious and well-informed Berlin correspondent of the *Times* declares that "there has seldom been a period of greater national discouragement and anxiety" than that through which the German Empire is now passing. The hot fit of Imperialism which was so notable when Count von Waldersee's Chinese outfit was drawing thousands of sightseers to a Berlin shop two months ago has already given way to a cold fit of doubt whether the game is worth the candle. From every quarter the Government are assailed by critics who are venomous when they come from the ranks of the Opposition and unanswerable when they arise from the Ministerial household. On all sides there is a chorus of condemnation,—one party wholly disapproves of expansion into "the stormy sea of *Weltpolitik*," another attacks the manner in which it has been attempted. The Social Democrats abuse the German policy in China as one dictated by "lust of conquest, Chauvinistic territorial ambitions, and the unbridled eagerness of the *bourgeoisie* to reap commercial gain." The Constitutional party protest against the undertaking of such an enterprise without the Reichstag being consulted. The warmest supporters of the Government complain bitterly of the lack of sufficient ships and coaling-stations with which to confront a possible world in arms, and describe the Intelligence Department as "the most wretched imaginable." Such criticisms mean far more in Germany than they would in England. The German Empire is a very recent institution, which was cemented in war by pressure from without rather than by cohesive forces from within. It took three centuries of fighting before Scotland became a contented part of the United Kingdom, and after six centuries Ireland, not having had the chance of giving a King to the predominant partner and so calling herself the victor, is rather a source of weakness than of strength. It must not be forgotten that the German Empire contains States added solely by right of conquest. Alsace-Lorraine is still governed by the strong hand, Hanover has not forgotten the woes and slaughter of 1866, and the race hatred between South Germans and Prussians only

slumbers. The great struggle of 1870 made the Empire possible by uniting all Germans against their hereditary foe. When we blame the Emperor of the French for endeavouring to consolidate his tottering dynasty by war, we forget that the Hohenzollerns picked up the Imperial crown on the same bloody field where Napoleon III. lost it. Every one who is familiar with the mutual relations of the States that make up the German Empire is well aware that it needs a very skilful hand on the reins to prevent obvious jibbing. Hitherto the Empire has brought glory and well-being with it, and the personal popularity and ability of the first Emperors have averted any open discord. But it is extremely possible that any grave blow to the Imperial prestige or to the country's wealth would suddenly reveal inward commotions in the German Empire of which as yet we have little conception.

The present outlook for both prestige and wealth is more gloomy than it has ever been since the shouting people led their first Emperor up the Linden. We have adverted to the severe criticism already passed on the Emperor's Chinese policy, much more of which will be heard as soon as the Reichstag meets. Count von Waldersee will have more than twenty thousand German troops with him by the end of this month. Though a skilful soldier, he has no practical knowledge of irregular warfare. Our own recent experience makes it quite conceivable that some disaster or "entanglement" may arise in the course of the campaign to which the Kaiser has so rashly committed his lieutenant. Such wild excitement as gave rise to the "hot fit" of last July might easily direct itself against the originator of so rash an expedition,—mobs are not much more rational in Berlin than in London or Paris. Such a spark might start a great conflagration, for the Kaiser is not a Sovereign to take rebuke or criticism meekly. Fuel is ready piled for it. The Clericals hate the Empire of the Falk Laws. So do the millions of Socialists, a force to be reckoned with, though the attempts to suppress them have made it hard to ascertain their real strength. They are bitter foes to militarism, and therefore to the Empire. Since the death of Liebknecht they have shown a disposition to unite with the Liberal party, which is likely to make them more formidable, because more reasonable, than they have yet been, though they have already inspired such terror in their opponents that the average well-to-do Prussian speaks of a Socialist almost as bitterly as of a Jew. Blacker than all are the signs, too numerous to detail, that Germany is very possibly on the verge of a great industrial and commercial crisis. The fabric of Prussian society is unstable as an inverted pyramid; the workman is discontented, the commercial classes have plunged into speculation, the upper classes have the monopoly of the bureaucracy and the Army. The Kaiser has tried to force the pace in all departments of the nation's life, and his people have readily seconded him. In the attempt to capture the markets of the world, Germany has sold her goods under cost price until her capital has run dangerously low. Her commerce has in consequence had to support itself largely by means of the great financial houses. It is a "kept" commerce, and the financiers, who are naturally timid, will call in their capital on the first clear signs of a "slump." Then the mischief will go on accelerating. Already Government stock is steadily declining, with the result that last month the Imperial Treasury was driven to the extraordinary step of floating a loan of four millions sterling on the American market, which has occasioned something like a permanent panic on the Berlin Bourse. It is a familiar maxim that economic crises have wide effects on political affairs, and it is by no means inconceivable that the domestic troubles of the German Empire may some day develop so as to occupy the whole resources of the Kaiser. In that case we should vainly seek any aid from Germany in the field of international politics. United Germany has, no doubt, a great national future, but to those who read the signs of the times in conjunction with the history of the past her immediate outlook is by no means so promising as many people imagine. After all, the German Empire is in the condition described by Mr. Benjamin Taylor in his able *Fortnightly* article, "Like a youth growing too quickly, the country has overshot its strength."

Let it not be supposed, however, that because we see these signs of warning and danger in the present condition

of Germany, we think that Germany is going to break up, either politically or economically. That is not our view. As we have just said, we believe Germany to have a great future; but, in our opinion, her greatness is not yet absolutely secured, for greatness is not a "reach-me-down" that can be bought ready-made either by Emperor or by clown. What we want to warn people in England against is rushing into the belief that Germany has already "arrived," and is a great, solid, permanent Empire which has overcome all her difficulties, and may be reckoned on to keep unimpaired the status, political and economic, she has gained in the last five years. Instead, Germany is essentially a great Empire in the making, and all history shows that in this process of Empire-making there are, and must be, periods of rapid growth followed by violent periods of reaction in which all the gains of the former period are imperilled and the nation for the time exchanges weakness for strength. Now, it seems to us very probable that Germany is rapidly approaching one of these periods of reaction, and that it therefore behoves us to be prudent in adopting any policy based upon the notion that the German Empire is going to continue during the next few years as we see it now. We may, of course, be wrong, and there may be no reaction of the kind we foresee. We must note, however, that if a serious reaction in trade and commerce does not follow the vast developments of late years, and if that reaction does not, in a country constituted as Germany, produce very serious political results, then the German Empire will have proved a most happy exception to the rule that governs the development of great States, and the German Emperor may feel himself indeed beyond the reach of the common fate of mankind. Remember, moreover, that if things go badly the Kaiser must be the first to feel the blow and to lose power and influence by it. Most unfairly, the prosperity of Germany has been attributed to him, and has made him to be regarded as a kind of material divinity. With equal unfairness, the depression when it comes will be regarded as his fault, and his popularity will sink as low as it now is high. But it has been said, and with some truth, that the Emperor is the only man in Germany who does not hate England. While the Emperor was the only German who counted, this perhaps did not matter. Under changed conditions it may be a fact of great importance.

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

WE can scarcely give too much praise to Mr. Goschen's determination "to keep the administration of the Navy entirely apart from party politics." Perhaps the importance of this has never been so clearly recognised by a politician, though it was emphasised more than two centuries ago by the great Admiral whose statue Lord Brassey unveiled at Bridgwater on Thursday. It is impossible, by the way, not to be reminded at this moment of the sentence with which Johnson began the account of Blake which he contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1740: "At a time when a nation is engaged in a war with an enemy whose insults, ravages, and barbarities have long called for vengeance, an account of such English commanders as have merited the acknowledgments of posterity, by extending the powers and raising the honour of their country, seems to be no improper entertainment for our readers." We may remind them that several traditions of Blake are curiously appropriate to the present temper of the English people. We can hardly fail to recognise a parallel to our recent action in South Africa in that story preserved by Burnet in his history of his own times as having contributed to "gratify the vanity which is very natural to Englishmen." When Blake lay at Malaga with the fleet, some of his seamen went ashore and got into trouble by insulting the Host. A priest incited the people to resent this indignity, and the sailors were severely beaten. When they returned on board and complained to the Admiral, Blake sent a trumpet ashore to demand that the offending priest should be given up to him for punishment. The Spanish Governor answered that he had no authority over the priest. Blake sent him word in reply "that he would not inquire who had the power to send the priest to him, but that if he were not sent within three hours he would burn their town." The answer to this peremptory summons was the despatch of

the priest, who tried to justify himself by alleging the insolent behaviour of the seamen. "Blake answered, that if he had sent a complaint to him of it, he would have punished them severely, since he would not suffer his men to affront the established religion of any place at which he touched: but he took it ill that he set on the Spaniards to do it, for he would have all the world to know that an Englishman was only to be punished by an Englishman, and so he treated the priest civilly, and sent him back, being satisfied that he had him at his mercy. Cromwell was much delighted with this, and read the letters in council with great satisfaction, and said he hoped he should make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been." This is one of the stories that make an Englishman's blood stir, and his heart glow with a new access of that national pride which has carried us through so many tight places, and will carry us through so many more. It was for acts like this, rather than, as Clarendon's sneer suggested, "to encourage the officers to be killed that they might be pompously buried," that Cromwell laid his great sea-captain in Westminster Abbey "among the monuments of the Kings." It is a great blot on the fame of Charles II. that he allowed his courtiers to cast out Blake's corpse into a noteless pit in St. Margaret's Churchyard. After two centuries England has made the *amende honorable* for that unworthy deed by joining in the memorial which Bridgwater has erected to her greatest son. Perhaps room may still be found in the Abbey for a tablet recalling Blake's brief rest in the national Valhalla.

We remember that when the money was being collected for Blake's monument, Mr. H. W. Wilson ventured to affirm that his career had been "almost forgotten." No doubt there was a certain novelty in the tune which Mr. Wilson and his Committee struck up in praise of Blake. But we should be loath to suppose that there is no national memory of the great battles in which Blake broke the Dutch claim to naval supremacy and singed the beard of the piratical Dey of Tunis, or the crowning achievement of Santa Cruz, on the return from which Mr. Newbolt's stirring ballad reminds us that the hero's heart "faltering on the threshold" of his country. Still, it may be admitted that most of us have no very clear conception of Blake's real place in the development of our Navy. Till quite lately there was no naval history worth mentioning between the times of Drake and of Nelson. Even now, in spite of the admirable work of Captain Mahan, and the praiseworthy efforts of the Navy Records Society to throw light upon the formation of our Fleet, its story can hardly be said to be familiar to us so far as it lies outside the purple patches of great wars. Blake is particularly unfortunate, in that research has rather tended to impair his traditional reputation than to increase it. His memory is chiefly dear to us for things which rest on an insecure foundation. Confirmation has been vainly sought for the fine story which we have quoted from Burnet, though we decline to abandon our belief in its exactness. Mr. Wilson said that the whole duty of the British Navy had been summed up in the memorable words with which Blake anticipated Mr. Goschen's declaration when his Republican sailors were concerned about Cromwell's acceptance of a colourable imitation of Royalty: "It is not for us to mind State affairs, but to keep the foreigner from fooling us." Hume quotes a similar remark: "It is still our duty," said Blake to his seamen, "to fight for our country, into what hands soever the Government may fall." Another of his maxims deserves to be widely circulated at the present moment:—"Disturb not one another with domestic disputes; but remember that we are English, and our enemies are foreigners. Enemies! which, let what party soever prevail, it is equally the interest of our country to humble and restrain." No doubt the spirit of all these sayings was Blake's, as it was the Jacobite Russell's at La Hogue, and as tradition has always held it to have been that of a Catholic commander against the Armada. But for the actual utterance of any of the words historians tell us that there is no more evidence than there is for the Papistry of Lord Howard of Effingham. That may be, but lack of evidence is not at all the same thing as evidence to the contrary. The fact that the tale is told and the words quoted is some evidence, if not conclusive evidence, that the thing was done or said.

In one respect, we must admit, Blake's example can even be shown to have done the Navy some harm. To the average mind there is something very attractive in the thought of a landsman going to sea at fifty and beating the most experienced old sea-dogs. But the principle was unsound, and Blake's brilliant success tempted the British Navy towards the error which had been fatal to that of Spain. In 1694 Halifax had to urge that "Gentlemen shall not be capable of bearing Office at Sea, except they be Tarpaulins too; that is to say, except they are so trained up by a continued Habit of living at Sea, that they may have a right to be admitted free Denizens of Wapping." Blake's genius nearly led those administrators who could not distinguish between the accidental and the essential from the path of Drake and Hawkins into that of the Duke of Medina Sidonia. But that was scarcely his fault; and when all possible deductions have been made, his traditional greatness still stands out clear and untarnished. Its salient features have been admirably expressed by Clarendon, who was himself great enough to discern greatness in a foe. Blake was the first, he tells us, who "despised those rules which had been long in practice, to keep his ship and his men out of danger; which had been held in former times a point of great ability and circumspection; as if the principal art requisite in the captain of a ship had been to be sure to come safe home again." This reads oddly to such as know their Hakluyt and are familiar with the dare-devil exploits of the Elizabethan seamen. But it is comprehensible enough when the distinction between the privateer and the Queen's ship is recalled. Elizabeth's parsimony in naval matters was inherited by her successors, and a captain who brought in a long bill for repairs was sure of a poor reception no matter what service he had done. The salutary part of this theory still survives in the Court-Martial which has to sit on every captain who loses his ship, no matter in what good service. In the early seventeenth century, however, it cramped the English Navy into uselessness, and Blake deserves all praise for breaking through it. It is of less importance now that he was the first "who brought the ships to condemn castles on shore." His real value, by which he is accounted the founder of the professional Navy, is thus finely expressed by Clarendon:—"He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen, by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do, if they were resolved; and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water; and though he hath been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that drew the copy of naval courage, and bold and resolute achievements." It is because that was truthfully said of Blake that he stands among the foremost on England's roll of honour. We are thankful to believe that his "imitators and followers" are as numerous to-day as at any time in our history.

A MODERN WANDERING SCHOLAR.

THERE passed away the other day, in a hospital at Montreal, a really great American scholar, who might have easily laid claim to having been, at the time of his death, one of the dozen most learned men on this planet. Living a quiet, retired life in a mountain farm in the Adirondacks, the most unworldly of men, caring absolutely nothing for money or fame, the late Thomas Davidson, whose very name is probably unknown to most of our readers, was one of the most gifted and remarkable men of the latter half of this century. To enumerate his writings, learned and important though they are, is to convey no idea of a spiritual personality to whom some (and among them the present writer) owe not a little. It was not the opinions of this "scholar-gipsy" which influenced his friends, for he was the most inconsistent of men, passing through phase after phase of philosophic thought, and contesting in the afternoon the very doctrines he had urged in the morning. Whimsical, vehement, impatient, his satire and argument flowing like a torrent, and his dogmatic spirit sometimes carrying him to lengths he had never intended, yet to know Thomas Davidson was to love him, and not a few are the young men now coming to the front in American philosophy and scholarship who owe a quickening stimulus to that bright and eager, albeit angular, personality.

Mr. Davidson was American by adoption, not by birth. He came from that nursery of strong men where in his time they did literally cultivate literature on oatmeal,—Aberdeen; and he was at the University at a specially brilliant era—that of Robertson Smith, Minto, and W. A. Hunter—all, alas! gone prematurely over to the majority. Davidson had the blood of the wanderer in his veins; he could not rest at home, and so went over to Canada, but soon crossed the border into the United States, where he took up a position as high-school teacher in St. Louis. People who think of the Western American cities as given over to trade and materialism would have been surprised had they found themselves in the St. Louis of a generation ago, for it was one of the great centres of philosophy. The eminent man who is now at the head of the Federal Education Bureau in Washington was then editing at St. Louis the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, then the only metaphysical organ in the English language (to our shame, be it said). The reason why this remarkable movement of pure thought centred in St. Louis was because of the immigration of German students and thinkers who had fled after the suppression of the 1848 rising, and many of whom settled down on the banks of the Mississippi. St. Louis ever after has been noted for Germans, philosophy, and the best beer in America. In this society Thomas Davidson found congenial souls, and to literature with oatmeal there succeeded the cultivation of philosophy with beer. They might have been at Leipzig or Heidelberg save for the absence of duelling and other German formalities. Life was simplified and heightened by excursions into the forests and participation in the wild life then possible, but which the railway and the progress of industry have almost destroyed. The whole episode is indeed a delightful little bit of idealism in a rather prosaic century,—plain living and high thinking, a finely-strung intellectual life hand-in-hand with simplicity and industry.

Thomas Davidson would have delighted Goethe; the *Wanderjahre* of Wilhelm Meister was Davidson's own life. He, too, held that "to give room for wandering the world was made so wide." As thorough an American as though he had been born within the shadow of Bunker Hill, he nevertheless was so classic in feeling that he yearned for the "palms and temples of the South," and he had his wish gratified. Attached, largely through Longfellow's generous influence, to the examination department of Harvard University, he soon had the opportunity of repairing to Athens, where he studied Greek archæology. And here it may be said that perhaps Davidson was one of the greatest linguists of his age. Well grounded in Greek and Latin (able, after the good old mediæval plan, to speak as well as to read Latin), he obtained complete mastery of modern Greek within a few months of reaching Athens. He could make a speech in that language as easily as did Mr. Gladstone in the Ionian Islands. He spoke and read French, German, Italian, Spanish, Norse with absolute ease. He did his philosophic thinking in German rather than in his own tongue. He acquired later on complete proficiency in Hebrew and Arabic, and was fairly well versed in Czech, Russian, and Magyar. He never forgot a single word he had ever learned. His admiring friends tested him on one occasion in Greek. He never missed once, giving not only the ordinary but exceptional meanings, and stating in what authors they were to be found. He could repeat most of Aristotle's "Ethics" from end to end in the original. He knew word for word that difficult second part of *Faust* which at times baffles even German professors, but his supreme love was Dante. He knew the whole of the *Divina Commedia*, and students who have read his introduction to Scartazzini's handbook to the great Tuscan know how Davidson entered into the very soul of Dante. Thus did this simple, hearty, big-brained Scottish-American wander over the globe. To-day in his little villa in the Italian Alps, to-morrow in a lovely rose-covered villa in Capri, again among the slashed-faced students of Heidelberg, then at Athens, or at rooms in London, or in the halls of Oxford and Cambridge, or under the shadow of the State House in classic Boston—thus did he absorb culture, study the world, and charm and entertain his hundred friends.

It is rather dangerous to be a great linguist, for the chances are that you will be nothing else,—like Cardinal Mezzofanti. But Thomas Davidson was a contradiction to all rules.

Though he missed being a great thinker, he had a powerful, philosophic mind. Like all that St. Louis group, he had begun by being a strong Hegelian, but he lived to denounce Hegel as unfairly as he had once praised him. Mediæval in his conception of (and we might say in his impersonation of) the wandering scholar, Davidson became mediæval in his philosophy; he took up the study of Thomas Aquinas. Outside the ranks of the profound Catholic scholars, there are few who can say they have mastered the "Summa"; one of those few was Mr. Davidson. One must not hold him finally to anything, but at the time he wrote his learned work on Rosmini, the modern Catholic antagonist of the Jesuits, he certainly believed that Aquinas, based on the philosophy of Aristotle, had come nearer to solving the great riddle of being than any other thinker. In addition to the work on Rosmini, which is scarcely appreciated in England, Mr. Davidson must have some credit for stimulating the Pope in the preparation of his celebrated Encyclical on Aquinas. There are not, it is safe to say, many laymen who have had three hours' confidential talk on philosophy with Leo XIII., but Thomas Davidson was one. He was also intimate with some of the religious Orders, and knew not a little of the inner life of the Catholic Church, with whose art and devotion he sympathised as much as he detested its politics. He loved Italy as a man loves his bride, and in Rome he foregathered with the veteran Mamiani and others who had helped in the *risorgimento*. His work on Aristotle as an educational thinker is one of the finest and most helpful treatises on education written in our time. His essay on the Parthenon Frieze (which he interprets as embodying in marble the dream of Pericles of a united Greece) may be right or wrong, but it is a most learned and interesting piece of work.

If the linguist is a specialist, the philosopher is regarded as a pedant. But it was the charm of this wandering scholar that he was ever human and ever young. Like Abou Adhem, he loved his fellow-men, and was as friendly with his old Italian housekeeper, who believed in ghosts and saintly protection, as with the learned men whose friend and correspondent he was. The present writer can see him now embracing a genial Captain of the Alpine regiment stationed in the Italian mountain town where for a time he made his home. He was not quite a saint, but he loved much and he shall be forgiven much. He could have kept Socrates company over the amphora while the rest were under the table, and could have gone forth to teach with as clear a head. A unique character, built on a solid Scotch foundation, polished by travel and by thought, and with the bright and eager tone of the American, he was the best example in our time of the mediæval wandering scholar.

CHILDREN'S RITES AND CEREMONIES.

CHILDREN, who dislike ceremony as much as they resent familiarity, love ceremonials of nearly every kind. They delight in taking a part in them themselves, and invent or reproduce them when there is a scarcity of the real article, and go through the whole performance with infinite satisfaction and complacency. Among the normal and regular occasions of rites and ceremonies in their own lives, red-letter days in which the world takes a different colour, are weddings, birthdays, being taken to church to see babies christened, going to see the Queen if her Majesty appears in person at any function, Christmas Day, and in Roman Catholic countries, fêtes and processions. The joys of Mardi Gras are unknown to our children, but the invention of "carnivals" as a form of patriotic tribute to our brave soldiers has provided them, most fortunately, with a new set of ideas on the possibilities of processions, which have always been a joy to children since the days of Athens, but which they seldom see in this country except in connection with Trade-Unions and clubs, in which they decline to be interested. But the carnivals have engaged their very serious attention and won their silent approval. When Fulham or Hampstead breaks out into a pageant two miles long, with hundreds of people dressed up as soldiers, Britannias, sailor-boys, hospital nurses, fairies, queens, river gods, and General Lord Roberts, with gilt cars, gigantic fish ten yards long to symbolise the produce of the River Thames, papier-maché elephants as large as life, the 'Power-

ful's' 4.7 gun, and a first-class cruiser on wheels to follow, and they see every one taking the occasion seriously, as they prefer such things should be regarded, the children are not likely to miss such admirable suggestions. "Birthday carnivals" are now very seriously engaging their attention, and are springing up quite spontaneously in unexpected quarters. Proposals for a combined birthday carnival at a country house where several small children were staying show the fertility of their resources in devising a new ceremony. They begged that in addition to themselves, crowned with flowers and scattering roses, or whatever flowers were the best substitute for roses, they might be allowed to have the tamest and best Jersey cow, also wreathed with flowers, the new motor-car, driven slowly, and the pony, who was to wear trappings of cloth of gold, or the nearest substitute, a table-cloth of Indian embroidery.

They love pageants naturally, because they are beautiful. But they love them most when they take a part themselves. "Public occasions" never make them shy. Stage fright is unknown among them. They are far too interested in the business of the performance. They take it seriously, resolving to do their very best, without regard to the audience at all. All "set pieces" and days of ceremonial of any kind are to them moments or hours in which they step at once into another and a higher existence, and one which they joyfully enter. They need no preparation for the change, being to the manner born, the unspoilt possible favourites of fortune. They take their places naturally, with a serene content, and step almost without elation into the fairy palaces. They always show their pleasure when inmates of a fresh house, or of sumptuous modern hotels, where the company is well-dressed, numerous, and sedate. "You know what happens to little girls who are good," said a friend improving the occasion. "Yes," said her small acquaintance, "then they go to hotels."

Weddings are the favourite ceremonials of children. They combine many sources of unbounded satisfaction to them. Little worldlings! Edwin's fine qualities and Angelina's fond affection do not interest them in the least. The sentimental side is the last thing they care about. But the pretty dresses, and all the "new things," interest them intensely. But what gives distinction to the whole is the bringing of all the actors to the church, and all the conventions and ceremony there enacted. They are most particular and exacting as to their own costume as spectators,—any small girl of three will show you her "wedding shoes" or stockings a month afterwards, with pride and satisfaction. Then there is the pleasure of seeing all the other dresses being got ready, and the accumulation of presents, though this excites them less than the rest. The presents are not part of the ceremonial. The great and crowning joy of this is the procession up the aisle, with all the bridesmaids, and since it has been the fashion to include small children in the procession, they have deemed it a distinction of the most entrancing kind to be asked to be a bridesmaid. They act the part with the utmost grace, gravity, and decorum, holding their big bunches of flowers as gracefully as their elders, and never making a mistake from shyness or self-consciousness. They are far too happy to be self-conscious. They feel they have a right to be there, because they do it so well. One very little girl who was watching a wedding from the benches had some flowers put into her hand as the procession passed by. She took the hint, walked along the seat behind the elders, who were standing up, slipped down into the aisle, caught the nearest bridesmaid's hand, and walked, nothing doubting, holding her roses, up the aisle beside her.

Children always act over in play what has pleased them, or struck their imagination, even if it be gloomy and terrific. They delight to revive their emotions; but instead of getting other people to act for them, they go on the stage themselves, or make their dolly do so. They cannot attend funerals personally, and would probably be very unhappy if they did. But it is well known that they are very favourably impressed by the pomp and circumstance of sepulchral rites, especially the black horses, and have private dramatic rehearsals of funerals of dolls. In "Les Malheurs de Sophie," when that sad example of a not very naughty little girl had broken the last limb of her doll she did not

weep, as on former occasions. We are informed why. She looked forward with pleasure to its funeral. The carrying out of what our neighbours across the Channel call "a beautiful interment" affords children scope for rites and ritual on a considerable scale. Large families of children frequently keep a cemetery. To fill this with a creditable number of occupants is a great satisfaction to them. The rites so performed do apparently solace their grief when their animals die, but when they have a fancy for funerals any corpse is welcomed as an excuse for an interment. A family of little girls once took to making pets of beetles, which were kept in a doll's house, and regularly washed and put to bed. Washing did not agree with the beetles, which frequently died. Then they were buried with all possible care and respect, and memorials laid on their graves.

Half the high esteem in which they hold Christmas is due to the thought that a great part of the enjoyment is a "set piece," a sequence of events all sanctioned by high convention, that even the surprises like Santa Claus's stockings are matters which they can count upon, and that they can enjoy beforehand the certainty of being surprised. Like the child who wished to be frightened, but begged that whoever did so would frighten her "carefully," they know that the pleasure of expectation is one of the main factors of happiness.

On Christmas Day the rites are so numerous and the social ceremonies so absorbing that by dinner-time, when one of the most important functions has to take place, they might be expected to be less alive to the importance of having all things done in order. They are not. No Court Chamberlain could be more careful not to break the prescribed order of a high State function. Their anxiety always centres round the appearance of the pudding. Two important rites, serious social conventions handed down for their enjoyment by old tradition, and not to be lightly infringed, centre round it. One is the lighting of the brandy round the plum pudding; the other, its complete distribution, so that none shall be left on the plate, and that consequently *some one* shall be bound to find the sixpence in it. They tolerate the presence of several sixpences, though they look upon it as a departure from the true spirit of the business. But if there is only one, the imperfect distribution of the pudding gives them acute anxiety. They know that that is not the right way to do it, that the sixpence may remain in the piece on the dish, and so the whole thing may fall flat, and that the great merit of all the social etiquette they wish observed is that it does prescribe the right way. The other matter of concern which they demand in the right ordering of the Christmas Day rites is that the brandy round the pudding shall be lighted before it is brought in; that it shall be wrapped in flame, fanned by the speed of the bearer as it is being carried, and that the tongues of flame shall leap up with a bound as the dish is set upon the table.

They are all little formalists; they like to see matters done properly and in order. Their stories, which they write themselves, are generally based on strict conventions. Observance of rules is a high ideal, for they are always being told to observe them. A child who wrote a story and divided it into chapters closed the record of each chapter's incidents by the formal remark, "Then they went to bed." That is in itself a ceremony with most children, who make a dreadful fuss if any of the usual routine is omitted, and can hardly sleep until the mistake, whatever it may be, is set right. It is remarked that they are extremely shocked when other children do not observe the rules of etiquette, whatever they may be, which they have adopted as part of their own standard, and rarely fail to mention it afterwards. The same view is usually taken of other animals by well-trained family dogs, who always resent behaviour which strikes them as incorrect. But as the children are always highly didactic towards their animals, and anxious to make them conform to rules and regulations, it is possible that we ought to look upon the canine martinets as disciples of their little mistresses and masters.

THE SEA IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

REMEMBERING gratefully, as all students should do, the immense literary value of the Bible, it is not without a pang of regret that we are obliged to confess that its pages are so meagre of allusions to the grandest of all the

Almighty's works,—the encircling sea. Of course we cannot be surprised at this, seeing how scanty was the acquaintance with the sea enjoyed by ancient civilised peoples, to whom that exaggerated lake the Mediterranean was the "Great Sea," and for whom the river Oceanus was the margin of a boundless outer darkness. Yet in spite of this drawback, Old Testament allusions to the sea then known, few as they are, remain unsurpassable in literature, needing not to withdraw their claims to pre-eminence before such gems as "Ocean's many-dimpled smile" or the "Wine-dark main" of the pagan poets. In number, too, though sparsely sprinkled, they far surpass those of the New Testament, which, were it not for one splendid exception, might almost be neglected as non-existent.

Our Lord's connection with the sea and its toilers was confined to those petty Syrian lakes which to-day excite the traveller's wonder as he recalls the historical accounts of hundreds of Roman galleys floating thereupon; and all his childish dreams of the great sea upon which the Lord was sailing and sleeping when that memorable storm arose which He stilled with a word suffer much by being brought face to face with the realities of little lake and tiny boat. St. John and St. James show by their almost terror-stricken words about the sea what they felt, and from want of a due consideration of proportion their allusions have been much misunderstood. No man who knew the sea could have written as one of the blissful conditions of the renewed heaven and earth that there should "be no more sea," any more than he could have spoken of the limpid ocean wave as casting up "mire and dirt."

But by one incomparable piece of writing Paul, the Apostle born out of due time, has rescued the New Testament from this reproach of neglect, and at the same time has placed himself easily in the front rank of those who have essayed to depict the awful majesty of wind and wave as well as the feebleness, allied to almost presumptuous daring, of those who do business in great waters. Wonder and admiration must also be greatly heightened if we do but remember the circumstances under which this description was written. The writer had by the sheer force of his eloquence, by his daring to await the precise moment in which to assert his citizenship, escaped what might at any moment have become martyrdom. Weary with a terrible journey, faint from many privations, he was hurried on board a ship of Adramyttium bound to the coast of Asia (places not specified). What sort of accommodation and treatment awaited him there under even the most favourable circumstances we know very well. For on the East African coast even to this day we find precisely the same kind of vessels, the same primitive ideas of navigation, the same absence of even the most elementary notions of comfort, the same touching faith in its being always fine weather as evinced by the absence of any precautions against a storm.

Such a vessel as this carried one huge sail bent to a yard resembling a gigantic fishing rod whose butt when the sail was set came nearly down to the deck, while the tapering end soared many feet above the masthead. As it was the work of all hands to hoist it and the operation took a long time, when once it was hoisted it was kept so if possible, and the nimble sailors with their almost prehensile toes climbed up the scanty rigging, and clinging to the yard gave the sail a bungling fur. The hull was just that of an exaggerated boat, sometimes undecked altogether, and sometimes covered in with loose planks, excepting a hut-like erection aft which was of a little more permanent character. Large oars were used in weather that admitted of this mode of propulsion, and the anchors were made of heavy forked pieces of wood whereto big stones were lashed. There was a rudder, but no compass, so that the crossing of even so narrow a piece of water as separated Syria from Cyprus was quite a hazardous voyage. Tacking was unknown or almost so, and once the mariners got hold of the land they were so reluctant to lose sight of it that they heeded not how much time the voyage took or what distances they travelled.

The nameless ship of Adramyttium then at last ventured from Sidon and fetched Cyprus, sailing under its lee. How salt that word tastes, and what visions it opens up of these infant navigators creeping cautiously from point to point along that rugged coast heeding not at all the unnecessary distance so long as they were sheltered from the stormy

autumn weather. Another perilous voyage across "the sea which is off Cilicia and Pamphylia" (another purely maritime term) and the harbour of Myra was gained. Great were the rejoicings of the voyagers, but premature, for every day that passed brought them nearer to the time of tempest, and consequently of utmost danger. In fact the memorable voyage of St. Paul may be said to begin here. The crossing of the Great Sea had been accomplished without incident, although doubtless occupying so many days that the landsmen were by this time somewhat accustomed to the misery of life at sea in those days, when in coarse weather sea-sickness was one of the least of their woes.

The shipment by the centurion of his prisoners on board of the Alexandrian wheat-ship marked the commencement of a series of troubles. In the first place, for such a ship and such a voyage the number of people on board was far too great, even if we accept the lower estimate—seventy-six—which is placed on her complement by some ancient authorities. If she carried two hundred and seventy-six she must have been like an Arab dhow running a full cargo of slaves, and it is difficult to see how, even taking into consideration the way in which both mariners and passengers were inured to hardship, she could have carried them all through the wild weather and weary days following without some deaths. "And when we had sailed slowly many days" (what a world of suffering can be read into those few pathetic words), they fetched under the lee of Crete with all the thankfulness that might be expected from men who had been so pitilessly exposed to the fury of the open sea. With difficulty they crept along the coast until they got into the Fair Havens and refreshed their weary hearts.

No wonder they were reluctant to put again to sea, even though they knew that every day brought wilder weather, and their chance of wintering in their present harbour safely was poor, from its exposed position. And now we find St. Paul taking the risky step of advising seafarers as to the proper conduct of their own business,—risky because while no man likes to be interfered with at his work by one whom he considers an outsider, sailors are perhaps more touchy upon this matter than most people. True, the science of navigation and seamanship was in its infancy, and no such gulf of knowledge separated landsmen from seamen in those days as existed afterwards, but one can easily picture the indignation of the commander of the ship (curiously enough here called the owner, the very same slang title given to the Captain of a man-of-war by his officers and crew to-day) when he heard this presumptuous passenger-prisoner thus daring to give his unasked advice. Besides, Paul's motive for wishing to remain in port was one easily misconstrued.

Therefore the centurion's refusal to listen to Paul's suggestion was quite natural; nay, it was inevitable. Still, there was evidently no intention of persevering with the voyage upon getting under way, only of entering the nearest harbour that might afford sufficient shelter against the fury of the winter gales. With a gentle southerly breeze they left Fair Havens, and moved along the shore. But presently down from the Cretan mountains Euraquilo came rushing, the furious Levanter, which is not surpassed in the world for ferocity, hurling their helpless cockle-shell off shore. Their fear of the storm was far greater than their fear of the land, for unlike the sailors of to-day, to whom the vicinity of land in a gale is far more dreaded than the gale itself, they hugged the small island, Clauda, and succeeded in their favourite manœuvre, that of getting under the lee of the land once more. It was high time. The buffeting of the ship had weakened her to such an extent that she must have threatened to fall asunder, since they were driven actually to "frap" her together, that is, bind their cable round and round her and heave it taut,—a parlous state of things, but one to which sailors have often been brought with a crazy ship in a heavy gale.

In this dangerous state they feared the proximity of hungry rocks, but instead of reducing sail and endeavouring to get along in some definite direction, they lowered down the big yard and let the ship drive whithersoever she would. The storm continued, the poor, bandaged hull was leaking at every seam, a portion of the cargo, called by St. Paul by its true nautical name, "freight," was jettisoned. But that did not satisfy them, and they proceeded to the desperate extremity of

casting overboard the "tackling," the great sail and yard, and all movable gear from the upper works except the anchors.

Then in misery, with death yawning before them, already half drowned, foodless, and hopeless, they drifted for many days into the unknown void under that heavy-laden sky before the insatiable gale. In the midst of all this horror of great darkness, the dauntless prisoner comforted them, even while unable to forbear reminding them that had they listened to him, this misery would have been spared them. His personality never shone brighter than on this occasion; the little ascetic figure must have appeared Godlike to those poor, ignorant sufferers.

At the expiration of a fortnight, the sailors surmised that land was near, although it was midnight. How characteristic is that flash of insight into the seafaring instinct, and how true! They sounded and got twenty fathoms, and in a little while found the water had shoaled to fifteen. Then they performed a piece of seamanship which may be continually seen in execution on the East African coast to-day,—they let the anchors down to their full scope of cable and prayed for daylight. The Arabs do it in fair weather or foul,—lower the sail, slack down the anchor, and go to sleep. She will bring up before she hits anything.

Unfortunately, space will not admit of further dealing with this great story of the sea, so familiar and yet so little understood. The sailors' cowardly attempt at escape, the discipline of the soldiers foiling it, the arrangements for beaching her by the aid of what is here called a foresail, but was probably only a rag of sail rigged up temporarily to get the ship before the wind, and the escape of all as foretold by St. Paul, need much more space for dealing with than can be spared.

But the one thing which makes this story go to the heart of every seaman is its absolute fidelity to the facts of sea-life; its log-like accuracy of detail; its correct use of all nautical terms. In fact, some old seamen go so far as to aver that St. Paul, having kept an accurate record of the facts, got the captain of the ship to edit them for him, as in no other way could a landsman such as Paul have obtained so seaman-like a grip of the story, both in detail and language.

F. T. BULLEN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE UNIONIST ATTACK ON MR. HORACE PLUNKETT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the *Spectator* of September 29th there are two letters commenting upon the unhappy contest in South Dublin, and the appointment of Mr. Gill as it bears on that contest. With this your editorial note appended to the letter of Mr. Herbert M. Thompson deals correctly and effectively. I wish to emphasise the following sentences from Professor Dowden's letter (*Spectator*, September 29th). That gentleman states that "the objections chiefly insisted on" against Mr. Gill's appointment are two. "First" (I am quoting Professor Dowden), "that in contravention of a pledge given by Mr. Gerald Balfour in the House of Commons, a Secretary was appointed who possesses no special or expert knowledge of agriculture. The fact that Mr. Gill possesses no such knowledge has," adds the Professor, "been publicly admitted by Mr. Plunkett." Now, Mr. Gerald Balfour never made such a pledge as that here attributed to him, in the House of Commons or elsewhere, and he authorises me to contradict it in the most emphatic manner. In the second place, to any one who has taken the least trouble to inquire into the official constitution of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland, such a pledge would on the face of it be absurd. One would think from the writings and speeches of Professor Dowden and his friends that two experts had to be appointed since the Department was founded, simply because Mr. Gill was deficient in technical knowledge. The fact is that these gentlemen are statutory officers, as will be seen from the following Section 6 (1) of the Act of Parliament creating the Department:—

"The Department may, with the consent of the Lord Lieutenant and the Treasury, appoint or employ a Secretary, two assistant secretaries, one in respect of agriculture and one in respect of technical instruction, and such inspectors, instructors, officers, and servants as the Department may require."

The Secretary of the Department, then, has two assistant secretaries—experts of the very highest qualifications in the spheres of agricultural and technical instruction respectively—and consequently the qualities to be looked for in a Secretary for such a Department are an intimate knowledge of the problems of administration of State aid in regard to each of these very important matters, and a capacity for dealing with these problems in a country like Ireland. Mr. Gill has been working with me for the past decade in considering and dealing with questions of this kind. The Report of the Recess Committee and his special Reports on Denmark and France are there as evidence of his grasp of the subject; and I again repeat what I have already said more than once, that I know of no man in these countries so competent to make the work of the new Irish Department effective, popular, and lasting. In the nature of things time alone can prove the justness of my appreciation of Mr. Gill's administrative capacity, and I am willing to abide by the verdict of experience; but I must protest against the unworthy attempts to mislead public opinion on matters of fact to which Professor Dowden lends the weight of his signature. If, in place of turning the lurid flashlight of prejudice on a single phase of a small portion of Mr. Gill's political life of a dozen years ago, such gentlemen informed public opinion on the splendid positive work in the domain of social and economic reform that he has pressed into the past ten years, the cause of truth and progress would not be retarded.—I am, Sir, &c.,

HORACE PLUNKETT.

Dublin.

[We print Mr. Plunkett's answer to Professor Dowden, but cannot publish any more letters on this subject.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Professor Dowden's opinions command the respect of every one, but his letter in the *Spectator* of September 29th appears to show that, in common with many Irish Unionists, he ignores the essential point. Mr. Gill, he says, is not an expert in agriculture. But in a subject equally complex—the means by which a Government or other organising body can foster agriculture and kindred industries—he is an expert. Mr. Gill has studied minutely the process by which countries like Würtemberg and Denmark have been raised from a position similar to that in which Ireland finds itself to one of widely diffused prosperity. He knows what has been done, and is being done, by the various Departments of Agriculture abroad and in the Colonies; and this is not a branch of knowledge which can be mastered in a hurry. I have heard it repeatedly asserted that there were hundreds of other men as competent as Mr. Gill, and that he was appointed not *although* he was an extreme Nationalist, but *because* of that fact. Against this I set,—first, the assertion of Mr. Plunkett—who has devoted his whole energies for many years to the single end of increasing Ireland's material prosperity—that in appointing the man who was to be the principal wheel in the machinery of a new Department which at last made his schemes realisable he thought long and carefully to find the most competent person; secondly, the view expressed to me by a prominent Unionist member of the Recess Committee, which was (1) that Mr. Plunkett had a right to choose his own man, and (2) that, if my friend had had to make the choice, from his knowledge of Mr. Gill's work he would have appointed Mr. Gill.—I am, Sir, &c.,

STEPHEN GWYNN.

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Brought up on the land in the late "fifties," I went through all the gradations common to country lads from eight years of age. Weeks alone bird-tending, always a trying occupation to a boy, but in my case amply compensated in after years; a lover of Nature, which dates from my close contact in that early period of my life; the cold winter days amongst the turnips, but the glorious summers (they seemed longer in those days) made up for the dark, cheerless days through the winter months. The fresh open air, with plenty of plain food, gave me a splendid constitution, which has never failed me. Like many others, I left my native village in the Charnwood Forest to "mend" myself; whether I have succeeded or not is open to question. A quarter of a century in the city of Sheffield, I have often contrasted the position of

the labourer in the town and the agricultural labourer in the country. My position for many years enabled me to make very careful calculations as to the relative wages earned by each class. In the large works where I was formerly employed I was responsible for the wages lists, and a few years ago I got out the wages of a few of the steadiest and most regular men employed as labourers. Although the wage paid was 20s. for fifty-four hours, the highest weekly average for any man during two years was 17s. 10½d. Overtime was frequently made, but lost in the holidays and other stoppages. The average rents here are from 3s. 9d. to 5s. per week. Comparing this with the rent of a country cottage and the produce from the garden, brings the average weekly wage higher in the country than in the town. In large works a man seldom comes in touch with his master; there is no tie between them; he is a very small unit, and may be stopped at a moment's notice to seek employment elsewhere. Where does he house his children? He must of necessity choose the cheapest neighbourhood, often in a dirty smoky lane, not a lane overhanging with trees, where the honeysuckle and wild roses grow; dirty, sickly children, instead of the bright, healthy children of the country village. I dream of the intelligent and educated agricultural labourer when the wandering spirit is a thing of the past, who will settle down to make the best of his great possibilities, a lover of Nature, and able to appreciate and enjoy his beautiful surroundings, beautifying his own cottage, cultivating his garden with skill and taste, taking an intelligent interest in his work, with sweet sleep assured at the end of his daily toil, a long healthy life, peaceful calm, refined, and God-fearing, in close touch with his employer, with his bread assured at the close of a long life.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. PRESTON.

87 Glebe Road, Sheffield.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE EMPEROR WILLIAM: A PARALLEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The Emperor William is, we know, a student of his family history. "Fugleman he," too, "to the European nations, just about bursting up on such an adventure," he is probably aware how closely he is following in the steps of his great predecessor. At any rate, the parallel is interesting to us.—I am, Sir, &c.,

M.

"The truth is, Friedrich begins to see more clearly than he did with Gloire dazzling him, that his position is an exceedingly grave one, full of risk, in the then mood and condition of the world; that he, in the whole world has no sure friend but his Army; and that in regard to it he cannot be too vigilant! The world is ominous to this youngest of Kings more than to another. Sounds as of general Political Earthquake grumble audibly to him from the deeps: all Europe likely, in any event, to get to loggerheads on this Austrian Pragmatic matter; the Nations all watching him, to see what he will make of it:—fugleman he to the European nations, just about bursting up on such an adventure. It may be a glorious position, or a not glorious; but, for certain, it is a dangerous one, and awfully solitary! Fuglemen the world and its Nations always have when simultaneously bent anywhither, wisely or unwisely; and it is natural that the most adventurous spirit take that post. Friedrich has not sought the post; but following his own objects, has got it; and will be ignominiously lost, and trampled to annihilation under the hoofs of the world, if he do not mind! To keep well ahead;—to be as rapid as possible; that were good;—to step aside were still better! And Friedrich we find is very anxious for that."—Carlyle, "History of Friedrich II., Book XII., Chap. 9.

HARRY JONES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The world is poorer by a great store of wit and wisdom and kindness now that Harry Jones is dead. He was not a learned man, nor a theologian, nor an orator. He did not possess, as far as I know, any remarkable powers of organisation, and certainly never figured as the leader of a movement. Yet he exercised a very wide influence. Whatever the matter with which he had to do, whether it was religious or secular—to no man did the distinction mean less—he was sure to bring to it sound sense, a sober judgment, unfailing sympathy. His speciality as a clergyman was a knowledge of London. He was familiar with many phases of its life, had worked in many of its very diverse regions, and was equally at home in all. He held for five years a curacy in

one of the most fashionable districts of the West; then he moved to another Western district, not fashionable at all, but full of a poverty more grinding than any known in Eastern London. After fourteen years spent in Soho—and fourteen years of work in the dreary region that lies between Soho Square and Regent Street mean much—he was translated to St. George's-in-the-East. The storms which had shaken that unlucky parish were then lulled, but it was no easy place. Any one who would have any chance of holding his own in that strange medley of occupations and nationalities must have not only strength and courage but unfailing tact and temper. This is not the occasion to appreciate the work that he did there, nor am I qualified for the task. Certainly it is not forgotten nor exhausted. Then came a curious episode in his life. Harry Jones had inherited from his father a pleasant country house, Bartonmere by name, some few miles from Bury St. Edmunds. What a delight it would be, he thought, to make it his permanent home. So when Sir Charles Bunbury, the patron, offered him Great Barton, the parish in which Bartonmere is situated, he gladly accepted it. This has been called, I see, in one notice of his life, an exile, but it was an exile self-imposed. After a few years he found out his mistake. Where was he to spend his holidays? So he came back to London, this time to the West, and then, as if to complete the round of his Metropolitan travels, to a City parish, St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, where he had some three hundred and fifty people, mostly caretakers and porters, to minister to. He died at Bartonmere last Sunday, after four days of unconsciousness, following a stroke of paralysis. I think that he had always anticipated some such end. I remember his saying once at dinner that he always carried with him a paper with his name and address and directions as to what should be done if he should be struck down when he was away from home. Life was always full of zest and interest to Harry Jones, but his happiest days were spent at Bartonmere. He was punctual in performing local duties—"Just going to a Committee on Light Railways; will bet I'm the only man there," he wrote on a postcard a few weeks ago—but he had a boy's delight in country pleasures. It was a serious trouble in his last years that the mere from which his house took its name ceased to be. The dry summers which began with 1893 were fatal to it. Rain would bring out a few pools here and there; but the mere was gone, and with it its old inhabitants, fowl and fish. "I must clear out these rods and lines," he wrote the other day, "and lay these ghosts of departed pike and perch which haunt me." "Talk of faith!" he wrote again, "and look at this hern who has been watching a puddle which has never had a fish in it for hours!" And he appended a vigorous sketch, made with half a dozen lines, of the watching bird. Dogs were very dear to him. He had once a fine breed of deerhounds, but it died out. One of his special favourites was a spaniel, 'Dash' by name. 'Dash' lived in happier days while the mere was still in being, and would spend literally whole days in swimming after the water-fowl. He never caught one, but never lost his hope. Nor was the cat despised. Somewhere he tells the story of the one-eyed black cat which came up to his dressing-room every morning. Pussy lived long and had many litters. In the last was a black kitten, also one-eyed. This she trained to pay the daily visit, and having initiated a successor in this duty, lay down to die well content. But I must hold my hand. There are many whose ways of life are somewhat darker now that Harry Jones is gone.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ALFRED CHURCH.

THE MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The rôle of the superior person is always offensive. It is not less so when assumed by a person so informed and eminent as Mr. Edward Clodd. I hold no brief for missionaries, or for any missionary society, but when a sweeping charge of ignorance and incompetence is brought against them, as in Mr. Clodd's letter in the *Spectator* of September 29th, it is surely time to ask on what evidence the charge rests. It should surely rest upon something stronger than Mr. Clodd's *ipse dixit*, backed up by such authorities as he mentions. He must know that there are authorities on the other side, far more numerous and weighty,

who bear very different testimony as to the success which has been achieved by missionaries, both in India and China. It would need not one letter but many to detail this testimony, or even to outline its leading features. Your readers may satisfy themselves in regard to it, if they will only go to the right sources for information. Mr. Clodd's suggestion that "missionary societies should start an *intelligence department*, which, with its other duties, should sift rigorously all reports of progress," is simply a piece of rude impertinence. The "dry light" of intelligence can be more completely obscured by prejudice than it can be by sympathy. Your readers may accept the assurance, in spite of Mr. Clodd, that there are not a few missionaries in China and India to-day whose acquaintance with "the modern science of comparative theology" is as profound and extensive as his own.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. GREGORY.

Bradford.

RIFLE CLUBS AND BOER WEAPONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the *Graphic* of September 22nd there is a sketch entitled "Breaking up Captured Boer Rifles in the Fort" (Johannesburg). Can nothing be done to prevent such destruction of good weapons? One of the difficulties, and not the least, in the formation of local rifle clubs throughout England, appears to be the providing such clubs with a sufficiency of rifles without a tax in the form of subscription which would place membership beyond the reach of the very class for whom such clubs would primarily be formed. Surely these Boer rifles, which have proved only too accurate and deadly weapons, might be saved and utilised for such local clubs?—I am, Sir, &c.,

R. C. POLLOCK.

Oatlands, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin.

THE AMEER ABDURRAHMAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your interesting article on "Abdurrahman Khan" in the *Spectator* of September 29th you complain that the chapter of autobiography which appears in the *Monthly Review* "is not quite as delightful on closer acquaintance as it seemed at first sight," because the "Ameer tells us so little of what he thinks," and "gives no hint of his true wishes and apprehensions." May I remind you that the article, as is stated in the *Monthly Review*, is but an excerpt from the complete autobiography of the Ameer, which will be published before the end of this year? When the book appears I think you will find that the points to which you now call attention as shortcomings are very fully dealt with in it.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JOHN MURRAY.

50 Albemarle Street.

ENGLISH HEDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The writer of the charming article upon our English hedges in the *Spectator* of September 22nd does not seem to be acquainted with the following curious and somewhat ghastly coincidence, which I mention on the indubitable authority of the learned Benedictine, Dom Gasquet, in his book on "The Suppression of the Monasteries," namely, that our hedges owe their origin to the Black Death, which I presume is the same as what we now call the bubonic plague. In the absence of all sanitary knowledge this terrible pestilence so decimated the rural districts of England, that a large portion of the arable land passed out of cultivation, and was turned into pasture; and our hedges were then planted to prevent the cattle from straying. Truly in the midst of flowery life we are in death, and even our sweet-smelling may, our honey-suckle, and Keats's "rain-scented eglantine" have their roots in the grave.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ELICE HOPKINS.

2 Belle Vue Gardens, Walpole Road, Brighton.

ELDER-FLOWER WINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—"Elder-flower wine," referred to in the letter of your correspondent "X." in the *Spectator* of September 29th, is not yet extinct. My wife makes it every summer, and after being kept in the cask for two or three months it is a very excellent drink. The recipe came from a cousin in the United States, whither it may have been taken in the 'Mayflower.'—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. A. G.

THE SERVICE RIFLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—An officer now on active service in South Africa who has had much experience in rifle-shooting writes:—"Our rifle is certainly a rotten weapon. The stock is insufficiently strong for Service purposes. Amongst hundreds I could have taken at Pretoria scarcely one was sound, many like a flail with the butt loose, many lashed together with bootlaces. The barrel is good enough, but the sighting has no relation to the range. No wonder 'Tommy' prefers the bayonet. 'Brother Boer' can pick off a man on a horse at 1,000 yards, but the sighting of the Lee-Enfield does not guide the user as to the same acre in which the bullet should pitch. It has some good points. The magazine being in reserve, while it can be used as a single loader, is admirable; also the short extractor spring is better than the long one in the Mauser, which breaks easily. But the magazine is a clumsy arrangement, the rounds not going in without much thumbing. The cup of the Mauser is by no means a certain arrangement, as they often jam. The Krag Jorgensen is undoubtedly a very superior rifle. Its magazine is more easily charged, and no clip required. But it only holds five cartridges, which is too few; and its bore is too small. Yet it is the best rifle in use here. Its sighting is simply beautiful, and most accurate in the hands of any intelligent man. I have annexed one from 'Brother Boer,' and have loosed it off frequently with good effect. The foreign-made rifles are superior to ours in design and workmanship because of their adoption of modern automatic machinery, slot-drilling and milling machines. Compare their finish with the hand-tool marks on our shoddy bolts. With respect to cordite, notwithstanding depreciatory statements, I have heard here no complaints of it, and it may be found to have done all that is claimed for it. I suppose we shall be entirely rearmed after this war is over. Our field-guns are excellent, but they do not shoot far enough, and our shells act simply beautifully. The Boer shells, on the other hand, are not so effective, from defective, ill-timed fuses. But their high-velocity guns are better, and have a much longer range than ours."—I am, Sir, &c., **UBIQUE.**

WAR OFFICE RESPONSIBILITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—“X. X. X.’s” touching confidence (*Spectator*, September 22nd) that an efficient Army would follow upon the adoption of certain schemes of War Office reform is, I think, hardly justified. There are already orders, excellent in themselves, that it is seemingly beyond the power of any general to get carried out properly. How often, for instance, has the complaint been made that officers commanding battalions treated rifle practice as so much fatigue duty, to be got over as soon as possible? The truth is, the British officer is just what his countrymen (the public Press included) insist that he shall be. How often, again, have we heard and read sneers about “theory,” “manœuvres and tactics made in Germany,” and exhortations to those responsible to brush such pedantries aside, and trust to the “good-all-round-sportsman-and-man-at-games-accustomed-to-act-instead-of-thinking” to outgeneral the enemy while the latter was pondering? Again, it is worth asking—How many young men enter the Service with any idea of making it a profession? An easy career, with no distressing strain on the intellect, no work after lunch, and brilliant rewards for a few minutes’ fortunate opportunity, is, I fancy, more the aspect in which it presents itself. That an extra couple of shillings a day would secure a different type is a blindness to the obvious worthy only of a military expert. And in how many regiments is a subaltern who wishes to increase his military knowledge (beyond the daily sacrifice to the fetish “smartness”) safe from repression, to his loss socially and professionally? I do not refer to certain cavalry regiments where the life of a subaltern not rich enough to be acceptable to the mess is intolerable—a mess that in a recrudescence of the instincts of wholesale trade measures a gentleman by his ability to spend money—although there are scandals enough there uncondemned by War Office, the public, or the Press, saving one unpopular weekly journal. Indeed, so sacred is the character of some cavalry subalterns, that Parliament itself was incompetent to drag from a reluctant Minister the name of the

author of perhaps the worst, as also the silliest, disaster of the present war. We have the officers we insisted upon having; if they have been too often the hunted instead of the hunter, the sheep instead of the shepherd, it is, of course, the fault of South Africa; but the country cannot be made for them, and the country has never favoured them in turn as an impartial country might have done. The country, too, cannot be blamed for some surrenders of bodies of men with less loss than any British troops ever surrendered with before. Let us blame ourselves, who have demanded sportsmen and not soldiers, and not suppose that a mere reshuffling of offices will bring all things right.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ALFRED COKE.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—As an American who believes England right in this South African War, I have noted the various statements concerning the artillery in possession of the Boers. It appears that they had about a hundred guns, including those they captured. Only about a third of these are accounted for. Where are the others? The railways and rolling-stock of the Transvaal have been greatly injured by the Boers. Should not the cost of repairs, renewals, &c., be charged against the owners of these properties? I think the construction and operation of additional lines of railway and the building of good waggon roads should be undertaken as soon as practicable. These facilities for quick transportation and concentration will render the task of policing the two Colonies much easier, and greatly reduce the cost. I believe Spain could have retained Cuba if a small percentage of the revenue derived from that island had been applied to building and maintaining good roads throughout the country.—I am, Sir, &c.,

AMERICAN

Paris.

BAXTER'S HYMN: A CORRECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, “A High Churchman,” in the *Spectator* of September 29th, reverses the meaning of the verse he misquotes. The “day” Baxter wrote of *begins*, not *ends*, with death:—

“If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey.
If short,—yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day!”

Your correspondent gives the last two lines:—

“If short, no labourer is sad
To end the toilsome day.”

—I am, Sir, &c.,

S. L. PILKINGTON.

The Hazels, Prescott.

ENGLAND'S COAL STORE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Owing to a misprint in my letter in the *Spectator* of September 22nd, I appear to say that it costs nothing to carry electric energy to a distance through a wire. What I wrote was, “it does *not* cost nothing to convey a current,” &c. In fact, the cost in the shape of lost pressure, leakage, &c., is usually 5 per cent. to 10 per cent., and may be 30 per cent. of the power carried when energy is cheap.—I am, Sir, &c.,

82 Victoria Street, S.W.

MERVYN O'GORMAN.

POETRY.

THE ASH WALK.

A POINTED arch in the grey wall
Leads where the slanting sunbeams fall
On the white path of river sand,
And, ranged in rank, great ash trees stand.
Not theirs the oak's round massive lines,
Nor measured symmetry of pines;
Each, vast yet limber, in his place
Grows with an undictated grace.
High soars the feathery cloud of green,
Light, fluttering, touched with wavering sheen,
And rifted, where the sky shows through,
In jewelled fretwork, lucent blue.

Such in their stateliness are these,
Born very nobles of the trees.
No strugglers, scant of light and air,
But fenced and favoured all with care,
And rooted where to heart's desire
Kindly the air and soil conspire.
Bounteous in beauty there they stand,
Bounteous in shelter to the land,
By their mere breathing making sweet
The air to creatures at their feet;
Fulfilling all their purpose meant
With glory and with ornament.

See how, like conscious creatures, they
Breathe in the blue soft Irish day,
And the delighted air receives
The lovely answer of their leaves,
To the soft wind among them playing,
In ceaseless gentle motion swaying:
As when a woman fond and fair
Feels on her wealth of loose-piled hair
Her lover's hand and, sweetly bent,
Whispers a sigh of mere content,
While faint and happy motions flow
Across her face and come and go;
So in the swaying boughs you guess
The gentle stir of happiness.

O perishable splendour, fraught
With mortal sadness to my thought!
Look what a tide of sap there heaves
In yonder sapling toward the leaves
With rustling seedpods laden down;
And then—behold yon barren crown.
For of the band one giant there
Stands in the noon of summer bare.
No need to wait the wintry blast:
Leaf-time and fruitage long are past:
The naked boughs but last to show
How one has gone, how all must go.
And when sad ebbing of the sap
Wrecks that brave phalanx, gap by gap,
Alas! what rabble shall be found
Crowding upon the vacant ground!

And, as I looked, I was aware
Of other orders passing there,
Of other goodly lives that stand
Stately and spacious in the land,
Of gallant creatures, born to life
Exempt from toil, exempt from strife,
That in this age's bitter mood
Shall scarcely find their stock renewed,
Till some sad morning wakes, and sees
No more such folk, no more such trees.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

BOOKS.

AFRIKANDER ASPIRATIONS.*

IF Sir George Cornwall-Lewis were alive, he would probably add a chapter on conspiracy to his *Use and Abuse of Political Terms*. The word is one to be used with caution, and requires very definite evidence. To talk of conspiracy when one can only prove disloyalty merely gives a cheap triumph to the incredulous. Mr. Bell has fallen into this tactical error, but his study of Afrikaner aspirations deserves attention, and his book, including as it does, in the form of appendices, many important documents, should enable readers to form a fairly correct notion of the state of feeling in South Africa during the last four years.

The Englishman is ready enough to extend his institutions and his freedom to fellow-citizens of other races, but he is rather too apt to demand in his beneficiaries the standard of patriotism which rules his own mind. A good many of us have unconsciously during the past year thought of Cape Dutchmen who joined the Republicans very much as we should think of, say, Cornishmen who joined an invading

French army. The truth is that it is quite unfair to expect from all Dutch Afrikaners that passionate loyalty when we are fighting their first-cousins which some of them, as well as Natalians, Canadians, and Australasians, have shown. To say this is not to condone rebellion; the Colesberg and Burghersdorp rebels knew perfectly well what they were doing, and had absolutely no grievances against "British rule" (which for twenty-eight years has for them meant government by a local Parliament in which Dutch votes predominated). Their sympathies were with the Transvaal partly from the tie of kinship, partly because sedition has for years been preached to them, and they passed into overt rebellion because they would prefer to see all South Africa a Dutch Republic, and had been told that the Republican cause was sure to prevail. Disfranchisement is a necessary and an extremely merciful result of such action. But we must be careful not to infer too much as to the feelings of the Cape Dutch from the conduct of the border districts. Vryburg, for instance, has been within the British Empire for only fifteen years. Again, it is probable that the desire for a clean slate—*novae tabulae*, such as Catiline's spendthrift conspirators proclaimed—has had much to do with the rebellion. Very many Dutch farms in the north-east of the Colony are heavily mortgaged, there is no vacant land to trek to, and we can well believe that ignorant impoverished farmers welcomed the chance of combining land-grabbing with "patriotism." The same thing has been seen in Ireland.

On the other hand, a good many men of Dutch blood have died for the Union Jack during the last year. There are others who would have been quite content to see the Republic independent and strong, Rhodesia a Dutch province,—and perhaps even Bechuanaland and Griqualand given to the Boers, but who did not wish to upset the existing régime in Cape Colony; in other words, who wished to restore the territorial conditions of 1854. For a strong Federal Republic north of the Orange River would mean the predominance of Dutch influence in the Colony, while the remaining connection with England would ensure the safety of South Africa from attack by sea. We do not call such citizens loyal, but we require definite proof of "conspiracy."

The object of the Afrikaner Bond, according to Article 2 of its original constitution, is "the establishment of a South African nationality by fostering true patriotism." The Bond rose to influence after Majuba, and one of the first results of its influence was to establish the Taal, the Cape patois, as an official language. President Brand, of the Free State, discouraged the movement, foreseeing that it must prevent the growing union of the two white races. "I entertain grave doubts," he wrote, "whether the path which the Afrikaner Bond has adopted is calculated to lead to that unity and fraternisation which are so indispensable for the bright future of South Africa. According to my conception, the constitution of the Afrikaner Bond appears desirous of exalting itself above the established Government, and of forming an *imperium in imperio*." The Bond, however, grew in strength. It established a rigid caucus amongst the Dutch farmers, putting into Parliament its nominees,—often quite illiterate men who could not understand the debates but could be counted on to vote all the better. It repressed progressive legislation, insisted on a narrow system of Protection, vetoed an excise on Cape brandy, opposed temperance legislation (since that would diminish the sale to Kaffirs of the said brandy), set its face against improving the status of the natives, and fought tooth and nail against the granting of facilities to immigration from England. At first it was enthusiastic for the Transvaal, but it soon discovered that the Boers cared very little for the Afrikaner idea compared with the predominance of the Transvaal burgher. President Kruger's treatment of Cape products, and his refusal to enfranchise or give office to Cape Dutch Outlanders, caused it to listen to Mr. Rhodes's plan of securing the North for Cape Colony and ousting the Transvaal. For a time the Bond gave him a free hand in the North, on condition of having its own way in domestic affairs. We all know the origin and progress of their severance. In 1885, before the breach with the Transvaal had come, Mr. Merriman spoke very severely of the Bond:—"From the very time when the movement was set on foot, I declared hostility to it. I said it would make people have different sides,—one colonist who was a Dutchman in

* *The South African Conspiracy; or, The Aims of Afrikanerdom.* By Fred. W. Bell. London: W. Heinemann. [5s. net.]

opposition to another colonist who was an Englishman. Nothing could be more disastrous. Since then that institution has made a show of loyalty, while it stirred up disloyalty. . . . Some people, who should have known better, were dragged into the toils under the idea that they could influence it for good, but the whole teaching of history went to show that when the conflict was between men of extreme views and moderate men, the violent section triumphed." Even Mr. Merriman did not foresee that the Bond would draw himself into views different from those of his fellow-Englishmen throughout the Empire. But in spite of all that has happened during the last fifteen years, these words are valuable. Very many moderate men did join the Bond. The events of 1896 paralysed it, and since then the extremists seem to have controlled it. An avowed Republican (who, we believe, has had the courage of his convictions and violated his oath) was returned to the Cape House in 1897. Next year the provincial constitution of the Bond was altered. At the General Election in 1898 the question of race, complicated by Mr. Rhodes's personality, came to the forefront. It was very difficult for many Dutch voters not to follow the Bond, for to vote "Progressive" meant, they believed, to endorse Mr. Rhodes's policy. Mr. Rose-Innes was pushed aside for the moment, but now that yet more difficult times have come he has with general consent taken his proper place in public affairs. All these things must be remembered before we condemn lightly the recent Bond Cabinet. We did not like the neglect of Colonial defences, the over-nice legality which allowed ammunition to pass unquestioned, the talk of "neutrality." Mr. Te Water's sneaking disloyalty is obvious enough; Mr. Sauer behaved much as any one who had followed his previous career expected. But Mr. Schreiner and Mr. Solomon smashed their party in the Imperial cause, after keeping the greater part of the Colony quiet during months of extreme tension, when the issue of war was doubtful. Mr. Schreiner has ruined himself in the eyes of the extreme Bond men, and is yet exposed to the angry criticisms of loyalists like Mr. Bell. His difficulties have not been recognised at home, but Sir Alfred Milner understands them. It is very easy to say a man has "wobbled," but have the critics considered that his business was to avert civil war in Cape Colony, that he knew that many of the men who had voted for his party were inclined to rebel, and that, south of the Orange, none of them did rebel except in districts invaded by the enemy? We believe that Mr. Schreiner deserves well of the Empire. We think that an imaginary parallel to his position may help to make it clearer: suppose the Home-rule Bill had passed, and Mr. Justin McCarthy were Premier of Ireland, the recognised head of a party including both loyal Home-rulers and Fenians: suppose a breach with the United States, and consider the criticisms likely to be passed upon Mr. McCarthy by Belfast loyalists if he tried to keep Connaught quiet and to retain Nationalist confidence in the interests of the Empire. The analogy is not so very far-fetched.

One criticism of Mr. Bell upon the moderate Afrikaner leaders is, however, not unfair. They might, we think, have done more some years ago to put wisdom into Mr. Kruger's head. Here again it is easy to criticise, for the President had the narrow, suspicious obstinacy of the peasant, and distrusted the wisdom of well-educated English-speaking Afrikaners. Still, the Cape Dutch leaders avoided a political ultimatum (for Mr. Schreiner at the time of the Drifts episode was not one of them). They saw the President's folly, they warned him, but they did not quite break with him. He believed that in the last resort all Dutch Afrikaners would stand for him: hence comes the Boer fury at what is regarded as desertion. Also, it is easy and in a way natural, though we think grossly unjust, for Englishmen to think that the men who did not some years ago commit political suicide to stop President Kruger, must be held to have encouraged him. We believe that some of these Afrikaners would have taken a more decided line if Kruger's downfall had not seemed to mean Mr. Rhodes's ascendancy. It is not so easy in the midst of a keen party struggle to put aside personal feelings; and until Sir Alfred Milner went to the Cape loyal Afrikaners had no guarantee that the Empire would take up the Transvaal question and settle it without Mr. Rhodes's interference.

A HISTORY OF THE BARONETAGE.*

THE "sixth hereditary degree of the higher nobility of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" has found in Mr. Pixley an enthusiastic and industrious historian. It is not a lengthy history, but the Baronets of Britain have had many grievances to lament, and Mr. Pixley's pages are full of echoes of ancient strife about collars and badges, titles and precedence. There are numerous popular misunderstandings also to be corrected. "Bart." is not, it seems, a proper abbreviation of the word "Baronet," King James did not sell patents of baronetcy to all and sundry, and the Baronetage is not an Order, but a Degree of Dignity Hereditary. The last, indeed, is an error into which even the elect may fall, for in 1835 the Baronets presented a petition praying, among other things, for the formation of a Chapter of Baronets to regulate the Order by statutes; whereupon the College of Arms pointed out that the Baronetage was not "one of the Royal Orders of Knighthood, and so not a capitulary body."

In 1611 James I., being anxious to raise funds for the service in Ireland, and particularly the plantation of Ulster, resolved to create a new hereditary dignity which should make special contribution to this object. At the same time, he seems to have desired to make this new degree in itself honourable and dignified, for no one was to be admitted to it who was not of gentle blood,—i.e., who owned an armigerous paternal grandfather and a clear estate in lands of at least one thousand pounds a year. The Premier Baronet was Bacon of Redgrave, whose ancestors came over with the Conqueror, and in general it seems to have been only members of the best families among the landed gentry who were thus ennobled. "The title," says Mr. Pixley, "does not appear to have been on any single occasion prostituted to reward Royal favourites, nor to have been sold, like certain peerages, in order to provide for the private pecuniary necessities of Kings." This creation of Baronets of England and Ulster endured till 1707, when it was replaced by a Baronetage of Great Britain, which in turn gave way in 1801 to the Baronetage of the United Kingdom. Meantime, from 1618 to 1801, Baronets of Ireland were created, and between 1625 and 1707 Scotland had the Baronets of Scotland and Nova Scotia. Mr. Pixley points out at full length the various forms of patent, both in Latin and English, which are dull reading save to the professed antiquarian. Apparently the old rule about gentle blood for two generations was relaxed in later times, for we find in 1688 the Scottish Corporation in Crane Court speculating in patents, and offering three for sale, one at five hundred guineas and two at three hundred. At first the new creation was viewed with great jealousy, both by the old nobility and the Knights. "Nothing," so runs an old protest, "is more commendable than honour springing out of virtue and desert. But to purchase honour with Money (as Baronets have done) is a temporall Simonye and dishonorable to the estate." Then arose a dispute between the sons of Viscounts and Barons and the Baronets about precedence, which the Privy Council decided in favour of the former,—a decision which does not find favour with Mr. Pixley. In 1622 Sir Thomas Harris of Boreatton was impleaded in the Court of Chivalry by Captain Thomas Lecke, who asserted that he was a draper's son, and so unworthy of the honour. There seems to have been no dispute about Sir Thomas's descent, but the "gentle blood" rule was already relaxed, and he was allowed to keep his title. But the Baronetage which presents most features of interest is that of Scotland and Nova Scotia. In 1621 Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, who was afterwards made Earl of Stirling, embarked in colonial adventure on his own account, and obtained from James I. a large grant of lands. He persuaded the King to follow with Nova Scotia the plan which had proved successful in the case of Ulster. The first Baronet created was Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstown, the second son of the Earl of Sutherland. Each patent carried with it extensive territorial, seigniorial, and commercial rights, and in addition the Baronets were allowed to sit in the Scottish Parliament by deputy when they were out of the country, and were allowed to take seisin of their American possessions at the Castlehill of Edinburgh. Among the first of the Baronets thus created we find the ancestors of the present Duke of Roxburgh, the Marquess of

* *A History of the Baronetage.* By Francis W. Pixley. London: Duckworth and Co. [10s. 6d. net.]

Breadalbane, the Earl of Wemyss and March, the Earl of Mansfield, and Lord Macdonald. They have the right, which no other class of the Baronetage possesses, to wear the badge about their necks suspended by a ribbon of orange-tawny.

The history of the degree has been uneventful, save for disputes about insignia and nomenclature. Mr. Pixley belongs to the straitest sect of the Pharisees, and would have every jot and tittle of right recognised. He thinks it ridiculous that we should employ the same mode of address for a Baronet and a Knight, and proposes to place the word "Baronet" before the surname and territorial title, which would certainly simplify matters for the ingenuous foreigner. He wants to see Baronets designated as "Very Honourable," he would like to see the collar, badge, mantle, and coronet in use, and he is all for the knighting of eldest sons when they come of age. There is no doubt that knighthood was once the privilege of a Baronet's eldest son, and as late as 1865 we find the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland knighting the heir-apparent of Sir Richard O'Donel. But the practice seems to have fallen into desuetude, and a certain Mr. Richard Brown, heir to the baronetcy of Colstoun, spent some troublous years in the early "thirties" battling for his rights. He applied for knighthood and was refused, whereupon "he assumed knighthood, throwing the responsibility of his doing so upon the Lord Chamberlain and the Prime Minister who sanctioned the Lord Chamberlain's conduct." The Committee of the Baronetage for Privileges presented him with "a testimonial which comprised a golden collar of S.S., a sword, ring, spurs, &c." It is difficult to believe that Disraeli had not this gentleman in mind when he drew his inimitable portrait of Sir Vavasour Firebrace in *Sybil*. But in the contention, frivolous though it may appear, there was a certain amount of justice, and Mr. Pixley, though he is something of a special pleader, has a good deal of reason on his side. The Order of August, 1897, which gave the children of Life-Peers precedence of Baronets was an infringement of the privileges of the class, and there seems no reason why, if a Nova Scotia Baronet can wear a badge, the Ulster Baronet should not be able to wear his if he pleases. Otherwise, we think the less hereditary millinery the better, for all such personal decorations tend, as the College of Arms maintained, to "reduce in value personal distinctions awarded for public services, naval, military, or civil."

THE ENGLISH CHURCH BEFORE THE REFORMATION.*

IN the course of last year we welcomed the appearance of the first instalment of a projected series on the history of the English Church, under the joint editorship of the Dean of Winchester and the Rev. William Hunt. That opening volume, written by Mr. Hunt, gave in a compact form and in clear, well-ordered, and interesting fashion the complete story of the Anglo-Saxon Church. Dean Stephens himself was announced as the author of the second volume, covering the period from the Conquest down to the end of the thirteenth century. But, circumstances having prevented his bringing out his personal contribution as soon as he hoped, the public have received in advance of it what will afterwards stand as the third volume—Canon Capes's—on the English Church, nominally in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but really starting from the accession of Edward I., 1272. It amply fulfils the favourable expectations with regard to this important series raised by Mr. Hunt's work. Based, like his, on a careful examination of historical "sources," it is similarly characterised both by a spirit of judicial fairness and by a genuinely sympathetic touch. With Canon Capes's volume in his hand, the reader in A.D. 1900 is, we do not say presented with a living picture of the religious and ecclesiastical aspects of English life in the period dealt with—only a great dramatist could attempt that, and he might lamentably mislead—but powerfully aided to form for himself a real working conception of those far-away conditions of existence for the Christian citizen.

In the main the story which Canon Capes has to tell is a sorrowful one,—of advancing decline in various principal branches of Church life, widely recognised, but only struggled against in partial, fitful, and ineffective fashion; of reforming

efforts, begun apparently under auspices promising a large measure of support, both in high and in humble quarters, but speedily losing their influential adherents, and drifting on, without any clear or coherent leadership or aims, to be trampled ruthlessly down by the forces of coarse and interested reaction, and of not unnaturally alarmed Catholic orthodoxy and national conservatism. Lord Halifax may have been ill-advised when of late he referred to some constitutions of Archbishop Peckham (who became Primate in 1279) in support of his views on a contested point of ritual. But none the less is it true that Peckham was a great ecclesiastical reformer in the administrative sphere, and that, if his efforts had been sustained and followed up, the colossal abuses which went far to give to Wycliffite sentiment such element of a subversive temper as it had would have been kept from reaching dimensions irreducible by moderate measures. For, grave as they already were, the account given by Canon Capes of Peckham's actual achievements shows that the evils with which he wrestled so resolutely had not then attained unmanageable proportions. Acting under instructions from Pope Nicholas III., he determined to enforce the decree of the Fourth Lateran Council (1215) against pluralists, and "acted in grim earnest; calling the offenders 'sons of Belial, sacrilegious usurpers of benefices.' He made even the haughty Antony de Bek, of Durham, disgorge some of the plunder, and give up five of the benefices which he had held. He refused entirely to accept De La More, the Bishop-elect of Winchester, because he was a pluralist,—a ground of objection almost unknown before. He did the like at Rochester, and refused for a time to sanction the promotion of John de Kirkeby, the King's treasurer. He protested at the King's indifference to the abuse; ordered sequestration in other cases, expostulated even with Cardinals and Popes because of the favour shown to an offender whom he had deprived. To non-residents, again, he would have no mercy shown. Roger Longespée, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, was peremptorily told to attend to the duties of his See. . . . Certain parishes were being neglected, so large amounts were ordered for the poor at the incumbent's cost." At the same time, "strict disciplinarian as he was, he showed anxiety to protect the parochial clergy from the exactions of officials. The Archdeacon of Hereford was to be sharply warned, as also the Bishops of Coventry and Lincoln, to exact no more than their legal dues." Peckham was a friar, and a noble example of loyalty in great place to the high aims of the mendicant Orders in their early days. But Rome did not back him, and even the good Monarch Edward I. was out of sympathy with him; for his attitude was hostile to the King's endeavours after the much-needed definition of the respective spheres of the secular and spiritual Courts. And probably his bearing was harsh and unconciliatory. Yet while he lived and laboured, he was of the very salt of the Church, delaying, so far as his power went, the corruptions which were preying upon her.

No Primate of the succeeding age had an intensity and strength of purifying purpose like that of Peckham. Yet there were forces at work during a large part of the fourteenth century which for a time seemed to offer hope of Church reform on national lines. Canon Capes brings out with great clearness the influence of the secular on the ecclesiastical aspects of English history during that period. In particular he shows not only how powerful was the national movement against the exercise of Papal patronage in regard to benefices in the Church of England, but how that movement must have been stimulated and strengthened by the fact that the Papal Court was at Avignon, and therefore naturally under French influences during a period of profound Anglo-French hostility. Strangely enough, the initiative was not taken in this matter by the powerful and ambitious Sovereign who, with his brilliant son, smote down the chivalry of France. Edward III. seemed to prefer himself to make direct arrangements with the Pope for the promotion of any Churchmen in whom he was particularly interested. But the English nobility and people became deeply possessed with the determination that "aliens"—by which, as our author points out, they meant French Cardinals, Abbots, and other ecclesiastics—should not be foisted into the enjoyment of English Church offices and their emoluments. Accordingly, year after year from 1343, strongly worded remonstrances and petitions were

* *The English Church in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.* By W. W. Capes. London: Macmillan and Co. [7s. 6d.]

presented by the Commons in Parliament, apparently with the full sympathy of the Lords, against the diversion of English Church endowments to foreign uses. And at last in 1351 there was passed "the memorable Statute of Provisors, which enacted that for all ecclesiastical dignities and benefices the lawful rights of the electors and patrons should be secured, and that preferments to which the Pope had nominated should be forfeited for that turn to the Crown; and further, that any holder of Papal provisions, who disturbed or impeached the rightful occupants, duly collated by the lawful patrons, should be arrested and brought before the Courts of Law for the offence." The operation of this drastic measure was fortified, two years later, by the passage of the first of the formidable *Præmunire* statutes, denouncing, under penalty of imprisonment, outlawry, and forfeiture of lands and goods, the practice of carrying to any Courts outside the realm appeals on matters—such as the temporalities of ecclesiastical benefices—the cognisance of which belonged to the King's Courts.

Parallel, or nearly so, with these important national efforts towards administrative independence in the ecclesiastical sphere, there were in progress the first stages of that profoundly interesting movement for reform in the realm of doctrine, ritual, Church endowments, and morals which we associate with the name of John Wycliffe. That movement was, of course, primarily of learned origin. For, as Canon Capes says, "there can be no doubt that Wycliffe was the leading figure in the academic circles of his day; one of the last of the great schoolmen, before he became known as the earliest of the reformers. Writers who loathed his later influence regarded him as the 'flower of Oxford scholarship,' 'incomparable' in learning, 'transcending all in the subtlety of his thought.'" And it was mainly by the strenuous exercise of that power of subtle thought that, late and reluctantly, he came to the fateful conclusion that the received doctrine of transubstantiation—that limiting and technical analysis of the Eucharistic Mysteries, elaborated by scholastic philosophy, and pronounced exclusively orthodox by the Fourth Lateran Council—was essentially unsound, equally unscientific and unscriptural. We have said that it was "mainly" (rather than altogether) by intellectual effort on the theoretical side of the problem that Wycliffe arrived at this negative position. For Canon Capes points out that the vehemence with which he assailed the pretension of the priest to "annihilate the substance of the bread," by the words of consecration, evidently sprang from a connection in his mind of that pretension "with the extravagance of sacerdotal claims, with the impostures and the mercenary temper which he denounced so strongly in the ecclesiastical system of his time, and in the widely extended practices of the masses for the dead." In substitution for the theory which he rejected of the manner of the Presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, Mr. Capes thinks that, on the whole, Wycliffe came nearest to what has been known as consubstantiation, "but commonly he seems to shrink from formal definition, using his keen logic mainly for negations, and he quotes approvingly the words of John Damascenus: 'We must believe that "this is my body," not inquiring how.'" In a similar avoidance of attempts at positive definition in the sphere of sacramental mysteries has lain much of the reverent wisdom and the comprehensive virtue of the Church of England since the Reformation. But if in that respect Wycliffe, in his latest years, was a forerunner of the reformed national Church of the last three centuries, there is much in the general scope and the progressive tendency of his teachings which seems to make him the spiritual ancestor of the Puritan rather than of the Anglican, though of the Puritan with a strange belief in the Royal supremacy in the ecclesiastical sphere. His latest views not only of the supreme authority of Scripture, but of the absence of authority deserving of respect in anything else, would plainly, as Canon Capes points out, have led, if they had been made the basis of a national reformation, to a complete rupture of ecclesiastical continuity, as well as to the sacrifice of a large part, if not all, of the symbolism and also of the endowments of the Church. Wycliffe found no time—and little wonder amid the manifold abuses of his day—for a philosophy of reconstruction:—

"We cannot find in any of his works a definite scheme of an organised church order to replace the hierarchical system which he vehemently attacked. A Presbyterian clergy, ministering

in homely guise in buildings unadorned, receiving the necessities of food and clothing from the free-will offerings of their flock, bearing their frequent protest at the worldliness and pride and faulty Gospel of the old church, laying little stress on any forms but very much on preaching—such seems the ideal of his homilies."

Such an ideal could never be that of the English people as a whole, as their action in the seventeenth century abundantly proves. And we are inclined to think that it was a real recognition that Wycliffism as left by its founder, and still more as expounded by his followers when deprived of his guidance, offered no basis for a Church in touch with the broad and many-sided character of the nation, which was largely accountable for the rapid failure of the Lollard movement. After all, as is well shown by Mr. Capes in his admirable concluding chapter, the mediæval Church, notwithstanding all its manifold abuses, ministered in various ways to the brightening and humanising of the life of the people. And as appears from another chapter—happily illustrated by examination of old churchwardens' accounts—there was a widely diffused amount of local generosity and effort towards the maintenance and beautifying of parish churches, which affords a powerful presumption that the services and the symbolism of the Church largely satisfied the fundamental needs of her children.

Hence, apart from the prejudice which Lollardism may have suffered from a supposed connection with Socialistic and subversive schemes, and from the association, real or imaginary, of Oldcastle, after his condemnation as a heretic and his escape from the Tower, with Welsh rebels and Scottish enemies, it is not altogether surprising that there was no effective resistance, either popular or upper-class, to its suppression. Yet, as Canon Capes is careful to point out in his excellent chapter on the cruel persecution of the poor sectaries, the movement lived on through the fifteenth century. "Sour and censorious the Lollards might well be, for they had little cause to love the rulers of the Church; uncritical they were, and narrow in their Bible readings, for they had little chance of sounder learning." For Oxford, where the learning and orthodoxy of Wycliffe had still many influential defenders twenty years and more after his death, was resolutely "purged" of the heretical taint by Archbishop Arundel in 1407-11. "But the leaven of their earnest influence was working silently among the people." How deeply and widely that influence had gone was shown when the refugees of Mary's reign came back from Geneva, and found it so comparatively easy to organise a movement for a Reformation in which religious symbolism and ceremonial should be reduced to a minimum and continuity with the past deemed an indifferent, if not an evil, thing. Thus in the end "the Church had cause to rue in bitter earnest the stern intolerance of her summary treatment of dissent in earlier days."

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

THE historic justification for the main motive of Mr. Morrison's admirable story of Essex in the middle "fifties" is contained in the fact, alluded to in the dedicatory letter, that a man was swum for a witch (and died of it) in that county ten years after the period of the tale. The central figure of *Cunning Murrell*, however, is not a witch, but a witchfinder; an ignorant, semi-literate, but exceedingly shrewd old man, who combines with the calling of horse and cow doctor a variety of irregular functions practised from time immemorial by the so-called "wise men" of our villages, and culminating in the proud claim to be "the devil's master," in virtue of his power to discover witches and exorcise evil spirits. *Cunning Murrell's modus operandi*, in which mere vulgar charlatanry is reinforced by a great deal of acumen, is so vividly described that we are not surprised to learn from the same dedicatory epistle that Mr. Morrison's descriptions are based upon a careful study of the actual documents left behind him by Murrell's original. The late survival of the belief

* (1.) *Cunning Murrell*. By Arthur Morrison. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(2.) *The Heart's Highway*. By M. E. Wilkins. London: John Murray. [6s.]—(3.) *Wounds in the Rain: a Collection of Stories relating to the Spanish-American War of 1898*. By Stephen Crane. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(4.) *Affairs of the Heart*. By Violet Hunt. London: S. T. Freemantle. [6s.]—(5.) *The Conscience of Coralie*. By F. Frankfort Moore. London: C. A. Pearson. [6s.]—(6.) *Petersburg Tales*. By Olive Garnett. London: William Heinemann. [6s.]—(7.) *The Heiress of the Forest*. By Eleanor C. Price. London: Isbister and Co. [6s.]—(8.) *A Furnace of Earth*. By Hallie Erminie Rives. London: Grant Richards. [6s.]—(9.) *Cynthia in the West*. By Charles Lee. London: Grant Richards. [6s.]

in witches in remote or unfrequented rural districts is not to be wondered at. It affords to the unscientific mind of the discontented rustic an explanation of all untoward occurrences. Lonely, eccentric, or half-demented women are marked out at once as the victims of this suspicion, and in the story before us the choice of a helpless, sorely-bereaved widow is rendered all the more popular by the fact of her having been the wife of a Coastguard. Happily for Mrs. Martin, she has a devoted niece and one or two loyal though cautious friends,—Roboshobery Dove, an old one-legged sailor and ex-smuggler, and the stalwart young blacksmith, Steve Lingood. That is to say, without venturing openly to question the ascendancy of the witchfinder, they contrive to mitigate the bitterness with which the defenceless widow and her niece are persecuted by the villagers. Of course Steve Lingood is in love with the pretty niece, while her hand is promised to a cousin who is away fighting the Russians in the Baltic. But the story is not only concerned with witchcraft and sentiment; it deals largely and picturesquely with the exploits of the Essex smugglers and tub-runners,—exploits which only afford Cunning Murrell further opportunities for rivetting his hold on his neighbours. The quarrel between old Simon Cloyse and his partner, Golden Adams, hardly illustrates the maxim as to the falling-out of thieves, but its sequel, in regard to interest and even excitement, leaves little to be desired. Though the story appeals freely, and at times even poignantly, to the compassion of the gentle reader—most readers nowadays are simply curious—delightful humorous relief is provided in the conversation and *obiter dicta* of Roboshobery Dove and the symposia in the parlour of the Castle Inn, while in the end Mr. Morrison proves himself ready to resort to what may be described as a comparatively happy ending. In fine, he has caught and conveyed the spirit and atmosphere of the period with remarkable skill, and may be congratulated on a most artistic and satisfying achievement.

From time to time Miss Mary Wilkins has deviated from the special province in which she has won well-earned distinction. But these occasional divagations, though creditable as evidences of versatility, have never convinced her admirers that she had mistaken her vocation. Thus, she once wrote a prize sensation novel, and now, beguiled, we fear, by the prodigious vogue enjoyed in America by the sentimental historical romance, has entered into competition with writers whose fame is measured by their sales. We should have nothing to say against *The Heart's Highway* had it been written by one of this school. In point of style, for instance, Miss Wilkins's frugal use of archaism compares most favourably with the "Fancyc Fayre" English affected by her competitors in this genre. Still, we regret to see her forcing her delicate talent to emulate the robustious and luscious sentiment of such works as *A Lady of Quality*. It is, to take a musical parallel, like hearing Mlle. Landi singing a "royalty" ballad. To descend to particulars, the scene of *The Heart's Highway* is laid in Virginia in the last decade but one of the seventeenth century, only a few years after Nathaniel Bacon's rebellion, and the heroine, a young heiress of astonishing beauty, espouses the cause of the discontented colonists with more zeal than discretion. The narrator, a young man of good birth and prospects, had been sent out of England as a convict, having confessed to a theft he never committed in order to shield the honour of the Cavendish family, by whom he is now employed as tutor to the young heiress. Of course, the tutor loves the beautiful and mutinous pupil, who after a while returns his love, but the situation is terribly complicated by her share in the tobacco riots, by her sister's openly avowed affection for the hero, and by the hero's monstrous magnanimity. In the end all comes right; a deathbed letter establishes the innocence of the hero, and when he is punished for his complicity in the tobacco riots by being put in the stocks, his lady-love comes and shares his punishment. It is all very cleverly done, but Miss Wilkins has not struck out a line of her own; she has merely given us a refined and graceful variation on themes frequently handled of late with far less delicacy, but, on the other hand, with probably a greater sympathy with the insolence, the pageantry, and the luxury of life in the Southern States two hundred years ago.

Some, if not all, of the sketches collected under the strange title of *Wounds in the Rain* had already appeared in various magazines, but admirers of the remarkable talent of the late

Mr. Stephen Crane will welcome their appearance in book form. It was the singular fortune of Mr. Crane to begin his literary career by a display of retrospective clairvoyance, and when subsequently opportunity was afforded him of testing the accuracy of his intuition in the light of actual experience, to find it verified by what he saw and heard. The sketches in the present volume are all concerned with the Spanish-American War in Cuba, and though in the quick-moving rush of recent events that campaign has already receded far into the background, so vivid is the author's presentation of the emotions and sensations of the man in the fighting line, so intimate his appreciation of the essential traits of the citizen soldier, that they cannot fail to appeal with peculiar freshness to British readers at the present juncture. No one can judge of the truth of Mr. Crane's psychology who has not himself been under fire, but as to the picturesqueness and power of his delineation there can be no doubt. His narrative is a perpetual stimulus to the visualising faculty. Often these pictures are grim and gruesome, as in that terrible sentence describing the scene in one of the fever tents: "The languid movement of a hand was surrounded with spectral mystery, and the occasional painful twisting of a body under a blanket was terrifying, as if dead men were moving in their graves under the sod." But of the amenities, the charities, and the humours of warfare there is no lack in these vivid chapters. Mr. Crane had an eye for everything, and he will win the hearts of all lovers of animals by his touching reference to the battery horses, who, turning at the sound of trampling feet, "surveyed the men with eyes as deep as wells, serene, mournful, generous eyes, lit heart-breakingly, with something that was akin to a philosophy, a religion of self-sacrifice,—oh, gallant, gallant horses!" With one more brief but most characteristic quotation we must take leave of this fascinating volume:—"The firing-line now sounded like a great machine set to running frantically in the open air, the bright sunshine of a green field. To the prut of the magazine rifles was added the under-chorus of the clicking mechanism, steady and swift, as if the hand of the operator was controlling it all. It reminds one always of a loom, a great, grand steel loom, clinking, clanking, plunking, plinking, to weave a woof of thin red threads, the cloth of death."

Miss Violet Hunt's way of writing is more appropriate to the short story than to the novel, and the fifteen stories which make up her new book, *Affairs of the Heart*, are very tolerable reading. Miss Hunt has taken her place as a writer of fiction by reason of the incisiveness and energy of her work. She has very little human sympathy, and contrives to write fifteen stories more or less connected with the tender passion, all of which have a flavour of cynicism. Her "affairs of the heart" are by no means "all for love and the world well lost," and the only story which deals with love in a cottage gives the audience a glimpse of what happens when love has flown out of the window.

Mr. Frankfort Moore makes his heroine a very earnest young person indeed, and her conscience leads her a pretty dance before allowing her to marry the man of her choice. The book is extremely amusing and the pictures of society very entertaining. The dreadful Socialist with a mission (the chief object of which seems to be to take great care of himself) is capitally drawn, and all the characters are lifelike and entertaining. Readers who like a modern social story, both amusing in itself and well told, had better send at once for *The Conscience of Coralie*.

Miss Garnett in *Petersburg Tales* writes sentences which construe quite sufficiently well; she appears to have a set of characters before her mind; and yet the general sense left by her stories is one of bewilderment as to what they can possibly all be about. It is seldom one has to try to read a book which is so absolutely "words, words, words." An allusive style is doubtless a very fine thing, but it is more amusing for the reader to have an idea as to the things and persons alluded to, and in the last two stories in the book this is indeed a hard matter to discover.

The Heiress of the Forest is a romance of old France, with plenty of kidnappings, convents,—in fact all the "properties." It is well written and amusing, if not very original, and will please readers who cannot go back to the classics in fiction even for their historical romance.

A Furnace of Earth relates the story of a young lady who requires the crippling of her lover in an accident to persuade

her that the love she has for him is not too much of the earthy to warrant her marrying him. The style is full of purple patches, and painfully accentuated by a constant striving after extreme realism. All that can be said in its favour is that there is a certain cleverness in the book, and that it is not all of it unreadable.

Mr. Charles Lee's new novel is as charming as its title. *Cynthia in the West* is a delightful comedy, with a serious ending, enacted in an artists' colony in Cornwall. The situation is not inaptly hit off in the initial impression created on the literary man who comes to visit the colony. "He saw, on the one hand, shrewd ignorance trying, not altogether unsuccessfully, to decipher the ways of an alien race; and on the other, a party of young gentlefolk at play,—playing at work, playing at love, self-absorbed, with an occasional glance of amused incomprehension at the herd of watching rustics." He learned further on that the fear of ridicule ranked very high among the ruling emotions of the colony, and like every one else, he fell beneath the spell of the enchanting Cynthia. We will say no more of the plot for fear of discounting the enjoyment of perusal, but may add that the hearts of all lovers of music will go out to Mr. Lee for his sympathetic references to that art, and his wholly admirable condemnation of the banjo.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE two most readable articles in this month's *Nineteenth Century* are "A Nation of Amateurs," by Mr. George Brodrick, the Warden of Merton, and "The Breed of Man," by Dr. Hely Hutchinson Almond, which read together make an entertaining contrast. Mr. Brodrick makes a plea for more thorough technical training in every branch of English professional life, from, presumably, the Prime Minister and Lord Chancellor downwards. Dr. Almond, on the other hand, would have us devote less time to book learning and specialising in different branches of knowledge, and more to the physical perfection of the human animal. We cannot think that Dr. Almond would look with any favour on the German clerk, our rival in the paths of commerce, "shrinking from no drudgery and satisfied with very few holidays," as Mr. Brodrick tells us in terms of eulogy. But with regard to his original accusation, Mr. Brodrick, we think, is too sweeping in his list of professions for which a special training is appropriate. By all means devise a means to train the soldier (Neptune himself, as Mr. Brodrick points out, provides sufficient training for the sailor), the lawyer, the teacher, and the farmer, but it is extremely doubtful whether any copy of the *Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques* will be of use in training the politician, or whether anything but the intricate school of experience will avail for the diplomat. It is curious that Mr. Brodrick has confined his remarks to the training of men, for where among male professions shall we find anything like the want of training which women suffer from in the great Profession which elaims the majority of their sex? This thought reminds us of Mr. Herbert Spencer's prediction that thousands of years hence the student of the remains of our educational system will exclaim: "This must have been the course for celibates, for there is here no preparatory training for those who are to be parents." And it is to the parents, perhaps, that Dr. Almond may look for some solution of his problem. For in spite of the innate love of "stuffiness" in the human boy, the child who has been brought up hygienically will insist on healthy conditions continuing to surround him through life.—Other articles which we should like to have space to dwell on are Sir Henry Blake's account of his tour in China this spring, and Mr. Oman's *pièces justificatives* for Thackeray's entertaining account of the *saute qui peut* of the Belgians in the Waterloo Campaign. No lover of *Vanity Fair* will forget the delightful picture of "Mon homme à moi" imbibing beer in the kitchen after describing the total slaughter of the English at Quatre Bras.

In the first article of the *Contemporary* Mr. J. B. Robinson gives us his views on the coming South African settlement. "The problem," he tells us, "that we have to solve is an easy one, but it requires tact, judgment, courtesy, and good feeling. There is no easier race to govern than the Dutch in South Africa." Though we cannot help feeling that Mr. Robinson is too optimistic in this last opinion, it is reassuring to be told on the authority of a man who has lived in South Africa

so long that "the notion that we might have a second Ireland in the Transvaal is absurd." The second half of Mr. Robinson's article, in which, leaving the question of the settlement, he touches on the native question and the liquor trade under Transvaal rule, is interesting reading, and his account of Mr. Kruger consuming enormous quantities of sweets at the Bloemfontein Conference is very curious. Mr. Robinson's opinion as to the *parti pris* of both sides at the Conference differs widely from that of Mr. J. A. Hobson, who, under the title of "The Proconsulate of Milner," makes a vitriolic attack on the High Commissioner. As a sample of Mr. Hobson's ideas of fairness in attack we give the following quotation, which he makes from Sir Alfred Milner's writings on Egypt, with his, Mr. Hobson's, comment in brackets:—

"As a true-born Briton, I, of course, take off my hat to everything that calls itself Franchise, Parliament, Representation of the People, the Voice of the Majority, and all the rest of it. But as an observer of the actual condition of Egyptian' (I had almost written 'South African') 'Society, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that Popular Government, as we understand it, is, for a longer time than anyone can foresee at present, out of the question. The people neither comprehend it nor desire it. They would come to singular grief if they had it. And nobody, except a few silly theorists, thinks of giving it to them.'"

It is impossible to imagine anything more unfair than to give a quotation of a man's opinion of a political situation in one place, and then deliberately misapply it to another and totally different country and state of affairs.—We have not left ourselves as much space as we should like to comment on Dr. John M. Creed's most interesting and able article, "A Colonist's Views on Army Reform." His scheme for an organisation of a system of land transport in peace time is very suggestive. It is interesting to notice Dr. Creed's belief that the system of cubicles in barracks so strongly advocated in these columns would be attractive to a higher class of recruits than can generally be obtained in the Army.

Of the three articles on "The Far Eastern Crisis" in the new *Fortnightly*, by far the most interesting and suggestive is the very able unsigned plea for a treaty with Russia. The writer asserts that Russia's eastward expansion has been automatic and inevitable, that it began in the reign of Elizabeth, and cannot, therefore, be historically ascribed to any nefarious designs on our Indian Empire. But now that Russia has reached the limits of homogeneous Empire, her vital aims in the Far East are changed from those of expansion to those of development within her own frontiers. Dismissing Prince Ukhtomsky's dreams of Pan-Mongolism as chimerical, the writer holds that not only does Russia not desire disturbance of the *status quo* south of the Great Wall, but that she fears nothing so much. In conclusion, he regards the present as a heaven-sent opportunity for Lord Salisbury to secure the integrity of China proper for a specific term by an understanding or treaty with Russia. In this we most heartily agree.—Apart from this, a fine feast of pessimistic reading will be found in the current number. Mr. W. S. Lilly's paper on "The Burden of Empire" is one long jeremiad. Our Army is "the most expensive and the least efficient" of all those of the Great Powers. Our Navy is little better—he ungenerously dismisses Mr. Goschen as "a respectable financier who has acquired a certain mastery of Parliamentary tongue fence"; the ruin of English agriculture stares us in the face; the "sense of duty, the feeling of obligation to God and man, has become extinct in our Parliamentary life"; "our so-called governors do not govern, they gamble"; the "habit of unveracity" amongst politicians engenders ignorance and cowardice, and this at a time when "the great nations of Europe, which are our rivals, hate us with all their heart, and with all their soul, and with all their mind, and with all their strength." As we look around, "we see a throng of weak Parliamentary rhetoricians who dare lie and cannot rule." This delirium of pessimism is most mischievous, and causes in healthy minds a reaction which militates against a serious and reasonable handling of our national problems.—In the article on "Our Military Prestige Abroad," by Captain Gambier, R.N., there is at least none of this vague screaminess, the pith of his indictment being the positive statement—he says it is an "open secret, the common knowledge of every clerk in the Foreign Office"—that extremely humiliating negotiations passed between

England and the other Powers with reference to the appointment of a Generalissimo of the Allied Forces in China, that our suggestion that the Pekin Relief Force should be commanded by an Englishman very nearly shipwrecked the joint action of the Powers, and that Count Waldersee was appointed with the universal approval of Europe, but chiefly because he was not English. He finds further evidence of the decay of our prestige on the Continent in the reports of the various Military Attachés who accompanied the British and Boer forces in South Africa, especially that of the Italian General, Count Luchino dal Verme. The Count's criticisms are undoubtedly very damaging—notably in regard to the wholesale surrenders and the inability or disinclination of the English to entrench—but Captain Gambier admits that he speaks in many places in terms of the highest praise of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, and of the gallantry of the men and officers.—Articles on education are seldom attractive, but there is both force and foresight in Mr. J. C. Tarver's well reasoned plea for the readjustment of the public-school system so as to meet the requirements of the new conditions created by the establishment of the Board of Education. We have not space to deal in detail with Mr. Tarver's suggestions, but may note his plea for the regularising and official recognition of the public schools as places of preparation for the public services, and, as a corollary, his advocacy of Government inspection.

The editor of the *National Review* supports the case for Cabinet reconstruction with so much vigour and good sense that it is to be regretted he should have impaired his advocacy by overstatement, and even violence, of expression. To say that during the last six years "British policy has united the foresight of the ostrich to the firmness of the jellyfish" is the most patent of exaggerations. The editor forgets Fashoda, Crete, and the part played by England during the Spanish-American War. But we entirely agree with Mr. Maxse when he defines the chief *desiderata* in regard to reconstruction as (1) to reduce the present numbers, (2) to lower their age, (3) to free the Premiership from the burden of carrying a Department, (4) to bring in some new blood as well as some young blood.—The author of the anonymous article on "The German Danger in the Far East" traces the gradual evolution of the Kaiser's policy of Asiatic adventure. He contends that while Russia places the maintenance of the dynasty and the political *status quo* in China above all other considerations, Germany not only believes the disintegration of China to be inevitable but intends to make it so; furthermore, that partition will inevitably bring us into conflict with her in the Yangtse Valley, and afford her the opportunity of translating into action the maxim *Ote toi que je m'y mette*, which expresses the temper of the Germans towards England. It is interesting, we may note, to compare the attitude of this writer on the question of the expansion of German commerce with that of Mr. Benjamin Taylor's paper in the *Fortnightly*. The latter holds that the limits of German industrial competition with us have been already reached. Note, also, that the writer in the *National* defends the aggressive Colonial policy of Germany as the inevitable outcome of her transformation from an agricultural to an industrial Power. She is no longer self-supporting—eight millions of Germans depend on sea-borne imports for bread—and at the present rate of increase in her population, "the question of finding a home under her flag for her surplus swarms will soon become a matter of life and death."—Mr. Bagot's interesting paper on "Vatican and Quirinal" starts from the main premiss that Italy must not be de-Catholicised, and urges that the best way to encourage and protect the Roman Catholic religion is to combat the pretensions and intrigues of the Roman Curia. Curialism, not Clericalism, is his enemy, and he evidently thinks that the young King by his dignified refusal to indulge in any anti-Clerical reprisals is on the right path to secure Cavour's ideal of a *Libera Chiesa in Libera Stato*; in other words, that he is alive to the necessity of distinguishing between the Church and the Roman Curia.—Mr. Maurice Low in his valuable monthly *résumé* of American politics deplores the serious diplomatic mischief wrought by Mr. Hay's temporary absence from his post owing to illness. He also lays great stress on the impolicy of having the representatives of the chief London papers stationed in New York instead of Washington.

Blackwood is stronger this month in the domain of *belles-lettres* and fiction than in that of politics and actualities. In the latter category, however, we may notice a short plea for the adoption of the offensive principle in regard to our military policy, a review of the work of the Unionist Administration, and an excellent account by Mr. Stephen Gwynn of the work done by the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society and the Congested Districts Board in the North of Ireland. The description of Mr. Morton's carpet-making factory at Killybegs is particularly interesting and encouraging. Aptitude and industry are not wanting, but capital and, above all, public spirit are deficient. What is at once the essence and the best feature of the new movement is "that men of all creeds, religious or political, are brought together to work for a common end,—which is not the material advantage of the members co-operating, nor the material prosperity of the country, but a harmony among classes divided by longstanding and jealously guarded hates."—Mr. Hugh Clifford's story, "In the Heart of Kalamantan"—a tale of the "white man's burden" on the verge of Empire—is the first instance with which we are acquainted in which the possibilities underlying the use of the telephone have been turned to romantic, nay heroic, account.—There is comedy of a fresh and unexpected order in the sketch, "How an English Girl Taught a Pennsylvania Country School"; and the new serial, "Doom Castle," by Mr. Neil Munro, bids fair, from its brilliant opening chapters, to maintain the high reputation already won by the author of *John Splendid*.

The Politician's Handbook. By H. Whates. (Vacher and Sons. 6s.)—This is likely to be a useful volume. The facts that are most difficult of access are the facts of quite recent history. It is tedious work to hunt through the files of newspapers, and these are not always to be got at. The Newspaper Room of the British Museum, for instance, does not contain, and, indeed, cannot be expected to contain, recent publications. Some at least—they seem to be taken for binding in alphabetical order—reach their second year before they can be consulted. Mr. Whates begins with giving a *résumé* of "The State Papers," in six chapters,— "China," "South African Republics," "Egypt and the Soudan," "Uganda," "The Venezuelan Arbitration," "Samoa, Alaska, &c." After this comes the "Political Section," with brief notices in alphabetical order. Finally we have the "Commercial Section." This is a very conveniently arranged manual for the speaker and writer on public topics.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Anglo-Saxon Quarterly, Vol. VI., folio	(Lane)	21/0
Best (G. A.), The Home of Santa Claus, 4to	(Unwin)	6/0
Blew (W. C. A.), A History of Steeplechasing, roy 8vo	(J. C. Nimmo)	21/0
Book of Blues (The), edited by Ogier Ryssen, 12mo	(F. E. Robinson)	3/6
Book of Elfin Rhymes (A.), by Carlton M. Park, 4to	(Gay & Bird)	5/0
Brahant (F. G.), Sussex (Little Guides), 18mo	(Methuen)	3/0
Brown (T. E.), Collected Poems, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	7/6
Bruce (R. T.), The Forward Policy and its Results, 8vo	(Longmans)	15/0
Cameron (A. M.), Schooldays and Holidays, cr 8vo	(Oliphant)	5/0
Cardella (G.), The Adventures of Tod with & without Betty (Sonnenschein) ..		2/6
Castle (E.), Marshfield the Observer and the Dance of Death	(Macmillan)	6/0
Caton (R.), Prevention of Valvular Diseases of the Heart (Camb. Univ. Press) ..		5/0
Churchill (W. S.), Ian Hamilton's March, cr 8vo	(Longmans)	6/0
Coates (T. F. G.), Lord Rosebery: his Life and Speeches, 2 vols. (Hutchinson) ..		24/0
Cobban (J. M.), I'd Crown Resign, cr 8vo	(Long)	6/0
Coleridge (S. T.), The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, 4to	(Gay & Bird)	5/0
Commerce and Christianity, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	3/6
Corbett (J. S.), The Successors of Drake, 8vo	(Longmans)	21/0
Crawford (J. H.), The Autobiography of a Tramp, cr 8vo	(Longmans)	5/0
Diggle (J. W.), Short Studies in Holiness, 12mo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	3/6
Goldsmith Anthology (The), 1745-1774, cr 8vo	(Oxford Univ. Press)	2/6
Granger (F.), The Soul of a Christian, cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Gregory (E.), Worldly Ways and Byways, cr 8vo	(Lane)	6/0
Grey Fairy Book (The), edited by Andrew Lang, cr 8vo	(Longmans)	6/0
Griffiths (A.), The Thin Red Line, cr 8vo	(Macquenn)	6/0
Grimble (A.), Salmon Rivers of Scotland, Vol IV., 4to	(Kegan Paul)	52/6
Hiddle (Ethel F.), Colina's Island, cr 8vo	(Oliphant)	2/6
Henderson (E. F.), Side Light on English History, imp. 8vo	(Bell)	21/0
Herman (R. A.), A Treatise on Geometrical Optics, 8vo	(Camb. Univ. Press)	10/0
Hocking (Joseph), The Madness of David Baring	(Hodder & Stoughton)	3/6
Hope (Anthony), Qulsante, cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Loney (S. L.), Elements of Hydrostatics, 12mo	(Camb. Univ. Press)	4/6
Maxwell (B. H.) and Eastwick (F.), A Woman's Soul, cr 8vo	(H. Marshall)	6/0
May (A. E.), Sketches from the Seamy Side of Life (London Literary Union) ..		2/6
Mead (G. R. S.), Fragments of a Faith Forgotten, 8vo (Theosophical Pub. Co.) ..		10/6
Metcham (D. B.), Atlantis: the Book of the Angels, roy 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	10/6
Meyer (F. B.), John the Baptist, cr 8vo	(Morgan & Scott)	2/6
Moore (C. K.), A Case of Blackmail, cr 8vo	(Arrowsmith)	3/6
Morley (F.), Shakespeare's Greenwood, 16mo	(Nutt)	5/0
Musgrave (G. C.), In South Africa, cr 8vo	(Gay & Bird)	7/6
Nave (O. J.), Index Digest of the Holy Scriptures	(Oxford Univ. Press)	15/0
Newman (J. T.), A Year with Nature, roy 8vo	(Draue)	10/6
Nisbet (Hume), In Sheep's Clothing, cr 8vo	(F. V. White)	6/0
Norris (M. H.), The Grey House of the Quarries, cr 8vo	(Jarrold)	6/0
Norris (W.) and Morgan (B. H.), High Speed Steam Engines, 8vo (P. S. King) ..		10/6
On the Banks of the Seine, by A. M. F., cr 8vo	(Longmans)	6/0
Paris Exhibition, Section 1, folio	(Virtue)	10/6
Paris Exhibition, 1900: a Scientific Engineering Record, 8vo	(P. S. King)	5/0
Parker (G.), The Lane that had no Turning, cr 8vo	(Heinemann)	6/0
Phipson (C. B.), Science of Civilisation, 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	10/6
Powicke (F. J.), Henry Barrow, 1550-1593, 8vo	(J. Clarke)	7/6
Pratt (A.), King of the Rocks, cr 8vo	(Hutchinson)	6/0
Primilbon (Contessa), Sodoma (Great Masters), cr 8vo	(Bell)	5/0

Robertson (J. L.), English Drama for School & College, cr 8vo (W. Blackwood) 2 6
 Robinson (C. H.), Dictionary of the Hausa Language, Vol. II., 8vo
 (Camb. Univ. Press) 9 0
 Russell (B.), A Critical Exposition of the Philosophy of Leibniz, 8vo
 (Camb. Univ. Press) 7 6
 Russell (R.), Religion and Life, cr 8vo..... (Longmans) 2 6
 Savonarola, Meditations on Psalm li. and Part of Psalm xxxi., 4to
 (Camb. Univ. Press) 10 6
 Senior (W.) and others, Pike and Perch, cr 8vo (Longmans) 5 0
 Slaves of Society (The), cr 8vo (Harper) 6 0
 Smythe (W. E.), The Conquest of Arid America, cr 8vo (Harper) 6 0

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE elections are practically over, and the Government have received a vote of unabated confidence, for their new majority will be as great as in 1895. We have nothing to add to what we said last week as to the significance of this most satisfactory result. The following table gives the figures of the election returns at the time of our going to press:—

Conservatives	318	} 381
Liberal Unionists	63	
Liberals (including Labour)	163	} 242
Nationalists	79	
Total returned	623	—
Unionist majority	139	

The news from China continues to be confused and perplexing in the extreme. There is the same difficulty among the Powers to find a definite policy.—It is not so much that they differ actively as that they cannot find a common plan of action.—There is also the same ominous silence from the real rulers of China. There may be a certain amount of chatter about commissioners and plenipotentiaries and negotiators, but those who can order the guns to fire in China give no sign, but are moving on a line of thought and action as yet entirely obscure to the European mind. Perhaps when the Empress reaches her new capital we shall know more of her plans. Meantime the news from Peking is in no sense illuminative. The Russians, according to the *Times* correspondent, have evacuated the Summer Palace, and we and the Italians have occupied it, replacing the Chinese to whom it was handed over by the Russians, while the Germans have occupied the Dowager-Empress's Palace, which the Russians returned to the Chinese after having looted it. From Tientsin comes news of a joint punitive expedition being fitted out from that place and Peking respectively, with Pao-ting-fu as the objective. Generally Count Waldersee seems to be actively organising the forces under his command.

The South African war news is this week very meagre. There have been one or two "unfortunate incidents" on the railway line, but they have been more than balanced by the good progress made by our forces in the general work of putting down the wandering bands of hostile Boers. A great many prisoners have been captured—about six hundred or more this week—and by this time the total must be getting on for seventeen thousand. Sir Redvers Buller, it is announced, is coming home, and he is succeeded in the Lydenburg district by General Lyttelton. General Buller very naturally received a hearty send-off from his army, with whom he has always been extremely popular. The public here must remember, however, that though the approval of the soldier cannot be won except by a general who is brave, high-minded, a gentleman, and a man devoted to duty, that approval does not

indicate that its recipient is a great commander. This is not the moment to pronounce a definite and final opinion upon Sir Redvers Buller's merits as a commander, but we are inclined to believe that the verdict of history will be that he had the qualities of slow, dogged imperviousness too exclusively developed in his character. He strikes one as a kind of Anglo-Saxon general, with all the splendid qualities of bravery and manliness attributed by Scott in "Ivanhoe" to Cedric and Athelstan, but also with their failings of ponderousness and slowness in action.

There are many indications that when the Exhibition is over and the cool weather has come the French will move on the frontier of Morocco. If they do, we trust that there will be no outbreak of nervousness here, or of any cry for "the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the Shereefian Empire." The French do not mean this time, at any rate, to conquer Morocco, but merely to make certain rectifications of frontier,—i.e., to snip off a piece of Morocco, or possibly of "no-man's-land" claimed by Morocco, which they desire for the perfecting of their communications between Algeria and their northern West Coast possessions. Whether the French are wise in risking a war with the Moors is of course a very open question, but it certainly does not concern us to worry them about the matter. It may be, indeed, that France will create a condition of things so serious throughout Northern Africa that she will find a big Mahommedan war on her hands. There are events more impossible than the preaching of a Holy War throughout Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco. Again, the Senoussi may easily turn out not to be the negligible quantity the French pretend to regard them. We have no desire to see France engaged in a great African war, but it is no business of ours to prevent her running the risk, especially as prevention would be regarded by her as a deadly injury. Let her have a free hand in North Africa provided that we insist that Spain shall not in any case be deprived of the opportunity of satisfying aspirations in regard to the districts round Melilla, Tetuan, and Ceuta, which are very dear to her, and which we have no wish to see frustrated.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* gives in Thursday's paper a very interesting account of the existing situation in France. The Government, he tells us, has gained strength during the repose of the Exhibition, and will meet Parliament in a far sounder condition than it parted from it. The Mayors' Banquet was virtually "a *plébiscite* of approval of the policy of the Cabinet." The Nationalist party, he also says, has so lost influence and popularity that it has ceased to be a cause of public anxiety. Another most important statement, and one which we would gladly believe, is that M. Loubet's position has so greatly improved during the past six months that it can to-day be said that he is the most popular President that France has had for the last thirty years. We most sincerely trust that this is so, for M. Loubet is essentially a sound man,—an honourable and high-minded gentleman, who thinks first of the honour and welfare of France, and only second of his party and of himself. The Paris correspondent continues that the Government feel so assured of their position that immediately on the meeting of Parliament they will propose a general amnesty "wiping out at one stroke the Zola, Reinach, and Picquart cases and the judgments pronounced by the Haute Cour, which would permit the return of M. Déroulède, M. Marcel-Habert, and the Royalist exiles." No doubt the extremists on both sides will be indignant at the proposal, but we trust, nevertheless, that it will be carried, and that France may begin the new century with a clean slate. Anything is better than to leave so many corpses unburied.

We deeply regret to record the defeat of Mr. Horace Plunkett in South Dublin, and in doing so we cannot do better than quote the words of the *Daily Telegraph* in its first leader on Thursday. "Mr. Horace Plunkett's defeat in South Dublin, where a valuable Ministerial seat has been deliberately sacrificed by the vindictive tactics of a narrow and intemperate section, is one of the most discreditable features of the elections, and a political scandal for which no condemnation can be too strong." The spectacle of disunited Unionism in this constituency has, continues the *Daily Telegraph*, been "as ignominious as any of the internecine exhibitions presented by the quarrels of the 'reunited' Nationalists themselves." Mr. Plunkett, we may add, loses his seat not so much because of animosity towards him as because of the desire of a section of the Irish landlords to injure Mr. Gerald Balfour. They could not reach Mr. Gerald Balfour, so they struck at his lieutenant. We trust that Mr. Plunkett will not think of resigning his office, and that before long a seat may be found for him in England, and he may thus be enabled to continue the good work he is doing for Ireland. He is a Member whom any Unionist constituency might be proud to have for their representative.

The story of the polls during the past week has not been lacking in instructive as well as unexpected incidents. No election attracted so much attention as that in Caithness, where Dr. Clark was a bad third, the Liberal Imperialist candidate, Mr. L. Harmsworth, defeating his Conservative opponent by only 28 votes. We believe that we are not misrepresenting the attitude of the great bulk of the Liberal party when we say that the rejection of Dr. Clark has caused lively satisfaction in both political camps. The return of Dr. Rutherford Harris, correctly described by Sir William Harcourt as "the confidential agent of the authors of the Jameson Raid," in the Unionist interest for Monmouth will be deplored by all sane Imperialists. The significance of the elections in Ireland cannot be discussed within the limits of a paragraph, but we may note as outstanding features the decline of the Healyite faction—Mr. Healy, we may remark, has enriched the vocabulary of vituperation by describing an opponent as a "Claremorris cockroach"—the re-emergence of Mr. William O'Brien, and the rejection of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, one of the most useful and respected of the Nationalist Members. Lastly, we cannot profess regret at the return of Mr. Morley for Montrose; the House would have been the poorer for the loss of a critic of his high character and sincerity.

No fewer than five trials for *lèse-majesté* were reported in the Berlin newspapers of Monday and Tuesday. Of these the most noteworthy was that of Herr Harden, "the Junius of modern Germany," who had already been imprisoned for six months in 1898 for a similar offence. Herr Harden had severely criticised the Kaiser's "Attila" speech delivered at Bremerhaven last July, and in spite of the protest of his counsel, was tried *in camera* and sentenced on Monday to six months' incarceration in a fortress. The *Times* correspondent in Berlin quotes from a courageous and sensible article in the *Vossische Zeitung*, deploring the multiplication of these prosecutions—in one case, a man who was deaf and dumb had been sentenced to four months' imprisonment—and asserting that they were in the last degree unsuited to promote the principles of Monarchy. The writer concludes with the significant remark that unless leading statesmen emphasise their own responsibility more strongly, and thus divert criticism toward themselves, the Reichstag will have to interfere not only in the interest of freedom of speech and of the Press, but for the good of the Crown and the well-being of the State. No amount of logic can defend a system which results in the imprisonment of a deaf and dumb man for *lèse-majesté*.

Speaking at Stourbridge on Tuesday, Mr. Chamberlain dealt with the question of foreign policy. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were trying if they could make him a bogey to foreign countries. To identify him with a policy of aggression was perfectly absurd. "The foreign policy of this country was in the hands of Lord Salisbury, and he had not the presumption to influence it. Lord Salisbury at the present moment was a statesman of greater influence in Europe than any other living man." His own views on foreign

policy were very simple. "He desired to remain on good terms and to entertain friendly relations with every great country in Europe; and he desired, if possible, to be something more than friends with the United States of America." Mr. Chamberlain's praise of Lord Salisbury as a Foreign Minister is well deserved, and we most heartily endorse his principle of making no special friends or allies among the European Powers. To entertain an attitude of particular friendliness with the United States is another matter. America is our blood relation, and we can without any slight to other Powers place our relations towards her on a special footing.

On Monday Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, speaking at Newton Abbot, made a reference to Army reform with which we are in full sympathy. What he would recommend, he stated, was not an increase in the numbers of the Army, but an increase in efficiency. That is the sound principle. Extra efficiency will, of course, mean a great increase in our force of artillery and in our mounted forces, as well as much greater attention being paid to rifle-shooting among the men and training in the work of command among our officers. The only increase in numbers should be in the Militia. The War Office must be made to treat the Militia seriously in the future, and not be allowed to look upon it as a kind of bucket into which the Line is to be allowed to dip at will. The Militia should, indeed, become the cardinal feature in our home defence, the hinge upon which our military system must turn. The duty of the Regulars must be that of policing the Empire. The duty of an enlarged and improved Militia and Yeomanry must be to provide a force both offensive and defensive for home use. The duty of the Volunteers must be to aid the Militia and to provide, as it were, a capable and vigorous national guard. To neglect these excellent sources of military strength—*i.e.*, the Militia and the Volunteers—and simply to pile up more Line regiments, would be a capital error in the work of military reorganisation. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, like most Government speakers, praised the War Office for the way in which it had equipped and placed so great an army in South Africa, and a fine performance it no doubt was; but we must never be led into regarding that as a proof of military efficiency. Spain transported an even greater army to Cuba.

The Sydney correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, telegraphing to Wednesday's paper, gives some interesting particulars as to the recommendations made by the Commissioner appointed by the Government of New South Wales to report as to the best site for the Commonwealth capital. His first selection is Orange, and it would certainly seem as if that town would be hard to beat. It stands nearly 3,000 ft. above the sea, and is therefore extremely healthy. If the choice of the Commonwealth should fall on Orange, we trust that the greatest care will be taken to place the public buildings well, and to give the natural features of the site full play. We trust that no attempt will be made to erect straight streets and grandiose vistas, but that each public building will stand detached in a garden of its own. The centre of the city might be a more or less circular park of some two hundred acres, and in this the public buildings should be placed. All round this park should be the ordinary dwellings of the city and its shops and banks. If this formation were adopted, it would be impossible to lay the city out in those dreary blocks which are the bane of modern urban architecture. A name for the city will not be easily found. Orange is pretty, but hardly adequate; Victoria is already appropriated; and almost every other name one can think of sounds a little cheap. Yet whatever name is chosen will in ten years sound perfectly right and natural.

The interview with Mr. A. G. Hales, the Australian war correspondent, which appears in Monday's *Daily News* may be read with profit rather than with pleasure. Mr. Hales writes of the average British officer with a truculence which has provoked not unnatural resentment. He declares that by their incapacity and arrogance they have shattered the belief of the Australians in the British Army. But almost in the same breath he speaks with enthusiasm of Lord Kitchener as "another Wellington," of Lord Roberts as a "magnificent soldier," of the confidence inspired by Generals Macdonald and Rundle, men who "never play to the gallery,

mind their own business, and don't care for anything else"; of the heroism of Captain Towse; and of the good sense of the Military Governor of Bloemfontein. In other words, he makes so many exceptions as largely to neutralise the force of his indictment. The plain fact is that, in the phrase of the interviewer, Mr. Hales is a "lurid impressionist," and impressionists are prone to overstatement, self-contradiction, and errors in taste. But with these reserves we cordially welcome his strictures on the ornamental officer and the tyranny of red-tape. In spite of the experience of the last year, there are many officers who have still to learn that "soldiering is stern, hard business and not play." But on Mr. Hales's own showing, there is no lack of men in high command who are resolutely determined to enforce that lesson. Mr. Hales should remember that criticism, to be effective, must be fair and moderate, that the best of cases may be spoilt by screaming, and that the way to get good work out of your servants, public as well as private—and what are our officers but public servants?—is not to yell "Fool!" "Idiot!" and "Jackass!" at them, but to set forth their faults in just and reasonable language.

Lord Bute, who died on Tuesday in his fifty-fourth year, will be sincerely and deservedly regretted. He took no active part in politics, his tastes being scholarly and his temperament reserved, but he in no way shirked the responsibilities of his position and wealth. He was twice Mayor of Cardiff, where he spent upwards of a million on the docks and harbour; twice rector of St. Andrews; and a generous and enlightened patron of University culture in Wales and Scotland. Distinguished as a Hellenic scholar, he showed real intellectual courage by his investigation of psychical phenomena. A romantic interest attaches to Lord Bute as the original of "Lothair," but he has a more enduring claim to remembrance in the nobility of his aims and his immunity from the proverbial intolerance of the convert. Though a devout Roman Catholic, he was so far from being a bigot that in recent years he gave a large sum towards the erection of an Anglican church in a mining district of South Wales.

A curious account of the "freak" vote-catching devices resorted to in the Presidential campaign in America is given in the *Daily Mail* of Tuesday. Mr. Clark, the Bryanite candidate for the Senate from Montana, has engaged a variety troupe to stump Montana, giving free performances in every theatre, at which "every song that is sung, every dance danced, and every joke cracked will be for Clark and Bryan." This, it is estimated, will cost him £20,000. One lady is campaigning in Indiana for the Republicans on a milk-white horse, singing and speaking from the saddle; another in Kansas pretends to be a reincarnation of Joan of Arc; while a third in Colorado "has taught a bear to point out with a wand from a block alphabet the letters of Bryan's name." Lastly, two prominent members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union have each started a "prayer chain," one for and one against Mr. McKinley, the notion being that every person who prayed that he should be defeated (or returned) should try to induce two others to do so. English electioneering is a tame and prosaic affair in comparison with the exuberant enterprise of the American vote-hunter.

The Continent has been deluged with so deep and strong a flood of falsehood in regard to the doings of the British soldier in South Africa, that it is as surprising as it is pleasant to find a foreign critic testifying to the humanity and justice of our military action. Reuter's agent, telegraphing from St. Petersburg on October 3rd, states that Dr. Sadowsky, member of the Russian Red Cross sanitary detachment, recently returned to Russia from South Africa, strongly denies that the British treated the Boer prisoners brutally. "On the contrary," he said, "cases occurred where, having learned that Kaffirs were pillaging Boer farms, the British chastised the Kaffirs and distributed rifles and ammunition to the Boer farmers and to their wives so as to enable them to defend themselves against their assailants; and if it happened that British stopped at Boer farms they always paid for absolutely everything that they consumed. At Pretoria and Johannesburg in particular a severe discipline was maintained among them." That is as kindly as truly said, and

should be noted by those who imagine that all Russians hate us and speak evil of us.

The *Times* of last Saturday publishes a letter from its Toronto correspondent which is of no little interest. It describes in detail the condition of prosperity at present prevailing in the Dominion, and not only in certain favoured sections, but throughout all the great provinces that are threaded like pearls on the string of railway line that runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But even though so prosperous, the undeveloped wealth of Canada is literally a thousand times greater than that which has already been discovered and exploited. Indeed, it is not too much to say that Canada is the greatest piece of first-class undeveloped land still left on the globe. Its agricultural and mineral wealth have been "winked at" rather than surveyed, and in its waterfalls and waterways Canada has a reserve of power almost beyond compute. The *Times* correspondent notes how false have proved the prophecies of those who declared that at the first request to make a sacrifice for the Empire Canadian loyalty would wither and die out. Of course just the reverse was the case. When will the political philosophers like Mr. Morley and Professor Goldwin Smith remember that people do not hate those for whom they are called upon to make voluntary sacrifices?

Mr. W. N. Dickinson, the Chairman of the London County Council, delivered his annual address on Tuesday. In his review of finance he noted that whereas in 1898-99 the Council undertook works involving a gross capital expenditure of £7,000,000, it had in 1899-1900 involved itself in liability to the extent of £11,000,000. Of this sum the chief items were:—(1) New main sewers, costing about £3,000,000 (but of this only £1,500,000 had been actually decided upon); (2) tunnel under the Thames, £2,000,000; (3) improvements, £3,000,000; (4) artisans' dwellings, £1,500,000; and (5) tramways and light railways, £1,500,000. The net Debt of the Council on March 31st, 1900, was £23,031,516, or 5½ millions larger than that taken over from their predecessors in 1889, but of this sum 2½ millions was allocated to remunerative objects, the net result of the Council's eleven years' work being the addition to the ratepayers' burden of less than ¼d. in the pound. The total county rate raised last year stood at 13½d., or 1d. more than that raised in the first year of the Council's existence, and the credit of the Council's stock stood almost as high as that of Consols. Steady progress was being made in the cleansing of the Thames, with the gratifying result that the fish were increasing every year. The most important single work in prospect was the projected tunnel from Rotherhithe to Shadwell, at an estimated cost of £2,000,000. The public parks and open spaces had increased in eleven years from forty to ninety-one, the most important of the late additions being the ten acres adjoining Lambeth Palace, presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Foreign comments on the General Election are not always illuminative, but the situation is excellently summarised in the Viennese *Die Information* in its issue of last Saturday:—"The General Elections in England have taken exactly the course which we foretold: the Liberals have been conclusively defeated. But this victory, which is a vote of confidence in Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, does not absolve the former from the obligation of reorganising, we had almost said of 'modernising,' his Cabinet after the Elections. With Lord Salisbury as First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Balfour or Lord Cromer as Foreign Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain as Secretary for War, and Mr. Goschen as Colonial Secretary or Lord Privy Seal, the Ministry will answer the needs and wishes of the country. First and foremost, the Army must be reorganised root and branch, and that will only be possible if Lord Roberts, the new Commander-in-Chief, can count upon a War Minister who will help instead of hampering him, and if there is a Premier who can spare time for other matters besides the details of the Foreign Office, and who will control his Chancellor of the Exchequer if the latter is inclined to turn the key of the Treasury against him."

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

New Consols (2½) were on Friday 98½.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CABINET.

THE elections are practically over, and the Government will have in the new Parliament as large a majority as in the old. In these circumstances, and in view of the well-nigh universal expectation of the country, it will now be necessary for the Prime Minister to face the question of reconstruction. That his task would have been easier had it been accomplished before the Dissolution instead of after cannot, we think, be doubted, but since the decision was the other way it is not worth while to dwell any further on that point. Lord Salisbury has got to face the situation as it stands, and to make his Administration worthy of the magnificent response given by the country to his appeal for a renewal of its confidence. The Ministry has a great task before it, and no effort must be spared to make it sound and efficient, and in every respect capable of meeting the requirements of the time. It has been asserted in certain quarters that there will be no change in the Ministry, but this is clearly a mistake. In the first place, the post of First Lord of the Admiralty is already vacant, and has to be filled. Next, it is asserted, apparently on good authority, that Lord Cadogan will cease to be Viceroy of Ireland, and it is generally believed, though there has, we admit, been no confirmation of the rumour, that Lord Lansdowne does not desire to remain Secretary of State for War. Thus, even if none of the older and less well-known members of the Cabinet retire, there will be three important posts to fill. In addition to these three there should be another vacancy caused by the severance of the offices of Premier and Foreign Secretary, for we cannot abandon the hope that Lord Salisbury will recognise that it is not desirable in the national interests to keep the two posts united. But if Lord Salisbury is to cease holding both offices we do not hesitate to say that it is the Premiership which he ought to retain. Needless to say, we do not urge this because we think that foreign affairs have not been well managed by him. We think, on the other hand, that he holds a thoroughly wise and sane view of foreign affairs. But if Lord Salisbury were to leave the Foreign Office he would not cease to control foreign affairs. The Prime Minister should have in all Departments the controlling voice in regard to the great issues, and this is specially true of the Foreign Office. If Lord Salisbury remained Premier, though not Foreign Secretary, his influence in foreign affairs could be quite as great on all capital questions as it is now. He would not be immersed in details of government connected with Egypt, Zanzibar, and Uganda, and with a host of minor though doubtless most important diplomatic problems, but in regard to the great issues he would be as fully able to exert his influence as he is now. In other words, if Lord Salisbury leaves the Foreign Office but remains Premier, the nation must not imagine that the influence which it rightly values so highly will be removed from the sphere of our international relations. It would be as great as ever, and yet at the same time Lord Salisbury would be able to do what it is physically impossible for him to do now,—i.e., exercise a controlling force over the whole field of the Administration.

But if Lord Salisbury, while remaining Premier, ceases to be Foreign Secretary, while Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Goschen leave the War Office and Admiralty, there would be three capital offices to be filled in the Administration quite apart from any shuffling of the cards, such as a transfer of Lord Lansdowne to the Viceregal Lodge. How are these posts to be filled? As to the War Office, we have again and again expressed our opinion that the man best fitted to accomplish the tremendous task of giving us a reformed Army is Mr. Chamberlain. It is said, no doubt, that he would not be inclined to take up this work, but would prefer to remain at the Colonial Office. Be this as it may, we feel it a duty to advocate this change until the office in question is otherwise filled. As to the Admiralty, we cannot imagine a better holder of that office than Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. He is an administrator both keen and vigilant, and not afraid either of work or of responsibility. The notion that he is too rigid an economist and would starve the

Navy need prove no cause of anxiety. In the first place, the man who looks closely and carefully at all expenditure often gets better practical results than the lavish man. Indeed, it might almost be regarded as an axiom of administration that economy and efficiency go hand in hand. Again, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at the Admiralty would naturally look at things very differently from the way in which he regarded them at the Treasury. There his right and proper business was to guard and husband the national resources in every possible way. At the Admiralty judicious expenditure would be his duty. The fact, however, that he had been at the Treasury so long would help him greatly to meet Treasury objections, and to regulate the relations of the Admiralty and of the Treasury on common-sense lines. It remains to consider the office of Foreign Secretary. If Mr. Balfour could be spared to fill that position the choice would be an excellent one, for Mr. Balfour has shown great capacity in the handling of international problems. But Mr. Balfour cannot, in our opinion, be spared. He must continue to lead the House of Commons, and to regulate its business, and this work is one which cannot be carried on in addition to the labours of the Foreign Office. But if Mr. Balfour is not available, then we should distinctly favour a suggestion which is alluded to by the *Times* in its issue of Thursday. "Lord Cromer's name," says the *Times*, "has been freely mentioned as that of one who might preside over the Foreign Office or the War Office. We yield to none in our appreciation of Lord Cromer's incomparable work in Egypt, but to take a man who has so long been practically his own master and who has had no experience of government by discussion and to throw him, in his sixtieth year, into the whirlpool of Parliamentary controversy would be an experiment as hazardous for the statesman as for the State." We cannot agree with the fears of the *Times*, or sympathise with its anxieties in regard to the prospect of Lord Cromer being thrown into the whirlpool of Parliamentary controversy. The objections of the *Times* might be good if Lord Cromer were to be placed in the House of Commons, but we do not think Lord Cromer would find the whirlpools of the House of Lords very dangerous. Just now there is practically no serious, certainly no party, controversy over our foreign affairs, and therefore there is no reason to suppose that Lord Cromer would find himself at any very great disadvantage owing to his want of experience of party warfare. What the nation wants at present is to have its foreign affairs managed with strength, consistency, and good sense on the lines already laid down by Lord Salisbury with so much tact, wisdom, and firmness.—It is a delusion to suppose that Lord Salisbury is not firm in foreign affairs, for though he is not perpetually advertising his firmness, no one could on adequate occasion be more unyielding than he.—Lord Cromer, besides having clear and consistent ideas on foreign policy, formed to a great extent under Lord Salisbury's leadership, has immense knowledge of foreign affairs. It must not be supposed that the British agent in Egypt is concerned only with Egyptian affairs. Egypt was and is diplomatically a microcosm of international policy. At Cairo are reflected and experienced all the cross-currents of European diplomacy, and to understand the causes of diplomatic action there is to realise the whole play of forces on the Continent. It is possible to hold an Embassy even so important as Paris or Berlin, and see only one part of the game. At Cairo Lord Cromer can see the whole chessboard almost as well as if he were in London. If, then, Lord Cromer were at the Foreign Office working with and under Lord Salisbury as Premier, there need be and would be no break in our policy, and those who, like ourselves, believe in the wisdom and soundness of Lord Salisbury's views might feel confident that they would be maintained in all essentials, and that there would be no experiments due either to rashness or to want of knowledge. That Lord Cromer would desire a policy of rash Jingoism or of wild expansion may be entirely banished from men's minds. He is essentially a sane Imperialist, and has never sanctioned the mad notion that the strength of the Empire rests in its size, or that we should try to create a monopoly of Empire and look with jealous or unfriendly eyes on the development of foreign States. Lord Cromer is the last man to get into

a fuss because Germany or France has annexed, or is supposed to be going to annex, a tropical swamp.

But though we may think, and do think, that Lord Cromer would make an admirable Foreign Secretary, we do not conceal from ourselves the fact that it is very improbable that he would leave Egypt and accept the post, even if it were offered him, which again is, we should think, very unlikely. It is not, however, the business of a newspaper to consider such points too minutely. Its primary duty is to point out what it regards to be the wisest course as to policy, or to indicate the man it holds best suited for a particular appointment.

M. DELCASSÉ'S PROPOSAL.

AFFAIRS in China do not advance. On the Chinese side there is nothing but dull resistance, differing only from dogged silence because Chinese officials are on the surface cunning and bland. Edicts are issued "degrading" Prince Tuan and other reactionaries, but they rule all the same, and will rule until the Empress finds that she can only save herself by betraying them. Whenever she is satisfied of that, her horror at the crimes which they suggested and she ordered will become acute. Rumours are assiduously spread, especially by negotiators, that the legal Emperor is coming to Peking, but there is not a sign that he is either able or willing so far to assert his independence. On the contrary, he and his tiger-hearted "mother" are moving to Segan, and all payments of treasure and movements of troops are converging upon that centre, which the German Staff are reported to declare is beyond attack except by an army of one hundred thousand men carrying its own supplies. The Allies are therefore reduced to treat with underlings like Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang, whose obvious intention is to gain time by fair words, and wait until the latent discords in the Concert which they clearly discern have dissolved its unity. Already, as they think, they are rid of two of the most formidable Powers,—Russia, which is ostentatiously "benevolent," repudiates annexation, and only demands safety for her railway and the banks of the Amur; and America, which declares herself opposed to any further military programme. If they can only place Germany and Great Britain at variance they will, they believe, be masters of the situation, and will escape all punishment just as the Sultan did, except, perhaps, a moderate "indemnity," to be paid out of a tax which will be described throughout China as blood-money demanded by those accursed foreigners. Meanwhile, they can talk composedly, while the Empress sits contented in Segan in a new palace, with her courtier slaves around her, with treasure pouring in regularly from the provinces, with her army increasing every week, and with all China waking up slowly, but with delight, to the fact that she is defying the foreigner with impunity.

That foreigner, meanwhile, seems more bewildered than ever. The greatest governing minds in Europe are considering the problem incessantly, and it is clear from the hints which are allowed to transpire that plan after plan has been submitted by each Court to its Allies, but there is no sign that any one has been adopted. The one which enjoys most public favour is that of M. Delcassé, but only, we think, because of all that have been published it is the most definite. It will not work. The Foreign Minister of France suggests that Europe should agree to make five distinct demands upon the Government of China "as a basis for the forthcoming negotiations." These demands are reported textually by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, and are, with the exception of the fifth, which we have rewritten for the sake of brevity, as follows:—"(1) The punishment of the chief culprits, who will be designated by the representatives of the Powers in Peking; (2) the maintenance of the embargo on the importation of arms; (3) equitable indemnity for the States and for private persons; (4) the establishment in Peking of a permanent guard for the Legations; (5) the dismantling of the Taku forts," and the right to construct European forts on the road from Taku to Peking. Those might be sensible demands if China had been conquered and had acknowledged defeat, but as matters stand they have no relation to the facts. The first involves the whole question at issue, for if the magnates of China, who are the guilty, concede that, they

will concede anything. As a matter of fact, being beyond arrest, they will not concede it, and the demand only means that Europe must continue coercing in some undescribed way until it either produces an insurrection and a new Emperor, or the Empress-Regent dies, which would be the same thing, or the Empress, finding the situation intolerable, flings out the heads of her Ministers as a peace-offering. The third clause is already accepted by both sides, with this difference,—that the Powers have fixed upon forty millions as their total, and the Chinese say that they can only pay twenty, and that only if the Powers will improve their credit by guaranteeing the Chinese Debt. The fourth is a very sensible proviso, quite practicable, and carried out on a great scale by the Indian Government, which in this way watches every great native State from a cantonment of its own. The difficulty in China will be greater because the eight Embassies will want eight contingents, and to keep those contingents in an attitude of cold politeness to each other will tax the energies as well as the astuteness of the general commandant. Still, the demand is a sensible one, and in times of outbreak would give the Legations a security which they lacked when the Empress-Regent ordered the Krupp guns of her own artillery to open fire upon them. The fifth is an absurdity unless Peking is to continue the capital, and we cannot believe that it will ever be the capital again. Why should it be? It has no natural, and indeed unalterable, claim, like London; and no unbroken history, like Paris; it is only the convenient resting-place of the Tartar dynasties, their chosen and fortified kraal. The natural and ancient capital of China is Segan, the Court has removed thither, and why should it ever move again? Segan is a mighty city, standing in a more fertile region and a better climate than Peking, and is as regards the greater part of China more accessible than the present capital. The solitary merit of the latter is that it is more accessible to foreigners, and this in the eyes of Chinamen is precisely its greatest demerit. Once settled in Segan, in perfect security, with the whole Empire open to their couriers—for all roads in China converge on Segan—protected by hills, by water, and by fortifications, and supplied by a city which as regards commerce, is to Peking what Calcutta is to Benares, the Court will remain; and if it remains what is the use of clauses about the Taku forts and the safety of the Tientsin road? The Court, it is said, will be ordered back to Peking by the European Powers; but apart from the outrageous injustice of such an order, which is, we believe, without a precedent in history, there are no means of enforcing it except the capture of the Empress, which is the precise effort admitted to be beyond the power of Europe. She might, of course, voluntarily return, but is that likely when she has once escaped from a place where she was liable every week to be bullied by half a dozen Ambassadors, each intent on obtaining some commercial concession to which he had no right, but which he endeavoured to extort by veiled menaces?

The most unwise clause in the Delcassé proposition is, however, the second, the continuance of the refusal to allow China to import arms. That idea has always a charm for the British mind, but it is absolutely foolish. Nothing is gained by it, even as regard rifles, beyond making them a little dearer, for the dealers of the world consider that to shut them, and them only, out of a great market is a gross oppression, and for a premium of five shillings a rifle they will smuggle them in in scores of thousands, as they did into the Transvaal. Who is to detect them except through Chinese agents, who will each take a shilling per barrel and remain as silent as death? Even this, however, will be unnecessary, as M. Delcassé ought to be well aware. The Chinese have splendid arsenals in the interior, and have only to import Japanese instructors to be able to turn out all the guns, gun-carriages, and rifles they require. M. Delcassé merely rivets the control of the Japanese over Chinese artillery, and enables them to demand that right of instructing Chinese soldiers which is the one Europeans have most to dread. What do the latter expect to do when China has a hundred thousand artillerymen fully supplied with Japanese officers to instruct them, and execute them if they run away? The plain truth of the matter is that M. Delcassé is seeking for terms of repara-

tion for the past, and security for the future, which shall be adequate, and yet obtainable without a great war. Europe will not discover such terms, and had much better remain encamped at Peking, refuse to negotiate with the Empress-Regent, and wait till her internal enemies have manifested their strength. Strong as she is from her fearlessness of consequences, she is not alone in China, and though time may not be on the side of the Allies, it is clearly against her.

A YEAR AGO.

IT is just a year ago since President Kruger and his tyrannically minded oligarchy hurled themselves on the British Empire with such absolute confidence in their ability to drive us out of South Africa. It is worth while to look back and take stock of the events which have happened within this year of storm and stress. To begin with, the nation does feel, and has the right to feel, absolutely clear in regard to the charge of blood-guiltiness. We were told this time last year that it would not be long before the British people realised what they had done, and would repent bitterly for their cruel attack on the God-fearing burghers of the Republic. Well, the year has gone, and instead of there being any uneasy feeling in the nation that we have perhaps done the Boers a wrong, there is an almost universal feeling that the war was a just war, that we did not provoke it, and that the Boers were bent on pursuing a policy at once oppressive to the Outlanders and hostile to the British Empire. Many men who doubted last October and felt certain qualms as to the righteousness of the war are now among the first to declare that the nation has nothing to be ashamed of, and that in putting an end to the corrupt, oppressive, and vindictive polity which centred in Pretoria the Government has done a good work, and one worthy of the traditions of the British Empire. Instead of feeling that our hands are stained with innocent blood, we may feel that our sacrifice of precious lives has not been in vain, for those lives have been given to help our fellow-citizens suffering oppression, and to destroy in South Africa a power which made not for righteousness but for evil, for an illiberal and tyrannous instead of a liberal and free form of government. Whatever future may be in store for South Africa, we may rest content that a bad element has been removed, and that South Africa will be the better for the war.

If the nation may feel content in this respect, it may also feel content in respect of the effects of the war on the Empire. The prophets of evil last year told us two things about the war and the Empire in the most emphatic terms. First, they said that the Colonies would be indignant at seeing the "free communities" of South Africa coerced by Britain, and that the Empire would be shaken to its foundations by the attempt of Lord Salisbury to imitate Lord North and to impose his will on the two Republics. Next, we were told that the burdens imposed on the Colonies by sycophantic Ministries would be bitterly resented, and that the free communities of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, realising the perils of the Empire and the responsibilities involved in the connection with the Mother-country, would haste to cut themselves adrift from obligations so onerous and to leave the overloaded ship. Can it be said that these prophecies have been fulfilled? There have been Little Englanders and Pro-Boers here in plenty, but, as far as we know, their voices have been practically unheard in the Colonies. The preposterous notion that we were oppressing free communities, and that when we had done coercing the Boers we should turn our attention to our own Colonies, was, as far as we can learn, not even discussed among the free nations of the Empire. They understood the quarrel perfectly well, and knew that we were fighting for, and not against, the cause of liberty and self-government. The other allegation—*i.e.*, that the Colonies directly they felt the burden of Empire, and realised that the connection with the Mother-country meant risks and sacrifices on their part, would desire to "cut the painter"—proved, if possible, even more ludicrously untrue. No one, indeed, but a political philosopher could have entertained so foolish an idea. Any one who knew anything of human nature would have known that men, instead of disliking those for whom they are called upon

to make sacrifices, entertain towards them exactly the opposite feeling. There is no stronger cement for a family than the call for mutual self-sacrifice. It is notorious that there is often far less cohesion in the families of the rich than in those of the poor, taking sound families in each case, just because the poor have to make sacrifices which are not asked of the rich. Asking Canada and Australia to give us men to fight in a good cause, or to defend the Motherland from foreign hate and envy, will never break up the Empire. What would be far more likely to do so would be attempts at beneficent patronage. For example, should we ever be foolish enough to try to encourage the Imperial sentiment by giving the Colonies preferential treatment in the home market, we firmly believe that instead of the Empire being strengthened it would be seriously weakened. Give a son or a brother largess, and ask him to stand by you as a *quid pro quo*, and he will soon begin to bargain, and to declare that the largess is not enough, and that you are a skinflint. Rely on the bond of blood, and appeal to him as a son or a brother, and if your cause is good you will not appeal in vain. In reality every danger to the Mother-country is a link of Empire. To imagine that the Colonies would say, like the comic lover in the story, "Ursula, there is danger; I leave," was to make the most colossal blunder ever recorded even in the history of political philosophers. Englishmen either here or overseas do not act like that.

But the year has not merely shown that Britain did not, and will not now begin to, accuse herself of blood-guiltiness, and that the Colonies are not going to leave us at the first sign of danger. The year has also shown that foreign nations, though they may growl and grumble—especially when large portions of their Press are under the influence of men like Dr. Leyds—have no desire to attack us. The Governments, if not the peoples, know that our strength is much greater than it seems, and that a struggle to the death with us would be the most formidable enterprise that any nation could possibly undertake. The Governments know also the value of the talk about England being a pirate State. They realise that the very reverse is the truth, and that commercially we are the least grasping Power in the world. No doubt, and small blame to them from their point of view, France, Germany, and Russia would like to take over the best portions of the British Empire for themselves. But then each of them, if they cannot have those portions for themselves, would infinitely prefer Britain (which never closes the ports to international trade) to any other Power. Our Free-trade principles have, in fact, made all nations regard us with equanimity as caretakers. Germany may dream of some day turning us out of Africa, but till she is ready to do so would rather we were in possession than France or Russia. In the same way, America would look upon the substitution of German for English power in the West Indies, Guiana, and Honduras, and in the Pacific with the utmost alarm. People may growl and grumble about British monopolists, but when they begin to think of the alternatives, they prefer that Britain should carry on a little longer. Thus the war, while it has shown that we may be theoretically the best hated Power on earth, has also shown that it is almost impossible for the Powers to combine against us. Though the purchasable portion of the Continental Press had stirred the peoples to something like a state of madness in regard to English wickedness, and though there was a widespread though erroneous belief that our Army had been proved utterly worthless as a fighting machine, and that we were without guns or munitions of war sufficient to fight a foreign army, not one of the Powers took action to test our alleged helplessness. In spite, that is, of a political atmosphere heated to explosion point and to a series of disasters, the safety of the Empire was never seriously threatened. Of course, we do not think that we ought to trade upon this, or to imagine that we shall necessarily always escape attack as easily; but still the fact remains that the prophecies of foreign complications proved as untrue as those of reaction at home and of Colonial defection. No, the pessimists have not turned out to be in the right; and though we have still much to do to put our house in order at home, we may fairly look back to the past year without shame or regret.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SPEED TO COMMERCE.

IT is with considerable misgiving that we see our country deliberately—or at least without serious protest—falling behind its rivals in one of the most distinctive achievements of modern civilisation. Perhaps there is nothing in which the nineteenth century has made a greater leap ahead than in its addition to the speed of human locomotion. “For four thousand years we know, and probably forty thousand years, man has travelled over land as fast as his own legs, or men’s legs, or horses’ legs, could carry him, but no faster; over sea as fast as sails and oars could carry him. Now he goes by steam over both at least at three times the pace.” With his own unaided muscles the beautiful mechanism of the bicycle has enabled man to travel almost forty miles in the hour; steam has achieved an even greater pace on water, and has more than doubled it on the railway. For a long time it has been our boast to lead the world in this matter of acceleration. The railway, the steamship, and the bicycle were all British inventions. Watt and Stephenson, Fulton and Dalzell, found so many disciples among their own countrymen that the “records” for speed remained with us till a comparatively recent time. We admitted that our railways had been surpassed elsewhere for comfort and punctuality, but we pointed to our swift expresses with a gratified sense that we, after all, were the only people who remembered that the real function of the iron horse was “to devour the way”; it was for others to go in for comfort at the expense of speed. Now we awake to find that our trains have insensibly slipped down to a very low place among the nations in regard to speed. A correspondent of the *Times* on Tuesday pointed out, with not unjustifiable indignation, that America and France have shot far ahead of us. Twenty years ago, he tells us, he found a pleasure in tabulating the relative speeds of fast passenger trains in this and other countries, because our superiority was so astounding. “Since then the superiority and the pleasure have done nothing but dwindle.” Some valuable statistics which were printed in the *Times* two or three months ago by a railway expert show that among the fifty-seven fastest trains of the world in 1899 only eight were British. The two best of these, which stood eleventh and twelfth on the list, only got into the time-tables by a mistake and were speedily withdrawn. The fifteenth was a short down-hill run, and the only ones that could fairly be put in competition with the foreigners stood thirtieth, forty-second, fifty-second, and lower. Considering runs of over a hundred miles, we find that France alone has twelve expresses superior in speed, as well as in comfort, to the Scotch mails of which our ignorance is proud. Even the German lines, whose boast is that they have subordinated speed to safety so that the accident near Heidelberg the other day was almost unprecedented, are outdoing us in speed. Here, surely, is food for some serious thought.

When we consider speed at sea, the case is still worse. Our liners have fallen out of the race across the Atlantic, and the “record” is now contested by the magnificent ships which have lately been added to the fleets of the two great German companies. There is no apparent intention on the part of our shipowners to challenge the supremacy of these German-built boats. This is a more dangerous piece of supineness than that of our railway officials. A man who wants to go from London to Glasgow or Manchester cannot choose a French or American express for his journey: but the German liners call at English ports, and they compete directly with our own vessels for our custom and that of our Transatlantic visitors. It may be said that a difference of a few hours on the Atlantic passage is of so little practical importance that it is not worth the extra outlay in coal and engines which its gain involves. Our own shipowners have actually used this argument, or something like it, as an excuse for dropping out of the race. It involves a certain ignorance of human nature—but of that later. It is true that the last fractions of a knot are gained at an expense out of all proportion to that of moderate speeds, not only in the consumption of coal, but in the fact that it is continually necessary to build new, larger, and better-engined ships in order to keep the superiority in speed. It is also said that the extreme speeds are dangerous,

through the necessity that they place on captains to go ahead unchecked in fog, among icebergs, and on crowded routes. That might be a reason for forbidding any vessel to cross the Atlantic in less than a week, but it can hardly be maintained that 23 knots are perceptibly more dangerous than 22.5. Whatever be the excuse, the fact remains that other countries have beaten us on our own water in this matter of speed. In the Navy the case is the same: we ought to have the fastest cruiser in the world, but we do not think that we yet have one which could catch the Chilean ‘*Esméralda*,’ though it is some consolation that we built her. That our shipbuilders are not to blame for this retrogression is fortunately clear from the fact that they have lately produced a new vessel which may, if all expectations are realised, revolutionise naval architecture. In the ‘*Viper*’ we have the fastest vessel afloat, with a huge interval between her and the next. The new turbine engines, which drive her through the water at forty-three miles an hour, should be applicable to vessels of all sizes, and they may restore the supremacy in speed which we have forfeited for a time. Will it be only that we may see the Germans again take up the running and spurt past us? We sincerely hope not. Lastly, to descend from this high level, we may remind the reader of our unsuccessful attempts to win the America Cup, of the sweep made by foreign and Colonial athletes of the last running championships, of the French predominance in motor-cars, and of the news that an American bicyclist has just beaten all records from two miles up to the hour. In short, we have dropped behind in every kind of race.

Many of our readers, no doubt, will say that this is a very trifling matter to trouble about. They will tell us that the race is not to the swift, and remind us of Ruskin’s view of the matter:—“No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour will make us one whit stronger, happier, or wiser. It does a bullet no good to go fast; and a man, if he be truly a man, no harm to go slow; for his glory is not at all in going, but in being.” That is true enough, but it is not the whole truth. We have lately been reminded by sad experience that the higher the velocity of a bullet the more effectively it does its proper work; and although metaphor is not argument, it is a good answer to another metaphor. So with mankind; a man’s first object is not going, perhaps, but if he has to go, the quickest man will be the most successful. It is not for nothing that one of the oldest forms of salutation is “God speed you.” One of the deepest lessons of modern science is that all manifestations of energy are but modes of motion; the faster the motion, the greater the energy. This is as true in the moral and intellectual as in the physical world. The man of quick thought and rapid decision is the successful man, in war, in statesmanship, or in business. So with the instruments that he uses: the quickest in operation will triumph over the slower. English shipping, for instance, is exposing itself to a graver danger than it knows in allowing another country to take the lead in the speed of its ships. Life is becoming so fast that a saving of an hour or two on the Atlantic passage is bound to draw the custom of the keenest and most successful—therefore the wealthiest—men, whom others follow as sheep the bell-wether. Reputation is the best asset to any trading body which lives by competition, and it is far easier to let it go than to win it back. Nor can one ignore that human tendency to admire “records” to which we have adverted. It is very deeply rooted in our nature, this inclination to admire the most expert in any action, nor are we at all sure that it is either safe or wise to despise it. It is a first-rate counteractive to the other tendency, to rest on our oars and be content with things as they are, which has beset poor humanity since the very beginning of time. To hasten slowly may be a good rule, but the emphasis must be laid on the “hasten.” These things are a parable which England much needs to lay to heart. Our decline in speed, where it shows itself outwardly, is, we fear, only a symptom of the slackness which has seized on too many fibres of our national life. It is as true of the nation as of the individual that, as the Turkish lady said to Boswell, “notre bonheur dépend de la façon que notre sang circule.” When the national blood begins to run slow and thick it is the duty of every citizen to do his utmost to stave off the creeping paralysis which such a

symptom may portend. Let us remember Carlyle's warning about the Anglo-Saxons and their "pot-bellied equanimity," and resolve that we will not fall back into the heavy, sluggardly ways from which, according to the biographer of Frederick, we were saved by the infusion of fiery Norman energy.

THE ELECTIONS AND THE CHURCH.

IT is, of course, difficult to measure the amount of influence which any sectional, and also cross, issue has exercised at a General Election. But so far as can be judged from a general observation of the reports of speeches and results, together with correspondence in, and conclusions drawn by, our very careful and fair-minded contemporary, the *Guardian*, there seems reason to believe that the extreme Protestant movement has incurred the failure it deserved. With the exception of a small knot of supporters of the Church Discipline Bill, returned, as expected, from the Liverpool region, there have been very few, if any, persons elected who have been known as connected with that movement. Mr. Kensit must be presumed to have known where his candidature in the capacity of Ritualist-baiter, ticketed as an "Independent Conservative," would be likely to attract the largest number of Liberal or malcontent Unionist votes, and the result was that at Brighton he polled 4,693, or nearly 2,000 fewer than the lower of the two successful Conservatives. Mr. Nicholson, who, on the other hand, appears to have run as a Protestant and Liberal—to call anybody of his school a Liberal Protestant would, indeed, be a misnomer—in the Ashford division of Kent, only secured 2,343 votes against Mr. Laurence Hardy's 5,898. In the Tonbridge division, again, where Mr. Cory seems to have flown the same joint colours, Mr. Griffith-Boscawen, the Unionist candidate, who is also a member of the "Church party" in the House of Commons, polled 5,579 votes against his opponent's 3,494. In both these cases, it would appear that the Unionist majority was quite equal to, indeed in the Ashford division was considerably in excess of, the preponderance which that party might be expected to enjoy, even in Tory Kent, at such a time as the present,—a fact which certainly can carry very little encouragement to the hearts of the ecclesiastical coercionists. There are, no doubt, some results which are to be set upon the opposite account. As a correspondent of the *Guardian* acknowledges, "at Hastings the Liberal candidate was returned owing to the Conservatives being frightened to propose Mr. Lucas Shadwell (their late Member) because of his Churchmanship, and at Maidstone Mr. Cornwallis, a good Churchman, was defeated by Mr. Barker, who swallowed the Church Association programme whole." This involved new votes and a change in the direction of old ones to the number altogether of about 160 as compared with the by-election in 1898. At Grantham, where Mr. Lopes, the Unionist, lost his seat to an energetic Radical, Mr. Priestley, the turnover in this case being about 200 votes, that result is understood to have been helped by the refusal of the former and the acceptance by the latter candidate of the Church Association programme. Such facts are to be noted, as is the circumstance that at Gloucester the two candidates competed for the favours of that militant organisation,—or were equally ready to accept its behests. But these are not big facts. And neither they, nor if there be some others like them, do they all rolled together avail to counterbalance the inferences to be drawn from the large discomfitures of the extreme Protestants to which we have already referred, and to which is to be added the fact, vouched for by the *Guardian's* correspondent, that "a large number of the candidates claimed by the Church Association as 'more or less committed to the Protestant ticket' have failed to secure election, while many Members of views diametrically opposed to those of the Association have been returned by triumphant majorities." Further, and as impressive as any features of the elections in regard to the question which we are considering, are the large augmentation—of more than 700—in the majority attained by Lord Hugh Cecil, who was strenuously attacked at Greenwich as having been a conspicuous opponent of the kind of legislation desired by the Church

Association, and the actual trebling of Mr. Balfour's majority in East Manchester after his firm, though conciliatory, refusal to pledge himself to support any such legislation.

Readers of the *Spectator* will hardly need to be assured that while recording the above facts with cordial satisfaction, we are as far as Mr. Balfour from being any supporters of the extreme ritual which the militant Protestants are so anxious to have repressed by some brand-new judicial machinery. Our reasons for being glad that the Church Association can point to so very little in the way of an acceptance by public opinion of its propaganda are mainly two. First, that the aims of that propaganda are entirely one-sided. Secondly, that its proposed method of action is essentially at variance with the organisation of the Church as it has existed from the earliest times. We say that the aims of the extreme Protestant propaganda are one-sided because those who conduct it altogether ignore the various ritual irregularities and omissions to be noticed among clergy belonging to what is called the Low Church party. Such, for example, to mention only a few of those which excite strong feelings among members of the opposite school, are the saying of the words of administration to groups, or even "railfuls," instead of to each individual communicant, the neglect to recite the Athanasian Creed on the days on which its recitation is expressly prescribed by the Prayer-book, and the neglect to say daily prayer in church. We are not unaware of the considerations, of varying degrees of cogency, which may be adduced in support of these failures to fulfil the plain intention of the compilers of the Book of Common Prayer. With some of them we may, with some of them we may not, be in sympathy. That is not the point. We should certainly deprecate in the strongest manner, in regard to all of them, any attempt by coercive procedure to secure the universal conformity of the clergy. But how can we, and how can any fair-minded persons, while disapproving, as we are sure the Church Association would vigorously disapprove, any attempt to "level up" on such points as those just specified, get up, or join in, a cry for compulsory "levelling down" in other respects? If it were conceivable that so one-sided and unfair a demand should succeed, it is absolutely certain that the national Church, as all of us now living have ever known it, would be rent in twain, in all probability never to be reunited.

Before we leave the subject before us we may note that the method proposed by the extreme Protestants of putting aside the Bishops, and overriding their discretion by the action of a lay Judge, is totally at variance with the episcopal constitution of the Church; and, apart altogether from the particular practices which it might be used to put down, would inevitably result in wrecking the noble institution which it was intended to reform. Better far, therefore, to go on as we are than attempt to escape from existing disorders on the lines recommended by the Church Association, but, happily, without exciting any sympathetic response from the electorate. But there is a line on which not uniformity, which is in no sense desirable, but a better condition of order and discipline than that now prevailing, may be brought about. That hope lies in the direction which Mr. Balfour has more than once indicated, and in favour of which, judging from the last Church Congress and many other indications, there is a steadily growing body of reasoned opinion in the Church generally. We refer to the creation of a reformed and truly representative Church Legislature, acting autonomously, but subject, in the last resort, to the authority of Parliament. To progress in that direction we trust that it will be found that the elections of 1900 have served to give a powerful stimulus.

THE GREAT COUNTRY-HOUSES.

LAST week one of the finest houses in England, and one which holds a unique place in the sentiment of the population of the Midlands, narrowly escaped destruction by fire. Welbeck Abbey divides with Warwick Castle and Chatsworth the admiration naturally felt for a splendid house, full of treasures of art, and set in the finest of gardens and parks, by a population shut up, for the most part, in large manufacturing towns. In the words of one of the local

histories, Welbeck "is not a show place, but only a private palace." That means that its owner has not deserted it in favour of the public. But the facilities given by the Duke of Portland for seeing his palace, though he does live there, are so large and so liberal that had it been destroyed the Nottinghamshire people would have been ready to rebuild it for him.

Gibbon, after visiting Paris and Versailles, concluded that the "splendour of the French nobles was confined to their town residences." "That of the English," he remarks, "is more usefully distributed in their country seats; and we should be astonished at our own riches, if the labours of architecture, and the spoils of Italy and Greece, which are now scattered from Inverary to Wilton, were accumulated in a few streets between Marylebone and Westminster."

If one in four of these great houses stood on the area which Gibbon suggests, London would not only be a city of palaces, but of palaces not less magnificent and more richly stored with the triumphs of the brush and the chisel than those of the towns of modern Italy. If all the paintings in Paris and Florence were destroyed there would still be enough in the English country houses to present a full and brilliant sequence of the triumphs of Continental art. The best work of the English school, the ever increasing money value of which is a rough test of its worth, is found nowhere else. Nine-tenths of the paintings of Gainsborough, Romney, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Crome and Turner, are on their walls. A mere sample of their store of English paintings shown at Paris this year astonished Continental visitors, whose acquaintance with this class of paintings is limited at most to a few rooms in the National Gallery. But one collection in a town, such as that at Hertford House, makes more stir than five hundred scattered in as many park-set country houses, just as abroad the collections in one or two Dutch private houses at the Hague or Amsterdam are better known than the contents of the Escorial among its granite hills.

What is often least appreciated about the great country homes is the quality of the houses themselves. Their significance as storehouses of art has been acknowledged, if not fully realised. But they have never had due honour as works of the architect and builder. Whatever the changes in taste and style, the builders have never fallen short of the highest standard of material and work. It is no injustice to the construction of the Elizabethan era to say that there has been a steady improvement in this respect in the structural excellence of the country palaces of the first and second magnitude since the days when the owners of Hatfield and Audley End looked through the plans submitted to them. The frank adoption of the Palladian style, which took the place of the Tudor Renaissance, demanded and was given a solidity and massiveness which the early buildings did not need. The jokes made at Vanbrugh's expense were, perhaps, justified by the ponderous look of his work. But there are some three hundred Italian palaces, stone without and stone and marble within, which would stand, even if roofless, for a thousand years as evidence of the thoroughness of the work put into them.

Buildings like Houghton, or Stowe, or Woburn, or Wentworth-Wodehouse are like vast stone quarries. Cost has never been considered. The parapets, colonnades, roof, pillars, and pediments were cut and joined to last for all time. There is something rather admirable in the qualities of mind which would permit nothing unsound, no scamping of work or shirking of cost, in any one part or detail of their habitation. Disraeli's joke about the Duke who was always afraid of "underbuilding his position" has another side to its meaning. There is, and always has been, among the leading English owners a very strong sense that the house is a reflection of the man. Taste might differ in design. But there were no two ways of looking at the execution. That, they always insisted, should be as good as it could be. Many of these houses give the impression that they could never under any circumstances need repairs. Take, for instance, Holkham, the Earl of Leicester's palace in North Norfolk, or smaller but equally solidly built country houses such as Peper Harow, Lord Middleton's house near Godalming, a model of solid and enduring work in yellow brick, stone, and Durham slate. At Holkham appearances would seem to have been sacrificed,

so far as colour goes, to the desire to use only the hardest brick obtainable, which in that case was a dull drab. Red brick, of which Inigo Jones built Raynham at no great distance, for the Townshends, was not equally durable. The greatest care and expense were devoted in every case to procure the best possible building material. Osborne, the largest modern house of brick, was built from white bricks specially made on the Beaulieu River. Some of the most costly of modern country houses are being constructed of the same material, made in a small size in Holland. Powerscourt, the most beautiful of Irish country homes, is a granite palace, as solid as the mountain behind it, yet light and pleasing from its just proportions. The stone for Wollaton was purchased by the sale of the coal, of which the Willoughby of the day was the fortunate owner. This very stately house will probably last as long as any house has yet endured in England; but the Italian palaces of later reigns, from mere mass of stone and solid piers and vaults, will remain as the villa of Mæcenas has for nearly two thousand years. Fire is the only thing which destroys them and their irreplaceable art treasures. But they generally rise anew, even more splendid than of old. Seaton Delaval, and Gunton in Norfolk, and one Yorkshire house, of which the gardens were maintained for many years in great perfection after the house had been destroyed, are the only instances which occur to the present writer in which the ruin has not been repaired. All through this reign stars of the first, second, and third magnitude have constantly been added to the country-house firmament. Those built early in the "forties" and "fifties" were more remarkable for size and a weak and unintelligent endeavour to reproduce "Gothic" architecture, of which the designers understood neither the principles nor its place in domestic architecture. It is not yet abandoned, perhaps because Pugin and others mastered its meaning and use, and made it live again. But though Eaton Hall, a house of the first magnitude, represents the vitality of this style, the greater number of the more modern English palaces are either purely Renaissance, or very much influenced by Italian feeling. Here and there we find a huge French chateau like Waddesdon, or a Plantagenet fortress reproduced like Lord Penrhyn's castle of Bangor, or a mixture of ecclesiastical styles like the spires and cloisters of Ashridge, built from the profits of the Bridgwater Canal. But in the vast majority of cases the very wealthy English, whether landed proprietors or magnates of commerce or trade, have been firm and faithful to the lessons brought from beyond the Alps. It is the more remarkable, because they are not, as a class, likely to be free from a prejudice for a "native" style, and that would appeal to them most naturally as something in the nature of the castellated or collegiate Gothic, or the thoroughly English style of the square red Georgian brick mansions. But though there are a number of such instances—one modern castle built in Herefordshire cost £250,000 not fifty years ago—the sunny and intellectual charm of the Renaissance work has always won the greater number of adherents, not only in days when great intellects like Inigo Jones or Wren were available, to design a Wilton or a Hampton Court, but when there were no such outstanding geniuses to look to. Our country gentlemen looked, in truth, not to the men, but to the style, or to what had been done elsewhere, and trusted to the style and its models to keep the men up to the mark. The result is that the country is covered with these Italian or Italianising palaces, nearly all good and imposing, and full of true proportion, and often most beautiful. Between the elegance of Lord Ebury's white palace at Moor Park, and the grey free-stone porticoes of Brodsworth, the Thellussons' Yorkshire house, or the colonnades of Blenheim or Castle Howard, or the towers of Mentmore, there is an infinite variety. But though all do not rise to the first rank of design, very few fall below what in an international competition would be considered a very sufficient standard of merit. Size, one of the postulates of architectural success, they all have, and the structural excellence, as we have said before, is beyond cavil.

The maxim that houses were built to live in, not to look at, suggests falsely that a building which is imposing without is uncomfortable within. There could be no greater error, judged by the English country palaces. The interiors are beautiful, habitable, and, unlike the palaces of any other

country, are furnished. Kings like Henry VIII. and Queens like Elizabeth were not above being proud of their furniture, their tapestry, and even their beds, and had all these things duly entered in their records. There is as much possible art in Persian carpets and hangings as in glass or mosaics; but though these things do make a great difference to the interiors of houses, and a high standard is valuable evidence of the national taste, it is not greatly more in evidence in the palaces of England than in the general average of smaller houses. But the size of the rooms and the general scale of the interior do preserve one branch of domestic architecture which would otherwise disappear. The permanent decoration of the rooms and galleries is different from that used in a "house." It is far more brilliant in colour. Pure colours, sobered by gold, can be used, and are used, with most admirable effect. So can sculpture and reliefs. It is only in these houses that the more magnificent style of decoration is found. When combined, as it often is, with the effect of the canvases of the finest colourists, covering wall after wall, and hanging in gallery after gallery, it gives a union of the arts of architecture and painting, with statuary added also in its right surroundings, which nothing else in this country does give. The social and economic benefits of the maintenance of the great country houses are not within the scope of this article. But the effect on art by suggestion caused by their mere maintenance is continuous and certain.

THE ATTACK ON THE LAKE DISTRICT.

THE new Parliament will be called upon to pass many measures, good, bad, and indifferent. But there is one measure which we trust it will have the grace and the courage to reject, and that is the threatened Bill for leave to construct an electric railway through the very heart of the Lake District. There was an attempt some years ago to make a steam railway through the same part, the whistling of whose engines would have rudely broken the peace that broods over Wordsworth's grave; but it was happily defeated. We trust that the present attempt to invade the Lakes with something not needed and out of touch with the *genius loci* may equally fail, and that the Lakes may be spared to us yet awhile without the intrusion of noise and vulgarity.

Of course those who like to see people swarming everywhere will say what they have so many times said, that we are selfish, that we are for exclusion. Now, in the first place, we assert that, as a whole, the Lake District is at present quite accessible to everybody. Whether we enter it from Windermere, Conistone, Pooley Bridge, Cockermouth, Eskdale, it is absurd to say that people cannot easily enter it if they desire to do so. In regard to the particular part in question, the Ambleside-Grasmere region, there is not only easy access, but as good a road as one needs, either for walking, driving, "motoring," or any other means of locomotion, and there are public conveyances which cater for the sparest purse. The growth of Ambleside affords sufficient evidence that people have no difficulty whatever in getting there. Besides, it is part of the pleasure of a tour to return to Nature, to tramp about, to wander now and then from the beaten track, and to forget for the time that there are any such things as big towns, crowded streets, and electric railways. Why go away to see the very things you are perforce compelled to gaze on every day? The main object of a holiday is to break up the routine of daily existence.

But we have deeper ground on which to oppose the invasion of Lakeland, ground which, so far from being selfish, is in the interest of every man, woman, and child in this country. Those who are sincerely drawn to the Lakes by scenery and hallowed associations will, in nine cases out of ten, contrive to go there. Need we make it particularly easy for crowds of people who would be just as happy elsewhere, who have never heard of Wordsworth or De Quincey, and who could not tell the little celandine from the daffodil? We may deeply regret that there should be such people, but their name is legion, and many of them would visit the Lake District merely to spoil it. We do not propose to keep them out, much as we may be annoyed by their raucous shouting and their talent for injuring everything they touch; for, as we have already said, the region is open and accessible to everybody. But,

while keeping the gates open, we do not see why special facilities should be given to the tripper to career up and down the avenues of this lovely national park. For that is what the Lake District is. We cannot of course mention it alongside of Switzerland, Norway, or the Tyrol; but such as it is, it means the best thing we have in England, and its literary associations endear it to the best minds beyond the power of mere scenery itself. Now, we do not permit electric cars to rush through, let us say, Richmond Park; and yet, charming as that park is, it is a far less valuable national asset than Lakeland. ...

The fact is that indiscriminate crowding of a lovely and historic scenic spot defeats the very object we have in view in going there. We go for quiet, for pure air, for mountain solitude, for living contact with the spirit of Nature. If multitudes are to race up and down such a spot, if every rock is to support a camera and every greensward a picnic, if the clanging bell of the electric car is to break on the ear every few minutes, if we are never to be able to get away from chatter and shouting, pray what is the value of retiring to these grand scenes of purple mountain, and lonely glen, and rushing torrent? Their value to mankind as direct spiritual agencies is gone. It is from such a heavy loss that we wish to save English people, especially the poorer sort. Rich people could, even if the whole of England were covered with bricks and mortar, get away to unspoiled foreign lands. They could go to the Sierras of Spain, or the Alban Hills, or the Carpathians, or the Caucasus, or the Andes. But, in spite of cheap travel, the mass even of the middle classes, much more of the working classes, of England cannot go to these spots. They must remain at home, and the people who, under a spurious pretext of generosity, foul their home nest for them are really among their worst enemies. We wish to preserve the Lake District; we are not thinking merely of the supposed interests of to-day, but of the true interests of to-morrow and of generations to come. We hold that we are the trustees of English ground for English people, and that we are bound to preserve its especial and unique beauties from the hand of the spoiler. And not of English people only. Our friends in America repair to the Lakes with hearts full of deep feeling for Wordsworth and Coleridge; do they want, when there, to be bothered with all the noisy accessories of civilisation as they have them all day long in New York and Chicago? The very calm of Lakeland strikes a solemn peace into their hearts.

Now when it is remembered that for this invasion of the Lakes by lines of electric cars there is absolutely no demand in Lakeland itself, and that the design is simply prompted by motives of a monetary character, we think all lovers of Nature must not only reject such a scheme, but reject it with disgust. Not only have we no objection whatever to the development of electric transit, we welcome it, and only wonder why it is so belated in England as compared with most other civilised countries. We should not only be glad to see the centres and suburbs of cities, wherever practicable, supplied by electric railways, but we should be glad to see electric light railways running from important junctions to small places now quite isolated from the world, as is the case, e.g., all over New England, where the country farmer is in direct and swift and pleasant communication with the great centres. But it is one thing to enable the farmer and his produce to get easily to market, and quite another to break the peace of delicious mountain scenery for the sake of dividends.

We cannot actually fence in the Lake District by a kind of Chinese Wall, we cannot even do it by Act of Parliament, though we entertain a hopeful vision of a coming National Trust which may possibly do for the Lakes (and do better) what the American Government has done for the wonderful scenery of the Yellowstone. But, by everlasting vigilance, we can make a kind of invisible fence around Lakeland. We can expose and oppose all schemes to deface that region and can help to maintain a high public conscience on the subject. This the *Spectator* at any rate will always attempt to do. For, apart from Italy and the Lake of Geneva, there is perhaps no spot on earth where natural beauty and lofty human genius have combined to produce so sacred a shrine. As well deface our venerable cathedrals as aid, directly or indirectly, in the defilement of these haunts of sacred genius and inspiring beauty.

GULLS, GANNETS, AND SHAGS.

"THE gull is the fisherman's friend: he is the best of huers," is an aphorism of the Cornish fisherfolk. Now a "huer" is a person stationed on some commanding eminence, overlooking the fishing ground, to raise the hue and cry on the approach of shoals of pilchards. He is selected because of his keenness of sight, decision of character, shrewd judgment, and knowledge of the ways of fishes. A gull, therefore, is placed by the fisherman, both for wisdom and utility, on a level with the most trusty member of his own craft. Not only gulls but also gannets, shags (or cormorants), and other sea-birds follow shoals of herrings and pilchards, and so give warning of their presence. No spectacle is more pleasant to the eyes of a Cornish fisherman than that of a dark patch of water over which the gulls are hovering, and into which the great gannets are diving from the height of a hundred feet with the velocity of a thunderbolt. He knows that that "colour" betokens millions of pilchards, the capture of which will ensure bread-and-butter for all the succeeding winter. When a large shoal has been enclosed, it is the custom to anchor the seine and to take out of it every day as many pilchards as can be conveniently salted. The birds, like the human beings, take out of the net daily as many as they require, and when it has been emptied by the repeated drain, are the first to become aware of the fact and depart. "No wings, no fins: no feathers above, no scales beneath," is the maxim of the fisherman.

It is pleasant to know that the gull is as much indebted to the fisherman as the fisherman is to the gull. Wherever fish are cut up for bait there is always a supply of heads, tails, bones, and entrails, and these the gulls immediately pounce upon and fight over; and, with an eye to these relics, they patiently follow fishing-boats for miles. A fisherman who leaves his boat with fish on board unprotected and uncovered is neither surprised nor angry to find that the gulls have come to the conclusion that it was intended for them. Occasionally the practice of taking what they want without asking leads to unpleasant results. The other day the Land's End fishermen moored a big boat off the Cove which had been used to carry pilchards from the seine to the shore. Pilchards were abundant, and therefore many were left behind in the corners of the boat. These the gulls scrambled for and wrangled over; and, when their meal was ended, peacefully departed. At least, so thought the fishermen; but what was their astonishment on reaching the scene of the banquet to find half a score of the guests in the bottom of the boat, flapping their wings in helpless distress. They had eaten so much that they could not fly!

The morals of gulls are often as unsatisfactory as their manners; and they not only quarrel over the food they find, but also steal without shame, both from friends and strangers. A thrifty dog, for instance, which lays in a store of savoury bones as a provision for the future, soon finds that it is easier to store bones than to keep them. Gulls have no old-fashioned respect for the rights of property, and, therefore, lay their heads together, and concoct a plan by which the bones may be "conveyed" from the dog to themselves. A dozen thieves pitch upon adjacent rocks and pretend to go to sleep, while one of their number seizes a bone, in the face of day and in defiance of the owner's rights. Naturally, the dog resents this robbery, and pursues the receding gull with fierce barks to the very edge of the cliff, and then returns in triumph with the bone in his mouth. Alas for his feelings! He finds when he gets back that all the other bones have departed in company with the sleeping gulls. A fisherman threw the backbone of a sand-eel from a wharf at Sennen Cove not long ago, and a poor old hen immediately left off scratching the sand, and seized the meagre but savoury morsel. It was hers, and she had a right to pick her bone in peace. But a greedy gull, whose sharp eyes had seen the old lady eagerly pounce upon her prize, thinking otherwise, first bounced down behind her so as to make her flesh creep, and then, while her timid glance seemed to say, "Please, Mr. Gull, don't take my little bone," the shameless thief gave a yell of derision and carried it off. Jackdaws love potatoes; and, having no great reverence for the Eighth Commandment, take them when they have the opportunity. Gulls seeing the black robbers with the stolen property in their beaks, wax very indignant, use language

unfit for publication, deprive them of their ill-gotten gains, and then fight among themselves for the largest potatoes. Gannets, like gulls, occasionally fall victims to their appetites. Last winter a score of these noble white birds espied a shoal of sand-eels near the shore of Whitesand Bay, between Cape Cornwall and the Land's End, and began, as usual, to dive after them; soaring up to a great height, then wheeling head downwards so that the wind might strike the under side of their wings and give the needed velocity, and finally closing the wings before the tremendous plunge. There was a heavy ground sea breaking on the shore, which the gannets in their eagerness to feed on the sand-eels failed to take into account. Pursuing the fishes right into the surf, they boldly dived, and as they rose to the surface with their prey in their mouths, were struck and almost stunned by a big wave. Before they could recover their breath another and yet another wave thundered upon them, and at last they were stranded and at the mercy of the young fishermen who were attracted to the spot by the novel spectacle.

Gulls have shorter wings than gannets, but they are not less adept in the use of them. Both the beautiful black-winged species and the common gulls are excellent flyers, as every one must confess who has witnessed their movements in a gale of wind. With their wings bending before the violence of the gale, but without the slightest actual beat, they sail swiftly to windward, then sweep around in a grand curve and up again, on apparently tireless pinions, in the teeth of the blast, until one is compelled to believe that the storm is merely their plaything. Shags, in comparison to gannets and gulls, are ineffective and clumsy on the wing. Their flight is short, and usually not far above the surface of the water, and the way in which they stretch out their long necks in front gives them an ungainly appearance. When in the sea they have some difficulty in getting out again, and only after skimming along the surface for several yards, to the tune of resounding smacks with their wings, are they able to rise into the air. Boys sometimes take advantage of this initial difficulty to torment the bird, by placing it with its short legs on a level piece of ground, and interposing their own mischievous bodies between it and the sea. Shags, however, if unmolested, take care not to subject themselves to this indignity, always alighting on abrupt rocks from which they can easily and gracefully jump off again. Shags dive after the fishes which form their food, but only from the surface of the water. When they dive, however, they remain below a minute or more, coming to the top only to get fresh air, or for convenience of swallowing. Fishes are not constructed entirely with a view to the comfort of the shags, and, therefore, the birds have considerable trouble in inducing such creatures as soles and eels to pass down their throats. The soles retain their flatness as long as they are able, but at last succumb to vigorous shaking and biting, and are curled up and swallowed; the eels embrace the necks of their captors with much more fervour than affection, but in time have all the curl taken out of them, and are persuaded to pass inside. As shags swallow their victuals whole, and have no foot-rule to measure the fishes they seize, it sometimes happens that the meal is too large to be stowed away, and a long and grotesque course of twisting, stretching, and flapping has to be resorted to before comfort is attained.

Although gulls, gannets, and shags are necessarily thrown together when in quest of food, yet in their resting-places they associate for the most part with their own kind, selecting separate rocks for that preening of their feathers so characteristic of birds, and especially of sea-birds. One detail of the toilet is odd. The shags dispense with bathing towels by, so to speak, hanging themselves out to dry. That is to say, they stand with their wings outstretched, waiting for the wind to remove the moisture from their dripping feathers. This spread-eagle attitude is often maintained for a quarter of an hour at a time. Even at meal-times the birds usually stand aloof from each other. This, of course, arises to a large extent from their different methods of procuring food, the gull flying well but diving little, the gannet plunging from great heights into the water, and the shag pursuing its prey under the surface. But when seeking the same fish shags keep at a respectful distance from their powerful relations. Eight white-winged gannets and one brown with

white spots (a young bird) were performing a series of diving evolutions upon a shoal of sand-eels in the bay, to the admiration of those who saw them for the first or the hundredth time. Half a score of shags, however, obviously did not appreciate the display, for it deprived them of their dinner. Gathering together well away from the margin of the shoal, they waited with impatience and ill-concealed indignation for the gannets to finish, but they did not venture to invite themselves to the feast. Clearly they were restrained by fear rather than by politeness. It would be a heavy price to pay for a sand-eel to be impaled on the beak of a gannet falling through the air and splashing through the water like a Whitehead torpedo. So the shags waited until the gentry had dined.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—All Englishmen are proud of our Volunteers, and none more than Regulars are willing to pay tribute to their gallant bearing under fire and discipline in camp during the present war. May I, however, venture to suggest that letters such as that headed "The Achievement of the City Imperial Volunteers," which appeared in your issue of July 28th, neither tend to promote good feeling between the branches of the Service, nor can be pleasing to those members of the corps whose skill and courage are lauded to the skies who possess the true soldierly spirit? "E. D. S." tells us that the C.I.V. performed with twelve casualties exactly the same feat which cost a regiment of Regulars eighty-four. This Regular regiment is, therefore, criticised as to its methods of doing its work. And it is hinted that it should take a lesson from the C.I.V. as to how the infantry attack should be conducted. Now I would point out that no authority on earth can give us satisfactory proof that the same numbers of bullets and shells were directed during the day at the C.I.V. as at the Regulars, and that no two men who have been in action at the same place and time agree exactly in their impressions of what happened. Also that the fact that the kilt is worn by this regiment (Gordons), while making the men more conspicuous and probably adding largely to their casualties, cannot be charged against their methods of doing their work. Surely no good was ever attained by such crude and sketchy criticism of the methods of a body of men who are prevented by the etiquette of their profession from directly defending themselves, and certainly will not trouble to do so indirectly. My letter will necessarily reach you late.—I am, Sir, &c.,

IMPARTIAL.

Machadodorp, S.A.R.

SOME MILITARY LESSONS OF THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have read with the greatest possible interest Dr. Conan Doyle's article in the *Cornhill* for October under the above heading. His paper seems so admirable in every way that I would suggest it should be reprinted in pamphlet form, and spread broadcast not only through England, but also through the Colonies. Is not this a fit work for an Army League?—I am, Sir, &c.,

ANGLO-TASMANIAN.

BAXTER'S HYMN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The verse of pious Richard Baxter's beautiful hymn, which your correspondents quote differently (*Spectator*, September 29th and October 6th), is, in fact, especially as regards its second half, simply Protean in the forms which it is made to assume in modern hymn-books. Thus, the Presbyterian Hymn-book, 1897, gives the two last lines of the verse as follows:—

"If [life be] short, yet why should I be sad
To welcome endless day?"

Instead of the last line the Congregationalist Hymn-book, 1886, has—

"To soar to endless day?"

On the other hand, Ancient and Modern and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge give us:—

"If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day."

This last version is, there can be no doubt, truer to the author's intention as regards the sense of the word "day,"—i.e., the present life; but all versions alike that I have seen widely depart from the original in the last line. Richard Baxter, whose "Poetical Fragments," original edition, dated "London, At the Door of Eternity, August 7, 1681," is now before me, wrote:—

"If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short; yet why should I be sad
That shall have the same pay?"

The allusion is evidently to St. Matthew xx. 10-14 (the parable of the labourers). The hymn as usually printed is an extract from a poem of eight stanzas of eight lines each, which has the note appended: "This Covenant my Dear Wife in her former Sickness subscribed with a cheerful will." The theme "long life *versus* short" is pursued as follows:—

"Long life is a long grief and toil
And multiplieth faults:
In long wars he may have the foil
That scapes in short assaults."

—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. A. C.

THE SEA IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It would be interesting to know for what reasons Mr. Bullen, in his article upon the above subject in the *Spectator* of October 6th, makes the astonishing assumption that the description of St. Paul's shipwreck given in Acts xxvii. was written by the Apostle himself. The chapter is one of the "We-sections" of the book,—so called from their being written in the first person plural. These sections were allowed even by critics of the Tübingen school to be the work of one of the companions of St. Paul; and modern scholars are generally agreed in ascribing them to that companion whose name was Luke. To claim them as St. Paul's has not, as far as I am aware, entered the head of the most "advanced" critic. Surely, Sir, we may well ask why the credit of writing this graphic and minutely accurate account of a sea-storm and shipwreck should be suddenly transferred from St. Luke to St. Paul. In the course of his article Mr. Bullen further says: "Weary with a terrible journey, faint with many privations, he [St. Paul] was hurried on board a ship of Adramyttium to the coast of Asia." What journey and what privations can Mr. Bullen be referring to? Hitherto it has always been thought that St. Paul had spent the previous two years at Cæsarea (Acts xxiv. 27), and that from the sea-port of Cæsarea he embarked on the ship in question. Has Mr. Bullen a new theory about the chronology of St. Paul's life, as well as about the extent of his literary labours? Without wishing to be hypercritical, I may perhaps point out that Mr. Bullen speaks of the ships of St. Paul's day as having "a rudder." Your readers may not all know that the ships of antiquity were steered by two paddle rudders—Acts xxvii. 40 carefully uses the plural—one rudder on each quarter. This fact is clearly proved by engravings of ships on ancient coins. The hinged rudder which we know so well did not apparently come into use until about the thirteenth century.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. G. CRUFT, M.A.

Mansfield, Notts.

POETRY.

INFINITE CANON AT TOLEDO.

I would this solemn singing	No errant sunbeam reaches
Might never cease again,	My carven walnut stall,
This melody swinging ringing	Only the scent of peaches
Might never reach Amen;	Ripe on the cloister wall;
So wrapt in contemplation	Only the voice of Tagus
With hearts that never tire,	Deep in his bed below,
We still might keep our station	Gigantic arch-choragus,
In this immortal choir.	Holds pedal-point in Do.
Outside, the breathless burning	Quem gladius pertransivit,
Of late September's heat,	The salcials complain;
The sun that stands at turning,	Redemptor meus vivit,
Blinds all the whitewashed	The tuba cries amain;
street:	But under all the singing,
But these deep-shadowed arches	And over, still I hear,
No noonday glare assaults,	That melody swinging ringing
No fierce Solano parches	Subdued divinely clear.
The coolness of these vaults.	

Exunge Deus aures,
O Lord our ears anoint,
That we may know Thy glories;
And still this counterpoint,
Handel, Mozart, Beethoven,
Born in what master brain,
Joined, cloven, interwoven,
Repeats the great refrain.

Ad Resurrectionem,
Lord shield us with Thy
strength;
Per augmentationem,
The theme in double length;
Transcending, strict, unbending,
It reigns supreme alone,
This melody never ending,
Full canon four in one.

J. MEADE FALKNER.

MUSIC.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

MUSIC and politics consort so ill together that the one-sided nature of the contest in Birmingham proved an unmitigated blessing from the point of view of the festival-goer. The date of the great triennial musical gathering had been irrevocably fixed long before a Dissolution was dreamed of, and there was no possibility of postponing the meeting when it became clear that it would clash with the General Election. Had there been a stand-up fight in all the seven divisions, instead of a contest with a foregone conclusion in only one, music would have inevitably gone to the wall. As it was, the distracting influences of electioneering were reduced to a minimum, the Lord Mayor (who happens to be one of the most efficient and hard-working members of the committee) attended nearly every performance from beginning to end, while the attendance and financial returns of the meeting left nothing to be desired.

Fortunate in these regards, the Festival of October, 1900, though marked by many fine achievements, was not exempt from several disconcerting *contretemps*. Indeed, the experiences of the week point not only to some reconstruction of the Birmingham *personnel*, but to the modification of festival schemes generally. But if the choir entirely failed to justify the eulogy passed upon them many years ago by M. Saint-Saëns, due allowance must be made for the drawbacks under which they laboured. Their choirmaster died during the course of the rehearsals, and though the veteran Mr. Stockley—so often associated with their earlier triumphs—came to the rescue, efficiency was impaired by this breach of continuity. Furthermore, the novelties proved much longer than was originally expected. The amount to be learned was larger in quantity as well as more difficult in quality than on previous occasions, while, to crown all, it was found impossible to give the choir a rest on the day preceding the Festival. As a matter of fact, they had six hours' rehearsal on the Monday, and were thoroughly stale when they began their labours. But when all these reserves have been made, the strength of the case for reconstructing the choir is unimpaired, especially as the faulty intonation which marred so many of the performances was audibly attributable to the shortcomings of individual singers. The tenors, always a strong section of the Birmingham choir in regard to quality, will have to be ruthlessly weeded in the interests of tunefulness, and at all hazards the choir must be given a holiday on the Monday. It is also necessary that the mastery of the standard works should be perfected at such an early stage of the preparation that the rehearsals for the last few months should be entirely devoted to the new or unfamiliar compositions selected for performance. Lastly, it seems desirable for many reasons that the number of choral works should be considerably reduced. This is not only in keeping with the spirit of the times, but it would afford scope for greater variety in the framing of the programmes, and for a fuller utilisation of the peculiar gifts of a great orchestral conductor like Dr. Richter.

Of the novelties or quasi-novelties performed last week, Mr. Elgar's setting in cantata form of *The Dream of Gerontius* claims prior attention in virtue not only of its dimensions—it is said on good authority to be the most elaborate score ever written by a British composer—but of its impressive, picturesque, and reverent handling of a theme which musicians have hitherto regarded as intractable. The elaborateness of the structure would not call for comment in an age when every student has mastered the trick of sonorous orchestration were it not that Mr. Elgar is entirely self-taught and has

never had a lesson in orchestration in his life. Yet here is no sign of the crudity of the amateur, the perfunctory workmanship of the dilettante, nor, on the other hand, is there any conscious parade of technical mastery. If the strings are divided into fifteen or twenty parts, the result justifies the means employed; the texture of the harmony, no matter how intricate, is never incoherent; the colouring is rich without being blurred; and last of all, the inevitable influence of Wagner is stimulating rather than overwhelming. One of the distinguished German critics present pronounced the work to be "altogether modern," and the justice of the phrase, which was used in no disparaging sense but quite the reverse, is not to be gainsaid. The score, while noticeable for a remarkable command of technical resource, gives no indication that the composer has acted on Verdi's maxim, *torniamo all' antico*. In the longest solo in the work, Gerontius's last confession of faith, the author of the analytical notes correctly remarks that "there is nothing in this movement suggestive of 'sacred' music, as the term is generally understood. Neither Gregorian nor Anglican ritual music is laid under contribution; nor are the styles of the recognised masters of sacred music hinted at." Mr. Elgar's music is essentially romantic, but it is at the same time thoroughly devotional and sincere; it has a note of fervour and poignancy for which one looks in vain in the luscious meanderings of modern French oratorios,—strains which have been happily described as Renan set to music. As a matter of musical characterisation it may be objected that the music allotted to the angel in the second part is not passionless enough: the duet between the soul of Gerontius and its celestial companion lacks serenity and is too deeply suffused with *Sehnsucht*. On the other hand, the ethereal environment is most poetically suggested in the orchestra, the celestial harmonies are admirably unconventional, and there is a malign appropriateness in the phrases coined to express the mockery of the evil spirits.—We may be pardoned for recalling in parenthesis the wonderful misprint perpetrated by a local paper, which spoke of the choruses of "demons and Anglicans"—i.e., angelicals—a collocation worthy of Mr. Kensit himself.—To sum up, Mr. Elgar's work, in spite of the imperfections of the performance, created a deep impression by its beauty, its earnestness, and its distinction. In two essentials it marks a great advance on his previous compositions,—in the greater consideration he shows for the human voice, and the more intimate congruity between the musical phrase and the spirit of the text. The balance of interest between the vocal and instrumental writing is not yet perfect: there is perhaps nothing so fine in the work as the orchestral introduction; but we do not hesitate to say that Mr. Elgar has enriched the repertory of devotional music by a composition which will materially enhance the prestige of British art, and we are delighted to learn that negotiations are already on foot with a view to its inclusion in the programme of one of the leading German festivals. If its reception last week lacked somewhat in the demonstrative enthusiasm associated with a popular success, it must be borne in mind that a work of such complexity and significance cannot be fully appreciated by the average festival-goer on a first hearing, that the faulty intonation of the choir marred many of its most elaborate effects, and that the very nature of the subject debarred many of those who were most deeply moved from indulging in noisy expressions of approval. The popular triumph achieved by Mr. Coleridge Taylor's *Hiawatha* was the natural result of a fine performance of a singularly fresh and spontaneous work. We cannot share the view of those who hold this score unworthy of the dignity of Festival performance. The art with which the composer has disguised the monotony of the metre is uncommon, the melody is fresh and unsophisticated, without ever lapsing into banality, and whether by intuition or as the result of careful study, Mr. Coleridge Taylor has the enviable gift of writing on the best part of the voice. The gaiety of the opening section, with its lovely finale, and the tender pathos of the "Death of Minnehaha," disarm criticism. The third part, excepting the closing scene, is greatly inferior in spontaneity and charm. Such a work lies outside the trend of modern music, and as such must fail to satisfy those who must always swim in the mid-current of modern musical culture. But even cultivated musicians occasionally enjoy a relapse into primitive simplicity of utterance, and it is the peculiar mark of Mr. Coleridge Taylor that he combines a vein of artless

melody with a notable command of the resources of the modern orchestra. The performance given under Dr. Richter's direction was excellent, though we cannot help feeling that it would have been far more enjoyable had the chorus been reduced in numbers by one-half and the orchestra by a third.

It was in the execution of the purely orchestral pieces, however, that the most satisfactory results were attained. Nothing could have been finer than the renderings of Beethoven's *Symphony in A*, Berlioz's *King Lear* and Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliette* overtures, or the Sixth *Symphony* of Glazounow. The last-named work is far saner than most modern Russian music; indeed, it is difficult to point to any symphonic composition since Brahms in which the equilibrium between the intellect and the emotions is more happily preserved. Glazounow, we may note, is only thirty-five, and it may not be known that when he was seventeen Liszt said of a quartet sent him by the young Russian: "For a boy of his age this work is simply prodigious; it is full of promise" ("François Liszt," by Janka Wohl, p. 197; Ward and Downey, 1887). We must not omit to mention amongst the bright features of the Festival a most successful revival of Dvorák's *Spectre's Bride*, that singularly fresh and engaging setting of a cadaverous theme; Mr. Plunket Greene's poetic delivery of the *Vätergruft*, Cornelius's romantic version of Uhland's ballad; or Miss Marie Brema's wonderful declamation in the final scene from the *Götterdämmerung*. The gifts and methods by which Miss Clara Butt has come to be the idol of the musical "masses" are, *mutatis mutandis*, too closely akin to those of the demagogue to satisfy fastidious critics. We hasten, therefore, to add that the enthusiastic reception of her singing of Mr. Elgar's fascinating *Sea Pictures* last week was evoked by the legitimate and even artistic use of her great natural endowments. These efforts and Mr. Lloyd's singing of the narrative in Bach's *Passion According to St. Matthew* marked the highest level of individual achievement during the Festival. One cannot but admire Mr. Lloyd's courage in resolving to leave the concert platform while in unimpaired possession of his powers, but one looks in vain for a successor to replace him in tenor parts which demand a high range of voice, finished musicianship, and irreproachable taste. It is only right to remember, however, that people said exactly the same thing thirty years ago when Mr. Sims Reeves began to retire. The lack of a great soprano singer is at the present moment a much more serious matter. C. L. G.

BOOKS.

T. E. BROWN'S LETTERS AND POEMS.*

THE claim that these letters have upon our attention arises from their reflection of a very singular and very engaging personality. The memoir that Mr. Irwin prefixes to his volumes, together with the appreciations which have appeared contemporaneously in two of the monthly magazines, show that those who knew Mr. Brown at Clifton, either as colleague or as pupil (he was for many years Master of the Modern Side there), entertained for him an admiring enthusiasm, not many points removed from hero-worship. Mr. Couch in the *Monthly Review* labours to put before the general public an idea of the versatility of his disposition and the variety of his interests, and gives up the attempt in despair. He calls him "Johnsonian with a fiery Celtic heat and passionate adoration of Nature, Falstaffian with a bent of homely piety." He speaks of his eyes as "at once deeply and radiantly human, yet holding the primitive faun in their coverts." He and the other biographers tell us of his fine manners and his delicacy of intuition, of his wonderful capacity of affection both for people and places, his genius for sympathy and for responding to his environment, his passion for music, his capacity for broad natural laughter, his almost alarming power of caricature. All agree, too, that while his taste and his sympathies were nothing less than catholic, this was not because of any superficiality. On the contrary, all equally speak of an inexhaustible well-spring within the man, a depth of nature that no length of intimacy or freedom of communication seemed able to explore; and

Mr. Irwin more particularly notes that in regard to his attitude to external Nature, "he seemed in possession of some great secret which he was not free to impart to us." Those to whom Brown's poetry is already one of the joys of literature will recognise this fulness and exuberance of life, this readiness to laugh with those who laugh and weep with those who weep, and this whole-hearted love of Nature, as among the characteristics of a verse that has, perhaps, seemed to them racier of the soil than most that has been written in the last half-century. Those who are not yet Brownists have an opportunity of becoming so in the publication of a collected edition of the poems. Mr. Irwin tells us that once, when it was pointed out to Brown that his name was not in Mr. Traill's list of minor poets, he replied with a smile: "Perhaps because it is in the list of major." It would have pleased him, we think, to appear in a uniform edition with Tennyson, Wordsworth, and others of the *di majores*. It is judicious of the editors to open the volume with other than dialect poems; because the public may be persuaded to attempt the dialect, which is not nearly so difficult as Barnes, if they see that the writer is not a poet of the people, but a scholar and a gentleman, capable if he pleases of writing classical literary English. We cannot shut the book without one quotation: let it be Brown's own confession of artistic faith:—

"POETS AND POETS.

He fishes in the night of deep sea pools:
For him the nets hang long and low,
Cork-buoyed and strong; the silver-gleaming schools
Come with the ebb and flow
Of universal tides, and all the channels glow.
Or, holding with his hand the weighted line,
He sounds the languor of the neaps,
Or feels what current of the springing brine
The cord divergent sweeps,
The throb of what great heart bestirs the middle deeps.
Thou also weavest meshes, fine and thin,
And leaguer'st all the forest ways;
But of that sea and the great heart therein
Thou knowest naught: whole days
Thou toil'st, and hast thy end—good store of pies and jays."

The letters, let it be said at once, may disappoint readers who expect to find in them the fine ease and urbanity of Cowper, or the equally classical though more negligent graciousness of FitzGerald. Brown was a volcano, constantly in eruption; what he felt he felt intensely and expressed in whatever terms of religion, philosophy, science, poetry, or slang lay readiest to his mind at the moment. Further, the letters being addressed mostly to colleagues at Clifton, there is much in them that is of limited interest. But if prepossessions are surrendered, or better still, if the book is approached with an understanding of the writer's character, and so a prepossession in his favour, the reader will find himself in the company of a thinker whose talk is singularly fresh and racy and unconstrained, and who is not afraid of saying his say on the deepest questions in heaven and earth as readily as on the latest fashion in literature or music. Let us begin with one or two of these more serious and autobiographic passages:—

"In my life I have been so much alone, it cannot be helped. Where is the comrade? I never had one. The absolute self is far within, and no one can reach it. I will not cant, but God reaches it, and He only. I used to envy the surface people, obviously happy, and in their happiness *all there*, so to speak, the full complete presence of one being to another; no, it is not for men of a certain temperament. Yet we love candour, sincerity, thoroughness, and would fain saturate ourselves with free communication. Poor old Emerson and his over and under soul, he was not far wrong."

"You might call this [Ramsey] a quiet place, but I find it full of all the sins and all the frailties. I look for them, you know, turn over every stone, and expose the grubs and beetles,—they are awfully interesting, the only entomology I care for. If you are well-to-do, and tolerably stupid, nicely married, and all that, you might lie on the burning lake and tuck the blankets around you. Is there not asbestos? and why make yourself miserable?"

"My dear fellow-sufferer, what is it after all? why this sinking of the heart, this fainting, sorrowing of the spirit? There is no separation: life is continuous. All that was stable and good, good and therefore stable, in our union with the loved one, is unquestionably permanent, will endure for ever. It cannot be otherwise. Can you conceive yourself as existing at all without her? No you can't; well, then, it follows that you don't, and never will. The process of blending has been too complete to admit of separation. This is God's blessing on perfect unions. But 'the climbing mother' [King Lear] will rise unbidden, and what shall we do? *corrigere est nefas*: so said poor Horace; there is a clenching of the teeth on those words. Resignation then, O Flaccus, try that! and indeed he does with his *levius fit patientia*.

* (1.) *Letters of Thomas Edward Brown*. With an Introductory Memoir by Sidney T. Irwin. 2 vols. London: Constable and Co. [12s.]—(2.) *The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown*. London: Macmillan and Co. [7s. 6d.]

But resignation to what? Some dark fate with dumb lips and eyes that are inscrutable? No, but to a kind and gracious Father."

Mr. Brown, it will not be forgotten, was in Orders; late in life, when he retired from Clifton, he was offered by a Liberal Government the archdeaconry of his native Isle of Man; and a lover of the incongruous cannot but regret that he did not see his way to accept the office. Indeed, a well-wisher to the clergy may share the regret, for Brown, though not at all the ill bird that fouls his own nest, would have brought to his archidiaconal functions a good deal both of that dry light which sees things as they are, and much also of an irresistible humour that might have brought his brethren to share his point of view. Still, it is difficult to think of the author of "A Sermon at Clevedon" as a *persona grata* with his clergy. This is what Brown has to say in prose about sermons:—

"One drifts away from the preachers; they are almost hull down; but — goes up upon the horizon still, a Peak of Teneriffe. And the *differentia* of such men is enormous. It reminds one of what has been, and what we may yet perhaps work our way back to. So splendid and gracious a form cannot surely perish out of the world. Only close to it, puny, miserable, and fatuous, is the ordinary *concio* of the period. I often think that the art is a lost art, and conjecture that it was a very great one."

Of sermons heard there are not a few descriptions; of sermons delivered by Brown himself traditions still abide; notably of one sentence: "I am certain God made fools for us to enjoy, but there must be an *economy of joy* in the presence of a fool; you must not betray your enjoyment."

Specimens may, in conclusion, be given of Brown's faculty for picturing a scene, and also of his literary judgments. Of the first the description of the Jungfrau from Mürren is as good a set piece as any:—

"The moon had risen; and there was the Jungfrau—oh chaste, oh blessed saint in glory everlasting! Then all the elemental spirits that haunt crevasses, and hover around peaks, all the patient powers that bear up the rock buttresses, and labour to sustain great slopes, all streams, and drifts, and flowers, and vapours made a symphony, a time [? tune] most solemn and rapturous. . . . It was there, unheard perhaps, unheard I will not deny it; but there, nevertheless. Forgive my rhapsody; but, you know, you don't get those things twice. And let me say just one word of what followed. The abyss below was a pot of boiling blackness, and on to this, and down into this, and all over this, the moonlight fell as meal falls on to porridge from nimbly sifting fingers. Moonmeal! that was it."

Among modern novelists, Brown, as a true Manx patriot, was a firm believer in the plenary inspiration of Mr. Hall Caine; and as a "born sobber," as he called himself, he was inclined to like books that let themselves go. On topics where his judgment was less prepossessed he is a more convincing critic. There is a fine passage in II., 35, on the demoralising character of the modern popular song; a good letter (II., 39) on the necessary egotism of genius; a very wise letter (II., 138) on the teaching of Greek in schools. Here are a few scattered *dicta*:—

"It is impossible to convey my idea of what I feel about *The Temple*. It broods over you like the whole of heaven, and grips you with the tenacity of the other region. G. Herbert! delicious!"

"*In re Rabelaisiana*. Big broad Rabelaisians may sit down with us in our more liberal hours, but Sterne never. I have an idea that my judgment within this area is infallible. There are nice Rabelaisians, and there are nasty; but the latter are not Rabelaisians."

"In the quotation—

And thinks, committed to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company,

how delicious is the 'equal.' Of which the pathos is purely literary, not moral. And what is the exact ground of the pathos? Is it not the consciousness that by using this classical form of speech we tread in sacred footsteps, that all the ages are one, 'linked each to each by natural piety,' that it appeals to scholars like a Masonic symbol, reminding us that we are a brotherhood?"

Of the wit and humour that sparkle in these pages it will be best to give no examples. It remains to be said that Mr. Irwin seems to have exercised all the necessary discretion in his curtailments, for nothing has been allowed to remain that could hurt the sensitiveness of living writers. He would have added to our obligations if he had supplied an index.

PRISONERS AT PRETORIA.*

THE gift of prison-breaking is among the rarest of human gifts. Jack Sheppard, for instance, was born with the genius of escape, and it is unlikely that the best instruction would have improved his genius. The handcuffs which could enclose his wrists were never forged; no wall was ever built that he, stripling as he was, could not batter down; and the barest cell his guardians could prepare always contained whatever materials were needed for his escape. Latude, whose supposed persecution was a support to the French Revolution, possessed Jack Sheppard's talent in a less degree. It was rather coolness than ingenuity which enabled him to escape the restraints imposed by a severe Government, and the famous rope ladder was not all of his own making. The worst is that, pretty as the gift is, few men of distinction have the opportunity of exercising it. The prison-breaker too often blushes unseen, because there are no walls for him to scale. But for once talent and occasion met in Captain Aylmer Haldane, whose escape from Pretoria is among the most brilliant exploits of the war.

When the famous train ran off the rail at Chieveley, Captain Haldane was taken prisoner and carried to Pretoria. But no sooner was he shut up in the Model School than he determined upon freedom. The problem was difficult enough. Not only had the vigilance of guards to be beguiled, but there was a brilliant illumination to dodge, there were wire fences and iron rails to surmount. However, the guards were fresh to the work, and by various tokens the officers were assured of sympathy without. There was a gentleman accompanied by a St. Bernard dog, who flashed the news of British victories with his stick, and when he was suspected by the Boers his place was taken by two young ladies who had learned the Morse code to admirable purpose, and who by their friendly signalling recall the two laundresses who solaced the weary hours of Latude. So Captain Haldane and his friends resolved to dash suddenly over the railings and march to Mafeking or Delagoa Bay. A dark night was chosen for the enterprise; at a favourable moment, when the sentry's back was turned, they were resolved to leap the barrier, and to trust for the few hours' start which would be theirs to elude pursuit. At the signal given, Mr. Winston Churchill alone succeeded, the return of the sentry on his beat made caution imperative, and the other conspirators, if so they may be called, were forced to wait upon chance. But Captain Haldane, with the zest of the true prison-breaker, instantly devised another plan. To turn a dinner-knife into a saw, to pierce a hole in the ceiling, and thus to make a way to the electric wires, were, as the novelists say, the work of a moment. When once the saw had severed the wires, argued Captain Haldane, the light will be extinguished, and darkness will make escape easy. But once again failure overtook the schemers, and once more they returned to a hopeful captivity. "It was an exciting time," says Captain Haldane, "the prospect of escape so near and so uncertain. I gave the signal and the moments seemed like hours. Suddenly the lights in the building and the yard went out, and like a flash we made for the gate through the wire-netting; but scarcely had we reached the barrier of wire when the buildings and yard were again illuminated. Back we crept to the verandah, imagining that our accomplice had received a shock which had disabled him, and had failed to cut the wire completely. Several minutes of suspense passed, and the sentries showed unmistakably that they were wondering what had happened. The corporal went his rounds, and seemed to be discussing the eccentricities of the electric light."

A moment of suspense truly, such as Jack Sheppard lived through when in the descent from Newgate he heard the snoring of the serving maid. But Captain Haldane had not Sheppard's luck, though this second failure did not discourage him. Outside was freedom and the chance of a fight; wherefore all obstacles must be surmounted that kept him from his regiment and active service. Now, while he had looked about for means of escape, he had early discovered in the floor of the sleeping-room one of those trap-doors which always escape the gaoler and cheer the captive, and no sooner did the rumour go round that the prisoners were to be taken from the Model School to a more convenient prison than

* *How We Escaped from Pretoria*. By Captain Aylmer Haldane. London: W. Blackwood and Sons. [1s.]

Captain Haldane determined to dive beneath the floor and remain concealed until the Model School should be empty. "There was but one hiding-place"—again we quote Captain Haldane's narrative—"which gave a reasonable chance of non-discovery,—under the floor. This decided on, the trap-door was opened, a vow of secrecy extracted from the officers in our room, some necessities taken, and Le Mesurier, Brockie, and I descended to the scene of our former operations. The trap-door was secured, and nothing showed our absence but three empty beds." All no doubt would have been well had the Boers carried out their intention. But the prisoners remained in the Model School, and the three officers, who hoped to endure their narrow pit for a day or two, were buried alive for three weary weeks. They could not stand upright, they could not wash, their light was dim, and only a flickering candle allowed them to beguile the slow-footed hours with patience. Their food at first was scanty and monotonous. "When we first went below," says Captain Haldane, "we had to be on short commons, but as we did not expect to be there long, and as the life was very sedentary, we judged it best to eat sparingly. For a day or two we fed on chocolate, jam, and potted meat, and a little biscuit or bread; but as time went on and we became more exacting in our requirements, we took the officer who presided over the stores into our confidence, and through his agency we lived in plenty. A bottle of cocoa as a night-cap was our greatest luxury. A double knock, twice repeated, was the signal that the trap-door was about to be opened. The 'signalgrams' from the telegraphist and the daily paper reached us daily, and those in our confidence did all they could to make our existence bearable, and to encourage hopes." And after the unfailing courage of the three determined to escape, that which is pleasantest in this amazing narrative is the unselfish and never-failing loyalty of those who helped their companions on the road to liberty.

At last, however, the Model School was deserted, and Captain Haldane, with his comrades, began their splendid journey across the veldt. To compare this journey to a passage of fiction is easy and inapposite. Fiction seldom has the power to thrill exercised on every page of this simple narrative. Under the sun the three officers rest; under the stars they travel as fast as may be, now escaping by a miracle from the vigilant Boers, now silently dropping in a river to elude pursuit. To quote a line from this part of the narrative would be an injustice. We would only say that it is written in precisely the right style, and that it holds the attention from end to end. Captain Haldane, in fact, though not a professed man of letters, is deeply tinctured with literature; even in prison he has a quotation pat upon his tongue; and he knows how to give to his narrative the proper picturesqueness. In conclusion, many histories of the war have been or will be written, but there is one which will always stand out in vividness and vigour from the rest,—the story which tells how Captain Haldane and his friends "escaped from Pretoria."

FLORENCE AND ITS HISTORY.*

As the present reviewer was once approaching Florence from Rome, just as the gleaming villas began to shine forth in the moonlight from among tall cypress shadows and leafy clusters of vines, and as the great dome of Brunelleschi loomed up in the steel-blue sky, an exclamation of joy arose from a handsome young Italian fellow-traveller who had been spending a sojourn in the South, "O, la bella Firenze!" One was glad at heart for this sunny, fresh enthusiasm, and the burst of joy echoed in one's own mind. It echoes still, and the tones are deeper than before at the sight of Mr. Gardner's admirable book. Take your stand opposite the great black and white marble Duomo in Florence and say if, on the whole, the world has anything to show more charming, more suggestive, more inspiring. Before you soars into the blue Giotto's Campanile, with its rich colour, its delicate tracery, its noble proportions, its perfect harmony. Behind you is that wonderful old Baptistery where Dante knelt at Mass—*il mio bel San Giovanni*—with Ghiberti's gates of bronze which Michael Angelo declared worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

Inside that Duomo rang the impassioned accents of Savonarola, greatest of preachers since the days of the early Church. To the left runs the street to San Marco, where he meditated in his Dominican cell; to the right runs the street leading to the Palazzo Vecchio, in front of which he suffered death. Not far to the back of you is the magnificent shrine raised by the tyrants against whose splendid paganism and lax civic magnificence the high-souled but unbalanced monk strove in vain. There sits in marble silence the form of Lorenzo dei Medici, and there are the forms of Evening and Dawn from the chisel of Michael Angelo. But a few paces off is the narrow street where Dante was born, and a little back of the Cathedral is the noble church with its tombs of Michael Angelo and Galileo and its priceless frescoes of St. Francis. To the right and left of you, but a few hundred yards off, are two of the finest collections of paintings in the world, while a short walk over Taddeo Gaddi's bridge and past the house of Machiavelli brings you to a third. And every yard of ground and nearly every stone is eloquent of the struggles and voices of the past.

Of the history of this "most beautiful and most famous daughter of Rome," as Dante calls Florence, Mr. Gardner tells us in this delightful volume, the making of which was evidently a labour of love to its author. Mr. Gardner not only knows Florence as the cultured traveller or the antiquarian knows it, but he has inhaled its spiritual atmosphere, he has lived in its past; and within the limits of his work, he has tried to help us to live in that past too. We recall few, if any, works of a similar kind which contrive to convey so complete a picture of a historic city,—its history, politics, art, literature, and its spiritual life. Of the three great cities of Italy, Rome is grand, awful, tragic, at times terrible. To sit on one of those shattered seats in the Colosseum and to think over what has taken place below is at times too much for the heart to endure. The "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life" here held the most stupendous revelry the world has ever known. Venice is unique, with its face to the Orient, rising from its quiet waters like an enchanted city, glowing with colour, great in power and genius, but merciless and full of cunning, secretive, tortuous; but whether in her rich climax or her lingering decay, always suggestive of that gorgeous East she held in fee. But Florence is the true Italian city, representing all that has made Italy the second country of every cultivated man. Beautiful for situation, Florence, in spite of her crimes, has had a bright, humane spirit which Rome and Venice cannot show. The Tuscan is happily situated in that he has escaped the fierce, hot, passionate Southern nature, and has yet never been chilled by Alpine snows or barbarised by the resistless impact of Northern tribes. The *lingua Toscana* has become the language of all Italy, the most beautiful among the tongues of the world. Here, after ages had elapsed since ancient art died, modern art arose and manifested itself in every form known to man, and, moreover, attained in each form to unrivalled perfection. Recall not only the architecture and painting of Giotto, the sculpture of Michael Angelo, the paintings of Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, Orcagna, Botticelli, Bartolommeo—to name but a few of the very first—the architecture of Arnolfo and Brunelleschi; but the gold work of Cellini, the lovely blue-and-white work of Luca della Robbia, the sculpture of Donatello, the bronze work of Ghiberti, the bas-reliefs of Nanni di Banco. Work which elsewhere would be prized as unique is here all but lost in the magnificent storehouse of art. Here also the Renaissance bore its earliest and its finest fruit, here first reawakened all the most brilliant powers of the human mind. We do not forget the other great centres of human culture, but we think the verdict will stand that, on the whole, Florence from the beginning of the fourteenth to nearly the end of the fifteenth century effected more for the human spirit in every form of the creative mind than any other city of the world.

It is of this wonderful story, inexpressibly brilliant, but, like Venice, sad in a long decline, that Mr. Gardner tells, tracing the origins of its history, the evolution of its government, the causes of its parties and factions, the rise of its democracy and its overthrow by the Medici, its relation to the rest of Italy and to Western Europe. The book is not only a history, but a guide which every tourist should take with him to Florence. It will make his stay there far more pleasant and profitable than it would otherwise be, for it will not only

* *The Story of Florence.* By Edmund G. Gardner. Illustrated by Nelly Erichsen. London: J. M. Dent and Co. [4s. 6d. net.]

bring succinctly under his survey the crowded and glorious history of Florence, but will show the conditions under which her literature and art were evolved. The latter part of the work, dealing with the various quarters of Florence and the adjacent towns and villages, every one of them yielding some fact of deep interest in history, art, or religion, is practically a guide-book to the Florence of to-day to be used along with Baedeker. Altogether an excellent work, with some charming illustrations on a theme of ever fresh interest.

OMNIS ARABIA.*

Omnis Arabia divisa est in partes tres, might have been the exordium of this book. Its virtue lies in the adjective. All Arabia is not treated, as far as we know, in any accessible modern English work; the article on the subject in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* must be at least a quarter of a century out of date. There are special works on different regions of Arabia; Niebuhr, Burckhardt, Burton, Palgrave, Bent, Doughty, and others visited various parts of the peninsula and wrote their records; but not one of them traversed the whole country. Nor, for that matter, did Mr. Zwemer, or anybody else; but he has compiled from previous travels and his own experience a very useful general account of Arabia as a whole, which undoubtedly fills a want in our bookshelves. Mr. Zwemer has many excellent qualifications for the task he has performed with considerable skill. If he has not traversed the Nejd or central plateau, or visited the Holy Cities, the twin sanctuaries or Harameyn of Islam, he has at least travelled in the Yemen and lived for years in the Bahreyn, whence he explored the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf and the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates. He is evidently an Arabic student (despite such solecisms as *Mohammad er rasool Allah*), and he is acquainted with the literature of his subject in English, French, and German, of which he has appended a useful classified bibliography. He writes a clear unaffected style, remarkably free from the vices of vulgarity and "gush," and he has a good eye for natural scenery, which he describes without fine language. It is true, he is a missionary, and writes from what he calls the "missionary viewpoint," and we may remark that we should have very little respect for him if he did not. Your philosophic-historical student of religion makes a poor missionary, as the cosmopolitan, who loves every country but his own, makes an indifferent patriot. Granting that there is any meaning or use in missionary effort, it is obvious that an honest missionary must regard all other religions as errors to be combated, and we like Mr. Zwemer the better for his stout opposition to Mahomedanism. He holds the old view that Mahommed was "a clever impostor from the day of his first message to the day of his death." The view is historically and psychologically absurd, but it is the proper view for a militant propaganda.

Mr. Zwemer's opinions on Islam and its prophet, however, are not particularly profound, and do not really matter. The interesting parts of his book—and they form by far the larger portion—relate to the description of the country and its people, their life, industries, trade, and history. When he cannot describe at first hand, he frankly quotes from the best authority on the district. Thus for Mecca he turns to Snouck Hurgronje, Burckhardt, Burton, and Ali Bey; for Hadramaut to Von Wrede and Bent (though he has not apparently seen his posthumous volume); for the Nejd or interior, his authorities are Doughty, Wallin, Lady Ann Blunt, Pelly, and Palgrave, the last of whom he accepts *cum grano*. On the Yemen, however, he is partly his own authority, and though his visit was brief and its scope limited, he saw enough to justify the epithet of "Felix," and the beauty of the land excites him to a height of enthusiasm usually repressed in his cool, discriminating survey:—

"The day after leaving Mabek brought us to the beginning of the happy valleys of Yemen, very different from the torrid coast. A country where the orange, lemon, quince, grape, mango, plum, apricot, peach, apple, pomegranate, fig, date, plantain and mulberry, each yield their fruit in season; where wheat, barley, maize, millet and coffee are staple products, and where there is a glorious profusion of wild flowers—called 'grass' by the un-

poetic camel-drivers. A land whose mountains lift up their heads over 9,000 feet, terraced from chilly top to warm valley with agricultural amphitheatres, irrigated by a thousand rills and rivulets, some of them perennial, flowing along artificial channels, or leaping down the rocks in miniature falls. A land where the oriole hangs her nest on the dark acacia, the wild doves hide in clefts of the rock and the chameleon sports his colours by the wayside under the tall flowering cactus. Such is Yemen."

There is an interesting and rather novel account of Ta'izz, which was the capital of the Yemen under the dynasty established by Saladin, and where there is a large but oppressed Jewish population. "The road from Ibb to Yerim has perhaps the finest scenery of any part of Yemen; never have I seen more picturesque mountains and valleys, green with verdure, and bright with blossoms,—scabiosa, bluebells, forget-me-not, golden rod, four-o'clocks and large oleander trees. The cacti plants were in full bloom and measured twenty feet against the mountain passes. Two thousand feet below one could hear the sound of the water rushing along the wady bed." In Oman, at Maskat, and in the Bahreyn, Mr. Zwemer is at home, and his description of the Persian Gulf and its pearl fisheries—of which he gives a minute account—is the more interesting to English readers since this part of Arabia is under British protection, which comes very near to meaning British territory. The independent testimony of an American writer to the benefits of English influence in these parts is valuable and unexpected:—

"The supremacy of England in the Gulf and on the other coasts of Arabia is hers not only because of gunboats and gunpowder. It is most of all by the arts of peace that she has established and glorified her power on the Arabian littoral. It must never be forgotten, for example, that the magnificent surveys of the entire 4,000 miles of Arabian coast were the work of British and Indian naval officers; by means of this survey, completed at great cost, commerce has been aided and navigation of the dangerous waters east and west of Arabia has been made safe. England, too, is the only Power that has established lighthouses. . . . All eastern and southern Arabia are dependent on the Indian postal system; the whole interior is ignorant of a post-office or a postman. . . . England has also earned her supremacy in Arabian waters by honest attempts to put a stop to the Slave-trade in accord with the Anti-slave-trade treaties between the Powers. She is the only Power whose navy has acted in seizing slave-dhows, liberating slaves, and patrolling the coast. . . . Great Britain has treaties or agreements of some sort with every tribe and settlement of Arabs from Aden to Mascat and thence to Bahrein. The great benefits that have followed the treaties of peace with the Arab tribes are manifest most of all by a comparison of that part of the Arabian coast under English supervision and the long stretch from Katif to Busrah which is Turkish. The former enjoys peace, and the tribes have settled down to commerce and fishing, there is safety for the traveller and stranger everywhere; the latter is in a continual state of warfare, there is neither commerce nor agriculture, and the entire coast is utterly unsafe because of the *laissez-faire* policy of Turkey. . . . In a word, Great Britain holds the scales of justice for all the Persian Gulf littoral. She guarantees a *par Britannica* [sic] for commerce; she taught the Arab tribes that rapine and robbery are not a safe religion; where they once swept the sea with slave-dhows and pirate-craft they have now settled down to drying fish and diving for pearls."

No doubt it is a sad descent for the noble pirates who once "swept the sea" to settle down to the dried fish trade, but we are glad to read such an unsolicited testimonial to England's work. Of course it is all for the dirty sake of commerce, our Continental critics observe, but for whatever sake, it is a good thing done. Of many other subjects treated in this able book—such as Turkish rule in Arabia, the Wahhabis, Arabic literature, arts and sciences, Mandæism, and the history of Christianity and mission-work—we have no space to write. The information is almost always accurate, well-selected, and to the point; and brief as the outline must necessarily be in a single small volume dealing with a large subject, the impression is clear and vivid, and the book will teach readers much that they could themselves find only after much research in a large library. Mr. Zwemer writes generally like a scholar, but either he or his printer is a careless corrector of proof-sheets. Many words in different tongues are misspelt,—e.g., "Britian," "Brittanica," "Rakn," "Tassawaf," "Halvéy," "Khadiyah," "bayoot el owalin," "Halakn" (i.e., Hulaku), "Abu Scofian," "Jorlal-ud-din," "Malakis," "Abd-ul-Wahab," "Abd-el-Mutalib," "event" (for advent), "Muthahabat," "Tabbari," "Tareek," "Zechsten jaarhundert," "Zeitschrift des Deutsch. Morgenland. Gez." (!), "Isphaneusis," "Khuzraji," "Quartermere," "Sachan," "Ain of Abdul

* *Arabia: the Cradle of Islam: Studies in the Geography, People, and Politics of the Peninsula, with an Account of Islam and Mission Work.* By S. M. Zwemer, F.R.G.S. London: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. [7s. 6d.]

Fazi"—some of which convey the perhaps erroneous impression that the author has not personally studied all the books he refers to. The illustrations are attractive, whether new or merely reproductions from earlier works; but the "Arabian compass" is a misnomer, since it is merely an English compass with the points translated into Arabic.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

MR. DOOLEY'S recent observations on modern plays, in which the rôle of hero is habitually assigned to the villain, will probably represent the attitude of a good many plain persons towards *Quisanté*. They will resent the co-operation of the versatile and ingenious Mr. Anthony Hope in what may be called the apotheosis of the brilliant cad, and we cannot altogether dissociate ourselves from this resentment. Alexander Quisanté, the central figure of the story, is an English subject of Portuguese extraction with Jewish blood in his veins, a thoroughpaced adventurer, underbred and effusive in manner, unscrupulous in finance and politics, socially an outsider, and yet preferred by the beautiful and accomplished Lady May Gaston to the chivalrous and blameless Weston Marchmont. It will not do to explain the anomaly of her choice with Byron—

"Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still.
Is human love the growth of human will?"—

for Lady May never really loved Quisanté except at odd moments. Her emotions were far more deeply stirred by Marchmont, but her intellect was dazzled by the superiority of his rival. The prospect of monotonous conjugal felicity as the wife of a modern Aristides attracted her less than the excitement, the peril of union with a man in whom the presence of the demonic element of genius atoned for, if it did not nullify, the drawbacks enumerated above. She was, in short, impelled partly by mutiny, partly by fascination; by rebellion against caste prejudice and snobbery, aided by the magnetism of a strong personality. The spectacle of an indomitable will triumphing over a frail physique stirred her pity and admiration. Last of all, she knew that Quisanté's heart was hers alone. It will thus be seen that the hero's character, though strangely mixed, resembled the curate's egg in being good in parts. As Rossini said of Wagner, he had his *beaux moments* as well as his bad quarters of an hour, and the adventurous patrician married him for the former. The experiment naturally led to a foregone conclusion, but Lady May's pride in her husband's ability and courage dulled the stings of conscience until he died of heart disease, and when, after a decent interval, the patient Marchmont asked her to marry him, she found the posthumous influence of her husband's personality too strong to allow her to deviate into assured happiness. That Mr. Hope has handled this strange problem with his wonted subtlety of insight and grace of expression we readily admit. That he will convince the majority of his readers that Lady May's conduct was justifiable or excusable, or inspire them with sympathy for her in her self-imposed suffering, is a point on which we find it hard to speak with confidence. It is the inevitable weakness of such a story that while the instances of Quisanté's meanness and shiftiness are convincingly set forth in word and action, the proofs of his genius depend merely on the assertion of the author.

The coincidences on which so much of the plot of Miss Montgomery's graceful story depends may be granted with a good grace by the lenient reader. A much more serious difficulty is the amazing lack of curiosity presupposed in the heroine. For we are asked to believe that a young English lady and her chaperon should consort for weeks together at a German watering-place with a most accomplished and agreeable countryman without taking the trouble to ascertain his name! It is true that Mr. Launcelot Sackville-Browne had a good reason for not wishing to obtrude his identity on Miss Blanche Talbot. But are there not such things as visitors' lists, and did she never hear him addressed by name by his numerous friends and acquaintances? Apart from this

violation of the canons of probability, *Prejudged* is a sympathetic sketch of the illumination of a high-minded but fastidiously exclusive nature. Blanche Talbot conceived a violent prejudice against Mr. Launcelot Sackville-Browne because he wore blue goggles, had a limp, and conversed affably and fluently with every one he met. She took him for a dilapidated invalid suffering from the effects of sybaritic self-indulgence, whereas in reality he had been accidentally shot and crippled by her own brother, who had acquiesced in the suppression of the facts of the case. When it is added that Launcelot's blue goggles concealed beautiful brown eyes, that he was of aristocratic parentage, charming manners, and considerable intellectual gifts, it may readily be imagined how rapidly remorse and pity gave place to admiration and love. The story is quite refreshingly old-fashioned in its sentiment and characterisation. But the author's French is by no means impeccable. "Double entendre" occurs more than once, and "la dotte" can only be defended on phonetic principles.

Mr. Max Pemberton delights us by the intense seriousness with which he regards his responsibilities as a writer of romance. His hero, Viscount Dane, is a man of rare resourcefulness and accomplishments, who travels with a priceless valet; members of the aristocracy, French and Russian, are very thick on the ground; and the conversation in *The Footsteps of a Throne* is maintained throughout on an elevated plane of polished urbanity. The plot, however, teems with momentous and thrilling incidents. Lord Dane meets Princess Fëkla Dolgorouki at the house of a French Count in Grosvenor Square, where she was the central figure in the gambling saloon. He lost a hundred pounds and his heart; followed her to Russia; found her at Moscow in disgrace and exile for having gambled away her fortune; sought to extricate her from a bogus charge of conspiracy by an offer of marriage; went to St. Petersburg to obtain Imperial sanction, and on his return to Moscow found that the Princess had been smuggled off to the Caucasus by her cruel relatives. To Vladikavkaz, accordingly, the reader is breathlessly hurried with Lord Dane and his priceless valet, where the fascinating gambler is rescued from duress, thanks to the intervention of a benevolent old doctor, the brutal Cossack Captain is foiled, and the Viscount and his lady-love ride off to Tiflis, to find on arrival that by the law of the country the premature description on the passport of Princess Fëkla as Lady Dane makes her his legal wife. Of course there must have been a wedding at St. George's afterwards; otherwise we feel sure that Seton, the valet, would not have stayed in his master's service. But the curious reader cannot help wondering whether the adorable Fëkla was cured of her hereditary instinct. Still more wonderful is it to think that Mr. Pemberton used once to write essays on that very plebeian poet Burns.

Mr. Cobb is, as usual, very good company in his new drawing-room comedy, *The Dissemblers*. The mainspring of the plot is ingeniously constructed. The heroine, bullied beyond all endurance by her aunt, starts off for Paris in circumstances which justify a suspicion of elopement. The aunt accordingly despatches her best male friend, Leslie Munroe, to bring back the eloping couple, with the result that the male friend finds himself publicly pilloried as the eloper. To save the situation he induces Penelope to consent to a formal announcement of their engagement on the understanding that she is to remain perfectly free. When it is added that Leslie Munroe is really in love with Penelope; that Mrs. Farington, the aunt, is most unwilling to see him married to any one; that Jack Pilcher, a good-looking boy of twenty-one, is very pardonably under the impression that Penelope is in love with him; and that Penelope herself refuses to declare the real state of her feelings,—it may be readily imagined what ample justification there is for the title. We are glad to see that Mr. Cobb is not afraid of defying the modern prejudice against happy endings; here a tragic conclusion would have been entirely out of keeping with the temperaments of the *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Cobb does not deal in elemental passion or heroic emotions. He follows the *glissez, mortels* maxim; he writes solely to amuse, and in this instance has achieved his end with quite as liberal a display of humour as marked his earlier stories, and rather less of the cynicism which marred them.

* (1.) *Quisanté*. By Anthony Hope. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(2.) *Prejudged*. By Florence Montgomery. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *The Footsteps of a Throne*. By Max Pemberton. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(4.) *The Dissemblers*. By Thomas Cobb. London: John Lane. [6s.]—(5.) *The Infidel*. By M. E. Braddon. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. [6s.]—(6.) *The Image Breakers*. By Gertrude Dix. London: W. Heinemann. [6s.]—(7.) *In Male Attire*. By Joseph Hatton. London: Hutchinson and Co. [6s.]—(8.) *The Marble Face*. By G. Colmore. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. [6s.]—(9.) *The Vicar's Atonement*. By J. Harwood Panting. London: H. Marshall and Son. [3s. 6d.]

Though at times we cannot but regret Miss Braddon's abandonment of the paths of sensationalism, there is no gain-saying the workmanlike quality of the results of her new-found zeal for historical romance. The heroine of *The Infidel*, a tale of George II.'s day, is the daughter by an Italian mother of an unfrocked priest, a hireling Grub Street scribe who has imbued her with his own Voltairean scepticism, but failed to impair the inherent nobility of her character. Through her father, Antonia makes the acquaintance and enslaves the fancy of Lord Kilrush, a handsome, middle-aged Peer, but indignantly rejects his offer to make her his mistress. When, however, he is stricken down by mortal illness she consents not merely to marry him on his deathbed, but promises never to marry any one else. The sequel narrates how Antonia is brought within the influence of the religious revival headed by Whitefield and Wesley, without ever formally embracing the Christian faith. The picture of the beautiful widow at first paying a divided allegiance to fashion and philanthropy, and then devoting herself entirely to good works, is excellently done. The struggle between her loyalty to the promise exacted by her dead husband and her affection for his kinsman, George Stobart, a young soldier priest with whom she is intimately associated in her benevolent labours, forms an effective climax to an elaborate study of eighteenth-century manners and morals. The story is admirably "staged"; Miss Braddon's conscientious regard for historic verisimilitude is shown by a multitude of realistic and appropriate details, while her style, if it lacks the sovereign quality of distinction, leaves nothing to be desired in terseness and lucidity.

In spite of a rather overcrowded canvas, Miss Dix has given us an interesting book in *The Image Breakers*. The reader, however, must put up with a good deal of vagueness and allusiveness in her method of telling her story. From beginning to end he is practically left to "pick up" the story of Rosalind Dangerfield from allusions as he goes along. The fortunes of the girl-heroine, Leslie Ardent, are rather less obscure, though at the outset her place in life is quite undefined; and we are old-fashioned enough to object to being plunged into the middle of the doings of "principal characters" without being vouchsafed any information as to their antecedents or environment. Miss Dix, though her characters scale the heights of unconventionality in the most startling manner, is "on the side of the angels," for when any of them absolutely defies the dictates of propriety or the rulings of the law, he or she—chiefly she—suffers for it afterwards. The novel is largely Socialistic in tendency, though on the whole one would conclude that, with much sympathy for labour troubles, the author does not think that the cure for social evils is to be found in the doctrines of the Fabians. But we protest against one sentiment expressed by the author. "'Are you a Socialist?' she [the heroine] asked, with a glance at his red tie. 'Of course,'" answered the gentleman in question. Now Socialists really cannot be allowed the monopoly of red ties, which are often worn by gentlemen and ladies of the most conservative opinions,—merely from considerations of complexion.

The plot of *In Male Attire* announces itself on the title-page. It is, of course, the heroine who "dons the breeks," in order to proceed to a mining camp and avenge the murder of her lover. She is, fortunately, a most athletic young person, and on the occasion of her first introduction to the hero and reader gives the villain, who tried to insult her in the streets of Chicago, "a stinging blow full in the face, backed by the weight of her whole body, that sent him reeling to a rattling fall." Although the plot is handled with vigour, most people will be glad when the beautiful and Amazonian Zella resumes her petticoats and begins to think that eventually she will console herself for her fiancé's death by marrying his friend.

The Marble Face is a would-be sensational novel told in a succession of "narratives" by the heroine and extracts from the hero's diary,—and it requires more talent than the author commands to render that well-worn method endurable. As for the villain of the piece, the mother of the hero, she is so impossibly detestable that the hero's devotion to her fails to excite the slightest sympathy.

The crime for which the vicar was obliged to atone in Mr. Panting's novel was originally no worse than a secret marriage, contracted while he was a minor. But the intelli-

gent reader of *The Vicar's Atonement*, noting that the Reverend Ernest preserves a significant reticence about his first marriage when, after the supposed death of his wife, he ventures a second time into matrimony, accurately concludes that wife number one is in the enjoyment of full health and vigour. How matters are further complicated by a murder we leave the reader to find out, assuming him to care for a moderately exciting sensational story unadorned by any special grace of style.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

The Work of the Liberal Party in the Nineteenth Century. Edited by the Hon. Rollo Russell. (P. S. King and Co. 6d.)—No one can object to the publication of this record, or, indeed, find any serious fault with its matter. But it does not follow that the candidates who have "R." or "L." after their names (according to the complexion of the journal in which the list appears) are the true heirs of the men who carried Emancipation, Reform, and other good measures. Nor is it necessarily true that because many changes were needed in 1830, many also are needed in 1900. Dr. A. cures a sick neighbour, but the man is not bound to go on swallowing the drugs of Dr. A., much less of the ignoramus or the quack who may step into his shoes.—With this may be mentioned the *Supplement to the Ninth Edition of the Handbook to the Political Questions of the Day*, by Sydney Buxton, M.P. (John Murray, 2s. 6d.) Mr. Buxton gives "the arguments on both sides," an admirable practice. There are uncounted numbers who can hardly conceive that there can be any arguments on the side which they do not themselves take. The questions thus argued are "Old-Age Pensions," "Elementary Education" (as to the question of popular control), "The Sale of Intoxicants to Child-Messengers," "Intoxicating Liquor Laws" (compensation being the most important item), and various subjects of local politics, water, &c. After all, the most potent arguments are often such as cannot be articulately expressed. What politician, for instance, dare tell a meeting of voters that they are absolutely unfit to control education, a thing in which nine-tenths of them have no share, and of which they cannot judge? As to compensation for suppressed licenses, one thing ought to be insisted upon more than it is. For years a licensed house has been assessed for rates and valued for probate at figures enormously in excess of any value that the premises, apart from the license, could possibly have.—We may mention at the same time *Fabianism and the Empire*, edited by Bernard Shaw (Grant Richards, 1s.) We may quote one sentence from the last page: "Long before Mr. John Morley made the discovery, we said plainly enough that when the exhaustion of Liberal ideas led to the disappearance of Liberal leadership (which is precisely what has now happened) Liberalism would be supplanted in its representation of progressive ideas by Socialism." Arm-chair Socialism is good enough, but Socialism in the street, or in Congress (where one party secedes, leaving the room to "assassins"), or in actual working, as in America (where it comes to blows over the question whether a man may or may not have a private garden), is less edifying.

The Bible True from the Beginning. By Edward Gough, B.A. Vol. VII. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 16s.)—Mr. Gough continues to pile together an amazing heap of out-of-the-way learning, ingenious speculation, and extravagance. He is as one born out of due time. If he had only lived in the days of Origen! He is great at figurative exposition, and would have received an appreciation which a more matter-of-fact generation refuses to him. Annas, he tells us, represents "pure Judaizing service"; Caiaphas, "the traditional or corrupt." The "Field of Blood" is Gehenna; the "strangers" who are to be buried therein represent the "Fleshly Element." Pilate's wife is "an emblem of the Judicial Power which is here using its influence with the Military Power to procure justice for the Saviour." And so he goes on,—filling between six and seven hundred closely printed pages. We cannot help thinking that there is much labour lost here; yet there are grains of gold here and there. But how toilsome the finding! When Mr. Gough has added his eighth and completing volume he will have given to the world some thirty ordinary volumes of commentary.

Royal Holloway College Calendar. (Spottiswoode and Co.)—The appearance of a College Calendar does not call for any comment. But looking through this volume, one cannot but feel

that good as is the work that it is doing, more might be expected. We see that there are a hundred odd students, hardly a number proportionate to the £800,000 which was spent in the building and endowment of the College. For the ten Entrance Scholarships there were just as many candidates, the subjects of French, German, and physics bringing into the field no candidates at all.

Froissart in Britain. By Henry Newbolt. (J. Nisbet and Co. 6s.)—Jean Froissart in his youth spent some years in England, and returned to this country in later life (in the table of dates 1353 is given as the year of his entering the service of Queen Philippa, but Johnes seems to assign that event to 1365). He had no small experience of Courts. Duke Wenceslas of Bohemia, the Black Prince, and Guy de Blois were among his patrons. But the most interesting of his personal records are his visit to Gaston de Foix at Orthes, and his reception in England by Richard II. Mr. Newbolt, after giving an introduction, of which we have no complaint except that it is too brief, extracts from the Chronicles the narratives of which the scene is laid in this country,—King Edward III.'s Scotch War, the death of Robert Bruce, the war between King David of Scotland and England, with the battle of Nevill's Cross. We have also the pleasant story of King Edward and the Countess of Salisbury, with a match at chess for the stake of a ring, which will be new to most readers of Froissart. All is, of course, interesting, but there is nothing to compare with what the chronicler has to say about the English Court after his return in 1394. The materials for illustrating Froissart are plentiful and have been made good use of.

The Royal Tombs of the First Dynasty. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. (Egypt Exploration Fund.)—Professor Flinders Petrie spent the last season in exploring the First Dynasty tombs at Abydos. He had, it will be understood, no virgin ground to break up. There had been searches, authorised and unauthorised, in the place, and his work was to go with inexhaustible patience over the fragments which had been rejected by those who were earlier in the field. About the more ancient plunderers nothing need be said. They were at work very early in Egypt, where, indeed, there was everything to tempt them. But it is to be regretted that the early researches were not more carefully conducted. Professor Petrie, for instance, succeeded the mission of M. Amelineau, and had not much reason to be grateful to him. In this volume he describes a great number of objects discovered, giving also photographic reproductions of them. It would not be possible to give any brief account of his finds. The general result is that we see a little further into the obscurity that surrounds early Egyptian history; a distinct gain has been made in determining the order of the later Kings of the First Dynasty. It is interesting to note that so far the list of Manetho is confirmed.

Bacon's "Unrivalled" Parliamentary Map of the British Isles (G. W. Bacon and Co., 1s.) gives a map of the United Kingdom which may be coloured by the possessors with hues denoting the politics of the Members returned. There is a special map of London, and statistical tables are prefixed.—With this may be mentioned *The Law and Practice of General Elections*, by Henry W. Lucy (Toby, M.P.), (J. W. Arrowsmith and Co., Bristol, 6d.), as entertaining as all Mr. Lucy's writings are.

The current questions in home and foreign politics are discussed in *Dissolution Dialogues*, edited by H. Whates (Chapman and Hall, 1s. 6d.) It purports to be a report of "Discussions at the Antediluvian Club, reported by Andrew Fogey, Senior." Dialogues are convenient, as you can be as "dramatic" as you please, speaking through many mouths and never committing yourself. Perhaps the prevailing tone is Mr. Masterman's: "We've got a poor lot of Ministers; but, poor as they are, there's nobody to compete with them."—A great question of the time is illustrated by *The Story of China, with a Description of the Events Relating to the Present Struggle*, by Neville P. Edwards (Hutchinson and Co. 1s. 6d.) Pictures and letterpress will be found to explain many things of which most people are ignorant.

Liberalism and the Empire. Three Essays by Francis W. Hirst, Gilbert Murray, and J. L. Hammond. (R. Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d. net.)—This book came into our hands so late that we can give it but a brief notice. Nor, indeed, does it call for more. The time does not favour the development of a calm and judicial temper in the discussion of these topics. Mr. Hirst, who occupies more than half of the volume with his essay on "Imperialism and Finance," writes with a passion and a prejudice which can hardly commend him even to his own friends. The England which does not choose him as a teacher is "degenerate." Expenditure of which

he does not approve is a "homely jobbery." If an editor takes a line of which our sage does not approve, it is "to improve his circulation." If a soldier or a sailor presses the need of defence, it is to get employment for himself or his friends. But it is idle to waste time on Mr. Hirst. Mr. Gilbert Murray is more philosophical. His essay on "The Exploitation of Inferior Races in Ancient and Modern Times" is a serious contribution to an important subject. He is not above prejudices, making hasty inductions from examples that are neither numerous nor certain, but he has something to say that is worth hearing. The third essay is on "Colonial and Foreign Policy." We think that we see the same hand in the preface. What a foolish truism it is to say: "We hold Empire over India, over the Soudan. We do not hold Empire over Canada and Australia." Of course not; Canada and Australia and the self-governing Colonies are, along with us, the Empire. And it is our hope that some day a relation of the same kind may be established even with lands that, as the editor puts it, we hold as "a foreign despot." But such politicians do not help to bring the time nearer.

Ritual. By the Rev. N. Dimock. (Elliot Stock. 1s. net.)—Mr. Dimock warns us in language of much force, which does not, however, transgress the bounds of moderation, against allowing ritual to diminish the spirituality of religion. Religion, he says, has for its main function the raising of the soul to heaven; the vain effort to bring down heaven to earth is likely to hinder it. It is a mistake to substitute *deorsum caelum* for *sursum corda*. Splendid services, with all accessories of light and colour and music, may be very attractive, but it is to the senses that they appeal, and may easily give rise to a delusive belief in the worshipper that he is devout when he is really only self-indulgent. Mr. Dimock's tractate is well worth reading.

Lux in Tenebris. Edited by the Rev. W. Wingate. (Elliot Stock. 6d. net.)—These "Thoughts for the Bereaved" were put together for the comfort of one who had suffered the most terrible of bereavements. Mr. Wingate tells a touching story of how his friend braced himself up for his duty under a trouble which would have overpowered weaker natures. And he now sends out this little volume to be at once a memorial of the dead—he fell at Spion Kop—and a means of giving the same help to others. For that purpose it is indeed excellently fitted. It is a true ministration of comfort by one sorrowing heart to another that had been yet more heavily stricken.—We may mention *The Christian Idea of Prayer*, by the Rev. H. M. Ellis (Skeffington and Son, 1s.), which comes with high commendation from the late Archdeacon Furze, as coming from "a mind that has lived in peaceful study of the Sermon on the Mount, and has contracted no acquired taste for controversy."—In noticing the devotional treatise, *Meditations on the Offices for the Canonical Hours*, by the Rev. Rowland P. Quilter (same publishers, 2s.), we feel bound to take exception to the word "canonical." Canonical to the loyal Anglican has a definite meaning. His Church gives no sort of recognition to any services but Morning and Evening Prayers. We do not object to the use of times and forms which have certainly a venerable antiquity behind them. But these observances are not "canonical" to an Anglican Churchman.

The Expository Times. Edited by James Hastings, M.A. October, 1899—September, 1900. (T. and T. Clark. 7s. 6d.)—This volume is, as usual, full of interest. It would not be easy to find within the same compass so much suggestive matter. The preacher who desires to be abreast with the thought of the time cannot do better than study it. Now and then we have something of the personal kind, as in the memoir of Professor A. B. Bruce, whose death before he had reached what we now call old age was a great loss to the Church in Scotland and elsewhere. He combined in a remarkable way learning and what, for want of a better word, we may call "unction." Never were the two things more happily combined than in his commentary on the Synoptic Gospels in the "Expositor's New Testament."

We have received a very convenient *Two Version Edition of the Holy Bible* (Oxford University Press, 15s., bound in limp leather). The Authorised and Revised Versions are given in parallel columns. The type is excellent, and the paper the wonderful "India" that is a speciality of the University Press.

From Aldershot to Pretoria. By W. E. Sellers. (R.T.S. 2s. 6d.)—Mr. Sellers has put together a number of narratives of pastoral work with the army in South Africa, after giving an introductory account of the religious side of life at Aldershot. Mr. Sellers is connected with the Wesleyan body, and naturally gives a prominent place to its exertions on behalf

of the Services. (But is it not just a little condescending to say that "Methodism is not alone as a Church, in this patriotic and Christian enterprise. The Established Church has come, mainly through the advocacy of Dr. Edgehill, to grasp the situation"? The Established Church even before Dr. Edgehill was not wholly inactive.) The book itself is full of interesting matter. One rises from reading it with higher notions of the goodness of those who ministered and the patience of those who were ministered to.—*With Our Soldiers at the Front*, by Henry Johnson (same publishers, 2s. 6d.), is a convenient record of the great operations of war, put together in a way that will make the general course of events readily apprehended by the reader.—Another war topic is treated in *The Story of the Chinese Crisis*, by Alexis Krausse (Cassell and Co., 3s. 6d.) The author is well-known as an expert in this matter, and he puts the situation as it stands. Mr. Krausse has not a high opinion of the ruling class in China, or, indeed, of the nation. The Empire is kept together by pressure, or, rather, by a variety of pressures, from without. It would fall to pieces if it were not certain that the pieces would be fiercely fought for by European Powers. Our interest, burdened as we already are, is not to help forward dismemberment.

The Amherst Papyri. By Bernard P. Grenfell, M.A., and Arthur S. Hunt, M.A. Part I. (H. Frowde, 15s. net.)—The longest document here printed is a fragment of the "Ascension of Isaiah," an apocryphal writing of uncertain date, possibly as early as the first half of the second century of our era. Hitherto the book has been known from versions (Æthiopic and Latin); but it was written in Greek, and of this original a considerable part has now been recovered. The intrinsic interest of the book is not great, though it shows an unedifying method of controversy. A Christian addition was made to the original work, with a curiously minute prediction of the incidents of the Crucifixion and Resurrection. The papyrus itself is provisionally assigned to the fifth or sixth century. Perhaps the most interesting item is a hymn, probably belonging to the end of the third or beginning of the fourth. Neither from the theological nor from the literary point of view is it attractive. Heaven and hell are realistically described. Here is a curious line:—

"Τὰ δ' ἀνάπνυλα λυπουμένων, τὰ δὲ σκιρτήματα τὸ δὲ πῦρ φοβερόν παρὰ νόμους."

The first and third clauses are plain enough, "rest for the weary" and "the fire that sinners dread"; the second is doubtful on account of the lacuna, for which the editors suggest ἀγίων or ἀθλίων,—i.e., the "saints leaping for joy" or the "wretched writhing in torment." The choice is curious.

Should I Succeed in South Africa? By a Successful Colonist. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1s.)—This is a noteworthy contribution to the settlement of the South African question. The question asked by the title is not to be answered in a word. It depends. A man may succeed or he may fail. He may use wrong methods, or right methods in a wrong place. One thing, however, is certain. South Africa has immense capabilities. As for the prospects of the settler—who can answer? "Fortunes await the right men," says the "Successful Settler." Nowhere do they await the wrong men. But there are places where rightness commands success, and South Africa seems to be one of them.

Thoughts on the Re-Organisation of the Army. By Lieutenant-General Deshon. (J. G. Melhuish.)—General Deshon reprints a brief pamphlet, first published more than thirty years ago, containing recommendations which have been adopted by quite modern advocates of military reform. He proposes a "Secretary of War," who should be virtually Commander-in-Chief under the Parliamentary chief. Other suggestions he makes for which we would refer our readers to the pamphlet. It is very brief—six pages only—and it may be mastered in a quarter of an hour, but it means a good deal.

Cranford Souvenirs. By Beatrix L. Tollemache. (Rivingtons, 3s.)—The first paper in this volume is a sort of key to Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." Mrs. Tollemache's home was near to the town which became famous under this pseudonym. Naturally this is the most interesting of the set,—at least to those who still can enjoy "Cranford," the "seven thousand" who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of "problem novels." Next to this we should place "The Childhood of George Sand"; but all the essays are pleasant and readable.

Sounding of the Ocean of Air. By A. Lawrence Rotch, S.B. (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)—This volume contains six lectures delivered

before the Lowell Institute in Boston, U.S.A. It is not less interesting than those which have gone before it in the excellent series of "The Romance of Science." Naturally the first question is, "How deep—i.e., how high—is the ocean?" The extreme limit is indicated by the point at which meteors ignite. This is settled by trigonometrical observation at 100 miles. But the atmosphere, as measurable by the barometer, does not reach beyond 38 miles, so that the round number of 40 which one has always heard is sufficiently near to the truth. One means of determining this atmosphere proper, as it may be called, is the duration of twilight. The Arab astronomer Alhazen in the eleventh century based on this argument a conjecture that its extent was 19 leagues. The second chapter is given to "Clouds." The nimbus, or rain cloud, has a mean height of 2,300 ft.; the cirrus sometimes reaches an altitude of 49,000 ft., and a velocity of 240 miles per hour. Possibly some of the energy of which this is a startling specimen may be utilised. The remaining chapters are given to aerial machines of various kinds, the chief being balloons and kites.

The Scenery and Geology of the Peak of Derbyshire. By Elizabeth Dale. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)—This volume, written out of an abundance of local knowledge, informed with a general scientific knowledge of the subject, is a valuable contribution to the library of the geological student. Its appearance might have been more seasonable two or three months ago, but it is not out of place. Let the reader study it during the winter, and then put it to a practical use *in situ* when the summer comes again.

SCHOOL-BOOKS.—*Text-Book of Bookkeeping*, by Frank Ireson (Macmillan and Co., 4s. 6d.), seems to be a very complete work of its kind. It is not a school-book only; older readers may find instruction in it, as, e.g., in the chapter on "Goodwill."—In "Pitman's Commercial Series" (Isaac Pitman and Sons) we have *Business Arithmetic: Elementary Stage*.—*A First-Form Grammar*, by M. Morgan-Brown (Longmans and Co.), is an effort to smooth the path of the learner by initiating him in the notion of grammar by means of his own language.—*A Geography of Asia*. (A. and C. Black. 1s. net.)—We have a novelty of idea in *Kent: Past and Present* (George Philip and Sons, 2s.), one of the series of "Philip's County Readers," in which local patriotism is called in to give a stimulus to learning.

NEW EDITIONS.—*Bible Atlas of Maps and Plans to Illustrate the Old Testament, New Testament, and Apocrypha*. With Notes by Samuel Clark, M.A. New Edition Revised by Major-General Sir C. W. Wilson. (S.P.C.K. 10s. 6d.)—*Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama*. By J. A. Symonds. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 7s. 6d.)—*Grimm's Fairy Tales*. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)—*French Accidence*. By Ernest Weekley, M.A. (W. B. Clive. 3s. 6d.)—*Marcella*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (George Newnes. 6d.)—*Red Jacket, the Last of the Senecas*. By Edward Ellis. (Cassell and Co. 2s. 6d.)—*The Colloquies of Erasmus*. Translated into English by N. Bailey. Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. E. Johnson. 3 vols. (Isbister and Co. 7s. 6d.)—Some of the "Colloquies," we cannot but think, are better in Latin. Bailey's English is vigorous and idiomatic, with a certain archaic flavour.—In the "Larger Temple Shakespeare," edited by Israel Gollancz (J. M. Dent and Co., 4s. 6d. net), we have the twelfth and concluding volume, containing the *Life of Shakespeare* (arranged in the form of annals, a convenient plan) and the *Poems and Sonnets*, each being followed by its own glossary, another convenient arrangement for the reader. This edition is one of the most serviceable ever issued from the press.—*The Pilgrim's Progress*. By John Bunyan. With Illustrations by H. M. Brock. (C. Arthur Pearson. 2s.)—*The Temples and Ritual of Asklepios*. (C. J. Clay and Sons. 3s. net.)—*Scrambles Among the Alps in the Years 1860-69*. (John Murray. 15s. net.)—Mr. Whymper's new preface, with notes, is particularly interesting. Especially noteworthy is the record of changes which he records as having taken place in the Matterhorn (southern side). The book is largely occupied with the narrative of repeated attempts on this mountain, and ends with the story of the successful attempt; a victory marred by the terrible catastrophe of the descent, when out of the party of seven four perished. This is a story of undying interest. We should have been glad to see that Mr. Whymper had felt himself able to clear away some painful doubts. But the fact remains unexplained that the rope which connected Lord Frederick Douglas with Peter Taugwalder the Elder and the two other survivors, Peter the Younger and Mr. Whymper himself, was unfit for the purpose. This is a handsome edition of a famous book. The frontispiece, with the two gigantic

crosses that appeared in the sky as the survivors made their way down, is one of the weirdest things ever shown in a picture.—*Tennyson: his Art and Relation to Modern Life.* By Stopford A. Brooke. 2 vols. (Isbister and Co. 5s. net.)—In the series of "Flowers of Parnassus" (J. Lane, 1s.), *The Day-Dream*, by Alfred Tennyson, with Illustrations by Amelia Bauerle. Surely it is a mistake to put the "Fairy Prince" into complete armour with a shield? He was "lighter-footed than the fox," which he could not have been in the heavy plate panoply which he wears. Even when he and the Princess are going across the hills she leans her head against a helmet, and he puts a steel-clad arm round her waist.—*The Origin of Species.* By Charles Darwin. (John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)—*Public Speaking and Debate.* By George Jacob Holyoake. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.)—*The Scottish Chiefs.* By Jane Porter. With Illustrations by T. H. Robinson. (J. M. Dent and Co. 5s. net.)—*The Last of the Mohicans.* By J. Fenimore Cooper. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.)—Mr. H. M. Brock has illustrated the famous novel with his accustomed felicity, and Mr. Mowbray Morris has furnished an introduction, founded largely, as he tells us, on Professor Lounsbury's biography of Cooper and Miss Susan Cooper's prefaces to the novels.—In the "New Century Thackeray" (Nelson and Sons), *Book of Snobs, Christmas Books, Sketches and Travels in London* (2s. net).

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Adams (B.), America's Economic Supply, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	5/0
Agnew (Mrs. C.), The Pestilence that Walketh in Darkness	(Sonnenschein)	2/6
Ashton (M.), Haggith Shy, Quakeress, cr 8vo	(Hutchinson)	6/0
Baker (A. R.), The Children's King, roy 16mo	(R.T.S.)	2/6
Bartou (F. T.), Veterinary Manual for Horse Owners, cr 8vo	(Eyre)	10/6
Becke (Louis), Tom Wallis, cr 8vo	(R.T.S.)	5/0
Begbie (Harold), The Handy Man, and other Verses, cr 8vo	(Richards)	3/6
Boothby (Guy), The Woman of Death, cr 8vo	(Pearson)	5/0
Brock (A. C.) Eton ("Great Public Schools"), cr 8vo	(Bell)	3/6
Brown (E. G.), A Hand-List of the Muhammadan Manuscripts, 8vo	(Camb. Univ. Press)	15/0
Brown (R. M.), The Bible in Lesson and Story, cr 8vo	(Allenson)	5/0
Bryson (M.), Child Life in China, roy 16mo	(R.T.S.)	2/6
Burgess (G.), Goops and How to be Them, 4to	(Methuen)	6/0
Cadett (H.), The Adventures of a Journalist, cr 8vo	(Sands)	3/6
Chadwick (G. A.), Poems, Chiefly Sacred, cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	6/0
Champerne (B.), Memoirs of Coventry Patmore, 2 vols. 8vo	(Bell)	32/0
Church (A. J.), Helmet and Spear, cr 8vo	(Seeley)	5/0
Colquhoun (A. R.), The Renaissance of South Africa	(Hurst & Blackett)	6/0
Conrad (Joseph), Lord Jim: a Tale, cr 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	6/0
Cowper (William), The Unpublished and Uncollected Poems of	(Unwin)	3/6
Crockett (S. R.), The Stick Minister's Wooing, cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	6/0
Currie (D. A.), Queer Luck Poker Stories, 12mo	(Sands)	3/6
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Denison (G. T.), Soldiering in Canada, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	8/6
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Drummond (H.), A King's Pawn, cr 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	6/0
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Dudgeon (R. E.), The Prolongation of Life, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Ellis (H.), The Nineteenth Century: a Dialogue, 12mo	(Richards)	3/6
Emmett (J. V.), Is there a Better Thing? cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	6/0
Erasmus (D.), Colloquies Concerning Men, &c., 3 vols. 12mo	(Gibbings)	7/6
Erasmus (D.), In Praise of Folly, 12mo	(Gibbings)	2/6
Everett (Y.), The House of Giants, cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	3/6
Exploratio Philosophica, Parts I. and II., 8vo	(Camb. Univ. Press)	each 9/0
Fenn (G. M.), Uncle Bart, cr 8vo	(S.P.C.K.)	5/0
Fielding (H.), Palace Tales, cr 8vo	(Harper)	6/0
Forester (F. B.), Lone Star Blockhouse, cr 8vo	(S.P.C.K.)	3/0
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Liberal Unionists	69	
Liberals (including Labour Members)	187	} 269
Nationalists	82	
Total	670	
Unionist majority	132	

The Unionist majority, though it falls short by 20 of that commanded by the Ministers in 1895, shows a net gain of 2, counting 4 on a division, on that available before the Dissolution, and, with the exception of that of 1895, is the largest obtained by either party since 1832. The Government have received their marching orders. Let us trust they will prove capable of carrying them out in the spirit in which they were given.

The *Times* of Friday publishes a telegram from its Pekin correspondent, dated October 17th, stating that on Tuesday Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang made the following proposals to the Powers as a basis for peace negotiations:—

(1) China regrets the recent occurrences, and promises that they shall never recur; (2) admits her liability to pay an indemnity; (3) is willing to reaffirm or modify the old commercial treaties, or to make new ones; (4) asks that the Tsung-li Yamen may be permitted to resume its functions, and that the foreign troops may be withdrawn when the various items of the indemnity have been arranged; (5) hopes that negotiations having been begun, the foreign Powers will declare an armistice and cease military action. The covering despatch "again impudently ascribes the recent occurrences to the 'Boxers,' and makes no mention of the concurrence of the Imperial troops, but it admits that the 'Boxers' received support from Princes and Ministers who have since, by Imperial decree, been ordered punishment in accordance with Chinese law. The tone of the despatch is characteristically arrogant, as if the position were that of China offering terms, not of Europe dictating them." The Chinese Envoys, adds the correspondent of the *Times*, declare that the decree, recently telegraphed to Europe, purporting to banish Prince Tuan and order the execution of others is a fabrication. It is, of course, impossible to pronounce a decided opinion on these proposals till we know more about them in detail. Much, too, depends upon the spirit and manner in which they are offered. It must be confessed, however, that they have the ring of insincerity about them, and look very much like a screen behind which

further and more deadly resistance is being steadily and silently prepared.

In any case, the Chinese are clearly playing for delay. Their dreadful mistress is safe in Segan, and, in their judgment, China is suffering nothing. There are, it is true, little whirlpools in its vast sea, but what do they matter? There is not a sign that the Empress really will give way. She is appointing Manchu coadjutors to all the "Chinese" Viceroys, she is collecting troops and treasure in Shensi, and her orders are obeyed from Pekin to Yunnan. The idea that "the Emperor" is going to Pekin is abandoned. At present, that is to say, the Empress-Regent of China, though nominally negotiating, is really defying Europe to exact any reparation. Count von Waldersee, however, or his advisers, have hit upon a scheme which is either very clever or a futile dodge. This is to isolate Segan by seizing the passes to the north-west and south-east, and so cutting off supplies. We fear the country is too big, but if that succeeds the Empress-Regent might be reduced to painful straits.

It is possible that the Manchu dynasty may be threatened from another quarter. It is reported that a leader, whom we had better call Sun, has raised the standard of revolt in Kwangtung and has taken several towns. He is supported, it is believed, by the great Triad societies who manned the Taiping rebellion, and is determined to set up a native Chinese Emperor. He orders his followers not to attack the foreigner. If he succeeds at first he will call up most formidable forces, Southern China never having reconciled itself to the "barbarian" Mongol domination, and may so paralyse the Manchus that they may be eager to make peace with the foreigners, and even to implore their help. At present nothing is certain except that the Mandarins of Canton are frightened, but we note with regret that local Englishmen wish to repeat the General Gordon blunder and put these rebels down. Why not let them win? They can by no possibility be worse than the Manchus, and if we are not going to govern China we have no business with its internal revolutions. China will not split up, but we should lose nothing if she did.

The *Times* has at last received and published a full narrative from its correspondent, Dr. Morrison, of all that preceded and accompanied the siege of the Legations. Gibbon could not have told the story better. It is obviously impartial, full of detail, yet clear and consistent, and it has been accepted throughout the Continent as the history of that strange episode in the relations of Europe with Asia. We can, of course, in this place only summarise Dr. Morrison's conclusions, all supported by showers of facts and documents. They are that the Empress-Regent and the Manchu nobles, including specially Prince Ching, with whom we are now negotiating, intended the massacre of all the Ambassadors and their suites; that they only failed in their design because they dared not rush the Legations, which the Europeans defended as the Volunteers defended Mafeking; that the Chinese enjoyed sending blandly insolent messages; and that at any moment the Empress could have stopped the attack, her orders being obeyed, especially on one occasion, with Prussian precision. This is the keynote of the whole story, much of which, we may add, must have been obtained from official sources, and all of which is penetrated with the "white light" that is such a relief after reading the usual newspaper narratives. We trust that the two letters, more exciting than any novel, will be published by themselves in some cheap and handy form. They will lift a haze from the public mind.

Dr. Morrison praises highly the cool courage of the British,

the Americans (one of whom, the Rev. Mr. Gamewell, a missionary, was the Vauban of the defence), the Germans, and the Japanese, and rather specially the French, with the exception apparently of clever M. Pichon. A Swiss gentleman, M. Chamot, a hotel-keeper, and his wife are almost the hero and heroine of the story. M. Chamot, who should have the Victoria Cross, went on cooking for the garrison calmly but energetically under a storm of shells which lasted weeks, and pulverised his kitchen. The Italians, though good at a charge, lacked the Northern patience to sit still under fire from an invisible foe, and it seems to be hinted that the "Austrians" behaved badly. The word "Austrian" covers many nationalities, but want of courage has never been imputed to any of them, and we suspect that this is not Dr. Morrison's real meaning. He certainly wants to blame them, and especially their chief, Captain Thomann, for something, but it may be thick-headedness. It is most characteristic of Asia that the Chinese servants and native Christian refugees, though they suffered cruelly from hunger, did all work required of them obediently without minding the shells. Even Dr. Morrison does not solve the great mystery of the defence. *Who* distrusted the Chinese sufficiently to store enough food in the Legation to keep two thousand five hundred persons alive for two months?

There is nothing special to chronicle from South Africa except a certain number of small actions in which we invariably got the better of the enemy, and captured in all a very considerable number of prisoners. Otherwise things have been fairly quiet and telegrams very scanty,—a pretty sure sign that Lord Roberts has some big move in hand. Meantime, there has been a certain amount of complaint and uneasiness at home about the protraction of the war, which the pessimists tell us will never end. That is nonsense, but of course it takes time in so vast and difficult a country to put an end to raiding. The best answer to the pessimists is supplied by *Die Information*, which puts the situation in South Africa as follows:—"The territory overrun by the British Army is about the size of Austria-Hungary. Suppose a foreign army pressing forward from Salzburg had overrun Austria-Hungary, and advanced as far as Siebenbürgen; are we to think that bands of freebooters would not be able to maintain themselves in the Galician Carpathians or on the Erzgebirge? But who would imagine that these roving bands would be able to drive the invading army out of Vienna or Buda-Pesth?" That is common-sense.

One of the most important events of the week has been the resignation by Prince Hohenlohe of the office of Chancellor of the German Empire, and the appointment of Count von Bülow to the vacant post. It is said that Prince Hohenlohe's resignation was due to his age, and the Emperor's farewell letter to him is most cordial, but in all probability the late Chancellor was not altogether in sympathy with his master in the matter of forcing on the policy of a world-wide Empire at high pressure. No change of policy, however, is to be expected, for Count von Bülow, who has held the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has been consulted of late on all important matters. Count von Bülow is an able man, and has the ear of the Emperor, and his opinion will probably have great weight, but at the same time it must never be forgotten that the Emperor is in reality his own Chancellor and Foreign Minister, and not merely holds a veto on doubtful questions, but initiates as well.

The marriage of the young Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, Queen Prettyface as the French call her, which has been a preoccupation with many Courts, is at length settled, her Majesty having announced on Tuesday her betrothal to Duke Henry, youngest son of the late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and descendant of a house which was reigning when Charlemagne flogged the Wends into Christianity. Kings may be absurdities, but somehow they last. The betrothal is popular in Germany because the Prince Consort to be is a German, and every German regards Holland as the future naval arm of the Empire. It is also popular in Holland, for the Prince is a man of twenty-four, of good repute, a fitting father of Kings to be, and it is vital to Dutchmen that the house of Orange should not end. It

should be popular, too, in this country, for we are free men by help of that house, and we bear no malice because of the Dutch love for Kruger. It is natural that a race with a great history and few farms should wish to expand somewhere, and Kruger seemed to give them a fair chance. Had he won they would have swarmed over as we swarm to Canada. Spain has lost her colonies, but every Spaniard has a second career open in South America, and Spain would hear with terrible dismay that Germans or Americans had entered upon her former heritage.

Demos is always silent till the clock strikes, but the most recent accounts from America are highly favourable to Mr. McKinley's chances. It is said that the freeholders everywhere, though divided upon "Imperialism," which means in their minds the question whether to keep the Philippines or surrender them to Aguinaldo, are, to speak frankly, afraid of Mr. Bryan's tendencies, especially with regard to silver and the payment of debts. All capitalists in the Union are on the same side, and the immense host who intend to be capitalists if they can. Both are utterly disgusted to find that Tammany will vote "solid" for Mr. Bryan. It is now believed, therefore, that New York State holds the casting vote, and that she will give it to Mr. McKinley. Mr. Bryan, however, has mastered the Democratic party in a wonderful way, he has all the discontented with him, and there is a rumour that the negroes, who rarely vote, will make a great effort on his behalf. He will not be helped, however, by a speech he has made, saying that America will defend the Philippines as she defended Venezuela. The Monroe doctrine is quite enough burden to carry without stretching it to include Asiatic islands.

An outbreak of "Hooliganism"—that is, ruffianism by boys between fourteen and eighteen—is alarming the lower quarters of London. The boys, it seems, form gangs, arm themselves with loaded belts, or even revolvers, and attack innocent passers-by as well as each other. They do not rob, and appear to be actuated by a mixture of violent brutality and boyish delight in hurting something. Of late, however, their attacks have frequently involved death—three murders of the kind were reported on Friday week to one coroner—and Scotland Yard is bestowing on them serious attention. The law, however, seems to be imperfect, and the Stipendiaries are afraid of exceeding their powers. The best cure probably would be to send the "Hooligans" in batches to sea, naval discipline proving irresistible, but if that is impossible, why should not membership of a gang be made a separate offence punishable with some months of hard labour? In every case of murder the boy should be hanged, the plea of youth being set aside like the old plea of clergy.

The Court-Martial held upon Lieutenant à Beckett at Dover ended last Saturday, as was generally expected, in his honourable acquittal,—a result which has given universal satisfaction. Mr. à Beckett, a young Lieutenant in the Royal Garrison Artillery, was charged with abstracting two marked half-crowns from the regimental canteen. The case for the prosecution rested entirely on the evidence of Master-Gunner Acheson, who, in consequence of sundry undetected defalcations, had placed marked coins in the grocery till, two of which were found on Mr. à Beckett when he was searched. For the defence it was pointed out, apart from the entire absence of motive—Mr. à Beckett had a substantial balance at his bank—that he offered no objection to being searched, that the other marked coins were not found on him, that his rooms, in which he left his clothes about with the keys and money in them, were easy of access to waiters and others, and that the tills themselves could be tampered with. It was contended, in short, that Mr. à Beckett was the victim of a plot by which the real defaulters had contrived to plant suspicion on him by dropping the marked coins in his clothes. Further inquiries are pending, and will result, we sincerely hope, not only in the discovery of the culprit, but in the reform of certain unsatisfactory features in the regimental canteen system. We want to see our Army placed on a business footing, but that does not necessitate the making of our officers into shopmen and cashiers.

The Transvaal Concessions Commission, which is now sitting at Pretoria, has elicited some very striking facts as to

the part played by the Netherlands Railway Company during the war. The diary of Mr. Van Kretschmar, the managing director, which fell into the hands of the military authorities, showed not only that the company had joined in, and even taken the initiative in, military operations, but also that they had acted as what Reuter's correspondent with a magnificent reticence of phrase calls "almoners" to the Transvaal Government in three specific instances, "one being the occasion of the visit to Pretoria of Mr. Hargrove. Mr. Kretschmar admitted the payment of £1,000 towards the expenses of the 'conciliation tour' made by Mr. Hargrove in Cape Colony. In the second instance, it was disclosed that Mr. Reginald Statham, a Pro-Boer journalist and author, had been for some time in receipt of an annual salary for a substantial amount, which was paid through the Netherlands Railway Company. Mr. Statham on one occasion asked to be accommodated with £300 in connection with some furniture transaction, whereupon the railway company advanced him £150. In the third case, Mr. Mendelsohn, late of the *Standard and Diggers' News*, was favoured at the head offices of the company in Amsterdam with a loan of £6,000." In one of Mr. Kretschmar's letters he states:—"We have compromised ourselves by deed and word and writing. We have made cannon and ammunition, destroyed bridges on English territory, we have paid our staff on commando, and have assisted the Free State with persons and materials." We reserve comment upon these facts for the present, as the matter must be considered *sub judice* till the Concessions Commission reports.

It was announced on Wednesday that Lord Alverstone (Sir Richard Webster), the Master of the Rolls, had been appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, and that the office of Master of the Rolls would be filled by Lord Justice A. L. Smith. Both are sound appointments, and will be popular with the Bar. Lord Alverstone's great experience in the Courts should render him a worthy occupant of a judicial office which yields to none in the splendour of its traditions. To sit in the seat of Holt and Mansfield is indeed no mean honour.

The result of the elections in Scotland has been that of the 72 seats 36 are now held by Unionists. From an interesting mass of election figures published in Tuesday's *Glasgow Herald*, it appears that while between the dates 1832 and 1865 the average number of Conservative Members in Scotland was 15·7, and between 1868 and 1885 11·6, in 1886 it rose to 29, and though falling to 22 in 1892, rose to 33 in 1895, and now stands at 36. The only Liberal gain in Scotland in the recent elections was in Inverness-shire, against which seven Unionist gains have been recorded: two in Glasgow, one in Edinburgh, and one each in Dumfriesshire, Sutherlandshire, Aberdeenshire (East), and the Wick Burghs. In Ireland the 103 Members are made up of 81 Nationalists, 17 Conservatives, 4 Liberal Unionists, and 1 Liberal. The Nationalists lost seats in Derry City and Galway, and gained them in South County Dublin and the St. Stephen's Green division of the City of Dublin. The defeat of the Healyite faction has been complete, and though Mr. Redmond remains titular chief, the practical leadership is for the moment vested in the hands of Mr. William O'Brien. It would be unsafe, however, to argue that this result betokens enthusiasm for, or even confidence in, Mr. O'Brien. He happens to be the figurehead of the United League, and owes his elevation to this association with the only fighting programme placed before the electors, amongst whom the influence of the Hillside men is once more predominant.

All who are interested in the problem of national defence, and in the part which might be taken in its solution by cyclist riflemen, should read General Maurice's most interesting and valuable "Report on the Cycling Manœuvres in the Brighton District." [The Report is only privately printed, but we believe that copies may be obtained from Major-General Sir F. Maurice, K.C.B., Headquarter Office, Woolwich.] General Maurice last Bank-holiday made a most interesting experiment in the use of cyclist riflemen in enveloping and delaying an enemy's advance. In his Report he records what was done, and suggests the best way of organising cyclist riflemen. He does not, it must be remem-

bered, wish merely to use the highly trained cyclist sections of Volunteer regiments. These are, of course, the élite of cyclist soldiers, and capable of most important work of various kinds. What he desires is to render available the infinitely larger bodies of civilian cyclists. He wants, in fact, to see the members of the ordinary cycling clubs in town and country become riflemen as well as cyclists, and then to use them for purposes of defence. But most wisely General Maurice wants to keep them cyclists with a knowledge of the use of the rifle, and not to make them infantry soldiers on cycles. He advises, that is, that they should not be encouraged to learn any infantry drill, but should be simply taught, besides the use of the rifle, knowledge appropriate to the work of moving in a mass along a road, and the arts of taking cover and scouting.

General Maurice's principle is, we are convinced, an absolutely sound one, and we congratulate him most heartily on his vigour and initiative in the matter. The cyclist rifleman must be an experienced cyclist who can also shoot, but must not bother his head about foot soldiers' drill. That the civilian cyclist can be made by a little trouble into an efficient cyclist rifleman we do not doubt, and we trust that the military authorities will entirely abandon the notion that his only, or at any rate chief, use is to act as an unarmed guide or messenger. Taught a few simple and appropriate evolutions, and given also a chance to learn how to shoot, the cyclist rifleman may become invaluable. Think what a screen, behind which a general could move his forces unobserved, would be formed by a loosely spread body of fifty thousand cyclist riflemen blocking every road, say, in the district between the South and the North Downs.

In Tuesday's issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* the Rome correspondent of that journal records the experiments of the British mission sent out three months ago by the London School of Tropical Medicine to study malaria in the Campagna. During all that period the two doctors, resident in the most malarial spot of the district, "have taken neither quinine nor arsenic, nor any other medicine to prevent or cure malaria. They have slept always with the windows open, have had the earth dug up about the premises, have drunk the bad water of the place, have worked during the day like labourers, have got soaked with rain, taking with all this only one precaution, not to be bitten from sunset to sunrise by the anopheles mosquito, the whole house being absolutely mosquito-proof, while in the houses and huts about not one person has escaped the malaria, although fighting it with the best known remedies." The immunity which the doctors have enjoyed goes a long way towards confirming the new theory that the only source of malaria is the bite of the anopheles mosquito, which in turn receives the infection only from biting a human being infected with malaria. Further evidence has been furnished by the experiment of sending to London some mosquitoes, inoculated as described above, which were then made to bite the son of Dr. Manson, the medical adviser to the Colonial Office, himself a physician who had never lived in malarial countries, or been afflicted previously with malaria. "In due time he was taken with the exact form of malaria of the original patient." It is to be hoped that Dr. Manson may derive no lasting injury from his self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of science. The further problem, how the original malarial patient caught the malaria, is still to be solved.

We note with pleasure that it is intended to erect a monument in memory of Sir Ralph Abercrombie and the victory of the British army at Alexandria. Subscriptions may be sent to the manager of the Bank of Egypt, either at the branches in Cairo and Alexandria, or at the office of the bank in London. It is proposed that the monument shall be erected next spring, and dedicated in the month of February, 1901, which will be the centenary of Abercrombie's death. We greatly hope that the subscriptions will be sufficient to make the monument worthy of its subject. Abercrombie was a really great soldier, and his masterly solution of the problem, how to land a large body of troops on an open coast in face of the enemy, will live in military history.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

New Consols (2 $\frac{3}{4}$) were on Friday 99.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA, MILITARY AND POLITICAL.

WE see no sound reason for despondence in regard to the situation in South Africa, either from the military or the political point of view. It is true that there is still a good deal of raiding and guerilla warfare going on both in the Orange Colony and in the Transvaal, and that this unrest may continue for another month or two. But that was only to be expected in the circumstances. A good many of the more ignorant Boers do not yet realise that they have been entirely beaten, and that the old Government has ceased to exist, and so they naturally enough fight on. Others, again, continue fighting just because they realise that all is lost, and because they know that they cannot be worse off, and think that possibly a little more resistance may secure them better terms. These considerations, and also the fact that the country, with its vast distances, absence of roads, and mountainous regions, is exactly suited to a partisan war, all tend to prolong the last act of the struggle. But this prolongation is in no real sense a cause for anxiety. As *Die Information*, of Vienna, very shrewdly points out, it would be no easy matter to stop guerilla fighting quickly even in a country like Austria, and in South Africa the task is very much harder.

But though the raiding and veldt-riding look so formidable, the area of disturbance is steadily shrinking, and what is more, the number of raiders is daily lessening. Every day a number of Boers are killed and wounded, and a still larger number are taken prisoners. Even at the present rate it will not be many weeks before the wastage from these sources will have greatly reduced the Boers in the field, and there is every reason to believe that the rate of wastage will steadily increase. The fighting Boers no longer get recruits or fresh supplies of horses or of ammunition or of food in any large quantities. The bands of guerillas will no doubt use up their present resources, but when these are exhausted they will be obliged to give in. All that is wanted now to end the war satisfactorily is patience and fortitude. These qualities we expect, and shall find, in our commanders and soldiers, and we have a right to expect them also in the public at home. The country must make up its mind to a tiresome period of small and worrying operations, and must entirely refuse to have a fit of "nerves" because after the tremendous crash of war it takes time to pick up the pieces and clean up the mess. With some eighteen thousand prisoners in our hands, and at the most only some three or four thousand men still in the field against us, it is absurd to take a gloomy view of the military position.

In spite of all the dreary forecasts about Boer irreconcilability, and of the impossibility of the country ever settling down in peace once more, we refuse to take a pessimistic view of the political situation. Granted that we adopt a firm and consistent policy, and base it upon sound and liberal principles, we have no fear as to the ultimate solution of the South African problem. In our opinion, and, indeed, in that of all reasonable men, the first thing to aim at is the ultimate establishment of self-government in the conquered territories. Though we may not dogmatise on the subject quite so much as the Americans, we, like them, regard the consent of the governed as the first principle of our Empire in all its dealings with people of European blood. The final destiny of the late Republics is to become self-governing communities within the Empire of the kind to be found in Canada and Australasia. But though this is the ultimate goal, it would be madness to give representative institutions to the Boers at the present moment. While the wounds of war are healing we must have recourse to another and different system of administration. Before the white communities of the Empire grow to be fit for self-government we are accustomed to govern them on the Crown Colony system,—a system under which a Colony is developed and prepared for representative institutions by a judicious use of the powers of the Crown. This sound principle of action must be adhered to in the present case. It makes no difference that the need for a period of

Crown Colony government will be based not upon immaturity so much as on internal troubles and racial animosities. The fact remains that the regions in question require a period of rest and preparation before they can take their place in the Empire as self-governing communities. One advantage of applying the system of Crown Colony government to the late Republics is that it will enable us greatly to cut short the period of military rule. Had we no middle system to resort to, and were we obliged to make a representative system follow immediately on military government, such military government would have to be very much prolonged. But soldiers are by the nature of the case bad administrators. They realise that their sway can only be temporary, and all they think about is how to keep the peace. They only want to carry things on, and like to leave all difficult questions dormant to be settled by their successors. In our view, then, we should as soon as possible establish the Crown Colony system of government in the late Republics, bringing to the work of administration our ablest men from all parts of the Empire. Into the details of the system to be established, and into the question whether we ought to set up one or two Crown Colonies, we shall not attempt to enter. These matters can only be decided on a view of all the facts, and these we are naturally without. We think, however, that we may safely say that the Colonial Office, which has had plenty of experience, will be able to create a working scheme of administration which will deal adequately with the period of Crown Colony rule that must come before the establishment of self-government.

It will be said, no doubt, that the Boers will bitterly resent the establishment of a Crown Colony. We venture to doubt it. In the Transvaal the immediate establishment of a representative system would work extremely unfairly to the Boers. It would, of course, be impossible to give the vote to the men who had violated the oath of neutrality or had remained in arms after the annexation, and hence the Boers, after the return of the Outlanders and the inrush of new emigrants and settlers, would be hopelessly outvoted, and would be left, as were many of the Southern States, at the mercy of their political opponents. The Crown Colony system, worked in the fair and liberal spirit in which it is certain to be worked, will be the best way of safeguarding the Boer from reprisals from the men over whom he so long tyrannised. It will be said, perhaps, that the Boer will not realise this, and will ask as eagerly for representative government as if it would give him back his old power, but we do not think that this is likely to be so. People always argue as though the Boer at the end of the war would be exactly the same hard, arrogant, bumptious person that he was at the beginning. In reality he will be a very different person. Out of the not very large male population in the two Republics when the war began, nearly twenty thousand will have passed through a British military prison, and many of these will have visited Ceylon or St. Helena,—an educational process of no small value. A large number of others will have sought a voluntary exile in German or Portuguese territory, or even in distant parts of the Cape and Rhodesia. Others, again, have been killed in battle, or died of wounds or disease. There is yet another section of the Boer population to be considered,—the men who were never really anti-British though compelled to fight us, and who will now be quite satisfied to remain within the British Empire. In other words, when the war is finished the number of really hostile and irreconcilable Boers will be found to be very much less than at the beginning of the war. In fact, the Boer in the Transvaal, whatever he may be in the Cape Colony and the Orange River Colony, will not be a very formidable factor. He will not, of course, be a quantity to be neglected, but as the tide of immigration rises, and as the vast material resources of the region are developed, he will gradually lose his importance. While the remnant of irreconcilable Boers are raiding up and down the country they look very formidable, and are as difficult to count as the Irishman's moving pig, but when they cease from guerilla warfare their relative unimportance in the population will be realised.

In our view, the difficulties in regard to Crown Colony government will not come from the Boers, but from the pro-British part of the population. They will not

unnaturally desire self-government, and will chafe somewhat at the notion that they are to be deprived of the vote because of the misdeeds of the Boers. They are also pretty sure to desire a more drastic handling of the Boers than will be thought advisable by the trained and disinterested administrators whose duty it will be to be impartial, and to hold an even balance. But though these difficulties may arise, they will, we have no doubt, prove capable of accommodation without any very great difficulty. And for this reason. Sir Alfred Milner will be supreme over the new Crown Colony or Colonies, and he has so completely won, and deservedly won, the confidence of the Outlanders and pro-British Colonists that we feel sure that they will loyally support him in any policy or plan of government that he may advise.

We have not always agreed on every point with Sir Alfred Milner in his handling of the South African problem. For example, we think that he did not at the beginning of his tenure of office dissociate himself with sufficient clearness and emphasis from Mr. Rhodes and his policy. We think also that some of his despatches showed a heat which, if humanly excusable, was not quite consistent with his position as a Colonial Governor. Since the outbreak of the war, however, nothing could have been better than Sir Alfred Milner's attitude. His firmness on all points essential to the successful prosecution of the war, his wise and cautious treatment of a hostile Ministry, and his reticence and calmness under a fire of obloquy and malignity, have shown him to be possessed of many of the highest qualities required in a ruler of men. He has not been intimidated by a campaign of lies and abuse, and, far harder task, he has kept absolutely unmoved and shown no irritation at the attacks made upon him. That is a record of which any one might be proud, and it alone would mark him out as a fit man to deal with the settlement. But in addition he has won the esteem, the respect, and the entire trust and confidence of the British in South Africa. They feel safe in his hands, and they will take from him without grumbling a policy which, introduced by another man, might produce endless heartburnings. It is, in our view, absolutely essential that Sir Alfred Milner should carry out the work of settlement in South Africa.

GREAT BRITAIN AND CHINA.

OPINION in this country is clearly hardening about Chinese affairs. Dr. Morrison's able narrative, supported as it is by all other authorities, American as well as English, and supplemented by the extraordinary list of payments to the "Boxers" published in the *Standard*, has blown away much of the fog. The people now see what we have been telling them for the last two months, that the outbreak against foreigners was prepared, ordered, and supplied with means by the rulers of China, among whom the terrible Empress-Regent has been from the first, is now, and will be while she and the legal Emperor lives, the final referee. They are therefore eager to punish, even if punishment costs an effort, but they are still bewildered as to the form the effort should assume, and worried in their minds by an endless variety of suspicions and jealousies more worthy of Continentals than of Englishmen. Whatever happens, they think they are going to be "done." They seem unable as yet, in the total, and, as we think, rather discreditable, absence of a lead from the great politicians, to be able to accept the disagreeable truths of the situation, and decide either to rule China, with its inevitable consequence, a great European war; or to partition China, and thereby enormously increase the Imperial burden; or to restrict themselves to a sharp punishment for the guilty, including the Empress, and thenceforward seek trade, and not dominion, in China. They wish to take this last course, we believe—certainly their statesmen do—but they grow half crazy with jealousy, and simply cannot bear to see Russia, or Germany, or France eating the cherries which they do not want. We never remember quite the same temper in them before. There was this week almost a ludicrous instance of it. It is reported, we think ourselves on good evidence, but there must as yet be reserve before it is given full credence, that the great secret societies of the

South, who for ages past have threatened the Manchu dynasty, and who gave to the Taeping movement most of its strength, see their opportunity, have allied themselves with the Reformers or "Young Chinese," and probably with the endless "Mafia" societies of South China, and intend in November to start a grand insurrection having for its object the restoration of a Chinese dynasty. That, at least, seems to be the idea of ruling Mandarins at Canton, who are sending troops into the interior and hiring bandits, and executing suspected persons in scores, and generally behaving as Mandarins in a fright usually do behave. Instantly there arises a cry here that we must put the new movement down, and a perfectly false report that ten thousand Indian soldiers had been ordered to Hong-kong is welcomed with acclaim. Why on earth should we put the movement down, so doing the Empress-Regent's work for her at our own expense? 'Oh,' it is said, 'because if we do not Russia will do it, or Germany, or France, or the Emperor Menelek.' Nonsense. Russia has more to do than she can manage already—conquest being frightfully expensive—in Manchuria, which, we remind our readers for the tenth time, is much larger than France, and has twenty-one millions of inhabitants. The ambitions of Germany may be great, but they certainly do not come south of the Yangtse, or include a costly war for the benefit of the Empress-Regent; while France will not move a conscript into China. Not to mention the dangerous movement she is preparing for herself in the Hinterland of Algeria, a movement in which we heartily wish her either victory or a safe deliverance, she has quite enough to do to hold down Indo-China, which her agents misgovern, which is boiling over with the kind of hate expressed by Prince Inkantor, and which one of her ablest servants recently declared would demand an army of fifty thousand men to quell. Grant, however, that all these Powers, and Japan besides, waste their strength on intervention in South China, what business is it of ours? We must, of course, protect Hong-kong and Kowloon, as it used to be called, because we are responsible for them, and because they may be attacked by bandits; but the notion that any European Power, or even any Chinese agitator, will without provocation fire on the British flag, and so bring into the field for no reason the most terrible of enemies, is simply silly. The truth of the situation is just this. The sweltering mass of yellow humanity which we call China is visibly in the throes of a terrible convulsion, the end of which no man can foresee. Her endless peoples are panting to be rid of the Manchu tribe, which, for all its bloodthirstiness, is more nearly worn out than its kindred tribe, the Turk; panting to be rid of the foreigner; panting, above all, to find a dynasty which can rule them well upon the lines to which they cling; which can, for example, rid them of unbearable corruption in their officials without breaking up the method of selection. As they know of no method but massacre, yet have never been taught to fight, they are shedding blood in all directions aimlessly. In a month or two there probably will be an aim, some Chinese Emperor being proclaimed, and then the Southern movement will be a rush, as in 1863, of Chinese upon the Manchus. Why, with our bitter experience of the Manchus, who are as bloodthirsty as Turks and much more faithless, should we even attempt to interfere? 'Oh, because there will be anarchy.' Let there be anarchy for a time. The whole history of China shows that the drift of the people is not towards anarchy, but towards a fossilised regularity of life controlled and guided by a head who is imagined to represent the Fatherhood of God; but suppose that China does split up, why should it not split up? The new problems a pulverised China would present could not be more difficult than the problem she presents under the Manchus. 'But in anarchy trade will suffer so much.' We greatly doubt whether the people of China in their ten thousand green villages will walk about naked, or cease to eat opium, or give up buying any of the few things they wish for because of anarchy; but even if they do, we had better bear the loss than pay away the profit of years in an attempt to acquire countries we cannot rule. A few concessionaires and railway promoters and the like may be ruined, but is the policy of an Empire to be deflected for them?

We say "exact justice for the outrages done us, and

then wait, extricate the victorious army from South Africa, reform its constitution so that its officers shall know their work as lawyers and doctors know theirs, and then intimate to the world what we and the Americans must have, and if necessary take it." The world will not fight the Anglo-Saxon race, and if it does, it does not much matter. The exacting of justice we acknowledge to be difficult, but it is not impossible if we will but wait. There is a glimmering of purpose and sense in the very latest accounts. Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang, both bitterly anti-foreign—indeed, if Dr. Morrison is right, Prince Ching ought to be placed on the list of the condemned—are "negotiating" after their fashion, but meanwhile the Allies have hit upon a plan, which may fail but is at least sensible. They are not going to risk everything by a march to Segan, but they think it possible by expeditions from Peking and Hankow to cut off all supplies, especially of treasure, from the new capital. We fear the territory to be covered is too wide, but this is clearly the idea now dominant, and if it is successful it is a clever one. The native armies now converging on Segan will not keep their discipline unless they are paid, and if they mutiny they must either surrender the guilty nobles to the foreigner, thereby opening the closed passes, or set up a new dynasty, with which it may be possible to establish fresh relations. Plans in China usually fail, but with the North in tumult, the South in insurrection, and the passes leading to Segan in foreign hands, this one should at least be possible. At all events, whether it is or not, our business is to devise some method of punishing the guilty, and then to leave China to muddle as she best may through her own revolution. We have enough on our hands already.

RECONSTRUCTION FOR THE OPPOSITION.

WHAT is the future of the Opposition in the new Parliament? That is the question which thinking men are asking everywhere,—a question which concerns not merely the Liberal party but the whole nation. Unionists must desire quite as ardently as Liberals that the Opposition should be saved from its present position of weakness and distraction, and that, united under an able leader, it should take its proper place and do its proper work in the constitutional machine. Unionists are anxious for the strengthening of the Opposition because they know that without a strong and vigilant Opposition it is impossible to get the best work out of any Government, however able and patriotic its individual members may be. Criticism and competition are as essential to success in the work of government as to success in business, for monopolies always tend to ossification. Hence the more anxious Unionists are to see the present Government doing its work well and truly, the more anxious they must be to see the Opposition once more placed on sound lines.

What chance is there of a reformed Opposition? It must be confessed that when one regards the present state of the Opposition the prospect seems well-nigh hopeless. They seem to be absolutely without the qualities that ought to belong to a Parliamentary minority faced by a Government and a party of exceptional homogeneity and also of exceptional ability. Their least disadvantage is their want of voting power. They have no leader, they have no definite policy at home or abroad, and they have not even a set of general principles upon which all are agreed. Some are for Lord Rosebery, some for Sir William Harcourt. Some glory in the name of Pro-Boer, while some are as anti-Boer and as keenly Imperialist as any Unionists. Some, again, are as sincerely anxious to give Ireland legislative independence as the Nationalists, while others have quite made up their minds that the Union shall never again be imperilled. Lastly, some are for Socialistic legislation, while others share the views of the extreme Manchester School. But though their divergence of views as to men and measures seems so great, we do not believe that it would be beyond the skill of a really great party leader to combine this apparently fortuitous concourse of warring atoms into a homogeneous mass, or at any rate a mass sufficiently homogeneous for the purposes of Parliamentary opposition. But in order to do so there must be, of course, a good deal of renunciation. In the first place, a leader must be found, and when found must be obeyed. In finding the leader recourse must not be

had to a man of compromise, who is willing to try to hold the balance between contending factions. That may answer in a strong party, but it is fatal in a weak one. It would be far better for the Liberal party to take a man who had many enemies as well as many friends, and who for a time would drive a section of the party into revolt, than to take a man of compromise. The great thing for an effective Opposition is not to be strong in the lobbies, but to play a bold and consistent part. They must necessarily be beaten when it comes to a division, and it does not at first greatly matter by what numbers. What does matter is that the attacks of the Opposition shall be real and pressed home. For example, all Liberals are no doubt at present willing to serve under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, but that does not make him an effective, but an ineffective, leader. He is paralysed by trying to serve two masters. A leader who frankly took one side or the other—i.e., that of Sir William Harcourt or that of Lord Rosebery—and accepted the consequences would really do much better. No doubt he would begin by being repudiated by a large section of his supposed followers, but on the first occasion on which he really drew blood from the Government the deserters would come back to him. In opposition nothing succeeds like opposing, and as soon as a Liberal chief had scored a certain number of successes he would find the whole party rallying behind him. Of course, such a chief must have a battle-cry, a principle on which to hang his attacks, but that principle lies always ready to the hand of a leader of Opposition, and can always be legitimately used by him. That is the principle of administrative efficiency. It is the special function of "the leader of her Majesty's Opposition" to do his best to secure administrative efficiency and to keep the Government of the day up to the mark.

Could a true leader of Opposition be found among the Liberals, his first business, in our opinion, would be to tell his followers that he would have nothing to say to the question of Home-rule. That question he would declare had been settled, for this generation at any rate, by the voters, and could not be reopened. No doubt such a declaration would destroy the alliance with the Irish party, and would at first cost him the support of the few fanatical Home-rulers who are still to be found among the Liberals. But these last would very soon come back and join any effective Opposition, while the Irish Nationalists, even though declaring themselves betrayed, would, willingly or unwillingly, be obliged to join in attacks on a Unionist Government. They are by necessity the helpers of the Opposition, and almost as much when they hate as when they love the Liberals. Just in the same way the leader of the Opposition should declare in the most clear and open way that the South African problem had been settled and could not be reopened. He should announce indeed, that he would resist to the last any attempt to undo the incorporating of the Republics with the Empire, though he would of course reserve the right of freely criticising the details of the settlement. That, again, would alienate for a time a few supporters, but they would all return in time, for though no help would be given either to Nationalism or to Little Englandism, support would be welcomed from all quarters in the work of criticising the Government. We venture to assert, indeed, that if such an Opposition as we have indicated could be organised, the Liberal party would soon be a reunited and homogeneous body. In the excitement of trying to get the better of the Government the fads and fancies would be forgotten, the dead issues of Home-rule and Little Englandism would fade into the background, and men would wonder how it was that they once squabbled so wildly on mere personal issues such as those that grew out of the rivalry between Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery. But though we feel sure that concentration under an able leader on the one point of securing administrative efficiency throughout the nation and Empire would revive the Liberal party, we are by no means hopeful that the Liberal party will immediately produce any man capable of doing the work. Lord Rosebery, even if he possessed the right temperament, which he does not, is by the grotesque unfairness of our Constitution as securely shut up in the House of Peers as if it were a lunatic asylum. Sir William Harcourt, though he is in many ways a good political critic, would, we fear, find it impossible to repudiate Little Englandism and Home-rule. Mr. Asquith, though he

would have no difficulty in this latter respect, is said to be too much immersed in his legal business to be able to give that incessant attention required by a Parliamentary De Wet,—and nothing less than a Parliamentary De Wet will do. The names of Sir Henry Fowler, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, and of others of course occur at once, but we cannot profess to have enough knowledge of, or sympathy with, the present Liberal party to be able to suggest the ideal leader. But perhaps after all the leader matters less than one might suppose, provided always that he will ruthlessly, and no matter what amount of screaming comes from his followers, lop off the dead issues and fasten like a ferret on the essential question of administrative efficiency.

We can only end as we began, by saying that it is our earnest desire that the Liberal party should constitute themselves into an efficient Opposition, because we desire to see the present Government strong and sound, and taking up in earnest the question of administrative efficiency. But this it is hopeless to expect either from them or from any Government unless there is a real Opposition. Administrative efficiency is all very well as a phrase. We are all prepared to shout for it, and indeed just now almost to worship it. But between praise and practice there is a great gulf. When you try to put in operation the principle of administrative efficiency a thousand unexpected obstacles arise. A statesman honestly tries to act up to it in a great Department, and not merely to "carry on" the work of that Department. He finds, however, that administrative efficiency if carried out will tread on people's toes in the most unexpected places. It will make his chief constituents furious, it will involve "upsetting" the whole of a colleague's Department, it will lead to endless worries for the Premier. If there is a vigilant Opposition the reforming statesman can always say to lazy colleagues or angry constituents: 'We must put this thing straight, or the Opposition will get hold of it, and will be able to make out an unanswerable case against us.' If he can be answered, and answered truly; 'Oh, don't trouble about the Opposition; they are much too busy fighting among themselves to worry about us,' it is hardly possible for human nature to resist the temptation to let things alone and not stir up unnecessary trouble. The fear of the Opposition, in fact, provides the steam required for big reforms. Therefore the efficiency of the Administration is bound up with the efficiency of the rival party, and all who wish the Government well must wish for a sound and active Opposition.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

OUR people do not regard the speeches and acts of the German Emperor with the incurable and most inconvenient suspicion with which they regard everything said and done by Russian statesmen. They rather watch his Majesty, especially when he is speaking, with a mixture of admiration, ridicule, and alarm,—of admiration because they begin to recognise that he is a really eloquent man with large ideas always fermenting in his brain; of ridicule because they are by nature contemptuous of "high-falutin'" expressions—they would not now fully appreciate even Burke—and of alarm because, from the immense area over which their interests are spread, they fancy the Emperor's plans must sooner or later collide with their own pretensions. We have a great respect for popular instincts, especially about statesmen, but we wish our countrymen would take a little trouble to formulate and clarify their ideas about the Emperor and his plans. His policy deserves the most attentive study, but our people make too much of his speeches. They should allow a little more for the pleasure which a King who has found that he can move and delight his subjects by his eloquence must feel in the exercise of his unusual faculty. Kings can rarely do much outside their kingship except flute a little as Frederick the Great did, or utter *bons mots* as Louis XVIII. did, and a King who can beat most Bishops in a sermon, and most Foreign Secretaries in a speech, must be allowed a little indulgence for his tongue. We did not admire very much when Palmerston said of the Englishman *Civis Romanus sum*, for we did not see how the saying helped the Englishman to dominion, and we are not much alarmed when William II. prophesies the same thing for the German, for the Roman con-

ditions no longer exist. Rome never fought a people but once, and then was nearly thrashed, though the people was only a Semitic tribe on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. There will be no Roman citizen in our day, only a citizen entitled to the treatment he gives his rivals, and especially to trade in peace throughout the world, afraid of nothing except competition from everybody else.

The Emperor pleases his people, and therefore gets more ships, by his artistic boasting, but it is his policy which demands attention. He has, as we believe, three settled objects from which he never swerves, though he perpetually changes his methods of attaining them. One is to be, in appearance at least, a real "Imperator," a sovereign referee, felt throughout the world, an Augustus "whose whispered word fills like pervading Nature land and flood, and if but syllabled in wrathful mood" would be very terrible indeed. That is the object which he just permitted to appear in his speech of the 11th inst. at Saalburg. He will hardly attain that. He might if Germany could for twenty years give her whole heart and energies to the work, but Germany neither can nor will. She would like, no doubt, a great position, as every other people has liked it, but she thirsts first of all to be richer and more comfortable, and she has a terrible drawback to her career. She must do all her work, heavy or light, in full armour. Nothing can alter her position between the restless Republic of France, her equal in all but training for battle, and the ever-growing might of the Slav Empire, with a population three times her own all ready to be "food for the cannon," all obeying a single impulse, and all filled with a vague idea that for them the world has only just begun. If the Germans give too much of their strength to a "world-policy," they will, as many of their statesmen already perceive, be unable to remain permanently mobilised as against the Powers that are squeezing them, and when that alternative becomes clear they will reject the world-policy. To reign over dependencies with a halter round your neck is not alluring. That is the check which will keep back the Emperor, who is not a Louis XIV. but a man who means other things besides personal exaltations, and will compel him to surrender some of his dreams. His second object is to secure somewhere or other a kind of India, a dominion so full of people that trade with them will keep his own subjects in full work, and so prevent their Socialist theories from becoming dangerous to the established order. He thought at first, we believe, that he could reach this end by acquiring the glorious islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and we confess the weakest thing we have seen in him is his abandonment of this project. It might have succeeded magnificently, for it mattered nothing to any Continental Power, and we doubt if, when the crisis arrived, we should have interfered. We should now because Australia would protest, but we might not have intervened then. It has, however, been abandoned, and the Imperial mind is now set on acquiring fifty millions of subjects in China. It is with that object that the Emperor is spending so much money, and collecting so many Volunteers, and pressing demands which, though just enough, will not be conceded until he can dictate his own terms. In this object he may be successful. If his subjects will support him fully he will be strong enough, for Russia has plenty to do in the North; Great Britain has no interest except in a liberal commercial treaty, which if he signs he will observe; and Japan, though horribly annoyed, will hardly venture on such a war alone. Whether, if successful, his people will long be satisfied, we doubt. Chinamen are very difficult to govern except in their own way—even the Russians have not at all succeeded yet, massacre and government not being convertible terms—and we have an impression—it is not yet a conviction—that the Germans, who make such admirable colonists, lack that power of abstention which is essential to Imperial rule in Asia. Where the Englishman stands coldly aside, content with order and revenue, the German will have things go his own way, and will be met in the end by a resistance of which he has no idea. Still, for the time, and while he lives, William II. may carry out this idea and hold a considerable Eastern and sub-tropical dominion. His third object is a dominion in which the overspill of Germany may find a new home without

quitting the Empire. This idea, which led to all the South African intrigues, has been undoubtedly accentuated of late in his mind and every German mind by the to them amazing revelation that Australians and Canadians are ready to die for the Motherland; but still it is, as an active idea, in abeyance. He probably does not forget Brazil, her history, her emptiness, and her want of power, and he most certainly does not forget what Germans could make of Anatolia if they could ever, say while Russia was in the throes of a revolution, acquire that magnificent possession. Many of our readers will say that these are mere dreams; but they are dreams, as we believe, that fill the heart of an Emperor who, though he can dream, is still a Hohenzollern, and fits means to ends.

We do not see any reason either in the speeches or the policy of the German Emperor for any present alarm. His first object clearly is no business of ours. He may think himself Cæsar Augustus if he likes, or call himself Emperor Romanorum, but he will not rule us, and that is for us the only point. Titles in our day mean but little. We are not a bit more oppressed because our own Queen is also an Empress, nor are the Indians either. Queen or Empress, if the Radicals had won the elections there would have been a Radical Government with a Radical policy at home and abroad. As to the second object, if William II. likes to fling his sabre into the Chinese morass, let him. The morass will probably swallow it up, and if it does not, we deal with Hamburg much more freely than we do with Hankow. And as to the third, let us remember Lord Elgin's reflection upon the trend of modern politics. "Democracies," he said, "should take short views." So should Kings, the power of prophecy, even for five minutes, not being given to men; but Kings, being individual and human, often—dream.

IRELAND AT WESTMINSTER.

ALTHOUGH, in the relative strength of Unionist and Nationalist Members of Parliament, the elections in Ireland have produced no change, the losses in the metropolitan city and county areas being balanced by gains at Derry and Galway, the quality of the Irish representation in the House of Commons when it reassembles will be found materially changed, and we fear distinctly for the worse. After several years' absence from Westminster, Mr. William O'Brien returns thither with apparently a very large following of Members more or less pledged as supporters of himself personally, and of the programme of the United Irish League, of which he has been the principal founder and organiser. If not in name, he will in fact be the leader of the Irish Nationalist party in Parliament. Mr. Dillon, who was associated with Mr. O'Brien in the starting and early developments of the United Irish League, has been comparatively little before the country of late, and indeed has few, if any, of the qualifications required in a successful chief. Mr. John Redmond, since the "reunion" the titular leader of the Irish party, is an excellent speaker—certainly among the six best in the late House of Commons—and his character is not without dignity. So long as it was merely a question of holding together a small school of Nationalist politicians, inspired by a somewhat picturesque cult, he fulfilled that function with considerable success. But there is nothing in his past record to justify the belief that his is a commanding personality, capable of drawing into allegiance to itself politicians elected on the programme and under the influence of a rival. We cannot, therefore, anticipate that the Irish Nationalists at Westminster will be swayed, whether or not they are nominally led, by Mr. Redmond. Their chief inspirer, at the outset in any case, must be Mr. William O'Brien, under whose auspices, much more definitely than under those of any other individual, they have been elected. If, at any rate, Mr. Redmond should develop into the position of the Irish leader, it will be by the display of qualities proving him to be both stronger, and either worse or better—probably worse—than as yet there has been any reason to suppose him.

There is, of course, one other notable figure in Nationalist politics who returns to Westminster. In the opinion of capable judges, Mr. Healy has a more powerful and acute intelligence than any living man among the Irish Home-

ruled. He is a born legislator. It was said of him that he was almost, if not absolutely, the only other Member of the 1880 Parliament, besides Mr. Gladstone, who understood the great Land Act through and through. And with the qualities of the legislator there go in him, almost necessarily, some of those elements of sobriety, some of that sense of responsibility—however deeply they may at times have been disguised—in which Mr. O'Brien is conspicuously wanting. On his "public form"—to use a modern slang expression—Mr. O'Brien is, before all, hysterical, and as wanting in balance as in any kind of sense of propriety or dignity. When they are seen in conflict, as they were two or three weeks ago at a meeting in Louth got up by Mr. O'Brien's friends, it is impossible not to be impressed by the coolness and resourcefulness of Mr. Healy and the wild and reckless ineffectiveness of Mr. O'Brien. And yet there is no disguising the fact that at these elections it is Mr. O'Brien who has won and Mr. Healy who has been altogether worsted. He has, indeed, retained his seat in Louth, but his brother, Mr. Maurice Healy, who represented Cork City in the last Parliament, has been defeated by Mr. William O'Brien by an immense majority, and in almost every other case the candidates specially associated with him have been unsuccessful at the polls. In the defeat of Mr. William Murphy he has lost a pillar of his section of Nationalism, a man of property and weight, and he has had no compensating victories. In fact, it seems that he will return to Westminster almost, if not quite, alone.

That Mr. Healy will on that account subside into a nonentity is what certainly cannot be expected. It remains to be seen how many of the new Members actually regard themselves as the personal adherents of Mr. O'Brien. Mr. Healy will be at Westminster, on the watch for any slips and follies on the part of the man who has so repeatedly and savagely insulted him, and who is now triumphing over his apparent political annihilation. And unless Mr. O'Brien develops a degree of self-control, as well as strategical and tactical gifts, far beyond anything he has hitherto displayed, no long time will elapse before the solitary Member for North Louth will find opportunities for exhibiting his rival to the Irish people in some very unfavourable light. We need not suppose, perhaps, that this will happen in connection with the question of the condition of the small peasant farmers of the West, whose condition is the basis of whatever strength the United Irish League possesses. It would be too much to expect that any Nationalist politician would openly set himself in opposition to a movement whose ostensible *raison d'être* is the need for addition to the little holdings of the dwellers in the congested districts, or else their migration, on a large scale, to other parts of the country. But the hardships of these unfortunate people cannot dominate the whole field of Irish politics, and wherever in other directions questions arise on which acute and masculine thought, rather than heated raving, is obviously the thing needed, it is likely that Mr. Healy will be found taking a decided step or two towards the revindication of his position. In such efforts it is not inconceivable that before long he will find recruits among some of those M.P.'s who ran on the strict party, rather than the independent, ticket.

Unmoved by the results of the elections in Ireland, the Government have simply got to pursue the line of fair and even dealing with all creeds and parties, and of steady endeavour to improve the material condition of the country, by which they have brought themselves so much honour from all enlightened friends of Ireland. An essential part of that policy is the work of the Congested Districts Board, which deals directly, and on sound lines, with precisely those unhappy economic conditions which the United Irish League seeks to modify by the pressure of "public opinion," in methods all too familiar, upon the holders of large grazing farms. The Irish Solicitor-General has shown that, contrary to the allegations of the extreme landlord faction, the Government have, so far, prevented the League from bringing effective intimidation to bear upon the extensive graziers in the West. It is only too likely that the League will be encouraged by the general result of the elections, not only to bring before Parliament, as all Irishmen, of course, are more than abundantly entitled to do, their views of the proper legislative remedies for the hardships of

peasant farmers in the West of Ireland, but to develop their coercive operations on an extensive scale. If so, the coercion of lawlessness must be met and beaten down by the coercion of the law, for which the Crimes Act happily provides all needful facilities. The necessity for such action, we hope, will not arise, but if it should, the Government will be able to act resolutely with a perfectly good conscience; knowing that they are honestly endeavouring to grapple with the true causes of discontent. The defeat of Mr. Plunkett, and the undisguised indignation which that event has caused in this country, will, we may hope, really strengthen all rational and fair-minded Unionists in Ireland in the resolve to sustain the policy of justice, firmness, and sympathy. If, with such support, the Government pursue that line, there will be no need to fear damage from the successes at the polls of Mr. O'Brien and his League.

THE MORALITY OF "EXPERTISING."

SOME correspondents of a contemporary raised last week a question which we hoped they would continue to argue, for it is really one of the most perplexing questions of casuistry in modern life, and one, too, which is perpetually coming up. Most of the serious moral difficulties of that kind are of the rarest occurrence, but this one meets us every day. Is it fair so to use knowledge as to deprive the ignorant of their property, the value of which they have not understood? Most men, in practice, say it is fair. Thousands of amateurs as well as dealers are every day searching the by-ways of the world for treasures, which they know to be treasures, but which they hope the owners will deem to be of little worth. The majority of mankind think age a drawback to any article, while a minority value it above all other attributes. When the experts find anything, they give no hint of its value, but offer a small price, or produce the small price asked, and walk off with their prizes, exulting in their skill, and entirely contented in their consciences. They are most of them decent people; they would not, even if hungry, steal pence out of a blind man's tray; yet they will deprive the mentally blind of half or three-fourths, or even nine-tenths, of the value of their possessions. They are even proud of the fact. They do not often lacerate the seller by telling him what in his ignorance he has parted with, though we have once at least known that done, the buyer coolly remarking as he left the shop that the bronze he had purchased for six pounds was worth at least sixty; but in all other company they are proud of their achievements. 'I got that chest in a cottage,' says one, 'from an old woman for ten shillings, and I suppose it is worth even at auction at least as many pounds.' 'I bought a little picture in Cairo,' says another, 'for a hundred francs, and sold it in London, to a dealer too, for three hundred pounds.' 'I got the whole contents of an old palazzo,' says a third, 'for fifteen hundred pounds, and three vases among the stuff repaid my whole expenses.' They even recount their feats in books, and no more dream of defending themselves than Mæcenas does of defending himself for buying at the price asked the pictures of the artist struggling towards fame. In one particular form of bargaining with the blind they not only boast of their successes, but are openly admired for them. There are excellent men in every society and every capital who have an accurate, sometimes a profound, knowledge of the pecuniary value of books, and if they see a scarce one offered for a few shillings or pence, will buy it with glee, carry it home exulting, and receive praise from their friends because they have done what deprived a blind man of part of the property that belonged to him. The seller is precisely in the position of the blind man; that is, he does not see, cannot see, what it is that is being taken away from him. Can that be right by any reasonable code of ethics, and especially by the Christian code, the very basis of which is that you should do unto others what you desire them to do unto you? If you may take away John Smith's book for sixpence when it is worth six pounds, why may you not take away John Smith's silver spoons?

We have stated the case for that side pretty strongly, and we are not surprised that to many good men it seems absolutely unanswerable; but Christianity and common-sense are

rarely incompatible, and there is an answer, though it does not quite cover the whole ground. The usual one, that you must not buy to great advantage from a private person, but may buy in market overt, and especially may buy of a dealer in the article, is in our judgment no answer at all. There is an immense difference in the gentlemanliness of the two acts, there being a tacit contract in society that except when a horse is in question men are to bargain with the cards on the table, and not to use secret knowledge; but where is the difference in honesty? The complaint is that the buyer is by the strength of superior knowledge taking away the property of the seller, and whether the latter is a tradesman or private person does not, if that is true, signify one jot. You might as well say that to burgle Mr. Garrard's shop was not robbery, but to burgle a private house was. Except as regards sales at auction, the defence is not worth a straw, and it is only sufficient there because you are giving in an auction the highest price there is to give. We suspect that even there, if we have stated the whole case fairly, the true counsel of perfection would be to tell the owner of his mistake and the bidders' mistake, and to pay him the difference. The truth is, we have not stated the whole case, but only that of the seller. There is the buyer also to be considered and his rights. The moralist who condemns bargain-seeking as dishonesty is asking the buyer to give away his knowledge to some one he does not know and does not care about, and why should he do that? He is generous if he does, but he is not bound to be generous when he does not want to be, or to give away gratis a power which it may have cost him years to acquire, and which is at all events *his*, just as much as the other man's spoons. Intellectual property may be intangible, but it is property just as much as plate. The buyer of the object of desire has only to pass on and the object recedes at once to the value it possesses in the mind of the ignorant owner. The buyer by his knowledge, in fact, *makes* the value as much as if he possessed the Rosicrucian's secret and could turn lead into gold. It is surely an extreme version even of Christian teaching to say that he is bound to be philanthropic, and teach the ignorant man the value of his possession before he passes on. That would really involve this consequence, that no man possessing a sovereign had a right to walk on if another man wanted it, a doctrine which would dissolve civilisation at a blow, and make the beggar the master of mankind. The moralist who insists that John Smith shall give full value for an *editio princeps* which the dealer thinks an ordinary copy is asking not for justice, but for generosity, the moral virtue of which is taken out of it by its being made, so to speak, compulsory. The buyer is, in fact, to subscribe heavily, whether he likes it or not, for the benefit of the seller. We think we can make this clear by stating a crucial instance. The buyer for the British Museum hears of a book, very rare and still wanting on his shelves, and is asked on inquiry £5 for it. It is worth, say, £50. Is the buyer, who is, of course, a trustee for the taxpayer, to pay the £5, or to *make* the taxpayer contribute £45 for the seller's benefit? The latter answer is impossible, and yet if the question is one of simple honesty, as we see is alleged, that is what he ought to do. We do not see, we confess, where an answer to this answer is to be found, except in the principle that no man has a right to make a market of any special faculty he may possess, but is bound to use it, asking only a living wage, for the benefit of all, which is not, as we judge, Christianity, but Socialism.

Is there then no practical rule which can be applied in such cases? We should say that the simplest was never to persuade. If the seller is a dealer, pay his price and go away; if he is a private person, either pay his price, if he has fixed one, or, if he has not, offer one, and but one, and go away, successful or unsuccessful. Do not deny if challenged that the object desired is worth much more though you will not give it, and do not under any circumstances buy below value where the motive of sale is clearly imperative poverty. The seller then is not really a free agent, and though you are not bound to be generous, you are bound not to justify Traddles's great argument, that no man knows how mean a man can be if he gives his whole mind to it. It comes, in short, in plain English to this, that you are at liberty to refuse to give away your knowledge, which is your property, when buying, but you are not at liberty to tell, or to act, lies.

ROUSSEAU'S COUNTRY.

IT is announced that Les Charmettes, the home of Madame de Warenes, where Rousseau for a time found shelter, is to be sold. In these days of improvements, few more interesting and genuine private houses are to be found, and certainly few more charming. The place is scarcely more than a mile from the quiet arcaded old city of Chambéry, which, it is to be feared, the tourist knows rather because of its proximity to Aix-les-Bains than for its own sake. But there are few more pleasant cities in France than Chambéry, with its fresh green public garden watered by a stream, its cathedral, its dignified old streets with their arcades, and its glorious situation. Lift your eyes above the roofs and you see the white cross high on its mountain summit, while in every direction charming walks invite your footsteps. For Rousseau, the genuine lover of Nature, the pioneer of the modern Rambler, no place could have held greater attractions.

After winding one's way past those big barracks which form the least attractive feature of an average French city, one arrives at a leafy country lane, bordered with woodland, and in autumn thick with wild berries. A few straggling passengers and an occasional cart form the sole indications of active life. Les Charmettes is on the right, and you reach it along a path cut in the garden. Such a garden, redolent of the last century, suggestive of the age before the modern life-scramble began! Thick walls of box, old-fashioned flowers, sunny walls with burdens of luscious fruit, ancient pear trees, large melons,—one's thoughts instantly revert to that delightful poem on a garden by Marvell, and one sinks in sensuous ease into a rustic seat—

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

In a sense the garden pleases more than the house. You feel the charm of Nature, the beauty of a garden that is still attended to with industrious care, but you would not so greatly desire to live in the house. It is rather musty, the doors do not fit, there is a suggestion of cold, and perhaps damp. The historic associations are not altogether satisfactory, and a long tenantless gap makes the place seem homeless. Interesting, however, it certainly is, and well preserved, with many indications of the singular woman and of the strange, erratic, impulsive genius whom Dr. Johnson thought more deserving of hanging than most of the criminals of Newgate. Taken altogether, the tourist can scarcely feel anything but pleasure in looking on so famous a scene.

To the reader of the "Confessions" the whole region round Chambéry should be full of interest, if not for Rousseau's sake, then for the sake of history and scenery. Is it possible that the English people do not read the famous book which Rousseau composed in England, or that they do not dream of the glorious and varied scenery to be found in this part of France which skirts the mighty eastern borderland of Mont Blanc? Certain it is that outside Aix-les-Bains scarcely any English tourists are to be found. The present writer, during a long series of pedestrian rambles, only found three, and those at a hotel in Annecy. Yet scarcely any part of Europe possesses more charm. You are not in the midst of the high Alps, but you see the great snow-clad peaks and *aiguilles* of Mont Blanc from many points of view, and if you have imagination it is perhaps stirred more by the thought of the tremendous crevasses from which you are separated by the smiling green slopes and lovely sheets of water and secluded valleys just because of the contrast between the awful and the beautiful aspects of Nature. Neither in Switzerland nor the Bavarian or Styrian Alps is the scenery more varied. No wonder that Taine loved the Lake of Annecy and did much of his work there. It has not the supreme grandeur of Lucerne, Geneva, or the Königs-see, but it is as good a lake to live by as any, perhaps better, for you feel more at home amid its emerald meadows and swelling green hills dotted over with pretty chalets, and you are never overwhelmed by the tourist element. The majority of the passengers on the steamer are country folk returning with their purchases from Annecy, and alighting at the little wooden piers, until, by the time you have reached the other end, but few people are left. Annecy itself cannot be praised too highly as a place of sojourn for a few golden, restful days. The quaint streets, the canals, the old houses with their carved timber balconies, the lovely shaded

park on the edge of the placid, deep-blue lake,—Europe or the world has not much to show more beautiful. The mountains are not close by Annecy as they are by Chambéry; there is a greater sense of space, as there is a more vivid impression of luscious green. But either place is very near to an earthly paradise.

From either city to Grenoble is but a short journey, but here you emerge on quite a different scene. Chambéry and Annecy are quiet spots, except in the former case on the day of the great musical fêtes, which attract the whole country for miles round, but Grenoble is by comparison a bustling provincial capital, which only escapes being a large town by reason of the fact that it is off the main lines of railway communication. It was one of the great cities of Gaul, and its roads rang to the tread of the Roman legions. It was the first city in which the principles of the French Revolution took root and clearly manifested themselves, as a fine public tablet will remind you. In the old hotel of the 'Three Dauphins' (crowded usually by the *commis-voyageurs*) a plate on the wall tells you that Napoleon stayed there on his way from Elba to Paris. Altogether a fine old historic city, which impresses you not less by its glorious situation than by its aspect of dignity and even grandeur. It has its modern Parisian streets and boulevards, but you pass them by for the older part with its winding lanes, high roofs, and old houses, the river rushing in its onward course through the heart of the city. A sunset at Grenoble is a memory to be treasured, like the view from the fortress at Salzburg or the view of Florence from Fiesole. The city is all aglow with golden light, and behind it is the long range of mountain, its shades varying from a deep purple to a pale lavender, so apparently dreamlike and ethereal that one would scarcely be surprised to see the whole entrancing vision melt away.

If you are at Grenoble you will not wish to leave Rousseau's country without making a pilgrimage to the Grande Chartreuse with Matthew Arnold's noble "Stanzas" in your mind. The railway takes you to Voiron, whence a mountain railway carries you by winding routes to a little town, whence you may walk or drive to the "world-famed Carthusian home." The beautiful mountain road, overlooking a deep gorge, ended, you see the towers of the huge grey building and its walls, out-buildings, and gardens rise before you, surrounded by the well-wooded mountain fastnesses. In front of the greensward is the grand entrance (beneath which a man must bid his woman companions farewell, for they cannot enter here), which leads into that old-world court where are the cold fountains that eternally plash into the marble basins night and day. The heat of the valley has yielded to a delicious coolness, which becomes deadly cold at night, even in summer. An awe creeps over your spirit as you recall that for a thousand years holy souls have offered up prayer on this lonely mountain. Truly it is one of the sacred shrines of Europe. And, whatever your creed, you cannot, when you are aroused from the little cell assigned to you, and hasten along the bare icy corridors to the midnight Mass, help feeling that this is one of the experiences of life. You are taken from everyday affairs, the vulgarity and noise of secular existence are forgotten, and you gaze from the gallery down into the darkened church, its solitary light burning on the high altar, and the black stalls filled with those dim white forms sequestered from the world, feeling as though you had passed the dark portal and had reached some other state. The Grande Chartreuse is not, in these days of excursions, all that it was, but it is still a place of quiet and repose for the spirit. The monks look happy, the plain but excellent fare is good for the body, and the keen cool air and delightful woodland walks serve body and soul too.

Altogether, we recommend Savoy and Dauphiny to those who love the most delicious natural scenery blended and heightened by human associations. It is a far cry from Rousseau to the Carthusian brotherhood, but both belong to the wonderful movement of Western Europe, neither can be alien to the comprehensive mind. There is no part of Europe, either, where one finds more courtesy or sees greater signs of widespread prosperity. The rich green meadows and the thick clustering orchards are owned by an intelligent and industrious people who love their native haunts, who are simple, pious, and peaceful. The region affords rest for heart and brain, and a golden harvest of loveliness for the quiet eye.

PRIZES AND BLANKS AT THE "ZOO."

A SURPRISE visit to the "Zoo" is like a draw in a lottery. The collection of animals is not like the shelves of a library, in which gaps can be filled up by ordering a new copy, or new works bought if the cash is available. Many of the "living pictures" cannot be always obtained for money. Among those that can be bought there is every possible degree of excellence or badness, due to causes impossible to foresee, such as good health on the journey, or the age and condition of the animal, and it often happens that though the collection contains an example of some more than usually attractive creature, it is immature, or in some way disappointing. The objects which send a visitor back with the pleasantest sense of success are very fine and splendid examples of well-known creatures, "topical" animals, about which curiosity is aroused at the moment, rare species very seldom seen in Europe, and creatures which he or she has been reading about lately, and can see and compare with the fresh facts or impressions conveyed by books.

At the present moment the Gardens are particularly rich in prizes of all these kinds. They contain several animals of exceptional physique, among them the largest, most savage, and most magnificently developed male tiger seen in England for many years; a number of South African animals, about which the war has aroused curiosity and revived a desire to know more; and the forerunners of what will probably form an increasing proportion of the menagerie, the large game of Northern Asia, from the Caucasus to the mountains of Manchuria and Pekin. Foreign wars always send a few captured animals to the "Zoo," beasts which have been kept as pets by soldiers or sailors. But it rarely happens that the beginning of a war enriches the collection. Mr. Kruger's lion is the exception, and was despatched at the beginning of hostilities as a snub to this nation, not captured and brought home at the end as a trophy. The lion, which happens to be a lioness, presented by Mr. Rhodes to the Pretoria "Zoo," was solemnly declared an Outlander, and not fit to associate with the animals of true burghers, and cast forth with other British residents beyond the borders. She is a graceful, slenderly built lioness, unlike any that has been seen in the collection for many years, remarkable for the narrowness of her head and the length of her tail, which ends in a very large tuft of velvety black hair. Her temper is such as might be expected from the ungallant treatment she met with at her *début* in public life. Another animal referred to in recent news from Pretoria is the Chacma baboon. Two officers escaping from Pretoria were about to cross a river, when they saw on the opposite bank a troop of these baboons coming down to drink. They were so sensible of the danger of irritating these beasts, or of making the troop utter their barks and yelps of alarm, that they remained for two hours up to their necks in water until the troop retired. Some surprise was expressed that the officers should pay regard to "a troop of monkeys." Any one who shares this feeling may see at the "Zoo," probably for the first time for the last fifteen years, a full-grown male Chacma. A soldier writing home from the front described a locust as "something between a bird and a fly." This baboon is "something between a monkey and a boar." Its head, shoulders, tusks, and muscles show immense strength, and its size is greater than the measurements given in a recent work on South African mammals. It is 3 ft. 8 in. long from the nose to the end of the body, and when it stands upright its head is 4 ft. 4 in. from the ground. The baboons have maintained their place in South Africa against all enemies, including man, and are likely to do so for some years to come. That deadly enemy of South African game, the Cape hunting-dog, may also be seen at the "Zoo," as active and irrepressible as Brehm describes it. The single specimen is a young one, as tame as a domestic dog when with its keeper, but always jumping, snapping, and in movement. Like other wild dogs it cannot bark, but it utters the sharp yelp which travellers who have seen it hunting its prey have described.

Now that the stags are "roaring" on all the Highland hills, those in the greatly increased collection of deer in the Gardens are ready to do battle either with each other or with any living creature. In the deer-sheds there is now a series of what, for want of a better name, we may call the "red" deer of the world, from Britain to the

Rocky Mountains. The series begins with the Scotch red stags, and ends with the wapiti. But between these are the intermediate forms—if they are links and not wholly distinct, as the bison of Europe and America are—of a number of other deer of the same type, found between Western Europe and North America. These are not commonly seen, because their haunts in the Caucasus, the Altai, and other mountains of Central and Eastern Asia have only lately been sufficiently accessible for collectors to bring such large animals across the Siberian and Russian steppes. The most remarkable is the Asiatic wapiti. The term is correct, for except in the colour of the coat, and in having a more slender build, these are almost identical with the wapiti of the Rocky Mountains. The traditions of the Tartar hunters have always maintained that there was a gigantic stag in the Altai; but it was believed that this was only the very large red-deer of Northern Asia. It is now stated that this Asiatic wapiti has the largest horns of any deer, surpassing the American species, though those who have seen the immense antlers in the collections of Lord Powerscourt and others can hardly credit the idea of a larger head being carried by a lighter stag. The specimens of these Asiatic wapiti now at the "Zoo" have produced young, both a male and a female, and it is to be hoped that the breed may be continued as successfully as that of the American wapiti in the same collection. A comparison of the horn growth of the two species would be interesting and easily made. The other link between the giant stags of America and the Scotch deer is the maral stag, given by the Duke of Bedford. "Maral" is the name given to red-deer from the forests of the Caucasus to the Manchurian hills; but very little is known of them except the general tradition of their size. Those killed in the Eastern half of Siberia are shot when the horns are in the velvet, that the latter may be sent to China and used as a tonic for nervous decay. The "ginseng," as it is called, is far more valuable than the venison, which is almost useless at the season when the horns are growing. But the result is that no antlers of the Eastern "maral" are ever seen in collections. As the standard of size in red-deer increases steadily as the range extends eastwards, the German stags being larger than those of Scotland, and the Carpathian stags larger than those of Germany, those of the Eastern Siberian or Manchurian forests will probably be found to be gigantic. The maral at the "Zoo" is from the Caucasus. But he is a magnificent stag, with very fine heavy antlers. At the present time, with his neck swollen like a bull's, his eyes rolling, his lips dripping foam and water, and charging the railings with his antlers in the effort to knock down, demolish, and put to confusion every one who comes near him, he is the finest study in stags seen in London for many years.

The curious visitor to the Gardens whose attention is not too closely given to the authorised inhabitants of the menagerie occasionally recognises an old acquaintance, who is there as a volunteer. In the great hall of the Museum of Natural History, among other examples of the structure of insects, is a most forbidding cockroach, *blatta Orientalis*. It is about three times as large as an English "blackbeetle," and is well known to sailors in the tropics as one of the many pests of ships. This tropical or Eastern cockroach has been transported to the "Zoo," the eggs being carried there in packing cases containing reptiles and beasts from warm countries, and has found a congenial climate in the reptile house. All cockroaches, Oriental or otherwise, are very fond of water, having, like most other loafers and vagrants, an unquenchable thirst. As the foreign cockroach flies by night, when it looks like an enormous water-beetle, it has been able to occupy an ideal home, an island, full of caves and surrounded not only with water but by abundance of food. The island is a big log in the centre of the steamy crocodile pool. The log is full of splits and crevices, in which these monster cockroaches live, and from which they keep a bright look-out for the bits of soaked bread, bun, apple, and other eatables which people who think that crocodiles are like roach, and will nibble bread, drop into the muzzles of the sleeping saurians. When a large piece of bread floats up against the log the cockroaches make up a salvage party, and dragging it to their main cave below, make a communal feast. Numbers are caught and used as food for the insect-eating lizards, so they are to some extent a useful importa-

tion. In contrast to this unasked migration of foreign insects is the curious persistency with which the old black rat, perhaps the rarest of British mammals except the wild cat, lingers as a wild animal in the precincts of the "Zoo." The last which the writer saw there was in one of the antelope's stalls. It was feeding on crushed oats, and was without doubt a genuine old English black rat. One was lately caught in a trap by one of the keepers. If they show any signs of increasing in the Gardens, it would be worth while to obtain some alive and perpetuate their race.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SPEED TO COMMERCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Referring to your article in the *Spectator* of October 13th upon "The Importance of Speed to Commerce," I should like, as a director of one of the principal shipping companies interested, to make a few observations upon that portion which refers specially to speed upon the Atlantic. I cannot admit that the charge of supineness which is brought against us as shipowners is correct. It is not so very long since British ships were the fastest on the Atlantic, but while we are keenly alive to the present position of matters, there is far more to be considered than merely the question of holding the "record." Even if we have lately been beaten in speed, the shipping companies of this country are far ahead of those of other countries in possessing ships of the greatest size, which, in view of transport and freight requirements, is not less important than speed. To my mind, however, there is one most important factor bearing upon the whole question, to which your article makes no allusion, and that is the strong support which is given by foreign Governments, by monetary assistance and otherwise, to their shipping companies which are competing with British lines. As against this, the support given by the British Government is comparatively small. I am not advocating subsidies, but the time may come when the Government of this country will find it necessary to pay larger sums for the carriage of mails at sea, if the people of this country desire that their correspondence should be carried by British ships faster than those of other nations. After all, a shipowner can only look to what is most profitable for his shareholders, and cannot be expected to build the fastest ships from patriotism merely. For the price of a larger and improved 'Campania' to maintain a speed of twenty-four to twenty-five knots, three large ships with moderate speed but immense carrying capacity could be built, and there is the further advantage that the risk from loss or damage is spread over three vessels instead of being confined to one. There are other points to which I might refer, but I will only add that I am certain that the Cunard Company will not lightly let go in any respect the reputation on the Atlantic which you describe as "the best asset to any trading body which lives by competition."—I am, Sir, &c.,
30 Jamaica Street, Glasgow. G. A. BURNS.

[Our correspondent treats the matter in the right spirit, and evidently does not mean to be beaten without a further struggle. We agree as to subsidies, but we do not see why the Post Office should not pay highly for speed in its mail contracts. Could it not charge an extra express fee of 3d. for letters sent by specially fast steamers?—ED. *Spectator*.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your article on railway speeds in the *Spectator* of October 13th hardly does justice to our own companies. Allowing that the figures are accurate, there remains the fact that very few people can afford to travel by these foreign fast trains. I have a time-table before me of the Paris-Marseilles trains of last winter: there are nine trains timed; of these six are first-class only, one first and second, and two only carry third-class passengers. The fastest train averages forty-four miles an hour, the second-class a little over thirty, and the third-class between twenty-six and twenty-seven. The second-class train and one of the third carry a second-class lavatory; there are no third-class lavatories, though the journey third-class takes nearly nineteen hours. This form does not compare very favourably with our magnificent expresses with their really comfortable third-class corridor and dining cars,

all of which means extra weight,—a side of the question so often lost sight of when questions of speed are discussed by non-experts. Is it not a fact that the German Transatlantic companies are paid enormous subsidies? These subsidies are much less likely to be abolished if the national pride is roused,—a consideration which does not enter into the calculations of directors of English companies.—I am, Sir, &c.,

FAIR PLAY.

THE LONGBOW AND THE MUSKET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In his interesting article on Mr. Cockle's book in the *Spectator* of October 6th your reviewer endorses the opinion that the disappearance of the English longbow in the sixteenth century was due to its inferiority as a weapon to the musket, and ridicules the opposition to the change offered by Sir John Smythe and other soldiers of the time as only another instance of the inveterate dislike of new inventions so characteristic of the military mind. I venture to maintain that Sir John Smythe was in the right, and that in precision, rapidity of fire, and destructive effect the longbow was greatly superior, not merely to the arquebus which supplanted it, but to every successive development of the smooth-bore firearm. Its rate of fire, in the first place, was five or six times as rapid, being comparable, in fact, with that of the early breechloader, while in point of accuracy there was no comparison. The smooth-bore musket might carry as far or farther, but it could not be relied upon to hit a target the size of a man at a hundred yards, whereas the English archer who missed his man at two hundred yards would have been considered a poor shot, and it was at one time, if my memory serves me, a fineable offence for him to practise at a shorter range. In penetration the cloth-yard shaft may not have been equal at close quarters to the musket-ball, but at moderate distances this inferiority tended to disappear. In any case, it had sufficient penetration to keep off mailed cavalry, and more was not wanted. The facts of military history amply bear out Sir John Smythe's contention. In the days of Crécy and Agincourt it was an accepted maxim with English commanders that no frontal attack by men-at-arms on a line of archers over open ground could succeed, and in point of fact there is, I believe, hardly an instance in the Hundred Years' War of such an attack being pushed home. In the seventeenth century, when the musket had taken the place of the longbow, it was equally a maxim that musketeers were helpless against cavalry attack unless covered by, or interspersed with, pikemen, and that even then infantry were rarely able to sustain the shock of a cavalry charge in the open. Indeed, the longbow of Crécy was a far more effective weapon than the "Brown Bess" of Waterloo, and it may be safely said that if Wellington's infantry had been armed in the same way as Edward III.'s, and had the same skill in using their arms, they would never have had the chance of seeing the colour of the French troopers' moustachios. The English longbow is really comparable with the modern breechloader in fire effect, and modern infantry tactics are largely a reversion to the principle of the loose-line formation in which the archery was drawn up. Compare Froissart's account of the thickness of the arrow flight at Crécy ("it seemed as if it snowed") with the description given by eye-witnesses of the Mauser fire at the Modder River, where the dust-splashes over the plain looked like the effect of a hailstorm. What then led to the disappearance of the longbow? It had two serious drawbacks. On the one hand, arrows took up much more room than powder and ball, and were more cumbrous to carry; in the second, the skill needed for effective shooting could only be acquired by a life-long training. The English archer began shooting as a boy of ten, and as he grew his father was expected to provide him from time to time with a fresh bow of greater strength till he reached man's estate, and could pull with steady aim a weapon which a powerful man lacking this apprenticeship could hardly bend. In the social confusion that followed the ruin of the monasteries, local organisation seems to have suffered severely, and one can easily understand that at a time of smouldering peasant insurrection the central Government would not be sorry to see the old statutes prescribing archery practice fall into abeyance. Thus, when Elizabeth ascended the throne, and the period of reconstruction began, the old

national system had decayed almost beyond resuscitation.—

I am, Sir, &c.,

H. R. REICHEL.

University College, Bangor.

ANIMAL INSTINCTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—A case of animal intelligence, bearing on the question of the instinct of locality, connected with the squirrel, seems to me worth recording. Last year I bought from a local squirrel catcher a family of baby squirrels, with the intention of liberating them when reared to run in my wood. I had intended that the loosing should take place when the food in the woodland was in the state to give them sustenance, but one of them began to mope and grow sulky, which is a sign of illness and generally ends in early death, so I decided to give him the chance of Nature's healing, and put him out of my study window, outside which there is a shelf with food for the wild squirrels, a sleeping box, and water. He had been brought to me when a baby, unable to walk or eat, and he had to be nursed with a bit of sponge, and was taken at a distance from here as our landlords protect the squirrels, and he had never been outside my study since he entered it as a baby. When turned out he wandered about the house for two days and the next was missing. The day after I found in my tool-house, sitting on a bag of durra, a squirrel, which immediately hid amongst the boxes, and which I took for a wild one accidentally shut in. I routed him out, and instead of taking to the trees, he ran across the garden walks to the house and went in at the scullery door, and pursuing him I saw that he ran through the scullery, the kitchen, the hall, which runs through the centre of the house, a summer-room which is beyond it, and the windows of which were open and offered escape to the garden beyond, then up the winding stairway to the upper story where my study is, and there we lost him, supposing he had jumped out of an open window and had gone. That night the servants made an outcry, finding a squirrel under their beds, and we turned out to secure him, for I now saw that it was my liberated prisoner, who, unable to get into the study, had taken refuge in the servants' room opposite it. Driven out, he gave us another chase through the house before I opened my study door, and then he immediately rushed in and went into the sleeping-box with his fellows. Now, admitting that he might have learned the topography of the house on the outside, how could he, except by a pure instinct, have known the way through the intricate passages to his old quarters? He had to turn four right angles, pass through three rooms and two halls and up a crooked staircase, none of which had he ever been in; but he went as straight to my room as he could have done if he had been accustomed to going about the house, and only on finding my door closed took refuge across the hall. And he was still only a half-grown creature, with instincts probably dulled by domestication. Crossing miles of open country seems to me nothing to it, for it was purely artificial ground, but he did not hesitate an instant.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. J. STILLMAN.

GERMAN COLONIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the *Spectator* of October 6th you observe, quoting from the *National Review*, that "eight millions of Germans depend on sea-borne imports for bread, and at the present rate of increase in her population the question of finding a home under her flag for her surplus swarms will soon become a matter of life and death." This implies that emigrants follow the flag, which is as much a fallacy as that trade follows the flag. For two or three generations our surplus swarms have betaken themselves to the United States, and though emigration from these islands to Canada, Australia, and South Africa is relatively much larger than it used to be, there is still a vast outflow to America. Moreover, there are special reasons why German wanderers should prefer a foreign flag to their own. Once on a time I lived in Germany, and there met many German-Americans who were revisiting the old country, either for their education or their pleasure. I made it a rule to ask these gentlemen a question: "Which country do you prefer, Germany or America?" The answer was always the same, given without a moment's hesitation: "America, of course; there is no military servitude there."

They would probably add, if the question were repeated now, "and no such offence known as *Majestätsbeleidigung*." Prosecutions for "insulting Majesty" may cease, or become less frequent, but it is inconceivable that German youths should be allowed to evade military servitude by going to a German colony. That were to put a premium on desertion, the greatest offence which, from a German military point of view, a German subject can commit. Hence, the emigrant to an Imperial colony could only be excused from serving at home by serving abroad. In this connection it is significant that after the war of 1870-71 emigration from Germany to America and elsewhere became so extensive as to cause serious alarm in Government circles. The fact is that free colonies in the English sense of the term and involuntary military servitude are incompatible institutions. Men emigrate, not out of any sentimental feeling for the flag, but to better themselves, and naturally prefer self-governing countries where they have friends, where the Press is free, and where order prevails and conscription does not, advantages which no German colony, actual or potential, can offer intending emigrants.—I am, Sir, &c.,

WILLIAM WESTALL.

Worthing.

THE JAPANESE AND M. DELCASSÉ'S PROPOSAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I inquire what is "the control of the Japanese over Chinese artillery" which, according to your leading article in the *Spectator* of October 13th, the second clause of M. Delcassé's proposal will "merely rivet"? If M. Delcassé's proposal is accepted, an international agreement will ensue to which Japan will be a party, and what grounds are there for assuming that Japan will evade either the letter or the spirit of that agreement any more than any other Power? One would infer from your language that the Japanese already exercise some sort of "control over Chinese artillery," whereas no Power is more entirely free from all responsibility for the existing armaments of China, and the more or less skilled use she has made of them, than Japan. It is English and German firms that have supplied China with the modern armaments she possesses, and Russian and German instructors who have taught her to use them. Europeans have been employed in all her chief arsenals, and France has always claimed the maintenance of her right to preside over one of her most important arsenals, that of Fu-chau. As an old reader and admirer of the *Spectator*, may I be allowed to say how regrettable it seems to me that a paper which has always prided itself on discountenancing that attitude of suspicion towards Russia which is commonly called Russophobia, should adopt a similar attitude towards Japan, especially at a moment when that gallant young nation has rendered such inestimable services to the cause of the whole civilised world in contributing more effectually than any other, not only to the relief, but to the defence of the European community in Pekin? Moreover, apart from the military qualities so conspicuously displayed by the Japanese contingent, "the Japanese soldiers," to quote a private letter I have just received from Pekin, "pagans though they may be, have set, from the moment they landed at Taku, an example of discipline and order which might have been followed with advantage by some of our *Christian* allies." —I am, Sir, &c.,

FAR EAST.

[We have no wish to treat Japan with suspicion, and we acknowledge the chivalry and courage of the Japanese soldier. But we do not want to see Japan made into a kind of idol, and people here encouraged to think that it would be wise for us to ally ourselves with Japan, and to aid her in attacking Russia and in satisfying her vast ambitions in Asia. Let us behave as friends both to Russia and Japan, but let us also not forget that the Japanese are essentially Asiatics.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I wonder whether the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus was one of the books which were read to the Ameer of Afghanistan as he lay in bed courting sleep? In the interesting extracts from his autobiography which have just been published in the *Monthly Review* we read (p. 37):—"I am still alive, to the sorrow of those who seem so anxious to

put an end to me, as they circulate false reports about my death once a week. I did not think that any man died so many times as they have killed me in their imagination." Compare with this passage *Æsch. Ag.* lines 857 foll., of which I give a free translation:—"If he (Agamemnon) had received as many wounds as reported, no network were as full of holes as he, or had he died as many times as stories told, like another three-bodied Geryon he might have boasted a triple cloak of earth, if in each form he had endured a single death."

—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. KYNASTON, D.D.

Durham.

T. E. BROWN'S LETTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—We are glad to be able to inform you that the second edition of these volumes will be ready in a few days, and that an index has been added.—We are, Sir, &c.,

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO., LIMITED.

2 Whitehall Gardens, Westminster, S.W.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I be allowed to make an appeal through your columns to owners of autograph letters of Horace Walpole? Having undertaken to prepare for the Clarendon Press a new edition of "The Letters of Horace Walpole," I shall be greatly obliged if owners of original letters, whether already printed or not, would kindly communicate with me, in order that the new edition may be made as complete and correct as possible. Many of the letters as hitherto printed are either fragmentary or disfigured by misreadings, and it is desirable that they should be corrected by collation with the originals. Nearly two hundred letters which are not included in current editions have already been collected from various sources, and it is probable that there are many others in private hands which have not yet been traced. Any letters entrusted to me would be treated with scrupulous care, and returned to their owners as promptly as possible. To those who are unable to lend the originals, I should be grateful for careful copies. All obligations of this nature would, of course, be duly acknowledged in the preface. It is expected that the new edition, which will be provided with a full index, will be completed in ten or eleven octavo volumes.—I am, Sir, &c.,

HELEN TOYNBEE (Mrs. PAGET TOYNBEE).

Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks.

CHILDREN'S RITES AND IMAGININGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The friendly notice of my wife's "Cranford Souvenirs, and other Sketches" in the *Spectator* of October 13th tempts me to quote a passage from that volume. The passage, which relates to George Sand, contains a noteworthy instance of the "children's rites and ceremonies" which are well illustrated in your issue of October 6th:—

"She tried to form for herself a religion and an object of worship, which her grandmother's teaching had not supplied. From the characters of the heroes whose history she knew, she gathered materials for picturing to herself a Being, half human and half divine, who constantly manifested himself in human shapes. To this Being, whom she named Corambe, she built a mossy altar in a wood under the shade of a tree, and her offerings were not the sacrifice of the life of animals, but the giving of freedom to the captive. She would take birds in snares, and let them fly from the altar back to their woods, or catch some bright butterfly and let it loose again into the warm summer air."

Such a merciful mode of sacrificing would have found favour with Shelley, who says of the highest forms of worship: "Not gold, not blood their altar dowers." This *Confessio fidei juvenilis* of George Sand somehow reminds me of an incident related by Goethe, which, however, is illustrative of the youthful tendency, not to rite-making, but to myth-making. I have not a "Wahrheit und Dichtung" at hand, but, if my memory serves me, Goethe states that when a boy he told his companions a weird tale of fairies, the gate of whose enchanted garden he declared to be in a neighbouring lane. So graphic was his narrative that some of the boys explored the lane in search of the mythical gate. He had evidently wished to delude his schoolfellows; nay, poet that he was, he seems to have half deluded himself. "L'art de vivre," says Scherer somewhat broadly, "c'est de se faire une raison, de souscrire

aux compromis, de se prêter aux fictions." It appears that even in boyhood Goethe had acquired the art of "lending himself" to his own imaginings; he was a deliberate make-believer betimes. I cannot resist adding two authentic instances of a child's way of looking, as it were, at ancient facts and phrases through modern spectacles. A lady told me the other day that she once asked her small nephew what was his duty to his neighbour. "To call upon him," was the precocious answer. On another occasion she showed the same child a picture representing the widow and her mite; the small coin was being dropped into a long hole, such as would now be called a slot. "I suppose," said the urchin, "she'll get some chocolate"!—I am, Sir, &c.,

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Biarritz.

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I venture to point out that in the notice of the Royal Holloway College Calendar for 1900-1 which appeared in the *Spectator* of October 13th there is a serious inaccuracy which is calculated to give a wrong impression to your readers? Your reviewer states that "for the ten entrance scholarships there were just as many candidates, the subjects of French, German, and physics bringing into the field no candidates at all." The facts are as follows. In 1899 eight entrance scholarships were offered. Twenty-eight candidates presented themselves, of whom several offered French, German, or physics. In 1900 for the same number of scholarships there were fifty-one candidates. A mistake in the numbers seems to have arisen through some confusion between the entrance scholarships and certain founder's scholarships offered under special conditions to students already in residence. With regard to the number of students, I should like to add that it has steadily increased since the opening of the College in 1887. There are one hundred and twenty students in residence this year, a number which compares not unfavourably with the record of any other College for women in its thirteenth year.—I am, Sir, &c.,

EMILY PENROSE.

Royal Holloway College, Egham, Surrey.

[We much regret the error to which Miss Penrose draws attention.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE CHARGES AGAINST ARMY DOCTORS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I ask you kindly to publish the enclosed cutting from the *Cape Argus* of September 21st last, which refers to the letter which began the campaign against the "Army doctor" in your paper? We know our own faults full well: will you kindly use your influence to remedy them?—I am, Sir, &c.,

ARTHUR E. SMITHSON,

Captain, R.A.M.C.

Wynberg, Cape Colony, September 22nd.

"The Hospitals Commission sat in the Town Hall to-day to take evidence regarding the Natal Hospitals. The first witness was Mr. T. W. Edmunds, hon. secretary of the Durban Government Hospital, who was examined in connection with a long condemnatory letter he wrote to the *Spectator* in which he charged a considerable number of army doctors with incompetence, medical orderlies with brutality, and alleged criminal lack of invalid accessories. He also stated in the letter that 'if the Commission are honestly desirous of getting at the truth, evidence enough will be forthcoming to convince the most sceptical.' In his examination Mr. Edmunds was unable to substantiate a single statement he had made. He confessed that when he wrote the letter he had no personal knowledge and was going entirely on hearsay evidence. Some of the allegations made as to Lady-smith he said he had heard from a civilian doctor, but he declined to give the doctor's name or to give a promise that the said doctor would come forward and give evidence. He admitted he should not have made the statement as to the incompetency of the army doctors without having substantial facts to go upon. As regards the brutality of orderlies, he owned he had no evidence whatever, and said he ought not to have used the word 'criminal' in connection with the alleged lack of accessories. Lord Justice Romer then said he would like to call Mr. Edmunds's attention to his statement regarding the honest desire of the Commission to get at the truth. Mr. Edmunds said that at the time he did not know the names of the Commission, and on the President saying that perhaps Mr. Edmunds would like to withdraw the statement, witness said he would be glad to withdraw it. As witness could give no information, the President said there was no use in hearing unsubstantiated general statements."

[We regret having published a letter which on its writer's

own admission was entirely worthless as evidence, and are delighted to find that the allegations made had no foundation of fact to support them.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

POETRY.

THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN.

(FREELY RENDERED FROM THE NORWEGIAN.)

OVER the Kattegat flood, from the rock-bound precipice straining,
Straining with heart and eye, the Swedes looked down on the English—

Looked on the English fleet, which lay in wait on the waters,
Purpose and aim unknown—to Swede and Briton a riddle.
Halted the fleet outside, where over the Sound looms Kronberg;
And, as on wings of the storm, swept Doubt, not Fear, over Denmark.

Lying with lashed-up sail, the hulls all crowded and hollow,
While with satisfied smile was rocking the deep dark ocean,
Eager, alert, and bold, the bluejackets waited for orders—
Ever in every land the same wherever you find them,
Keen on the laurel's quest, for the rich red roses of Honour.
There from the Admiral's ship the big flag bravely was flying,
There, at the dawn of day, grew sudden the haste and commotion:
All awaited the hour when the sealed-up word should be given,
All looked straight at the seal, when there the Admiral broke it.
"Sail out yonder, where lies the Danish fleet at her anchors
Safe in the nest, whence you shall draw her to open battle
Out of the harbour's clasp. First offer her peace; then fight her."

Loud rang out on the deck the wild glad cheers of the sailors,
Faces grew bright with joy, and awake for glory and plunder;
Every man's hope ran high—save his, his only, amongst them.
Calmly one captain—young—stood back in the common rapture;
Calmly he craved his leave to speak to the great commander.
"Admiral," so he spake, "I was but a lad when I started—
Started at Aboukir, on board a warship of Nelson,
So that at fifteen years Fame found me a practised wooer.
Many a mad Korsar, far off in the tropical Indies,
After a hand-to-hand fight, have I taken and hanged to the yard-arm;

Wounded at Trafalgar, my wound is hidden by medals.
War to the knife, fierce France! and proudly shall History note it;

Death to the pirate-foe! and death did I deal to him gladly;
God and King George! I cried, when I fired on Napoleon's squadrons;

Ever for them fight I, but for wrong and robbery, never:
False rings your statecraft's note, and falsely misleads your sailors—

Steer for the passes of right, and the stars of God are your compass:

But—I will never break the oath that I swore to England,
I will keep it to death—till death will I do my duty:
There is no danger here to your fleet, but all to my honour:
Sail as you will—I go in quest of other adventure,
For in the Scripture of old my unsealed orders are written—
More than Imperial Rome, the Lord thy God is the master."
Then he sprang from the deck, and the waves rolled sullenly o'er him.

Dreamer or fanatic! fool or madman! whatever you call him,
Down to the bottom he swam; and there in the mystical regions,
There between beasts with fins, and plants that thrive without daylight,
Into the dank sea-weeds he plunged, and was lost, and buried.

On sailed the English fleet to the city of Copenhagen;
Far from the place he lay, the place where the fight was foughten,

He—a water-cold corpse, and hid by the cold steel water;
There, on a starlight night, some Swedish fishermen found him,
Bore him in boat to the shore, and tossed for his epaulettes, starlit.

North there of Helsingborg, by the famous lands of La Gadies,
Tearless and sorrowless he, without landmark or watermark, rested:

O'er a neglected grave the seagulls hover about him,
Treading the air around, the thin, keen air of the northland:
Yet sometimes from the spot does a ghost peer out in the shadow,
Gaze on the sea and fade away in the ghostlier moonlight,
Straining and straining still, for the coast of the great coal island.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

BOOKS.

LORD ROSEBERY.*

AMONG Lord Midletoun's friends, described by Burnet in the *History of His Own Times*, is one most memorable at the present time. He was, says Burnet, "a man of long and great practice in affairs. . . . He was a dexterous man of business; he had always expedients ready at every difficulty. He had an art of speaking to all men according to their sense of things; and so drew out their secrets, while he concealed his own; for words went for nothing with him. He said everything that was necessary to persuade those he spoke to, that he was of their mind, and did it in so genuine a way, that he seemed to speak his heart. He was always for soft counsels and slow methods. . . . He always advised the Earl of Midletoun to go slow in the King's business." So precise is the portrait, so rare the character, that we need scarcely say that in these words Bishop Burnet describes Sir Archibald Primrose, the ancestor in a direct line of Lord Rosebery.

Thus history repeats itself, thus heredity avails something in the development of man; and Mr. Coates's unwieldy volumes do not contain a juster appreciation of his hero than these few lines written some two centuries before that hero's birth. In every particular the resemblance is exact. Like his ancestor, Lord Rosebery is "a man of long and great practice in affairs." Since 1871, in which year he made his first speech in the House of Lords, he has seldom been outside the counsels of his party. The pupil of Mr. Gladstone, he long since mastered the shifts and tricks of government, and though he is hardly so adroit as his ancestor, he is still found "necessary for managing a Parliament." Dexterous, again, is a word that will fit Lord Rosebery as closely as it fitted Sir Archibald, and the living head of the Primroses has also "expedients ready at every difficulty." But it is in the cunning of speech that the two are in closest agreement. Who of living politicians has a better "art of speaking to all men according to their sense of things" than Lord Rosebery? And even though he cannot rise to his ancestor's height, and 'draw out the secrets of others,' at least he can conceal his own. In Mr. Coates's cumbersome pages—they exceed a thousand—Lord Rosebery speaks of most things, yet rarely commits himself to a definite statement. He is on the side of Home-rule because he believes that decentralisation is the shortest cut to a federated Empire. He is a professed Jingo, if ever there was one, yet he is ready to support those who would bound their vision by the sea that circles our island. After studying his speeches you cannot call him Radical or Tory, and while he is the ostensible leader of his own party, he is constantly nominated to the Foreign Office of a Tory Government. Nor could he have attained this result by any other methods than by "going slow in the King's business." Truly, soft counsels and slow methods are nearest to his heart, and it needed a sudden alarm of France and Germany to raise his persuasive manner to a trumpet-call of battle.

Lord Rosebery, then, is (like his ancestor) adroit before all things, and that is the best reason why his Life and speeches need not have been edited just now. It is well enough to be clever when you have other virtues at your command, but cleverness does not carry a man far on the road of statesmanship. The little that Lord Rosebery has achieved already may entitle him to be remembered as a curiosity,—as a Peer who was Prime Minister and twice won the Derby; it does not entitle him to a place beside Pitt and Peel and Disraeli. However, Mr. Coates has no doubts, and he has produced a book which defies criticism. It is a perfect monument of human folly. Its thousand pages contain not one line of luminous comment, and as for criticism, that could not be expected of a man who always approaches his victim on bended knee and with cap in hand. But if Mr. Coates neither comments nor explains, he has collected between his covers more superfluous stuff than it has ever fallen to our lot to examine. The clothes and jewels worn at a ceremony of marriage are not the proper material of history, and there is no chapter in Mr. Coates's book which would not have been the better for heroic pruning. In brief, adulation is not biography, and the sooner the vulgar

* *Lord Rosebery: his Life and Speeches*. By T. F. G. Coates. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson and Co. [32s.]

habit of singing pæans to contemporaries is laid aside the better will it be for our national dignity. "Call no man happy until he is dead," said the sage. Our new biographers know no such reticence. They are prepared to put any man upon the pedestal of "immortality," if only he has spent a few years in the public eye.

In Lord Rosebery's case there is less excuse than usual. For Lord Rosebery does not represent the opinion of a great party, nor do his speeches ring with the note of eloquence. He is versatile and adroit,—that is all. He has a word pat to every occasion, be that occasion South Africa or R. L. Stevenson. But we do not find in his speeches a single truth stated in his own terms, we do not encounter one page which could have come from no other pen nor voice than his own. So seldom does he challenge opposition or compel appreciation that we remember Sir Archibald, and begin to think that "words went for nothing with him." On one page we read that he and his party "are bound by every tie of honour and of policy" to Home-rule. Yet if the book gives us any impression it is that Home-rule for Ireland holds a very small corner of Lord Rosebery's regard. Again, he gives a general support to Mr. Gladstone's South African policy; yet owns that he had misgivings after Majuba, and owns, also, that his misgivings were justified. So on all dominant questions he is sounder than the party which he tepidly supports, and we know not by what tie he is bound to the Radicals, unless that tie be the reform of the House of Lords. But a politician cannot remain for ever upon the fence. Some day he must put his feet upon the solid earth, and if Lord Rosebery do not stand firm during the approaching Session, may we not dismiss him from the field of statesmen, and think of him only as a keen sportsman, or as an amateur of books and literature? At any rate he is as well fitted as Grafton or Fox for such solace as may be found either in the classics or on the race-course.

At first sight Lord Rosebery appears to possess no element of popularity. He is timid, undetermined, hesitant. He is not the man to take a strong view, or to compel others to acquiescence. He can neither frighten his supporters into admiration, nor dazzle their eyes with the splendour of eloquence or originality. Yet with all his limitations he is a popular figure,—of that there can be no doubt. If he could throw himself heart and soul into politics he might have a following for a while, but he cannot make up his mind, and the caprice of the mob has never suggested a more puzzling problem than Lord Rosebery's popularity. Even now, when he criticises few save Mr. Chamberlain, when he gives a qualified support to the Government, he still exercises a curious influence, and he is perhaps the first politician who, without a great temperament and without the vestige of a cause, has seized and held the attention of the people. Perhaps the Turf has something to do with it. But whatever the answer be to the riddle, it is suggested neither by Mr. Coates nor by Lord Rosebery's speeches. For the speeches are so nicely balanced that they may be taken in either sense, and as for Mr. Coates, he has done no better for his idol than achieve the worst piece of book-making that it has ever been our lot to condemn.

IAN HAMILTON'S MARCH.*

WHEN we read Mr. Churchill's book we are reminded of the old Greek story of the Trumpeter. He was taken prisoner in days when a very short method of dealing with prisoners prevailed, and pleaded for his life on the ground that he was a non-combatant. "You don't fight," was the answer, "but you make others fight," and he was promptly killed. Mr. Churchill's writing is highly inspiring, all the more so that he is anything but a flatterer. He is not afraid to find fault with men who have been generally praised, and to defend men who have been generally blamed. He has, for instance, a good word to say for General Gatacre. Whether he is right or wrong in saying it we will not attempt to decide on the present occasion, but it is only fair to note Mr. Churchill's opinion. The defence comes to this, that the General had insufficient means wherewith to do what was expected of him. His men, Mr. Churchill tells us, trusted him to the last. "When the weary privates struggled back to camp after the disastrous day at

Stormberg they were quite clear on one point, 'No one could have got us out but him.'" The Cameron Highlanders, too—and the actual fighters are good judges in such cases—cheered him as they passed through Bethany. This, says Mr. Churchill, "is a very rare occurrence in our phlegmatic, well-ordered British Army." We heartily echo the wish that "the sound will long ring in his ears." Our author goes on to moralise on the ill results of dismissing a commander for want of success. Here we feel doubtful. It has to be done, right or wrong. Nor was it the War Office—to which Mr. Churchill addresses his "warning"—but the general in chief command that did it.

The real story of the book, as announced by the title, begins with chap. 7. On April 22nd General Ian Hamilton moved out of Bloemfontein, his immediate objective being the Waterworks, which he might attack if he found them weakly held, "which is not very likely," according to the orders. He did find them, however, held at least so weakly as to justify an attack, and the attack was successful. This was the beginning of a movement which at first it was not intended to press earnestly, but which turned out to be a very important affair indeed. The General had altogether eleven thousand men under his command. Something less than half of these were cavalry or mounted infantry, the Household Cavalry and 10th and 12th Lancers being in the former, and the Australians, with Roberts's and Marshall's Horse, the Ceylon Mounted Infantry, Kitchener's Horse, Lovat's Scouts, and Burmah Mounted Infantry (what significant names!), with the 2nd, 5th, 6th, and 7th Mounted Infantry Battalions, constituting the latter. The two infantry brigades were made up of the Cornwalls, Shropshires, Gordon Highlanders, Royal Canadians, Sussex (1), Derby (1), Cameron (1), Battalions, and the C.I.V. It had in all sixty-seven guns. This force marched four hundred and one miles in forty-five days, fought ten general actions, spent eighteen days in skirmishing, and captured nine towns. From the Waterworks it marched to Thabanchu, thence to Winburg, Kroonstad, Lindley, Heilbron, and thence again to Johannesburg and Pretoria. For the most part its operations were away from the railway line, which it touched at Kroonstad on May 12th and again at Vredefort on May 24th. Its last battle before entering Pretoria was at Six Mile Spruit on June 4th, though it had some severe fighting at Diamond Hill a week afterwards. It was a happy thought of Mr. Churchill to accompany this column. It did much brilliantly successful work, and it has been well served by its chronicler. We shall not attempt to follow the narrative of marching and fighting. Even with the help of plan, with which the reader of this book is well supplied, a battle is not easily comprehended, especially when it is fought on the broken ground which formed the scene of all these actions. Even if we reproduced the plans, space and time would fail us in the attempt to do justice in this way to Mr. Churchill's narrative. We must be content with giving one or two brilliant scenes from the great picture which he unrolls before us. Here is one from the battle at Houtnek, the second of the series. Houtnek itself was on the extreme east of the battlefield, Thoba Mountain on the extreme west. This was occupied by British infantry, and the Boers made a determined effort to repossess themselves of it:—

"At last, about two o'clock, some one hundred and fifty of the German corps of the Boer force advanced from the northern point of Thoba in four lines across the table top to drive the British off the hill. So regular was their order that it was not until their levelled rifles were seen pointing south that they were recognised as foes, and artillery opened on them. In spite of an accurate shell fire they continued to advance boldly against the highest part of the hill, and, meanwhile, cloaked by a swell of the ground, Captain Towse, of the Gordon Highlanders, with twelve men of his own regiment and ten of Kitchener's Horse, was steadily moving towards them. The scene on the broad stage of the Thoba plateau was intensely dramatic. The whole army were the witnesses. The two forces, strangely disproportioned, drew near to each other. Neither was visible to the other. The unexpected collision impended. From every point field glasses were turned on the spectacle, and even hardened soldiers held their breath. At last, with suddenness, both parties came face to face at fifty yards' distance. The Germans, who had already made six prisoners, called loudly on Captain Towse and his little band to surrender. What verbal answer was returned is not recorded; but a furious splutter of musketry broke out at once, and in less than a minute the long lines of the enemy recoiled in confusion, and the top of the hill was secured to the British. Among the foreigners wounded in this encounter was Colonel Maximoff. Captain Towse, for his conspicuous gallantry,

* *Ian Hamilton's March.* By Winston Spencer Churchill. London: Longmans and Co. [6s.]

and for the extraordinary results which attended it, has been awarded the Victoria Cross; but, in gaining what is above all things precious to a soldier, he lost what is necessary to a happy life, for in the moment when his military career was assured by a brilliant feat of arms, it was terminated by a bullet which, striking him sideways, blinded him in both eyes."

Here is another scene of which the Gordons are again the heroes. So it chanced, for we are told that there was no selection, but this happened to be the corps to which it fell to do the work:—

"The rocks against which they advanced proved in the event to be the very heart of the enemy's position. The grass in front of them was burnt and burning, and against this dark background the khaki figures showed distinctly. The Dutch held their fire until the attack was within 800 yards, and then, louder than the cannonade, the ominous rattle of concentrated rifle fire burst forth. The black slope was spotted as thickly with grey puffs of dust where the bullets struck as with advancing soldiers, and tiny figures falling by the way told of heavy loss. But the advance neither checked nor quickened. With remorseless stride, undisturbed by peril or enthusiasm, the Gordons swept steadily onward, changed direction half left to avoid, as far as possible, an enfilade fire, changed again to the right to effect a lodgment on the end of the ridge most suitable to attack, and at last rose up together to charge. The black slope twinkled like jet with the unexpected glitter of bayonets. The rugged skyline bristled with kilted figures, as, in perfect discipline and disdainful silence, those splendid soldiers closed on their foe. The Boers shrank from the contact. Discharging their magazines furiously, and firing their guns twice at point-blank range, they fled in confusion to the main ridge, and the issue of the action was no longer undecided."

But these glories are not bought for nothing, and it is as well to look sometimes at the price that is paid:—

"Near a clump of rocks eighteen Gordon Highlanders—men as good as the one I had just talked with—lay dead in a row. Their faces were covered with blankets, but their grey stockinged feet—for the boots had been removed—looked very pitiful. There they lay stiff and cold on the surface of the great Banket Reef. I knew how much more precious their lives had been to their countrymen than all the gold mines the lying foreigners say this war was fought to win. And yet, in view of the dead and the ground they lay on, neither I nor the officer who rode with me could control an emotion of illogical anger, and we scowled at the tall chimneys of the Rand."

Part of the volume is given to a simple yet graphic picture of life in the prisoners' quarters at Johannesburg. There is something truly dramatic in the contrast between the activity of the men who were fighting their way to Pretoria, and the dreary waiting of the captives within their fence of barbed wire. Not the least of their troubles was the incessant stream of false news with which they were deluged. The Boers cannot be acquitted of something very like cruelty in their treatment of the prisoners. Some of the restrictions which they imposed were wantonly annoying.

One thing remains to say, and we say it with reluctance. Mr. Churchill, as we have already said in effect, does not respect persons. If he had thought ill of the British officers as a class he would not have scrupled, we feel sure, to have uttered his thought. Now one of the newspapers has lately published a letter which practically indicts them as a set of foolish and insolent incompetents. We do not in the least complain of helpful criticism, however severe, and think that the British officer often deserves it, but it can do no possible good, but rather infinite harm, to produce a heated and acrimonious atmosphere. We want to reform our officers, and to make them as a body take their profession more seriously, but we shall not induce them to do so if we begin by making them feel a sense of burning injustice. No man works well for a master who treats him unfairly, calls him opprobrious names, and shows ill-temper because things go badly. The abuse is made an excuse for continuance in the old bad ways. Public opinion must be stern, but it must also be just and cool.

THE PAGEANTRY OF LIFE.*

As an alternative or a complement to the contemplation of solid excellence, it is instructive at times to trace the meteoric course of coruscating futility. To approach this task in the spirit of artistic detachment from orthodox standards which characterises Mr. Whibley's entertaining studies involves an effort of mental gymnastics disconcerting to the plain person, not to say the *Spectator* reviewer. He must for the time being travel, à la Nietzsche, "beyond good and evil," and allow

æsthetic appreciation to replace moral approbation. The characters he is bidden to contemplate rest their claim to remembrance solely on their picturesqueness, on their resolute avoidance of the commonplace. They occupy in the sphere of conduct much the same place as the mere virtuosi in the world of music. Their function is mainly decorative. They are not Empire-builders, nor patriots, nor even good citizens. They have no intimates, though they never lack imitators. They cannot breathe the atmosphere of domesticity, they are incapable of self-sacrifice, they must be witty, they cannot be humorous. They are, in Mr. Whibley's own phrase, "miracles of selfishness: that is the first condition of their success," and their end and aim may be summed up as the conscious and consistent assertion of unbridled egotism.

It is a curious fact, which has not escaped the notice of Mr. Whibley, that the only approach to a classical exemplar of this type of humanity is Alcibiades, and he was far too deeply immersed in politics to be a completely artistic egotist. The dandy doubtless existed in Greek society, but the maxim typical of Greek art and life in its prime, *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, explains why he was probably looked on as suspect. Besides, he has never emerged in a true Republic—"imagination's widest stretch in wonder dies away" before the thought of a Swiss or an American Brummell—being essentially the product of a ripe or overripe civilisation. You may look for him in vain in Republican Rome; even under the Empire he is as yet imperfectly developed; while in the Dark and Middle Ages life was much too hard, too leisureless, to admit of any genuine dandiacal efflorescence. But you meet him in the rough in Italy of the Renaissance, where the sense of pageantry was fully developed, and Castiglione had glimmerings of an ideal not fully realised till our own Regency. There were gilded youths at the time of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and Elizabethan exquisites, and Restoration rakes. And thus by a gradual process the type was evolved which culminated and exhausted itself in the amazing Brummell, in D'Orsay, and in Disraeli the Younger. It is a curious feature about these great "pageant-makers" that they have never left any descendants, never bred up sons to carry on the august traditions of their line. For the last half-century the dandies have gone the way of the dodo. Democratic institutions and the penny society papers seem to render their resurrection improbable. For it is an essential mark of the true dandy that, while compelling admiration, he shall during his own lifetime maintain a majestic aloofness. But if Brummell were alive now, how could he refrain from figuring as a "celebrity at home," or guard the secret of his cravat from the *Tailor and Cutter*, not to say *M.A.P.*?

Fortunately for the simple-minded reader who (with Mr. G. F. Watts) cannot dissociate art from ethics, and owns to a sneaking liking for the orthodox virtues, several of the hierophants of sublimated egotism who figure in Mr. Whibley's pages fell short of the "pitiless contempt and the hard desire of perfection which marked the golden age of dandyism." Sir Kenelm Digby not only failed to resent the fetters of matrimony, but sincerely mourned his incomparable Venetia. Beckford (though Mr. Whibley makes no mention of this lamentable weakness) so far proved a traitor to the traditions of his tribe that he is said to have sought distraction for the loss of his young wife in his tour to Portugal. So, too, Count d'Orsay exhibited his grief for Lady Blessington in a manner quite alien to the self-centred spirit of dandyism, which Barbey d'Aurevilly defines as the fruit of vanity, but of vanity which has naught to do with the conquest of women. Pepys, for all his perfect comprehension of the art of life, his constant gratification of "his absorbing greed of sensation," remained a patriot, and, as times went, a conscientious and efficient public servant. The pre-Regency dandies, again, commanded respect, or at least claimed attention, for their non-dandiacal qualities. They wrote imperishable memoirs, like Saint-Simon, or distinguished themselves by their prowess in the field, like the Prince de Ligne, or dabbled in political intrigue or theology, like Sir Kenelm Digby. Even the unmixed dandy, while needing for his expansion an "atmosphere of sumptuous frivolity," cannot dispense with the commonplace quality of physical courage. We all know what Wellington said of the dandies in the field, and how he appreciated D'Orsay as a portrait painter far more than Goya. Brummell himself was neither a coward nor a sycophant, and those who find it hard

* *The Pageantry of Life*. By Charles Whibley. London: W. Heinemann. [7s. 6d.]

or impossible to be impressed by his "majestic frivolity" cannot deny the truculent wit of his immortal revenge on the Regent. Yet on the whole we cannot regret that these interesting monsters have become impossible. The excesses of the personal paragraphist and the humanitarian Radical may cause acute discomfort to the fastidious, but we hold them a lesser evil than the recrudescence of the conditions which alone render dandyism possible. The essay on "The Younger Disraeli" which closes the volume is an extremely able and brilliantly written piece of characterisation. It was well that Disraeli should be included in this book of dandies, though with him dandyism was a means to an end, and never an end in itself. We have only to add that, however widely the reader may differ from Mr. Whibley's point of view, he cannot but admire the felicity of phrase in which that view is expressed.

JOSEPH GLANVILL.*

OF Joseph Glanvill Mr. Lecky has said in his *History of Rationalism* that he was "a divine, who in his own day was very famous, and who, I venture to think, has been surpassed in genius by few of his successors." The brief account of Glanvill given by Mr. Lecky is in the present volume largely supplemented and expanded. Dr. Greenslet has, in fact, told us all of Glanvill which it is possible to know, and that is not very much. Of few English writers of equal power do we know so little. But Dr. Greenslet has done something more useful than gossip about a dead author; he has related him to the general intellectual movement of the time, and has therefore written a valuable chapter in the history of English philosophic thought. For Glanvill lived in an intellectual as well as in a political crisis. The Cartesian philosophy was influencing the English mind, a revolt against the empire of Aristotelian thought was in progress, one of the few native schools of English philosophy—that of the Cambridge Platonists—was in full sway, and the so-called Latitudinarian theology (an early adumbration of the Broad Church movement) was greatly modifying the character of the Church of England. Rarely, indeed, has there been a greater ferment in English thought; and in no mind is that ferment more manifest than in that of this strange and little known figure who is generally identified with the defence of the facts of witchcraft. Mr. Lecky would seem to know Glanvill mainly in this latter capacity. But Dr. Greenslet surveys Glanvill's work all round, and, as we have said, relates him to the thought of his time, and that is the reason why we think this study of so striking a figure of considerable value.

Glanvill was born at Plymouth in 1636 of a very old and famous family. We know absolutely nothing of him till he entered Oxford in 1652, graduating in 1655. The Oxford of that day, dominated by the Puritans under Owen, gave to him, says Dr. Greenslet, "a sound and solid training in classics and logic, and a keen personal interest in the method and problems of natural science." In 1658 Glanvill became chaplain to Francis Rous, friend of Cromwell, who had been also Speaker of the "Barebones" Parliament, and then Provost of Eton. Glanvill had been for the Commonwealth cause, but it is said of him that "after his Majesty's restoration, by deeply weighing matters he became convinced of his mistaken notions." This sounds rather ironical, but Dr. Greenslet does not think Glanvill a mere Vicar of Bray. In 1660 he was presented by his brother with an Essex living which allowed him quiet and leisure for writing, but two years after he went to Frome Selwood in Somersetshire, and in 1665 he became rector of the Abbey Church at Bath, already a centre of fashion, this being one of the most desirable livings in England. In the same year he was elected Fellow of the newly founded Royal Society. Glanvill was apparently not a model of ultra-decorum, though we must allow for the horrible laxity of the age, for we not only find him discussing the supernatural world with learned men, but drinking rather deep with Pepys and others of the natural world. He seems to have been an authority on drink. "A man cannot," he writes in a paper on the Bath waters read before the Royal Society, "drink half the quantity of strong drink in this bath that he can out of it; but if he have drunk before to excess it allays much

and is a great refreshment to the body." Glanvill seems to have had some local troubles, for we hear of his "preaching twice a day to angry mobs," and declaring that "he who will be a minister must be content to be a martyr." He is described as "spruce and trim" and "romantick in preaching." He entered into several controversies, for it was "his nature to." He was married twice, died in 1680, and was buried in the Abbey Church of Bath.

Philosophically Glanvill was an eclectic, with no definite body of philosophic doctrine, but with a remarkable faculty for apprehending and assimilating the new ideas of his time. "His philosophy, like a chameleon, took some shades of colour from the ground it was upon; now sceptical with Sextus Empiricus, anon Pythagorean with More, rationalistic with Descartes, or experimental with Bacon, it finally culminated in a reasonable and broad-minded Platonism." His initial motive force was revolt against Aristotle, whose long dominion over the schools had been overthrown, but the grounds of his revolt, unless only partly stated, are very weak. The reinstatement of Plato by the Florentine Academy, the philosophy of Descartes, the new development of physical science, the work of Hobbes, were all making against any universal philosophic dominion, and were again turning back the mind of Europe on itself. It was a time of eagerness, dogmatism, and conflict, and Glanvill, whose natural bias was sceptical, conceived the ideal of a "quiet and fearless mind" with a "fixed stability," expressed in a gentle attitude of "philosophic doubt." In this spirit he wrote his *Vanity of Dogmatizing* and his *Scepsis Scientifica*. But along with a philosophic agnosticism went a religious mysticism which attracted him to Plato and partly allied him with More and the Cambridge Platonists, and this attitude is expressed in his *Lux Orientalis*, an exposition of the Platonic doctrine of pre-existence. His epistemology may be inferred from his statement of the three stages of knowledge:—(1) apprehension grounded on sensitive perception; (2) forming of propositions through identity and distinction; (3) faculty of joining propositions in a chain of inferential reasoning. In the *Plus Ultra* we have, perhaps, the clearest hints of Glanvill's approximation to the ideas of modern philosophy. His theory of the world was, as Dr. Greenslet says, "a modified atomism" combined with the Platonic *anima mundi* acting as medium between God and Nature. The influence of the Cartesian philosophy was, of course, to strengthen this dualism. But we must again say that no coherent body of doctrine must be sought in Glanvill. There are hints, flashes, ingenious theorisings, but scarcely anything more.

We have purposely said nothing of the celebrated work by which Glanvill is best known, the *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, the strongest defence of the alleged facts of witchcraft produced by any English writer, because Glanvill is generally treated as though that were his sole work. It is true he devoted much of his life to the investigation of stories of "possession," and the fact that he was on the one hand a thinker and a member of the Royal Society, and on the other a deluded witch-hunter, has struck people who know about him as one of the most curious paradoxes on record. To such may be commended the interesting chapter in this work on "Ghost Stories and Witchcraft," in which Glanvill is justly treated "as a man who, in this matter, laid hold of a great truth, though shrouded in earthly error." Deeper research into the "abysmal depths of personality" has not altogether confirmed the dogmatism of a clear but shallow "rationalism." And as for the too easy credulity, not only of Glanvill but of so powerful a mind as that of Chief Justice Hale, we may say with Dr. Greenslet, "How far are all our opinions only the products of the convention and fashion of our age?"

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

STUDENTS of recent fiction cannot have failed to notice how, as a set-off to the efforts of those who labour to diffuse more

* *Joseph Glanvill: a Study in English Thought and Letters of the Seventeenth Century.* By Ferris Greenslet, Ph.D. New York: The Columbia University Press. [6s.]

* (1.) *The Brass Bottle.* By F. Anstey. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. [6s.]—(2.) *The Baron's Sons.* By Maurus Jokai. Translated from the Hungarian by Percy Favor Bicknell. London: John MacQueen. [6s.]—(3.) *The Worldlings.* By Leonard Merrick. London: John Murray. [6s.]—(4.) *Tongues of Conscience.* By Robert Hichens. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(5.) *The Filibusters.* By Cutcliffe Hyne. London: Hutchinson and Co. [6s.]—(6.) *Servants of Sin.* By J. Bloundelle-Burton. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(7.) *Vivian of Virginia.* By Hubert Fuller. London: Jarrold and Sons. [6s.]—(8.) *Charming Renée.* By Arabella Kenealy. London: Hutchinson and Co. [6s.]—(9.) *The Devil's Half-Acre.* By "Allen." London: T. Fisher Unwin. [6s.]—(10.) *The Woman of Death.* By Guy Boothby. London: C. A. Pearson. [5s.]

or less gratuitous gloom, a certain number of writers have shown an almost equal assiduity in the cult of the extravagantly absurd. Unfortunately, the desire to entertain is no infallible guarantee of the successful realisation of that aim. If there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, it is no less true that there is but one step from the ridiculous to the ruinously inane, and bad farce, forced fun, and ineffectual "absurdity" can be almost as depressing as convincing pessimism. But when Mr. Anstey sets forth on these perilous paths, confidence is inspired by the memory of his previous exploits, and that confidence is richly rewarded in *The Brass Bottle*. As for the plot, let it suffice to say that Horace Ventimore, a gifted but unrecognised young architect, and the accepted suitor for the hand of a daughter of a famous Orientalist, having undertaken to represent his prospective father-in-law at an auction of various Eastern relics, purchases a brass vase containing a genie imprisoned in the days of Solomon. The genie, on being released, proceeds to overwhelm his rescuer with manifestations of embarrassing gratitude. He transforms his humble chambers into a gorgeous palace when the Professor and his wife and daughter come to dine; he not only procures the architect a wealthy client, but builds for him a "stately pleasure dome,"—to the infinite dissatisfaction of the bewildered parvenu. The climax is reached when Horace's benefactor causes him to be presented with the freedom of the City of London,—a very fine piece of fooling, for neither Horace, nor the Lord Mayor, nor the assembled populace have any idea why they are there. As we hold it to be no part of the function of the reviewer of a work of this sort to forestall too freely the pleasures of perusal, we will content ourselves by saying that in his logical conduct of an absurd proposition, in his fantastic handling of the supernatural, in his brisk dialogue and effective characterisation, Mr. Anstey has once more shown himself to be an artist and a humourist of uncommon and enviable merit.

When in doubt the reader can always safely turn to Jokai for the stimulus of excitement administered amid a heroic environment. Of his hundred novels not a fifth have yet been translated, and as there is no reason to suppose that the quality of the remainder is appreciably inferior to that of those which have already appeared in English dress, we may look forward to many exhilarating hours to be spent in the companionship of the great Hungarian magician. The novel before us, *The Baron's Sons*, a condensed version of the tale entitled "The Sons of the Stony-hearted Man," is a brilliant and enthralling romance of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848, in which the author played an active part. The "stony-hearted man" is the Baron Baradlay, who on his deathbed solemnly enjoins on his wife to carry out his wishes with regard to her future and that of her three sons. Unlike the widows in the recent novels of Mr. Anthony Hope and Miss Braddon, the Baroness has no difficulty in shaking herself free from the despotic influence of the dead, and in every particular—domestic and political—devotes herself to realising the diametrical opposite of his wishes. In this she is justified by the dictates of humanity and patriotism, and aided by the devotion of her sons. The brilliant young diplomat and the gallant soldier are both splendidly picturesque and chivalrous figures—only Hungarians would have conceived and carried out that strange heroic duel at the siege of the fortress of Buda—while the third, the young official who plays so sorry a part during the outbreak, more than redeems himself by the superb act of self-sacrifice which closes his life. Jokai may not be subtle, but he dazzles one with his gorgeous invention, his genius for the unexpected, his vivid presentation of the characteristics of an impulsive and romantic race. The gaps in the narrative show that Mr. Bicknell has abridged the dimensions of the original with no sparing hand. His version, however, reads fluently, and he has left us the thrilling historical episode of the escape of the two hundred and twenty Hussars who revolted from the Austrians, and after countless perils made good their way into Hungary.

Mr. Merrick is a writer of much talent to whom we owe one of the best novels of theatrical life. But in *The Worldlings* he has set himself an almost impossible task,—that of winning sympathy for a hero who forfeits our respect in the first chapter and never does anything to regain it. Maurice Blake, the quasi-hero in question, a man fitted by Nature for the

liberal dispensation of £20,000 a year, finds himself at thirty-eight earning a bare livelihood on the Kimberley Diamond Fields. At this juncture his only friend, a *déclassé* Englishman named Jardine, dies of fever a few hours before the arrival of a letter of forgiveness from his father, who in old age has come into a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Jardine's mistress accordingly proposes to Blake that, on the strength of his strong resemblance to her protector, he should personate the dead man, return to England, pass himself off as the heir, and allow her a fourth of the proceeds. The sequel sets forth how Blake, yielding to temptation, after escorting Mrs. Fleming, *alias* Jardine, back to England, and establishing her in London, deceived the trusting Baronet, was welcomed by society, and eventually fell in love with and married a beautiful and virtuous lady. His relations with Mrs. Fleming, however, precipitated the inevitable Nemesis, for although Blake fulfilled his share of the bargain, she was piqued by his coldness, and finally denounced him to his wife. Lady Helen was at first highly incensed, but when Maurice confessed everything, enlightened the Baronet as to his antecedents, and was able to satisfy his wife that his relations with Mrs. Fleming were (apart from finance) perfectly blameless, this long-suffering patrician freely forgave him, and, forsaking her family and friends, accompanied him to the Colonies to make a fresh start on two hundred a year allowed him by the equally long-suffering Baronet.

Mr. Hichens deals in *Tongues of Conscience* with various fantastic and extravagant manifestations of remorse. Now it is an illustrious painter whose peace of mind is unhinged by the results of having inspired a gutter-snipe with a passion for the sea. The boy leaves home and is drowned; the famous painter, tortured with unavailing remorse, seeks refuge from his thoughts in the remote fishing village where the drowned boy is buried. There the Vicar guesses his secret, defaces a tombstone to put the unhappy stranger off the scent, but fails to prevent him from being strangled by a mad sailor. In "William Foster," again, we read how the daughter of an atheist æsthete and a Puritan mother married a handsome and amiable youth who wrote such shocking novels that, acting on the suggestion of her dying mother, his wife removed him by poison and earned her admission to the Chamber of Horrors. Thirdly, Maurice Dale was a young doctor who was haunted by the cry of his dead child, whom he had cruelly neglected in its last hours. He subsequently married a Canon's daughter, who sacrificed her happiness and life in the effort to still the accusing voice. It is not necessary to proceed further with an analysis of the recondite emotions and morbid obsessions which form the groundwork of Mr. Hichens's clever but dismal stories.

In *The Filibusters* Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has, to our way of thinking, shown himself unduly neglectful of the responsibilities of the popular novelist, when allowing himself an undue latitude in emphasising the romantic aspects of villainy. It is fairly open to question whether people ought to sympathise with filibusters at all. But in any case we do expect, and we have a right to expect in books which appeal strongly to boys and youths, that some regard should be shown for the fine old motto of "honour among thieves." It may be true that filibusters are generally traitors and sneaks, but we "hold it not handsome to be here set down," and it is a fault more serious than Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne thinks to write an attractive novel of adventure in which prominence is assigned to a picturesque dare-devil fellow who is at the same time a spy of the meanest kind,—the kind which betrays merely for cash down. *The Filibusters* is far more likely to mislead the ingenuous youth than many of what are conventionally known as "bad books." The cynical "man of the world" standpoint from which it is written is admirably calculated to impress a callow youth, who would argue that if it is possible for so brave and pleasant a gentleman as Sir William Carew to take money for betraying his boon companions, there can, after all, be nothing so very disgraceful in such a course. It is doubtless "square-toed" and "early Victorian" to believe in the duty of the novelist to avoid doing harm by his work,—for with such a creed what becomes of art for art's sake? Nevertheless, we venture to hold this old-fashioned view, and boldly say that we should esteem ourselves most fortunate if we could induce Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne to think for a moment of the responsibilities of the pen, and, as so able

a story-teller would find it easy to do, heighten instead of lowering the ideal moral standard in his readers' minds.

There is a thrilling and most horrific account of the plague at Marseilles in Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's *Servants of Sin*. The fastidious may be repelled, but readers of strong stomach will acknowledge that it is most vividly portrayed. The date of the story is the Regency during the minority of Louis XV., and by readers who like the "costume-romance" it will be pronounced a very good specimen of this class of novel.

Another historical romance is *Vivian of Virginia*, which is an account of Virginia in the days of Charles II. It is not a remarkable book, but quite readable, and has the merit of comparative unfamiliarity, the fragment of history it illustrates, the rebellion against the Governorship of Sir William Berkeley, having until recently escaped the notice of novelists in search of a plot.

Charming Renée is the second novel noticed within the last fortnight in which the hero shuts himself up for a crime which he has not committed. But Lord Stratheldon is, on the whole, a more interesting figure than the hero of *The Marble Face*. "Charming Renée" marries this recluse, and, of course, in the end all turns out well. The plot is rather absurd, and at one point decidedly disagreeable; but the book is vivaciously written, and the heroine's charms survive the ordeal of pen and ink rather better than those of most of her order.

The scene of *The Devil's Half-Acre* is laid in New Zealand, and, in spite of an occasionally bewildering plot, the story has undoubted merit. The figure of the heroine's guardian, John Jermyn, with his half-mad penitence, his preaching, and his incessant mortification of the flesh, is well wrought out; but intending readers should be warned that this is a book which craves careful perusal, and will probably discourage the skimmer. Attentive reading will reveal an interesting story and a very fair power of character-drawing on the part of the anonymous author.

Mr. Guy Boothby narrates in *The Woman of Death* the appalling experiences of Evelyn Charles Devcreux-Ducie, seventeenth Baron Middlesborough. This amiable and accomplished nobleman, having been induced by the beautiful but dangerous Madame d'Espère to join a mysterious duelling club in Paris, only escapes assassination by killing his own father-in-law. Since then he has taken to politics, and lived happily ever afterwards. We gather from a preliminary announcement that the novel is written in Mr. Boothby's "best style." By way of comment on this view we may quote the references on p. 14 to "the old Latin proverb *Facile decensus Avernî*," and on p. 280 to "one of the 'Lieder ohne Wort.'" The very first sentence in the book also illustrates the dangers by which Mr. Boothby is beset when he deviates from the vernacular.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE NATIVE QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

South Africa: Past and Present. By Violet R. Markham. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 7s. 6d.)—"The new-comer, without personal ties or interests in a country, who listens turn by turn to all opinions, and is brought in contact with every class of society, may perhaps learn more about the problems of such a land than seems possible at first sight to the resident." The truth of this statement is well illustrated by Miss Markham's admirable contribution to our knowledge of South Africa, which deserves to be classed very high among the flood of publications to which the war and its allied problems have given birth. Miss Markham was at the Cape in search of health, she tells us, during the months that preceded the outbreak of the war. Being endowed with a keen interest in politics, and an evident power of observation and judgment much above the average of either sex, she turned her opportunities to excellent account, and has produced a book that should be studied by all who care to know how the position in South Africa just before the war struck a candid and well-informed outsider thoroughly loyal to English ideas, and yet able to do justice to the good qualities of the Dutch. We may specially call attention to the chapters on the native question, which occupy a place between Miss Markham's accurate and lucid sketch of

South African history, from the landing of Riebeeck to the outbreak of the present war, and the very picturesque and informing "Notes from a Travelling Diary" with which she ends. The native question in South Africa is so important that it is surprising that Miss Markham should be almost the only recent writer who has attempted to do justice to it. After the war is over it will soon force itself upon the notice of those statesmen and others who are satisfied at present to wonder how the English and Dutch can be brought to live in amity. Miss Markham properly reminds us that the latter question is easy of solution in comparison with the former. "Every year which helps to solve the problem of Dutch and English complicates the problem of Black versus White." "There are many reasons urged why Boer and Briton should bury their feuds and dwell in peace together, but the most powerful of any is the argument that they are a White brotherhood in a Black continent, and it is as brothers and allies they must face a future problem, the difficulty of which affects them equally." We hope that Miss Markham's thoughtful exposition of this fact will be taken to heart. She points out the political difficulties that are already looming in the future through the recognition of the educated Kaffir's right to a vote, which Cape Colony has admitted, but Natal, like the late Republics, has strenuously denied. Hitherto the numbers of the blacks have been increasing out of all proportion to those of the whites. The causes that have checked the increase of savage tribes in contact with white settlers elsewhere have been either non-existent or inoperative in South Africa. If this continues to be the case, a very great danger lies ahead of our Colonies at the Cape, to deal with which will tax all the ability and courage of their leaders. Miss Markham describes the only serious attempt that has yet been made to grapple with the problem—Mr. Rhodes's Glen Grey Act—which she praises as "the most admirable Native Act which exists on the statute-book probably of any country." We hope that her able and open-minded book will receive the attention which it deserves.

OWENS COLLEGE.

The Owens College, Manchester. By P. J. Hartog. (Cornish. 12s. 6d. net.)—The history of English education during the past century has been marked by nothing more striking than the fertile development of University Colleges. A hundred years ago Oxford and Cambridge were the only Universities in England, and they were hedged round by all kinds of restrictions which kept away all but Churchmen in theory, and all but the sons of the well-to-do in practice. Several attempts had been made to upset their monopoly without success. As long ago as 1640 it was endeavoured to found a Northern University. Manchester was suggested for its habitat, but the jealousy of York prevented that. It was established at Durham, but only lasted a few years. In 1828 and 1829 the first steps were taken in London to establish Colleges for those who could not sign the tests or afford the expenses of the older Universities. Meantime the toiling millions of the North were feeling more and more keenly the need for Colleges more in touch with the requirements of a manufacturing class than Oxford or Cambridge. In Manchester especially there had been several sporadic attempts to provide the higher and technical education which was wanted. Finally, the munificence of John Owens, a Manchester cotton-spinner, led to the foundation in 1851 of the College which bears his name, from which the Victoria University directly, and indirectly the numerous University Colleges now active, and the new Universities to which in turn some of them have given rise, may be said to have sprung. Owens, whose chief motive was the desire to establish a College free of the religious tests which he hated, left almost £100,000 for the purpose. This was wisely spent on men rather than on buildings. The present stately pile of Owens College, with its excellent laboratories, library, and museum, was the outcome of further generosity on the part of private persons. Mr. Hartog rightly says that the circumstances in which Owens College grew up give it a claim to be the first of a numerous and important class. "The whole previous history of higher education in Manchester, the co-operation of George Faulkner, the Churchman and Tory, in its establishment, and the help given by all parties in maintaining and enlarging its existence, show clearly that Owens, unlike the London Colleges, is really the creation of a city, conscious, like the mediæval cities of Italy, of its own individuality, and desiring University teaching and University life of the highest kind to form part of the city life." In this respect, the present activity of Owens College, as described in Mr. Hartog's handsome volume, is a work which the citizens of Manchester, who will soon be engaged in celebrating the jubilee of their pioneer College, may justly regard as not the least showy feather in their civic cap.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

William Llandels, D.D.: a Memoir. By his son, Thomas D. Llandels, M.A. (Cassell and Co. 6s.)—Dr. Llandels was for many years one of the best known Nonconformist ministers in London, preaching in what was once the Diorama, in Regent's Park. He belonged to what may be called the progressive school of the Baptists, and so differed not a little from another eminent representative person, J. A. Spurgeon. There was a serious difference between the two in the early years of Dr. Llandels's London ministry; circumstances brought them together, and then the fundamental difference of opinion reasserted itself when Spurgeon entered his protest against ministerial concessions to modern thought. Dr. Llandels was a hard hitter, witness a letter quoted on p. 147, in which he deals a severe blow to the "Particular" wing of the Baptists. At another time the Evangelical clergy, who use the Baptismal Service while denying Baptismal regeneration, came under his lash. In 1883 he left London for Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his life, dying on July 7th, 1899.

Twenty-five Agrapha. Annotated by the Rev. Blomfield Jackson. (S.P.C.K. 1s.)—The most familiar of the "Agrapha" is that given in Acts xx. 35: "It is more blessed to give than to receive," though, strictly speaking, it does not belong to the class as Mr. Jackson defines it by his sub-title, "Extra-Canonical Sayings of Our Lord." Extra-Canonical it is not. This is naturally first in the order. The second may be an adaptation of St. Paul's words in 1 Cor. xi. 25, changing the third person into the first, and the *τοῦ κυρίου* into *τὸν ἐμόν*. There have always been some who took these words, not as St. Paul's, but as Christ's. What is meant by the word *ποίησις* in the sentence, "It will be observed that the *ποίησις* and the *καταγγελία* are incomplete without communion"? (Why double the λ?) We hope that Mr. Jackson does not countenance the unscholarly attribution of a sacrificial meaning to *τοῦτο ποιεῖτε*. The notices of the other Sayings are interesting, but we feel that on the whole too much importance is given to them. What is really new in them is very enigmatic.—In the series of "Early Church Classics" (same publishers, 1s. 6d.) we have *The Liturgy of the Apostolic Constitutions*, translated, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. R. H. Creswell. It would take us too far to enter upon the many questions which this document suggests. It has, of course, a very direct bearing on the doctrine of the Real Presence. We must be content with the bare mention of the book.

A Brief History of Mathematics. Translated from the German of Dr. Karl Fink by Wooster Woodruff Beman and David Eugene Smith. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 6s. net.)—Probably few students of mathematics know anything of the history of the manuals which they use, and of the men by whose labours they have gained the vantage ground which they now occupy. We all know at least the name of Euclid. Some may have heard of Euler, and certain formulæ have names attached to them. But of the scores of names which Professor Fink has brought together in this volume most are absolutely obscure. The translators have done a good work in introducing this learned treatise to the English-speaking world.

The quarterly instalment of *The Oxford English Dictionary*, edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray (The Clarendon Press, 5s.), contains a portion of "I," being the fifth volume of the work, and reaching from "Input—Invalid." We are still in a mainly Latin region, the words that have the prefix "in." Dr. Murray mentions a curious example of the change of meaning in words. "Instance" was originally employed to signify a case adduced in objection to a universal assertion. This use has become obsolete, and we now employ the word to signify a case adduced in support.

The "1900" Supplement to the Dictionary of Gardening, Vol. I., A—F. By Geo. Nicholson. (L. Upcott Gill. 7s. 6d.)—It is a remarkable proof of the wonderful activity with which the art of gardening is pursued that this supplement, mainly devoted to new things, imports, naturalisations, and discoveries, will occupy eight hundred pages, the half now before us ("A" to "F") running to three hundred and seventy-three. A certain space is given to new methods and the like. But, on the whole, it is the activity of the horticulturist that demands this appreciation.

Elocution and Stage Training. By Maxwell Ryder. (T. Burleigh. 5s. net.)—On what is, perhaps, the most important question as to

the actor's art—Should he be controlled by, or should he himself control, his emotions?—Mr. Ryder has a very definite opinion. If you wish to move others, always remain master of yourself. And he gives potent arguments, and what is more effective, strong authorities, for his opinion. Generally his counsels seem to be judicious, as far as an outsider can judge. One of them we can endorse without hesitation. "Study," he says, "not your art only, or the literature of your profession, but literature generally." Of course, the more purely technical points in preparation for the stage are dwelt upon and illustrated by anecdote and example. This is Mr. Ryder's habitual practice. It is instructive to his special public, and it makes the book more attractive to the outside reader. It takes us into regions which are unfamiliar to us, and we express an opinion with diffidence. But our general impression is that it is a work of very considerable value.

The first volume of the "Chetham Society's Publications" for the year 1899-1900 is *The Chartulary of Cockersand Abbey*, transcribed and edited by William Farrer, Vol. II., containing more than a hundred documents and covering a period of more than two centuries. It would be an interesting task to trace out the relation between these documents and present tenures. We find, for instance, the Abbey extinguishing the common right of an individual by granting him sixteen acres of freehold. Another point of view is suggested by the frequent occurrence of the words "*pro salute animæ*." No doctrine ever had such wide-reaching secular effect as that of the efficacy of prayers for the dead. We may hold it as a pious opinion, and it seems harsh to object, but if it is formalised into a tenet there is no more powerful engine of superstition.

The Communion in Dunfermline. By Robert Stevenson, M.A. (Romanes, Dunfermline. 2s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Stevenson has examined the Kirk Sessions' Registers of his parish, and put together from their contents a volume of no small interest. One curious thing is the identity of practice in the matter of Communion under the Presbyterian and the Episcopalian régime. Under both the rule was to have great annual celebrations, though, indeed, even these did not always take place. In the twenty-two years of Presbytery (1640-1661) there were six in which there was no Communion, 1643-44 and 1651-55; in the twenty-seven years of Episcopacy (1663-1689) twelve. The Archbishops vainly sought to have the rite at Easter; but the ministers knew their people too well to venture on it. Mr. Stevenson has made a contribution of no small value to Scottish ecclesiastical history.

Right Living as a Fine Art. By Newell Dwight Hillis. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 1s.)—Mr. Hillis prefixes as a text to his discourse on life a sentence from W. H. Channing which is certainly worth noting: "To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to study hard; to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently; await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden, and unconscious grow up through the common,—this is my symphony." We are not sure that the text had not better be left to speak for itself. Mr. Hillis begins with a discourse on beauty. It would be censorious to object to it, but we must say that the writer leaps very easily over a stupendous chasm when he writes:—"Having lingered long before the portrait of Antigone or Cordelia, the young girl finds herself pledged to turn that ideal into life and character. The copy of the Sistine Madonna hanging upon the wall asks the woman who placed it there to realise in herself this glorious type of motherhood." There is a significant variety here. In one case the picture "asks"; in the other the spectator is "pledged." There is a world of difference between the two things. There are good things in this little book; but one cannot help remembering that the cult of beauty is no new thing in the world, and that it has flourished in times that were ethically corrupt.

Gordon's Campaign in China. With Introduction, &c., by Colonel R. H. Veitch, R.E. (Chapman and Hall. 1s.)—Gordon's account of his operations against the Taeping rebels is as lucid as Cæsar's "Commentaries," and quite admirably brief; sixty-odd small pages suffice for the narrative of three campaigns. Colonel Veitch's preliminary account of the circumstances is very much to the point. Some of us remember the strange belief that prevailed for a time, and possibly still survives, that the Taipings were pro-Christian. The concluding sentence from Gordon's narrative may be quoted:—"The hasty attacks made upon Asiatic positions cost valuable lives, invite failure, and prevent the science of war, theoretically acquired at considerable cost, being tested in the best school,—viz., that of actual practice."

A Japanese Maiden. By Annie M. Piercy. (Horace Marshall and Son. 6d. net.)—This is a little Japanese love story, perfectly simple and natural, full of little touches of Japanese life and manners, and not without a gently suggested moral. Kiku, the heroine, runs away from an unwelcome marriage,—an Englishman has asked for her hand in marriage, and she loves a Japanese. Everything ends well, for the Englishman is a gentleman, and recognises that the Japanese way of arranging marriage is not a right one (though, by the way, it prevails in every country but England); Kiku is happy, and finally becomes a Christian.

THEOLOGY.—*Different Conceptions of Priesthood and Sacrifice.* Edited by W. Sanday. (Longmans and Co. 7s. 6d.)—In this volume we have the report of a Conference held at Oxford in December, 1899, between the representatives of various schools of thought in the Anglican Church and what are commonly called the Orthodox Dissenters. The editor sums up the results in his preface. These results consisted, we may say, in the clearing away of misconceptions. No one expected change of opinion; but the discovery that different opinions were not so far apart as their holders thought is an object which it would be worth much trouble to attain. This, too, is well worth noting. "I am not sure," writes Professor Sanday, "that the most impressive feature in the Conference as a whole was not the persistent effort on all sides to give to the doctrines or practices contended for a moral meaning, and not only a moral meaning, but the very highest and most Christian meaning attainable." On the utterances themselves, as reported here, we do not propose to dwell. They must be taken as a whole. But all interested in the theological controversies of the day are bound to study the volume.—We cannot but feel that a perusal of it, had it been possible, might have modified some of the statements in *The Ritualists*, by Walter Walsh (J. Nisbet and Co., 1s. 6d. net). It must be confessed, however, that it is much more difficult to put up with innovations and illegalities in ritual than with extravagances, even more significant, in preaching. And there are a number of shallow, not to say silly, persons who seem bent on doing things which have neither authority nor intrinsic desirableness, simply because they are Roman. Mr. Walsh undoubtedly makes some points, quotes some utterances which need explanation, and mentions acts which can hardly be justified.—*The Text of the New Testament.* By the Rev. K. Lake. (Rivingtons. 1s.)—This is one of the series of "Oxford Church Text-Books." It is a very excellent piece of work, a model of really lucid and concise exposition of a very complicated and difficult subject. Mr. Lake describes in succession the great Uncial Codices, speaks more briefly of the Cursives, and then proceeds to deal with the Versions and with the Patristic quotations. He is inclined to accept the textual theory of Westcott and Hort, but thinks that they have not said the last word on the subject. One thing is quite clear, that he brings an unprejudiced mind to the consideration of the subject. No more serviceable manual of textual criticism is to be found.—*The Great Rest-Giver.* By William Haig Miller. (R.T.S. 2s. 6d.)—The writer speaks of various faults and weaknesses of human nature, and describes how the troubles which they cause may be removed by Him who said: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Every lesson is illustrated with examples from life, and the collection may well be found instructive and useful.

MISCELLANEOUS.—It is a kind of apotheosis for an author to have a birthday-book constructed out of his or her work. So we must offer our congratulations on the appearance of *The Isabel Carnaby Birthday-Book*, arranged by E. D. Berrington (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) Miss Berrington must not suppose that her author was the first to say that "It is one's duty to do what he thinks right, regardless of results." Happily, we had not to wait for "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" before we heard that.—*The Chorus of Creation*, selected by J. R. Macduff, D.D. (same publishers, 2s. 6d.), is drawn from many authors. The illustrations by Miss A. S. Macduff have considerable merit.—*Chess Openings for Beginners.* By the Rev. E. C. Cunningham. (Routledge and Sons. 6d.)—*A Cyclist's Note-Book.* By A. W. Rumney. (W. and A. K. Johnston.)—In the series of "Homeland Handbooks" (St. Bride's Press), *Dartmoor and its Surroundings*, by Beatrix F. Cresswell (6d. net).—*The Evangelisation of the World in this Generation*, by John R. Mott, M.A. (Students' Volunteer Missionary Union), may be described as the manifesto of the Students' Volunteer Missionary Union.—*Among the Birds.* By Florence Anne Fulcher. (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.)—Many readers have become acquainted with one or other of Miss Fulcher's essays, for they have appeared in many journals and magazines. She divides them by the seasons, and discourses

in them about many things. One thing is never forgotten, the pleading for the creatures which in our short-sighted foolishness we destroy. The vanity of women and the gluttony of men depopulate whole regions of life. We commend this little volume to our readers. There is observation in it, and humour, and, as we have said, kindness and sympathy.—*The Book of Blues.* Edited by Ogier Rysden. (F. E. Robinson and Co.)—This "Record of all the Matches between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge in Every Department of Sport" will doubtless be found useful by many. "Records" are apparently more easily remembered than other things which to the prejudiced minds of schoolmasters and others appear more important. The stupidest boy knows them with an accuracy which, were it applied to his lessons, would raise him to the front rank of scholars. Still, even he may want help, and in later life, when this kind of knowledge is perforce crowded out, this help will be more welcome. Here, then, is the remedy,—a new "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" of athletics.—*Chess Strategics Illustrated.* By Franklin R. Young. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)—This is a book for chess experts, and to such we must leave it. The author moves in quite transcendental regions, and it would require powers to which we do not pretend to follow him. Anyhow, we may say that this is a handsome volume.

SCHOOL-BOOKS.—*The Elements of Hydrostatics.* By S. L. Loney, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d.)—*Fifteen Studies in Book-keeping.* By Walter W. Snailum. (Same publishers. 2s. 6d.)

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Adderley (James), Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi, 12mo	(Arnold)	3/6
Bacon (Roger), The "Opus Majus," with Introduction by J. H. Bridges, 3 vols. 8vo	(Williams & Norgate)	31/6
Baty (T.), International Law in South Africa, 8vo	(Stevens & Haynes)	5/0
Bayly (E. B.), Honor Greenleaf, cr 8vo	(Jarrold)	3/6
Berry (R. J. A.), The Essentials of Regional Anatomy, cr 8vo	(Churchill)	10/0
Billings (J. S.), Ventilation and Heating, 8vo	(K. Paul)	25/0
Boothby (Guy), Long Live the King, cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	5/0
Bossett (J. B.), The Sermon on the Mount, 12mo	(Longmans)	2/6
Burgin (G. B.), The Way Out, cr 8vo	(Long)	6/0
Burns (C. L.) and Colenso (R. J.), Living Anatomy, 4to	(Longmans)	7/6
Campbell (J. G.), Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Carus (Paul), The History of the Devil and the Idea of Evil, roy 8vo	(K. Paul)	30/0
Chamberlain (A. F.), The Child: a Study, cr 8vo	(W. Scott)	6/0
Clark (C. C. P.), The "Machine" Abolished, cr 8vo	(Putnam)	4/0
Clowes (A. A.), Mrs. Frederick Graham: a Novel, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	3/6
Coleman (C. G.), On Sea and Prairie, cr 8vo	(Jarrold)	3/6
Coutts (F. B. M.), The Mystery of Godliness, cr 8vo	(Lane)	3/6
Cromarty (J. B.), The Heart of Babylon, cr 8vo	(H. Marshall)	3/6
Crommelin (May), The Luck of a Lowland Laddie, cr 8vo	(J. Long)	6/0
Cunliffe (F. H. E.), History of the Boer War, Vol. I., 8vo	(Methuen)	15/0
Dahle (T. T.), A Tragedy of Three, cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	6/0
D'Annunzio (G.), The Flame of Life, cr 8vo	(Heinemann)	6/0
De Morgan (M.), The Windfairs, and other Tales, cr 8vo	(Seeley)	5/0
Digest X.L.I., De Adquirendo Rerum Dominio, cr 8vo	(Camh. Univ. Press)	5/0
Donaldson (F.), Lepcha Land, 8vo	(S. Low)	10/6
Doyle (A. C.), The Great Boer War, cr 8vo	(Smith & Elder)	7/6
Duncan (J.), Angioma, and other Papers, 8vo	(Oliver & Boyd)	5/0
Elliott (J. M. K.), Fifty Years' Fox-Hunting, 8vo	(H. Cox)	10/6
Epauchin (Col.), Operations of General Gurko's Advance Guard in 1877, 8vo	(K. Paul)	10/6
Farnham (C. H.), Life of Francis Parkman, 8vo	(Macmillan)	8/6
Fenn (G. M.), Charge! a Story of Briton and Boer, cr 8vo	(Chambers)	5/0
Fisher (C. H.), Reminiscences of a Falconer, 8vo	(J. C. Nimmo)	10/6
Fisher (S. G.), The True William Penn, cr 8vo	(G. Allen)	10/6
Fry (Sir E.), Studies by the Way, 8vo	(Nisbet)	10/6
Green (E. E.), The Silver Axe, cr 8vo	(Hutchinson)	5/0
Hayes (F. W.), Groyne of Thornhaugh, cr 8vo	(Hutchinson)	6/0
Heathcote (Norman), St. Kilda, 8vo	(Longmans)	10/6
Henty (G. A.) and Others, Venture and Valour, cr 8vo	(Chambers)	5/0
Hill (G. B.), The Memoirs of the Life of Edward Gihon, cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Home (A.), The Story of a School Conspiracy, cr 8vo	(Chambers)	3/6
How (F. D.), William Conyngham Plunkett, Archbishop of Dublin, 8vo	(Isbister)	16/0
Iles (G.), Flame, Electricity, and the Camera, 8vo	(Richards)	7/6
Ingold (J.), Glimpses from Wonderland, cr 8vo	(J. Long)	6/0
Kant's Cosmogony, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	7/6
Keifer (J. W.), Slavery and Four Years of War, 2 vols. 8vo	(Putnam)	25/0
Krausse (A.), The Far East, its History and its Question, 8vo	(Richards)	18/0
Law (E.), Hampton Court: a Short History, cr 8vo	(Bell)	5/0
Leslie (Emma), At the Sign of the Golden Fleece, cr 8vo	(Gall & Inglis)	2/6
Levi (A. J.), Meditations of the Heart, 16mo	(Putnam)	5/0
Lives of the English Saints, by Various Hands, Vol. II., cr 8vo	(Freemantle)	6/0
McCurdy (E.), Roses of Paestum, 12mo	(G. Allen)	2/6
Magnay (Sir W.), The Man-Trap, cr 8vo	(Smith & Elder)	6/0
Malan (A. H.), Famous Homes of Great Britain, imp 8vo	(Putnam)	21/0
Malcolm (C. H.), Robert Kane, cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	3/6
Marchant (B.), In the Toils of the Triestmen, cr 8vo	(Gall & Inglis)	2/6
Meade (L. T.), Miss Nonentity, cr 8vo	(Chambers)	5/0
Meade (L. T.), Seven Maids, cr 8vo	(Chambers)	6/0
Molesworth (Mrs.), The House that Grew, 12mo	(Macmillan)	4/6
Molesworth (Mrs.), The Three Witches, cr 8vo	(Chambers)	3/6
Monroe (W. S.), Comenius, and the Beginnings of Educational Reform, cr 8vo	(Heinemann)	5/0
Morley (John), Oliver Cromwell, 8vo	(Macmillan)	10/0
Morris (W.), Architecture and History of Westminster Abbey, 8vo	(Longmans)	2/6
Muddock (J. E.), Kate Cameron of Brux, cr 8vo	(Digby & Long)	6/0
Nash (H. S.), History of the Higher Criticism of the New Testament, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	3/6
Nicholson (W.), Characters of Romance, folio	(Heinemann)	42/0
Norris (F.), A Man's Woman, cr 8vo	(Richards)	6/0
North (T.), The Marriage of True Minds, cr 8vo	(Richards)	3/6
Norway (A. H.), Parson Peter, cr 8vo	(J. Murray)	6/0
Organ (T. A.), The Law Relating to Schools and Teachers, cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	2/6
Overton (R.), A Chase Round the World, cr 8vo	(Warne)	3/6
Partridge (W. O.), The Angel of Clay, cr 8vo	(Putnam)	5/0
Penny (Mrs. F.), A Forest Officer, cr 8vo	(Methuen)	6/0
Pickering (S.), Verity, cr 8vo	(Arnold)	6/0
Poinneroe (Mme. J.), Among the Women of the Sahara	(Hurst & Blackett)	12/0
Praeger (S. R.), Tale of the Little Twin Dragons, oblong 4to	(Macmillan)	6/0
Prichard (H.), Where Black Rules White, roy 8vo	(Constable)	12/0
Pulsford (J.), Quiet Hours, Second Series, cr 8vo	(Sunday School Union)	2/6
Radford (C. H.), Jenny of the Villa, cr 8vo	(Arnold)	6/0
Reed (M.), Later Love Letters of a Musician, cr 8vo	(Putnam)	7/6

Richmond (W.), An Essay on Personality, 8vo.....	(Arnold)	10/6
Roberts (H.), Chronicle of a Cornish Garden, cr 8vo.....	(Lanc)	5/0
Roberts (Morley), Lord Linnithgow, cr 8vo.....	(Arnold)	6/0
Ruby Fairy Book (The), cr 8vo.....	(Hutchinson)	6/0
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FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE event of the week is the publication of an agreement between Great Britain and Germany upon future policy in China. The agreement is intended first of all to secure the “open door,” the “Contracting Parties” declaring it “a matter of joint and international interest that the ports on the rivers and littoral of China should remain free and open to trade, and to every other legitimate form of economic activity, for the nationals of all countries without distinction.” With this object the two Governments pledge themselves not to “use the present complications in order to obtain territory, and to direct their policy towards maintaining undiminished the present territorial condition of the Chinese Empire.” If any Power violates this principle, the two Governments reserve to themselves the right of taking steps for the protection of their own interests. This agreement is to be “communicated”—not submitted—to the other Powers, and their adhesion to its principles is invited. We have underlined a few words because we believe them intended to cover free banking, free mining, and free railway construction in China, which are economically as important as free trade. We have discussed the political aspect of this agreement at length elsewhere, and need only remark here that while this agreement lasts neither Britain nor Germany can be left isolated in China.

The reception of the agreement in the world is noteworthy. The public here approves, but hardly sees how strong an alliance might arise out of the document. The French wait for Russia, but are vexed to see Germany and Great Britain draw together. The Germans are anxious to make out that they gain much because they are allowed to trade freely in the Yangtse Valley, quite forgetting that they may, and do, trade freely in London. Our possession of the Valley, though objectionable for other reasons, would only enfranchise its trade. The Austrians and Italians adhere cordially but without enthusiasm, and the Russians, as a public, are irritated to a degree, their publicists writing as if they regarded China as their reversionary estate. This, however, is not the tone of the Russian Government, which does not object to the agreement, and intends to tighten its grip on Manchuria, not by annexation, but by expanding its rights over its great railway route under existing treaties. For instance, it will provide “fresh military protection” for all stations on the line. Japanese opinion is held in suspense, and that of America, though favourable, will not be expressed until after the elections.

It will be observed that nothing in this Note affects the present situation in China, which remains as bad as ever. In the North the German, French, and Anglo-Indian troops have made a successful expedition to Pao-ting-fu, which has been

occupied without opposition, the officials proving friendly. For the rest, they govern Peking, and are preparing, we hope, with some assiduity, against the great dangers which will threaten them in the winter. The Empress-Regent, on her side, has seated herself at Sian, as the new capital is to be called by Englishmen, is collecting troops from the South, and possibly from Mongolia, is drawing revenue from the Yangtse Valley, and is removing all “doubtful”—that is Europeanised—officials from the Valley and from the Southern provinces. She means to fight. In the South ferment increases, the Imperial troops are reported beaten, and the Viceroy, quivering with fear of the rebels and dread of the terrible Empress, are suggesting to the correspondents of the European papers that they want concrete help, which will mean advances of money. We do not see that they are prepared to resist the Empress, and we do see that if we declare against the rebels they also will be added to the anti-foreign faction. Altogether it is a welter.

We understand that the name of the new capital of China officially accepted in this country is Sian, and shall henceforward use it. We have hitherto called it Segan, on the authority, as we believe, of Professor Douglas, who writes an erudite paper about it in the “Encyclopædia Britannica.” Gibbon calls the place Singan, and most maps, including the beautiful one in Stieler’s Atlas, together with Reuter’s agents, give Si-ngan, a word not pronounceable by Englishmen. Sian, which is undoubtedly one name of the great city, will do excellently well, and there is no need to add “fu,” which only signifies that it is the official capital of the province. The matter is of some importance if, as seems probable, the Manchu dynasty has accepted General Gordon’s advice, and abandoned Peking for ever, to the furious indignation, we note, of all diplomatists concerned with China. It is, however, no business of theirs. Suppose the Czar makes Moscow his residence instead of St. Petersburg, or even a city in the Ural.

The most important news from South Africa is that Lord Roberts hopes to start for home about November 15th. Desultory fighting still goes on, and considerable activity is shown by marauding commandos in the Orange River Colony, and especially in the Fauresmith district. In every case, however, their attempts have failed. The attack on Jagersfontein, when the Boers attempted to rush the town by night, relying on the assistance of residents, was beaten off with heavy loss; Philippolis, which was actually taken and held for several days, was reoccupied on Wednesday night by Imperial Yeomanry; and attacks on Kroonstad and Fauresmith have been effectively repulsed. In the north-west Lord Methuen, after a trying march from Rustenburg, during which his column has been harassed by a good deal of sniping and attacks on convoys and foraging parties, has reoccupied Zeerust and advanced to Buffelshoek. General French’s march from Carolina to Bethel met with continuous opposition, but his casualties were slight. Lord Roberts’s despatch received on Thursday stated that French expected to reach Heidelberg on Friday, and that Paget’s force had captured sixty-five prisoners and a great many cattle. We may note that stringent measures are now being taken to prevent the recurrence of such treachery as that which rendered the attack on Jagersfontein possible, families which are known to have harboured Boers being brought into the towns, and the women at Jagersfontein removed elsewhere. On the other hand, Lord Roberts, to correct misapprehension, has issued a proclamation stating that burghers surrendering voluntarily, who have never taken the oath of neutrality, will not be deported from South Africa.

As the result of taking a plebiscite of his constituents,

Mr. Schreiner has resigned his seat in the Cape Parliament. Under circumstances of great difficulty Mr. Schreiner, however tardily, rendered valuable service to the British Government. This ought never to be forgotten, but we cannot profess to feel the "consternation" over his resignation which the *South African News* attributes to the supporters of the war. That step only shows that Mr. Schreiner for the moment is not strong enough to make headway against the more irreconcilable Afrikander element in his party. We do not suppose Mr. Schreiner wishes to be regarded as a martyr; nor can we resign the hope that he may continue to exert a moderating influence on the Dutch element in Cape politics. In this context it may be noted that the Netherlands Government have published three important despatches sent by their Foreign Minister in May and August, 1899, to President Kruger, urging upon him the desirability of being as conciliatory and moderate as possible towards England, and stating that the German Government entirely shared this view.

The German Emperor should not forget in his eagerness to be popular with his own people that fine courtesy which smooths the way for diplomacy. Speaking at Barmen on Wednesday, he said: "That it has always been my first aim and my greatest task to maintain peace as far as possible for my people and its working classes I believe I gave a fresh proof only a few days ago. The agreement with the most powerful Germanic State outside our own nation will, I hope, in the far future be a guarantee for the common efforts in the open markets of the world of our two nations in friendly rivalry without acrimony." A man hardly expects to be told by his best friend that he is his friend's inferior; and one would like to know where America comes in. She is Germanic if we are, and considering her population, her wealth, and her geographical position, her inferiority to Germany in power can scarcely be reckoned indisputable.

We do not like this "honorific" Mission from the Dalai Lama to the Russian Court. It may be purely one of ceremonial, but it may also justify a Mission from St. Petersburg to Lhasa. The Lamas, looking out on the confusion in China, may be contemplating rebellion, and asking for the help of some cavalry, and that will not do. We are steadily opposed to any struggle with Russia for Manchuria, or Korea, or even Northern China, but it must be on condition that no one touches Thibet. With Thibet in the hands of any first-class European Power India would be untenable. It would be necessary to fortify all the passes in the Eastern Himalaya, and to keep fifty thousand troops in Bengal Proper and Assam, which are at present ungarrisoned, and even then we should not be safe. The vast plateau, 11,000 ft. high, dominates Eastern India as well as Western China, and must under any circumstances be left in native hands. The despatch of the Mission is of itself a proof that Chinese ascendancy at Lhasa is growing weaker.

Colonel Picquart, the real hero in the Dreyfus case, for Captain Dreyfus was rather its pivot, has at last obtained a small measure of justice. The *Journal* accused him of having been seen at Carlsruhe in close conversation with Colonel Schwartzkoppen,—that is, in fact, of selling secrets to the German Government. Colonel Picquart at once indicted the *Journal*, and after postponements lasting for two years the case was on Wednesday heard and decided. The two writers of the article were sentenced one to six months' and the other to one month's imprisonment, the manager was ordered to pay a fine of £120, and the paper was condemned in damages of £400. The decision is creditable to the Court, for so bitter is the feeling against Colonel Picquart, solely for having expressed his belief in the innocence of the accused, that the present strong Government, with all the goodwill in the world, has not ventured to restore him to his rank in the Army. Yet Colonel Picquart is no Jew, but a Roman Catholic, and before the trial was held to be one of the most brilliant officers on the French Staff.

The Government of India is making another desperate attempt to deal with a great evil in India,—the mortgaged condition of the freeholding peasants. They borrow money, usually for their children's marriages, mortgage their little estates, are evicted, and thenceforward become rack-rented

tenants and potential rebels. The evil has reached such a height in the Punjab that the Government on October 12th passed an Act limiting the peasant's power of sale to other peasants, and his power of pledging his land to twenty years. The measure is warmly opposed by some great native landlords and warmly supported by others, and the balance of argument is about equal. No doubt the measure diminishes the peasant's right in his own holding, but so does every entail, and the moneylender can still recoup himself by exacting heavy interest. The Act is thoroughly well intentioned, though we scarcely understand why the simpler scheme of lending the people State money at 10 per cent. was not tried first. The State must not be landlord? But the State in India is landlord already.

It was announced on Wednesday that the Cook Islands had been annexed—they have long been under a protectorate—to the British Empire, and will be placed under New Zealand. It is also stated that Suwaroff Island will soon be formally annexed and joined to New Zealand. We trust that this may be the beginning of a movement which will make New Zealand the head and centre of a Confederacy including Fiji and other British islands in the Pacific. We would rather see New Zealand work out her destiny in this way than join the Australian Commonwealth. And for this reason. If New Zealand were to come into the Commonwealth, it would prevent Australia developing as a great homogeneous nation, and would keep her a Federation, for there cannot be an incorporating union with an island divided by nearly a thousand miles of sea from the rest of the State. New Zealand, however, with her incomparable mountains and lakes, fiords and rivers, and enjoying one of the best climates in the world, may fitly be the Queen of a Pacific Confederacy. She knows, too, how to deal with a native population, and so need not fear responsibilities of that kind.

On Tuesday Mr. Haldane gave an excellent address to the Glasgow Parliamentary Debating Society on "The Influence of Imperialism in Politics." After declaring that we must not shrink from the responsibilities of Empire, he gave it as his opinion that we could not entrust the settlement in South Africa to more competent hands than those of Sir Alfred Milner. "If they left it to be worked out by their representative on the spot, whose duty it would be to try and make Britons and Boers forget the past and bring the people of South Africa together under a Constitution which they themselves were ready to receive, and which was not imposed upon them from a Government 6,000 miles distant, then her Majesty's Government would have adopted the wisest policy under the sun." As to Imperial Federation, if it meant that the work of the Colonies was to be cribbed, cabined, and confined by some rigid system imposed upon them, he was wholly opposed to it. But if Imperial Federation meant that these distant parts of the Empire where the Queen's Constitution had been reproduced were more and more to act in harmony with our Government at home, it was a fertile notion. "In the House of Lords we had an institution which lent itself to the possibility of giving them a Chamber which should represent no longer one party of 10 to 1 against another party, but the Empire at large. If we had the Colonial Prime Ministers meeting together for counsel in a Chamber of which they were *ex-officio* members, and deliberating over matters which concerned the Empire as a whole, we might have a development which would go far towards solving the problem of Imperial Federation." There are of course objections to this as to every other amendment of the Constitution which it is possible to suggest, but we see no reason why Colonial statesmen should not sit in the House of Lords as life-Peers when our great lawyers do so with such excellent results. The physical difficulty is the great one, but that gets less yearly. It has already almost ceased as regards Canada.

On Wednesday Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce a speech which shows him to be possessed of the highest qualities of statesmanship. We have quoted elsewhere the wise and firm words in which he disposed of the mischievous proposal to base the Empire, not, as now, on a foundation of Free-trade, but of veiled

Protection; but must note here his severe but well-merited rebuke in regard to an irresponsible handling of the China question. "He wished that the task in China were not aggravated by foolish utterances on the part of certain persons who assumed to guide public opinion in this and other countries, breeding suspicion in our country of the motives of others." After congratulating the country on the Anglo-German agreement, and offering a most opportune tribute to the Emperor of Russia, "in whom he believed the world at large might have every confidence," he defended the Army and Navy from the attacks of the extreme pessimists. In conclusion, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach dealt with the question of the expense of Empire, and touched on the possibility of Colonial contributions. We are all for the Colonies being prepared to aid in the defence of the Empire, but we sincerely trust that it will be by way of local effort, not by way of contribution to any Imperial fund. The local efforts may sometimes be wasteful, but they are by far the best form of Imperial insurance. We want to see each of the free nations of the Empire responsible for the efficiency of its own military preparations.

Mr. Chamberlain was entertained at dinner by the Fishmongers' Company on Wednesday, and received the honorary freedom of the great Whig corporation. His speech, which was one of great power and eloquence, began by complaining of the gross personal attacks made on him—attacks which must be repudiated not only by all honourable but by all sane men—but soon passed on to a general defence and panegyric of Imperialism. With the substance of his defence and praise we have no fault to find, but we are old-fashioned enough to wish that he had been a little more careful to avoid the appearance of boastfulness. We feel also that he very much exaggerates the indifference shown to the Empire in the "sixties" and "seventies." There were plenty of men in those days who were not disciples of the Manchester school, and even the Manchester men had only to be scratched—witness the Mutiny—to show plenty of the Imperial spirit. The speech closed with a passage of the loftiest eloquence, in which Mr. Chamberlain described the help given us by the Colonies. "In our trial our hands were stayed by our Colonies, as the hands of Moses were stayed by Aaron and Hur, till victory waited upon our arms. Shall we ever forget, shall we ever be ungrateful, will any one ever again dare to say that the Colonies are an encumbrance to the Empire which they have done so much to maintain and support?" That is real oratory. Mr. Chamberlain never overloads his pieces of imaginative eloquence, or makes them too literary in tone. One feels that they belong of right to the spoken, and not the written, word.

In Wednesday's *Times* will be found a long and interesting account by a military correspondent of the exhibits of war material at the Paris Exhibition, and in particular those of the French firms of Schneider (whose works are at Creusot) and Hotchkiss, the English manufacturers Vickers-Maxim, and the Austrian company of Skoda. Taking the Vickers-Maxim exhibit first, the writer notes the breech action of the 12 in. gun, and the wonderfully ingenious "single-motion" breech mechanism of the 6 in. quick-firing gun. In the department of field artillery the best carriage—a combination of the hydraulic buffer and spade action—is the Darmancier-Dalzon, already supplied to the British Government, which works wonderfully well on a soft soil. The 75 mm. gun is shown, with the mounting used by the Boers at Elands-laagte and by us at Ladysmith. As regards the famous "Pom-Pom," the *Times* expert justifies to a certain extent the War Office criticism: "The results achieved in South Africa have been moral rather than actual. It was not until the weapon underwent the test of war that any one realised what its effect would be." He praises the exhibits of the Pilsen firm of Skoda, as of unsurpassed finish. Their 9.6 in. howitzer, the largest and most powerful example of modern siege ordnance, was taken by us up to Pretoria, and on one occasion fired against the enemy at a range of 9,000 yards. The Creusot Works exhibit is especially interesting from the number of guns shown identical in carriage and construction with those used against us by the Boers; the field-gun, however, supplied to the Boers has already been superseded by

an improved model. The writer sums up by declaring that the Exhibition stands unrivalled for a general display of the most modern types of armament, and goes so far as to say that, as regards death-dealing weapons, the limit of inventive genius has already been reached.

The Special Commissioner of the *Daily Telegraph* gives in Wednesday's issue an appreciation of the British soldier which is well worth quoting. "I have never," he says, "heard from any one, soldier or civilian, English, Colonial, or foreigner, man, woman, or child, black or white, anything but the most unstinted praise of Tommy Atkins and his company officers. Of his reckless valour, his stubborn endurance, his unfailing and imperturbable cheerfulness, of his entire freedom from 'grousing,' and of his infinite good nature nobody seems to weary of telling you, and for my part I never tire of hearing. Tommy has surpassed himself in this campaign." He was always whistling or singing, was the opinion of a young Colonial, "and he did not care a damn for anything, whether it was shell, or fever, or a quarter rations, or no rations at all." Everybody says the same, adds the *Daily Telegraph's* Commissioner; "and, mind you, for reasons I have given elsewhere, the soldier man, as such, is not popular with the Colonials." We suspect that the attitude of the Colonials towards Tommy and his officers is very like that of Dr. Johnson towards Garrick. He liked to abuse him and his acting himself, but if any one else did so he was furious and defended him through thick and thin.

The nominations for the twenty-eight new Borough Councils, which replace the Vestries under the London Government Act of last year, closed at noon on Monday, and a complete list of the candidates will be found in the *Times* of Tuesday and Wednesday. In the great majority of cases the candidates stand as Progressive or Liberal on the one hand, and Moderates, Conservatives, or Unionists on the other; but a considerable number are nominated by the Ratepayers' Association. There are also Moderates supported by the Progressives; Progressives nominated by the non-political Union; non-political candidates recommended by the Conservative Association; non-political Independents; Independents pure and simple; Labour and Alliance candidates. In all nearly 3,000 candidates have been nominated for the 1,362 seats, and elections will be held in nearly every ward of each Borough. It may be noted that the Borough of Westminster is the highest in rateable value, that of Islington is first in population, and that of Wandsworth has the largest area. We must refer our readers to a useful article in Thursday's *Times* setting forth the difference between the London County Council and the new London Boroughs, and emphasising the great variety and importance of the work allotted to the new Borough Councils. The election is fixed for next Thursday, November 1st, and the polling will continue from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

We shall not be able to chronicle till next week the march of the C.I.V.'s through London, but it is evident that they will obtain a reception which will be royal in no conventional sense. The smartest regiments in the Army, as well as in the London Volunteers, will keep the streets for them, and nothing will be wanting to make the function a memorable one from first to last. And truly the C.I.V.'s are worthy of all the praise and honour they will receive. Not only did they answer to their country's call, but when they were at the front they acquitted themselves as well as if they had been one of the crack regiments of the Line or a body of Colonials,—higher praise is impossible. Their courage goes without saying, their shooting was excellent, and their discipline beyond reproach. They have shown the nation by a practical experiment what splendid fighting material we possess, even though we do not undergo universal military servitude, and how easy it is to add new units to the Army if only the thing is gone about in a reasonable and common-sense way. Given an imperative need, every great town in the kingdom could have raised a regiment almost as good as the C.I.V.'s.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

New Consols (2½) were on Friday 98¾.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT.

WE do not see any reason for either minimising or exaggerating the "Agreement" which Lord Salisbury has concluded with the German Government. It does not solve the immediate Chinese question, which, indeed, as we shall shortly show, it leaves almost untouched, but it is an important agreement nevertheless, likely to be most beneficial both to Great Britain and Germany. It puts an end, to begin with, to a number of international suspicions, fears, and perhaps projects which were menacing Europe, if not with disasters, at all events with panics, which when they are on a large scale interrupt human progress nearly as much. There can be no coalition against this country while Great Britain and Germany are allied. Even the imagination of French Nationalists, who just now are feeding themselves with dreams, would shrink from the idea of risking an "adventure" in the face of that huge mass of power. True, the agreement is only for China, but allies cannot stand by each other in one quarter of the world and threaten each other in another quarter, and the mere fact, therefore, that Germany and Great Britain have combined to do a specified and very big thing solidifies all political speculation, and in Europe, at least, is the weightiest of all possible guarantees for peace. The disturber, who ever he is, *may* have to reckon with Great Britain, Germany, and Austria—that is, with the strongest Power on the seas and the men who control four millions of trained soldiers—a prospect which would daunt even a new Alberoni. At the same time, no Power or statesman with millions behind him can, in presence of this agreement, go racing away into the unknown just because he has determined to do so. If Russia has decided to reach the Pacific in force, she must explain herself and give guarantees. If the Chauvinist traders who talk so glibly of British ascendancy in the Valley of the Yangtse could force Lord Salisbury's hand, and compel him to make that ascendancy direct, he would still have to ask the consent of his ally, and give explanations which it would take much time and many concessions to make acceptable. Or if William II. is thirsting to build up an India in China, he must first prove to Lord Salisbury that his plan involves no detriment to Great Britain or the world. There must, in fact, be *counsel* among the great of Europe before anything tremendous can be done in China, and that is, under the circumstances, a great security to have obtained. All that has been decided yet is that Germany and Great Britain, whose force, if they act together, is well-nigh irresistible, will discourage to the utmost any partition of China, and will insist on the whole world's right to trade freely, not only with "China," which means the coast, but with the inhabitants of the huge river valleys, whom as yet they have scarcely directly reached. Granting, as we must grant in Asia, that one nation has a right to dictate to another what her commercial laws shall be, that is sound policy, for it extracts from China the maximum of economic benefit for Europe and for her own people—for the benefit of trading can never be one-sided—yet avoids the awful task and responsibility of governing the Chinese.

But then there is Clause 3, the clause which declares that, if any Power begins partitioning, "the two Contracting Parties"—mark that expression, which makes of the agreement a contract—reserve to themselves the right to come to an understanding as to the steps they may think it necessary to take to protect their own interests. All kinds of meanings are being read into that clause, one being that partition once begun, Germany and England will take their shares. Another is that Germany and England will fight the partitioning Power, that is, in practice, will fight Russia. This explanation has caused some uneasiness in France, and many placating expressions of goodwill to Russia in Germany, but we do not see any reason for rejecting the plain meaning of the words. If circumstances tempt any Power to claim territory in China, Germany and Great Britain will hold their pledges as to the integrity of China to be overridden, and will do whatever circumstances and their own interests dictate; *but will do it together*. That, to our thinking, is the core of

the third clause, which, as it seems to us, some of our contemporaries have missed. Neither Power is to be left isolated in China, but both are to decide on a plan, and then to make that plan work to the utmost of their power. What the plan is to be is, of course, unrevealed, because you cannot reveal what does not exist, and a plan made before events have happened is nothing but a thought. Lord Salisbury and Count Hatzfeldt have, we dare say, talked over contingencies and expressed views, and possibly even discussed modes of action, but experienced statesmen do not indulge in prophecies, knowing too well that it is usually the unexpected with which they will have to deal. They may have discussed the advantage of a uniform tariff in all Chinese ports, including those held by foreigners, or may have speculated on the results of a *condominium* in the Valley of the Yangtse; but the only thing settled is that should a cataclysm occur they will, if humanly possible, act together. That is a good preliminary settlement, and we may leave the question of which gains the more by it to be fought over when the crisis arrives. The English always think they are going to be cheated in their political bargains, but the Empire perpetually waxes, and in bargains about territory they always come out with their hands almost too full.

While, however, we regard the agreement as distinctly creditable to the farsightedness both of Lord Salisbury and the German Emperor, we must point out its one weak place. The Empress-Regent has not assented to it. Those who drew it up have evidently been penetrated with the old idea that Europe can dispose of China as it pleases; but just at present that idea seems to be a little discredited by events. The Empress-Regent has just said with a dreadful plainness of speech that she had rather Europeans kept out of China, and though a retort has been uttered, it has not apparently made much impression. The European and Indian soldiers march about North China almost as easily as mites march through cheese, but the marching seems to produce nothing except burned villages. Suppose the Empress and her nobles sit quiet in Sian—this is to be the official name of the new capital—preparing an army, decline all terms, and refuse to let foreigners trade in safety on all rivers, what do the "Contracting Parties," Great Britain and Germany, propose to do? Are they to remain at Peking for ever, or to seize ports, or to occupy the banks of rivers? If they do this, what becomes of the policy of "maintaining undiminished the territorial condition of the Chinese Empire"? and if they do not, how is their economic policy to be carried out? This, as it seems to us, is *the* difficulty of the Chinese situation, and it is not removed, or even diminished, by this agreement. Suppose the whole world adheres to the agreement, self-denying clauses and all, what is that to the Empress while she sits undisturbed in her great city of Sian, amidst its triangle of hills, and all official China obeys her orders, except indeed that the agreement shows that she is not, in any case whatever, to lose territory? The Treaty is most valuable for European purposes now, and will be most valuable for Asiatic purposes when the Empress has accepted what are, in fact, its proposals; but suppose she does not accept them? At present there is not a sign that she will, beyond a rumour that Prince Tuan and his confederates are about to commit suicide. A statement of that kind would naturally be made if the Empress intended to submit, as it would save her dignity without hurting her agents; but then has it been made?

THE FISCAL OUTLOOK.

IT is quite clear that one of the chief preoccupations of the coming Parliament must be finance. Not only has the war cost a great deal more than was expected, but it is evident that there must be an increase in our military and naval expenditure. We do not grudge, and do not believe that the nation will grudge, making the necessary sacrifices, but it is idle to talk as if the question of finance were not one which must be faced, and in a very serious spirit. We are not alarmists as to the extra charges which must be incurred in remodelling the Army, and believe, indeed, that what is wanted is rather a better disposition of the funds already devoted to military purposes than increased lavishness. Still, both here and in the case of the Navy there will probably be for the next year or so

demands for "extra" money that cannot be refused or postponed. Any increase of artillery and of mounted troops is sure to be expensive, and such an increase must be made. But granted that we shall have in the interests of a sane Imperialism—and no Imperialism can be called sane which does not pay its way—to provide for a larger expenditure, it is essential that the money should be provided in a far-seeing and businesslike manner, and not by any hand-to-mouth expedients. We are all for bearing the burden of Empire without flinching, and we believe most firmly that the responsibilities and duties of Empire are good for the national life. But one of the best and surest foundations of Empire is a sound system of finance. Not only is a full and easily replenished Treasury an immense source of strength in the hour of danger, but the only way to avoid those reactions of Little Englandism which do so much injury to the Empire is to prevent the financial burden pressing unevenly and in a way that galls. If we over-expand and over-spend and raise the money required for our Imperial projects in foolish and wasteful ways, the nation is certain to be seized with the cold fit, and in an access of disgust and annoyance may throw away the best fruits of Empire, and undo in a moment of thriftless economy work that has cost the nation dear, not only in gold, but in blood and in the self-sacrificing efforts of her sons.

When, then, our rulers come to review the fiscal situation, and to provide for the future as well as the past, it is greatly to be hoped, in the interests of the Empire, that they will do nothing to imperil the sanity and good sense of our existing fiscal system, but will provide for its development on sound lines, and so lay well and truly the financial corner-stone. We shall be told that of course they will do so, and that there is not the slightest fear of any other plan being adopted; but in spite of that we hold that there is need of caution. Remember that the temptation to the Cabinet to depart a little from the old principles will be very great. An increased annual revenue will be required, and yet it will be by no means easy to heighten the existing taxes. That being so, the Government will, unless we are mistaken, have pressed upon them many new and ingenious fiscal expedients. Chief among them is likely to be some proposal for an Imperial Zollverein. It will be plausibly argued that it would be an excellent thing both to cement the Empire and to provide for the cost of Imperialism by inaugurating a system under which there should be Free-trade within the Empire, but a small tax on one or two prime commodities, to be paid, however, only when the commodities were produced outside the Empire. For example, wheat and sugar produced within the Empire would still be free, but foreign wheat and foreign sugar would pay a tax which, we shall be told, would, though small in amount, give us several millions a year. Against all such specious pleas the Government must stand firm, for in such an abandonment of the principle of the free and open market would lurk the seeds of destruction not merely for our fiscal system, but also for the Empire. The Empire rests upon Free-trade and on the policy of the "open door," and the moment that policy is abandoned and an attempt is made to act in the monopolist spirit which prevailed in the Spanish and Dutch Empires, at that moment our Empire will begin to decline. Protection would breed countless jealousies and quarrels at home and among the Colonies in their relations to each other and to the Mother-country, and it would also raise the bitterest animosity abroad,—the kind of animosity that men felt for Spain in the seventeenth century. Canada, Australia, and New Zealand would each fancy that the other was preferred in our Imperial tariff, and would demand redress, while our traders at home would be equally certain that the Colonies were not playing fair. As it is, our ports are open to all, and no part of the Empire can plead favouritism, while lands outside the Empire, though they may profess to hate us, know and appreciate the fact that commercial equality and a free opportunity to all follow the British flag.

But though we cannot help feeling that an effort will be made to manipulate the fiscal developments required by the war in a Protectionist direction, we do not believe that the Cabinet will yield. At any rate, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer is quite sound on the matter. Nothing could have been better than the way in which he protested in his recent speech at Liverpool against a so-called "commercial union" with the Colonies.

He did not, he declared, believe in the idea of preferential duties in favour of our Colonies as compared with foreign countries on the imports of the United Kingdom. Any such duties would be dangerous in the utmost degree to foreign trade, which was essential to the prosperity of this country. "This great question," he went on, "could only be approached and dealt with on the principle of Free-trade. His own opinion was that any person in our Colonies or in this country who founded his views as to the future on the possibility of any solution of this question except on the basis of Free-trade was founding his views upon a foundation of sand, and he would not for the world, having some experience in matters of this kind, hold out to our fellow-subjects in the Colonies that we could deal with the question on any other basis than Free-trade." We sincerely trust that this is the spirit which will prevail, and that even if, as seems possible, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach goes to the Admiralty or the War Office, his view will still be accepted by the Government as a whole.

If the Government determine, as we hope and believe they will, to have nothing to do with any proposals for raising revenue by Protective or semi-Protective measures, to what sources shall they go for more money? They cannot, we think, raise the Income-tax, though we hold that they may very well keep it at a shilling. Again, they cannot add to the taxation on tea or tobacco with any prospect of substantially increasing the yield. There remains an addition to the Beer-duty, but this is not likely to be adopted. What new source of revenue, then, is open to them? In our belief, their best plan will be to deal with our licensing system, and to divert into the Treasury money now literally thrown at the heads of the possessors of existing licenses. Owing to legislation and the practice of the licensing authorities, the licenses to sell intoxicants have been so greatly restricted that nowadays to be granted a license is to be granted a share in a very valuable monopoly. But the State asks practically for no payment in respect of its grant of monopoly rights. It improvidently gives the license away almost for nothing to any well-conducted person who may happen to live in a house licensed the year before. But though the State asks nothing for the license, the lucky grantees ask a great deal for them and the expectation of renewal, and immense sums are paid for licensed premises. This fact shows how great a source of revenue the State is neglecting. Surely it should be the business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to stop this waste, and to say to the grantees, 'We grant you a license, but you must pay for it the price, or at any rate something like the price, which we know you could get to-morrow if you sold the expectation of receiving it next year'? We cannot, of course, enter here in detail upon the way in which the State could best keep for itself the value of the licenses it now distributes gratis, but it is obvious that the State can and ought to make use of this great national asset. By doing so it might, we believe, secure a very large annual addition to the national income, and secure it without increasing the price of the poor man's beer. The plain fact is, the huge price which a public-house, or even a beer-house, when endowed with a license, will fetch is conferred upon it by the State's grant of a license, and it is only just that the State should get the benefit of the monopoly it has created. The circumstance that it created that monopoly for moral and not fiscal purposes does not matter. Surely these are considerations which must not go unrecognised when the country requires an increase of revenue.

MR. KRUGER IN FRANCE.

WE suppose a hail of telegrams does at last irritate the mental skin, for our people are growing too sensitive to the wind. Why in the world should they worry themselves over Continental receptions to Mr. Kruger? Every people sets up foreign heroes for itself, the English more especially claiming that liberty. They were wild with enthusiasm for Kossuth when official and popular "Austria" both thought him a demon; and were ready to set up a statue to Jeff Davis, who Mr. Gladstone thought had "made a nation," at a time when Northern Americans considered he ought to be hanged. Nothing will be done for Kruger anywhere which will compare with the wild welcome given by London to Garibaldi, who

was regarded by all Catholics as a sort of Anti-Christ, by all Continental Conservatives as a dangerous revolutionary, and by all Sovereigns except his own as a "successful brigand." The ex-President of the Transvaal may have a popular reception in America, where a hero in homespun, who does not talk and who raises militiamen to fight soldiers, is from tradition always appreciated; but even there the admiration will be sentimental; and in Europe it will not be even that. The Dutch will no doubt express a good deal of feeling against the English, who have, they think, barred them out of a profitable career; and the Belgians, as they showed in the Sipido case, like to manifest ill-will to Great Britain, for no reason unless it be that they are *par excellence* the clericals of the Continent; but most of the great nations will be more restrained. The Austrians may be misled for a moment by the tradition of Hofer; but the Germans will not forget that they are just now in alliance with the British; and in Russia men wait for the Czar, who is coming, it is said, to the Clyde. It is only in France that there will be any *furor*, and to understand that we must understand the momentary temper of average Frenchmen, and their view of the circumstances of the hour. They are by no means in love with Kruger, who belongs to a type which throughout their history has never attracted them, and has never risen to leadership—M. Grévy was the nearest approach, and he was essentially lawyer, and not, as Kruger is, essentially peasant—and if the Marseillais acclaim their visitor, it will not be out of personal regard, but to express feelings which we may not like, but the source of which we might understand a little better than we do. Part of that feeling, as M. de Blowitz writes every day, is mere discontent with the Republic and wish for a change; but most of it comes, we suspect, from a somewhat deeper impulse. The truth is, not only that the French are sore, but that their soreness has sense in it. They think it the right of France to be in the stream of events, and the stream of events has for a quarter of a century passed them by. They have lost ground in Europe owing to their defeat, to the accidental want of a great man to lead them, and to the formation of the Triple Alliance, which bars them from European venture, and which is not made up to them by the rather useless alliance they have contracted with Russia. This latter contract makes them safe from invasion, but safety from invasion is not what France has usually been content with. They feel as a man feels who thinks he has a right to the Cabinet, but remains only a Minister, and are so panting for appreciation that a few kind and just words from an English Admiral about the valour of their sailors gave them exquisite pleasure.

To add to their annoyance, the rival Powers of Europe are not resting on their oars, but are embarking in great adventures which France watches with an intentness born of admiration as well as jealousy. Russia is visibly moving, though at the pace of a glacier, and with its irresistibility, towards the Pacific. Germany is asserting herself to great purpose in China, and talking loudly of her full intention to become at once, to-morrow, a great "world-Empire." Britain has "conquered," or at all events established herself in, South Africa, which the French, who have a curious shopkeeping side to their heads, reckon to be of almost fabulous value. They believe that Britain as a kingdom will get milliards upon milliards out of the Transvaal. Even America has "manifested herself," and has struck down an ancient European kingdom which marches with France, and is therefore known to her, and has acquired "heaps of islands," one of them rich. All this while they themselves, who at heart do not care for transmarine adventure, and had rather annex Piedmont or Catalonia than all China, are compelled to sit quiet, cannot seize Fashoda without a war, and are not permitted to absorb either Siam or Yunnan. They do not want to absorb either, do not for the most part know where they are, but they want while every one is stirring and prospering to do something and be felt greatly in the world. The sense that they cannot be so felt without too great sacrifices makes them bitter, and the bitterness is necessarily discharged upon Great Britain. They cannot attack Russia, for she is an ally; they must not scarify Germany, for the Emperor will not bear it; and

so they vilify England, which will not declare war for words, which, moreover, is everywhere, which is just at present offensively, odiously fortunate, which is detested by the Papal zealots now so powerful among them, and which, if Mr. Chamberlain can manage it, means in their fancy to clutch something of theirs, probably Madagascar, because that island is South African. If any one, say M. Yves Guyot, warns them that to be so abusive is dangerous, they ask when they lost the right of free speech; or if remonstrated with on grounds of pretty behaviour, they quote the language used about them in the Dreyfus case, which, to be sure, was neither complimentary nor restrained. It is all rather melancholy and disheartening, but remembering the past history of France and her present position, it is not unnatural, and our countrymen should tranquilly shut their ears or pardon an outburst which can in itself do them no injury. Their fidgetiness under abuse is undignified, and of evil omen besides, for it shows that with increased intercommunication popular temper is going to be a frequent cause of political difficulty. It is surely time enough to become exasperated when Governments begin to be impertinent. The demeanour of the Republican Government of France has been absolutely correct throughout the South African War, and indeed M. Delcassé, the Foreign Minister, is accused by his political enemies of being too forbearing, and even subservient, towards England. We may surely set the courtesy of a Ministry against the revilings of a mob. Even, however, if that is not the case, and if we are to take the expected demonstration at Marseilles as a manifestation of genuine popular ill-temper in France, it becomes us to display the old national characteristic, that power of silent endurance which has in it something of the sense of justice, and something of cold disdain. To fret and fume and fuss because France, angry with fate, not us, expresses her anger in abuse of us as the nearest victim, is to grow wroth because an actress, disappointed at her want of success, relieves herself by telling the audience that they are barbarians. The audience assisting at such a scene should not laugh, but also they should not rage. The dignified rôle for them is patient silence, to be followed by a serene forgetfulness. Let Rochefort write with vitriol if he pleases. If one does not read, vitriol is no worse than ink.

MUNICIPAL LONDON.

THE people, like property, has its duties as well as its rights, and the duties are very much in evidence this autumn. Yesterday it had to be settled in the polling-booths what men and what tendencies should be dominant in the government of the Empire through a period which must be of critical importance to the British nation, and those who, without most cogent reasons, failed to exercise their franchise on that occasion were no good citizens. To-morrow, or rather on November 1st, the ratepayers in the Municipal Boroughs throughout the country will be called upon to decide what manner of men they shall be to whom shall be entrusted the control of local affairs in all, or almost all, but one of their most important aspects. (The exception is that of the schools, and will be dealt with by another set of elections a few days later.) For the first time in this anomaly-loving country, we who are citizens of any part of London, except the City, now enter upon full civic rights and duties in these matters. What kind of citizens shall we be if we fail to realise the greatness of the occasion? In many very real senses it devolves upon us to make up, or at least to begin making up, for two long generations of neglect and delay. While since 1836 our fellow-countrymen in the greater and smaller provincial towns have been endowed with a machinery of self-government full enough, and as years passed increasingly equipped with the powers necessary for the realisation of advancing ideals and the satisfaction of developing needs, the municipal conditions in the Metropolis outside the City have been eminently unfavourable to progress. The substitution of the County Council for the Metropolitan Board of Works, which represented the Vestries and was vitiated in effectiveness and dignity by its origin, was an immense improvement. The Council, no doubt, has made mistakes, but since its creation a fresh, and though inter-

mittent, yet strong and wholesome, breeze of popular interest in local affairs has blown through the divers quarters of this dwelling-place of five million souls. But with the best will in the world the County Council could not bring London in line with the best-governed provincial cities. Many of the powers essential for such an object remained with the unreformed Vestries and other obscure local bodies of Commissioners appointed for the carrying out of special Acts of Parliament. A piecemeal system it has been, without any kind of justification, logical, æsthetic, or practical. But happily it has gone, and it is for us to build in its place a system worthy of the capital of the greatest of world-Empires, as the twentieth century dawns.

It is vital that the start should be a good one. It is easy enough, as municipal history in the provinces more than sufficiently shows, for fully fledged Borough authorities to come into disrepute; and when that has once happened great efforts are needed to bring about a change and induce the well-to-do and cultured classes to discharge their duties towards their fellow-burgesses. But these new London Boroughs of ours are beginning their career with a virgin record, and rich in powers for the common good. None of the discredit attaching to the Vestry system pursues the new Councils, and all the lessons acquired in the working of that system are at the disposal of those—whether the same or other individuals—who will be chosen to administer the concentrated and extended powers with which the Borough Councils are endowed. Seldom, indeed, in the course of human affairs, individual or collective, does so favourable an opportunity occur of making a fresh start. In all cases the possibilities before the new municipalities are great. In some they are splendid, and conspicuously so in the great city-municipality of Westminster. It is hard to understand how any persons interested in municipal progress were averse, as no doubt many of them were, to that creation of a Greater Westminster which was the most original and impressive feature of the London Government Act of 1899. Nothing is more important in the sphere of municipal work than that, where there is a need for great and continuous effort, the imagination should be caught and held. And here in West London, where the needs are so great, the condition we speak of is surely provided by the emergence of this powerful new authority, whose constituency stretches from Chancery Lane to Kensington Palace, from Westminster Bridge to Chelsea, from Oxford Street to the Thames, and stands at a rateable value of half a million sterling more than that of the City of London itself. Neither in Greater Westminster nor elsewhere are sudden transformation-scenes to be aimed at. But it is not too much to expect that within this single municipal area, which counts among its citizens almost all our legislators, and the heads of almost all the wealthiest and most cultivated families in the Kingdom, who resort hither for several months of every year for the enjoyment of social intercourse, under circumstances of the utmost luxury and refinement and with every possible æsthetic adjunct, a local authority shall be constituted resolved to make West London a different and a better place to live in for all its inhabitants within ten years' time. There is no question more complex and difficult than that of the housing of the poor in urban districts, but if it can be dealt with anywhere on lines at once businesslike and philanthropic, in such fashion as to secure the most widely diffused, real, and lasting amelioration of domestic conditions, it is in Greater Westminster that that blessed possibility may be realised. And that is only one side, if perhaps the most arduous and anxious, of the business which will present itself to the City Council of Westminster. In regard to general sanitation, to lighting—a function intimately connected with both morality and security—to the enforcement of the Factory and Workshop Acts, in which the local authority plays a most important part, as well as in connection with the "adoptive" Acts, and the supervision of matters vitally concerned with public decency, the new Municipal Councils exercise powers to the importance of which the Christian Social Union has done well to direct attention. If in Westminster, under the leadership of a Mayor who should be a person of distinguished position and capacity, these powers are taken up gravely and resolutely, with a rational appreciation at once of the value of high muni-

cipal ideals, and of the due limits, moral and economic, to the intervention of authority, it is difficult to overrate the value of the direct and indirect results which may be looked for. The example so set could not fail to be full of guidance and inspiration.

But, after all, Westminster will only be the greatest, or rather the most conspicuously, and in many ways advantageously, placed, of the new Metropolitan municipalities. There is not one of them in which the election of Councillors of the right stamp, who will place themselves under the presidency of a Mayor qualified to begin the creation of honourable traditions for his office, can fail to bring about an immediate improvement in the physical and moral conditions of life for multitudes. It is not, then, too much to ask that during the next few days every citizen who is conscious of the vast potential benefits of broad-minded, strenuous, and businesslike local government will bestir himself to find out which of the candidates before him are most deserving of his vote. There is apparently an abundance of choice. To a large extent party "tickets" are being run, but the polling-booths are secret and free, and there is nothing to prevent any citizen from making his own selection after such inquiry as is possible to him, from the lists offered by either side, and from the candidates who run under no political flag. Let him be, above all, careful to choose—and it will generally be possible—those men who combine liberality and loftiness of general aims with administrative or other business knowledge and experience, and with dissociation from the likelihood of temptation to interested action. If over the London Boroughs generally, on November 1st, the ratepayers act on these principles, we may with good reason hope that before the new century is in its teens the capital of the Empire will be far less unworthy of that position than can be claimed for it in these closing months of 1900.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL UNION IN SCOTLAND.

DURING the next few days the final steps will be taken in a movement in Scotland which has long claimed the attention of the country. The two leading Presbyterian bodies which stand outside of the Establishment, the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church, are to be united, and will for the future be known as the United Free Church of Scotland. The settlement has not been reached without opposition. It has been, if we may judge from the outside, rather a movement of the leading ministers in both bodies than of the bodies themselves. There are many in the United Presbyterian Church who await the event without enthusiasm, and many in the Free Church who regard it as a final departure from the traditions and principles of their Communion. The obvious advantages of union are so great and a diminution in the number of sects is so desirable that we are tempted to consider the cause of this apparent lukewarmness and even pronounced antagonism. Nor is the reason far to seek. The United Presbyterian Church is made up of a number of bodies who seceded at different times from the Establishment, and coalesced into their present form in 1847. The grounds of secession differed in each case, but one broad general principle was contended for, to which they gave the name of Voluntaryism. Let a Church be self-supporting, sustained by the voluntary contributions of its members, and in no way dependent upon the secular Government. The disruption of 1843, on the other hand, gave the Free Church a different basis. To men of the type of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Candlish a Church established and endowed by the civil power seemed as desirable as to Cromwell. It was the interference of the civil power in affairs which they regarded as spiritual and matters of conscience, and the attempt of the secular Magistrate to dictate to the Church in questions of government and administration, that led to one of the most notable religious movements of the century. There may be difference of opinion on the wisdom of the attitude, but there can be none on the loyalty of the early Free Church to a very high and pure conception of Church polity. That this conception included the Establishment is a twice-told tale, and since its realisation was impossible and secession was forced upon them, they sought to model the new body as far as possible on those aspects of the historic Kirk of Scotland with which they were in

agreement. Hence came the admirable scheme of the Sustentation Fund, which was an attempt to provide a substitute for the central support which the Establishment had given, and to raise the most remote village congregation out of the difficulties of a body struggling to support itself solely by voluntary gifts. It may be said that even this was simply voluntarism organised and extended, but the purpose of the founders of the scheme and its later results have clearly severed the Free Church from the rest of Nonconformity. The centralisation, the design to create endowments in place of those which were lost, the insistence upon the organic interdependence of the whole body, have given the Free Church all the characteristics of an Established Church with the State connection omitted.

The significance of the present union is that these principles have been finally relinquished. The Free Church is united with a Church to which voluntarism is the very breath of life. To us there seem, nevertheless, to be very great and serious reasons for the union. It is undoubtedly the duty of Churches to unite when there is no radical difference in doctrine and no final divergence of views on Church government. In this case the way has been prepared, for it is an indubitable fact that the Free Church within the last fifty years has been slowly departing from the traditions on which it based itself in 1843. Some may call it a growth in enlightenment; to ourselves it seems rather the destiny which attends all sectarian history, by which the original difference tends to become emphasised and the original points of agreement to be forgotten. The history of Methodism furnishes a case in point. During the whole of his life John Wesley regarded himself as a member of the Established Church; "and no one who regards my advice," he wrote, "will ever separate from it." One of the last important letters that he wrote was a remonstrance with a Bishop for attempting to drive his followers into Dissent. But after his death, through no fault of the Methodists, the breach widened, and now the original belief in an Establishment is a doctrine which few Methodists will subscribe to. So with the Free Church of Scotland, which has gradually been approaching English Nonconformity on this question, though in all other matters it is as unlike it as possible. At the same time, in the new United Church considerable provision has been made for difference of opinion, and the articles of union have, through the wisdom of their promoters, committed the Churches to no cast-iron theory. Again, the union will be economically a saving, for it is notorious that Scotland in many of its parts is over-churched. In little country towns there may be a Free church and a United Presbyterian church, where the population can barely suffice to support one church in activity and prosperity. Finally, the two Churches will carry to the common stock certain qualities which should give the united body the greatest strength. The Free Church has since her foundation been famous for a missionary enterprise and an evangelical earnestness difficult to surpass in the annals of any religious body, and of late years she has made contributions to Biblical scholarship and shown a standard of culture in her clergy which have made her easily the intellectual leader of bodies outside the Establishment. The same thing in a modified degree is true of the other party to the union, which in addition has long had a special hold upon the middle classes in the towns.

It is impossible, then, we think, to object seriously to a movement which has a real justification and may have valuable results. But at the same time a word of warning seems necessary. As believers in the principle of an Establishment, we are strongly in favour, if that be impossible, of the centralised system of the Free Church, by which the remotest congregation in the Highlands and the Isles has an organic share in the whole. In spite of our respect for Nonconformity, strong in its basis of sincere conviction, we are firmly opposed to what the Germans call *particularismus* in Church affairs, that atomic voluntarism where each congregation is, in spite of superficial bonds of union, an isolated, self-supporting unit. We have no distrust of the people, but in religion, where the preacher, if he be true to his calling, must be no speaker of soft things, we believe in a position for the minister above the force of popular caprice. A congregation is only human, and it is in its nature too often to prefer a specious rhetoric

and the form of vulgarity which some call "popular gifts" to the seriousness and courage of a true servant of Christ. It is true that the traditions of both of the bodies in question have been as a rule against such a failing, and that neither, especially not the Free Church, has been without some form of central support. But in a union where the one has forgotten its belief in an Establishment, and the other never possessed it, there is a danger that the united Church, feeling its strength, and at the same time conscious of its position as against the Established Church, may be led into certain of the extremes of voluntarism and particularism, which we believe to be contrary to the best traditions of Scottish religious life and the genius of the Scottish people.

But we must not forget that it is one of the most creditable aspects of the movement that its leaders look forward to some ultimate union of the whole of Presbyterianism in Scotland, to which this is but a step. It is an ideal which must commend itself to any wellwisher of the Scottish Churches, and we believe that if the United Free Church preserves the proper spirit and shows itself wise, tolerant, and charitable, the present union may be indeed the beginning of a greater union of all Scotland under one national and historic Church. We trust that to attain an end so great the United Free Church will purge itself of all narrowness or intolerance of spirit, and attempt in a sympathetic understanding of alien views, and in charity towards the Kirk of Scotland, to realise the ideal of a Church that is free indeed.

THE USES OF PROSPERITY.

THERE is a trace of mediævalism in all that poetry about the "sweet uses of adversity." The idea exists, no doubt, in Christianity itself, for the first object of that creed is to raise man out of subjection to the external conditions of his life, and make the improvement of his relation to the supernatural his one governing impulse; and the rich or happy man is therefore warned that all he enjoys is fleeting, and the poor or unhappy man is consoled by the thought that his poverty or unhappiness is endurable if only he will raise his glance above his immediate environment. Nevertheless, a good deal of the praise of pain is traditional only. Throughout the Middle Ages, as throughout the first two centuries, the misery of the subject class was so deep and so permanent that the religious thinkers found it difficult to reconcile it with the attributes of God the Merciful, and, as the readiest method, exaggerated the praises of the endurance and submission which spring from suffering, and their ideas consequently became part of the common body of thought among Christian mankind. That was probably beneficial for a time, but at present it tends to produce a kind of hypocrisy which is not favourable to faith. Everybody is saying that prosperity is a snare, and everybody trying to be prosperous. Moreover, everybody recognises that the effort to be prosperous tends, if widely diffused, to the general good of mankind, and yet a great many, especially of the clergy, talk at times as if prosperity, and especially exceeding prosperity, must through some inherent vice in it be bad for the spirit. They might as well say that plumpness was morally bad as contrasted with thinness. We have no doubt that prosperity frequently is a cause of moral evil, more especially among Asiatics, to whom the Christian teachers at first were directly speaking. Their special temptation in times of prosperity is to swell, not exactly with pride, but with fatness, with a conscious indulgence of the flesh, and a kind of insolence which does not spring so much from cruelty, or even callousness, as from a wish to realise to themselves that they have succeeded and are not as the crowd. Any one who has met rich Jews of the baser type—there are plenty of other types—will recognise at once the temper that we mean. Among Western men, however, prosperity has its own spiritual benefits. It does not, it is true, justify the remark of a small shopkeeper who said of a departed customer, "He had a sweet and Christian nature, for he had a large income," but it does develop the kindness of spirit which we all recognise as Christian, does tend to abolish, or at least diminish, envy, jealousy, and that acrid bitterness which marks large classes in this country who are incapable of grudging others their success, but are savagely discontented and doubtful if Providence is fair because of their own failure. There are men in thousands, probably in millions, among us

in whom the good impulses never quite conquer the evil until they are fairly prosperous, and can think untormented by the bitter disappointment—for it is disappointment which stings them even more than suffering—produced by continuous failure. The Churches go on saying that it is poverty which makes men worthy of the kingdom of heaven, and it is true so far as suffering well borne is the equivalent of acceptable virtue; but we should like to ask a question of all the great employers of labour in the kingdom. Do they really and honestly think their foremen less likely to be Christians than their average employés? because if they do not they might reconsider conclusions as to the spiritual virtue of inadequate wages. We will not say, with a Bishop of the last generation, that “it is hard to be a Christian on less than a pound a week,” because we know that not to be true, but we will say that the man who has the pound—taking that as the minimum wage for half-skilled labour—has usually a greater readiness to let the Christian side of him come uppermost, has more charity, more pity, more power of being sympathetic. That side of Christianity is only one side—a fact our philanthropists are in danger of forgetting—but still it is one side. The struggle, when there is absolutely too little, produces such a deadly form of selfishness—or, to be fair, shall we say self-absorption?—the selfishness which always presents itself in the light of positive duty. The Samaritan on two shillings a day has trained himself to believe that to save the oil, even when the wounded want it, is his rightful part in the great economy. We should even question, though the opinion we know will produce a shower of remonstrances, whether the prosperous had not, as a rule with large exceptions, the broader minds. We should distrust a lawyer’s advice who was sitting on pins, or who was bent on concealing the sharp pangs of toothache, and that is the position, at least very frequently, of men who are suffering from the pangs of adversity. They have a difficulty in thinking temperately, and with full consideration for the other side, because they are so sharply pricked. It is not just when he is badly hurt that the soldier sees that the man who wounded him feels it his duty to be his foe, and deserves no personal hate, nor is every man capable of Lord Palmerston’s comment on the saddler who County-Courted him. “I sha’n’t leave him,” said the large-hearted Irishman to his groom, “he’d never have got his money without it.” It is, at all events, admitted that it is good for the mind to rule the body, and it does not completely rule it when the body is in pain. The easy-chair has its own temptations and drawbacks; but to deny that the man who sits in it can think more steadily and patiently than the man who is sitting on an iron rail is, we think, to deny facts in order to believe a preconceived theory. We may believe the Trappist to be a saint; but the Trappist is not the man whom wise men of the world, intent on securing justice to all alike, would place in the judgment-seat.

We make these remarks because we read speculations as to the effect which the present marvellous prosperity of Great Britain will have on the national character, and they are almost always gloomy. There is, we fully admit, reason for some of the gloom. Prosperity tempts all the Northern tribes to get exhilaration from drink, which is bad for them; and the English, when they have funds, have a tendency to waste them which is almost maddening to the more far-sighted. Nor could we truthfully deny that when ignorant Englishmen or Irishmen are prosperous—it is not quite so with Scotchmen—they betray a tendency to recklessness, that is, to want of self-control in all directions, which is in many of its manifestations evil. The average Englishman is strongest when a little sad, and, curiously enough, is when in that mood decidedly least vulgar; but there is another side to it all. The national mood grows sweeter in prosperity, and temper is one of the distinctly evil qualities which teachers of religion fail most discreditably to restrain. It makes of its victim every day, sometimes all day, an unjust judge. Then prosperity gives courage, sharpens the spur to enterprise, and in a multitude of cases—not all, unfortunately—increases the faith in the beneficence of the higher powers. We should say for ourselves, too, that in Britain, America, Germany, and Northern France it distinctly increased industry, men working harder because the result is pleasanter, and though we are unable to reckon industry quite as highly as some moralists do, holding that the man who meditates is often as good as

the man who toils, still work is, among the races with an instinct for it, a valuable antiseptic. Prosperity, too, among the majority diminishes, though it does not extinguish, greed, which among very poor races, and classes, often acquires an unnoticed intensity which is a positive provocation to crime. They have an ugly saying in Southern France that the parents of very poor peasants “do not die old,” and supposing it false, as we hope it is, just think of what it suggests as to the poisonous effect of greed upon the very poor. And, lastly, we should say, though some will think the saying cynical, that as happiness softens the heart, general prosperity tends to a wider-spread spirit of philanthropy. Christianity does not despise facts, the gift of the widow’s mite was treated as an unusual as well as admirable thing, and when pennies are as shillings even the English, who next to the Scotch are the best givers in the world, turn their regards inwards and become—prudent or selfish, as you will. On the whole, we should doubt whether suffering, and especially protracted and, so to speak, mean suffering, improved more people than it deteriorated; but Providence must be wiser than we, and its first and most unalterable decree is that without painful and monotonous labour, pursued whether the conditions are favourable or otherwise, there shall be nothing for man to eat. “Plough thou or die of famine.” No degree of prosperity will relieve him from that, the first of the eternal “musts,” and some suffering therefore must be essential to his mental building up.

WHY NOT A HALL OF MASTERPIECES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY?

IT has become a commonplace for those returning from Continental galleries to say of our national collection: “Here is at last a great gallery without rubbish.” There are few things more depressing than that enormously long gallery in the Louvre, which starts with masterpieces thick on the walls, but which gradually declines in interest until the weary visitor desires to remain ignorant of the countless pictures. At last tired, he exclaims with Macbeth: “What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? Another yet. . . . I’ll see no more!” But when the wanderer in the Louvre has tired himself out among the tenth-rate works of the decadence, what a harbour of refuge the Direction has prepared for him in the Salon Carré. It is the lack of a hall of masterpieces which we deplore in the National Gallery. First, because such a hall is a standing protest against the notion that a gallery is primarily a place of instruction. It should be a palace of delight, and not a museum of specimens. Until people realise a picture as a thing of beauty standing alone, and needing no label to classify it, they have failed to grasp its real meaning. The person who looks firstly at a picture as an example of such-and-such a master or school, and lastly looks at it as a combination of form and colour expressing an emotional meaning, has little understanding of the inner significance of painting. The present arrangement of the National Gallery, which strictly isolates one school of painting from another as if they were fever patients, encourages the scientific study of pictures at the expense of the emotional. That there should be scientific study is quite right and proper, but it should not be forced upon people who understand the whole question imperfectly. After all, what we do not want is for our national collection to be a hunting ground for Professor Smelfungus. We want it to rouse interest and enthusiasm for great art in the public mind. This probably can best be done by assembling together the finest works of all times in one room. There is an impression of overpowering grandeur produced by masterpieces of different styles hung together. This grandeur compels recognition from those who are but partially awakened to the power of art, and delights those already awakened. When the National Gallery first acquired the great Velasquez Admiral, the picture stood on a screen in the Umbrian Room. Did it or the occupants of the walls suffer? Far from it. The majestic figure in black gave by contrast a greater ethereality to the cloudless horizons of Umbria, and never since have the splendidly decorative qualities of the portrait been so conclusively felt. But to make the classification of schools complete the Admiral was removed to a dark passage room, and from there to the place he now

occupies,—at one time he had to be hung with his feet projected towards the visitor, this last indignity being necessitated to avoid the reflection in the glass covering the picture.

Although our Gallery is not so rich in world-famous pictures as some of the Continental collections, it contains an ample supply of great works out of which to choose a gallery of masterpieces. Many pictures will be universally agreed upon; the selection of others, of course, will depend on individual feeling. To make a selection is an amusing occupation; many of the following would no doubt appear in most people's lists. Raphael's *Ansidei Madonna*, *Vision of a Young Knight*, and *St. Catherine*, Perugino's Triptych, Leonardo's *Virgin among the Rocks*, Crivelli's *Annunciation*, Michelangelo's *Virgin and Child* (the picture with the angels). The Venetian pictures offer a large selection, and foremost among these come Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne* and his *Holy Family* with the wonderful mountain background and the *St. Catherine* in a pale-green dress; Bellini's *Loredano*, Moroni's *Tailor*, and the lady in red by Paris Bordone. When we come to the Dutch pictures the same richness exists. The two new Rembrandts are masterpieces, undoubtedly so is his *Rabbi*, and, of course, Vandyck's wonderful man in black, Ver Meer of Delft's lady, and one, if not two, Peter de Hooghs, the fantastic gentleman in black by Terburg, the great Van Eyck portrait group, and Holbein's *Ambassadors*. Of Velasquez the finest pictures we possess are the head of Philip IV. and the Admiral, and these would be conspicuous in any gallery except perhaps that of Madrid. Among the English pictures ought to be included Sir Joshua's *Lord Heathfield* and his portrait of two young men. Among the landscapes Old Crome's *Windmill* and *Mousehold Heath* would be prominent, while the glory of the colour of Turner's *Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus* would certainly uphold that picture's claim to a place among the greatest. Nor would we exclude modern work when such a portrait as Millais's Gladstone could be included. About the French pictures opinions will differ. Though most people would be glad to welcome a great Claude among the masterpieces, would many share the present Director's enthusiasm for Poussin? Would Sir Edward Poynter, we wonder, include Jean François Millet were the Gallery so fortunate as to possess a first-rate example of his art?

French art is indeed but poorly represented in the National Gallery, in spite of its importance, for it has influenced other countries so greatly, including England, sometimes for good and sometimes for evil. Now that the Wallace Collection provides us with such a large gathering of eighteenth-century French pictures, it would be absurd for the National Gallery to waste its resources on this particular form of painting. In spite of a small department of modern fashion, this school is not of any more use for the advancement of great art than were the moral ideals of the people who inspired Watteau and Lancret of use to the advancement of mankind. With more modern French art the case is different. Both for the good of artists and mankind in general it is desirable that we should have an example of Millet. Not only did this great man show us the beauty and the tragedy of the tiller of the soil, but he also revealed that the grandeur and *terribilità* of Michelangelo's form did not come to an end in Rome, but are still with those who have eyes to see. The English are wont to pride themselves on their appreciation of landscape, both natural and painted; but why has our Gallery no picture by the man who of all others entered into the quiet peace of Nature, and whose work breathes the very spirit of the fields and trees? Corot has taken his place so surely among the great painters of this age that the most pedantic must no longer refuse him the title of master.

A great many of the rooms at the National Gallery suffer from insufficient light. In the winter the great Venetian Room is habitually murky. The skylight is too high up, and far removed from the pictures. The paler early paintings are not so invisible as the later works in which the dark end of the chromatic scale is largely used. The glory of Titian's blues in the *Bacchus and Ariadne* is invisible in the snuffy light that filters through the ground glass of the ceiling. Surely it would be better to have plain glass and be able to see the pictures in winter, even if chimney pots were visible when one looked out for them by gazing at the roof instead of at the walls? A blind would temper the summer sun.

It is no doubt easy to make suggestions on paper, and it is no doubt equally easy to produce formal objections to all plans of reorganisation. Nevertheless, while we rejoice in having in London one of the finest picture galleries in the world, it is still worth while to consider whether there are not gaps which ought to be filled up, and rearrangements which ought to be made so that our treasures of art may have a setting worthy of their greatness.

PONIES.

SIR WALTER GILBEY, one of the best judges of domestic animals in England, has published two elegant little books on ponies for use in war,—“Small Horses in Warfare” and “Ponies, Past and Present” (Vinton and Co., 2s. each). He is the owner of some of the best shire horses in England, and his hackney champion has just taken the prize as the finest all-round horse in the world at the Paris Exhibition, where the cosmopolitan crowd of Italians, French, Russians, Hungarians, and the rest, whose own horses had been beaten, rose spontaneously to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs and shouting “Encore” in four different languages, as the finest harness horse ever seen passed them in all the pride and display of its incomparable action. But the possession which many people envy more than this is his pony ‘Rosewater,’ the most famous sire of polo ponies in the world.

Speaking with the practical authority guaranteed by these successes as a breeder of horses of all sizes, the author is convinced that for the use of our mounted infantry we must have a special breed of war ponies, or small horses. A cross of Arab blood with our native moor and forest ponies might, he thinks, give us the ideal animal for this kind of work. This view, which is probably correct, assumes that a pony is something different from a horse, and that it has qualities or capabilities of a kind which it can impart to the larger animal by crossing. In other words, a pony is not merely a small horse, which can subsist on rather less food than the larger breeds, but an animal in which a greater degree proportionately of strength, constitution, endurance, and perhaps intelligence, is concentrated and inherited. Ignorance, which is defined at Grimsby as not to know a dab from a flounder, is supposed at Horncastle Fair to be embodied in the man who does not know a horse from a pony. Yet the question “What is a pony?” meets with no very certain answer. Those who go by the card take the mere rule of height, and say that any animal under 14 hands 2 inches is a pony. That is the maximum height allowed in polo matches in England. In India it is 13 hands 3 inches. But many polo ponies are simply small thoroughbreds, with very little difference in points between them and the racing thoroughbred, except that they are older and more developed. The ideal polo pony has been defined as “a miniature thoroughbred steeplechaser,” which is not a pony at all except that it can carry a heavier man for its size than a race-horse. Perhaps the best means of forming an independent idea of what it is that confers on the pony the distinction of representing a different type, physically as well as mentally, is to compare a number of the portraits (photographs in profile) of the winning ponies of various kinds, from the *real* ponies used for polo by light-weights, such as the Cairo ponies, which are *not* miniature Arabs, to the tiny Shetland winner at the last Crystal Palace Show, which only measures 31½ inches at the shoulder, the property of Lord Hopetoun's sisters, the Ladies E. and D. Hope. A distinguishing mark of the pony is its head, which is usually shorter from the eye to the nose, and broader between the eyes, than that of the horse. The profile also shows a difference. In the horse the line of forehead and nose is continuous, giving the expression which is meant when human beings are inelegantly said to have a face like a horse. The pony's nose has usually a slight depression below the eyes, where it leaves the forehead. The nose is sometimes almost a “turn-up,” with any amount of cheerful expression about it. Arab horses have often the same type of nose. Some thoroughbreds show the same profile—‘La Flèche’ has a regular pony nose—and many of the Suffolk Punches, which are the most pony-like of big horses, owing to their short legs, have the same. Ponies, as a class, are more compact in proportion to their size than horses, and have shorter legs. The only point

against them is that when not carefully bred they tend to revert to the wild type, and to become less suitable for riding. Their shoulders become lower and thicker. Pony shoulders are, in fact, rather a weak point.

Looking to Nature for a match to the average pony, we find that he has very many of the points of the primitive horse. Burchell's zebra, the commonest species of South Africa, has many of the good points of the pony, and also most of the bad ones. He is short in the back, medium-sized, but strong, with a regular pony head and profile. But he has a bad shoulder, and a short stride. All zebras are sure-footed in rough ground, as ponies are, and like ponies they can gallop both up and down steep and mountainous slopes. But the ponies represent a later development than the zebras, and better natural powers. As animals are not really progressive, though by artificial selection their physique or mental capacity can be improved in certain directions, the ponies have often retained much that the horses have lost. The mare of an Arab chief, which lives daily with its master, is fed on little but wholesome food, and exists in nearly natural conditions, retains the qualities of endurance and intelligence, augmented by the purity of its blood, and by slightly increased size. But the artificially enlarged horse of Europe, which spends its life in the stable or in harness, and supports its increased size by consuming greater quantities of artificial food, loses constitution, endurance, and brains. It is not fair to our horses to compare them with the sharp-witted little ponies, because they are never given a chance to think for themselves. The tendency for generations has been to make them into machines. That many of them retain the capacity for thinking and learning is proved by their cleverness when any one takes the trouble to teach them. But most, for want of teaching, develop the weaknesses of ignorance, such as panic, excitability, helplessness in danger, and a total inability to understand anything which is new and strange. But in the matter of endurance and constitution the ponies are first and the rest nowhere. Sir Walter Gilbey's collection of pony stories from all lands, Burmah, Morocco, India, Turkestan, Egypt, Texas, the Soudan, and Asia Minor, with the experiences of Bashi-Bazouks, post-riders, Colonel Burnaby, Colonel Dodge, and half a dozen transport officers in as many British possessions, is delightful reading. Perhaps the most deserving pony of the series was an American-Indian pony whose acquaintance Colonel Dodge made in the great West. He offered 40 dollars for it, but the owner asked 600 dollars. He had ridden this pony during six months, when carrying the mails between Chehuahua and El Paso, nearly three hundred miles apart, through the territory of hostile Indians, Apache braves who would have tortured and killed him if they had caught him. He made this perilous journey once a week on this pony, hiding all day and riding all night for three successive days. For six months the pony carried him between ninety and a hundred miles three nights in each week. Burnaby used to ride forty miles a day on his Siberian pony. The cavalry in the dash for Metemmeh rode 14-hand Arabs. One day the regiment travelled forty miles in eleven and a half hours, with half a gallon of water per horse and four pounds of grain. But the most satisfactory thing about ponies in general is that from Korea to the Orkneys there is hardly a bad breed. They all seem able to do the maximum of work on the minimum of food. Their intelligence is easily accounted for. Everywhere the pony is kept out of doors, and leads a more natural life than the horse. Its hardiness makes it a constant companion of man, and it is everywhere used for work and not for show. The Shetland pony, the smallest of his race and family, the greatest prize and possession of our childhood, is now becoming quite a personage on his own account. His birthplace and bringing-up, his career and obsequies, are unique in the history of the world's domestic animals. Born in hyperborean islands of a diminutive father and still more diminutive mother, he passes from pasture to pasture in boats, till he goes to the South in a ship with hundreds of his companions. Then he descends thousands of feet into the earth, where he works by artificial light all his life, and at his death is brought *above ground* to be buried. To work in the mines is the destiny of the majority of Shetland ponies. Lord London-

derry, kept a famous stud of them, presumably for use in his collieries. This stud has been dispersed, but there are several in the South of England in which, by careful breeding, the ponies are kept small. These are mostly bred for home use, and for ladies' and children's pets. But in the pits the Shetland pony is still indispensable. If it were not for him coal would be even dearer than it is. He never goes on strike, his temper is admirable, he never grows restive even if he bumps his head, which is the only accident which commonly afflicts him, and to guard against which the more thoughtful coalowners provide him with a leather helmet. Now that the pits are lighted with electric light the ponies' sight does not suffer. They have fine stables, with movable boarded floors, so that they never suffer from thrush or cracked heels, and as the temperature is uniform they do not catch cold. Pure Shetlands are the only breed which keeps small enough to work in the seams, even Iceland ponies proving too big and too excitable. There is no room to jump about in a coal gallery, and the conversion of the diminutive "Sheltie" into an equine mole is one of the greatest tributes to its placid disposition, and to the determination of its race never to be anything but ponies. In the quaint phrase of one of their admirers: "There are no ponies small enough to push the Shetlands out of their deserved position." For all that, we hope that a time will come when the Shetlands' place underground may be taken by electric traction, as the ponies took the place of the women and "butty boys" who pulled and pushed the corves in the bad old days, and that the ponies may drink the waters of forgetfulness and come up to the air and light again.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JAPANESE AMERICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—An obvious commentary upon the title of this letter might take the form of saying "Anglo-Saxon America we know, and Spanish and Portuguese; even German America has recently been discovered in Guatemala; but as for Japanese America, there is no such place." Strictly speaking, and just for the moment, this is true enough, but it is not likely to continue true much longer. It is not yet so fully recognised as it should be that Japan is undergoing a process of expansion, that she is desirous of playing a part upon a larger stage than that represented by the territories immediately adjoining her own shores, that, in fact, she must for the future be reckoned with as at least a candidate for world-power. Her movement in this direction is not primarily prompted by political ambition, though national pride has no doubt a part in it. The tendency is natural, almost inevitable, largely influenced by commercial considerations, but having its real origin, its true *causa causans*, in the inexorable pressure of increasing population within the limited area of the Japanese islands proper. The acquisition of Formosa has for various reasons failed to afford the relief which was expected to result from it, and Korea, for the present at all events, is unavailable for purposes of settlement save of a sporadic and incidental character. In these circumstances, Japan has been compelled to go further afield in search of a suitable emigration ground, and, startlingly enough, she appears to have found it in the Western Hemisphere. It is a far cry from Tokio to Buenos Ayres, and at first sight there would not seem to be any common interests between the countries of which these two places are the respective capitals. It has, nevertheless, commended itself to the Governments of Argentina and Japan to enter into a treaty of commerce and friendship of the usual type, which has been signed by their Ministers at Washington, and when this document has been duly ratified, diplomatic relations will be formally opened and Legations established. By the terms of the treaty, Japan is to enjoy in Argentina the rights accorded to the most favoured nation, a provision which will doubtless prove highly advantageous to the trade of Japan, where exports are largely and steadily increasing and new markets are being sought for. Probably, however, the genuine inwardness of the treaty and the motive cause for its negotiation are to be found in the circumstance that organised and systematic emigration on a large scale is being arranged for

from Japan to Argentina. The Government at Buenos Ayres has granted a concession of two hundred square leagues of land in the valley of the river Pilcomayo for the foundation of an agricultural colony, and by the conditions of the contract twenty thousand Japanese settlers are to be planted in this territory. The agreement, superficially considered, seems, perhaps, commonplace and unimportant, but it is really significant, and must, almost certainly, lead to very far-reaching consequences. It should always be remembered that the colonisation of South America is proceeding on special and peculiar lines. Although the great peninsula lying between the Caribbean Sea and the Straits of Magellan is, in a political sense, entirely occupied, and its full title claimed by its constituent States, yet these amongst themselves tend in a very curious way towards the establishment and continuance of a system of separatism which is not South American, but has its basis in the abiding relations of the sectional parts with the countries of their origin. The immigrants, as a rule, are not absorbed into the general population, as is the case in Canada and the United States. On the contrary, they frequently form themselves according to nationality into so many self-contained and semi-independent communities, and there is quite sufficient precedent to justify the belief that such will be the outcome of Japanese emigration to Argentina. That Republic furnishes already a striking illustration, a concrete instance, of the way in which its colonists assert the principle and perpetuate the fact of racial distinction. Only last year a deputation visited this country in order to urge upon the Government the claims, as Britons, of the interesting little Welsh settlement of Chupat, in Patagonia, which, though administratively in Argentina, is socially and in sentiment quite outside it, being in blood, language, and religion a veritable transplanted fragment of the Principality of Wales. The same kind of thing is, in the making, observable elsewhere. In 1898 Venezuela contracted with an Italian Colonisation Society to receive and settle in a specified district "a minimum of a thousand families per annum for fifteen years," the Society, on its part, undertaking certain financial obligations. Negotiations of a like sort are now being carried on between Brazil and Germany by which German settlers would be established in the provinces of San Paulo, Rio Grande do Sul, Pacana, and Santa Catarina, with the express stipulation that "their perfect political independence" is guaranteed. It is fully understood by Brazil that this proviso amounts essentially to a surrender of sovereignty, but it is hoped that diplomacy may discover a convenient formula wherewith to gloss over this awkward point, and once the matter has been settled with Germany, it is expected that similar Conventions will be entered into with Austria and Switzerland, and perhaps with other countries. For more reasons than one it is a subject for satisfaction that Japan has found so suitable an outlet for her surplus population. Her necessity in this kind was not without a certain potentiality of menace to the general peace, and at one time it even threatened to develop into a possible danger to the integrity of the British Empire. The fact may not be commonly known, or is perhaps forgotten, but it is none the less true that only a few years ago "the Island Empire of the East" was casting longing eyes upon the unoccupied lands of Northern Australia. This was in 1896, when Japan was suffering simultaneously from the "swelled head" induced by her easy triumph over China, and also from the mortification caused by the manner in which she had been deprived of the fruits of her victory. At that time a scheme was openly being discussed in military and official circles in Tokio by which in the event, as was considered not improbable, of complications arising with this country a Japanese settlement might be established—forcibly if necessary—somewhere about the Gulf of Carpentaria. Such a project was, of course, impracticable, and would now be impossible, but it was more or less seriously entertained. It was in the air, and a Member of the Legislative Assembly of Tasmania publicly declared that he had had as a fellow-traveller from Yokohama to Sydney an official of the Japanese Intelligence Department who was charged with a mission to Queensland and West Australia, "with the object of ascertaining openings for labour; and lands suitable for the growth of tropical products." It is altogether certain that the Australian Commonwealth would not for a moment tolerate anything in the nature of whole-

sale immigration from Japan. Such an attempt is not now likely to be so much as proposed, and it is well that a likely cause of friction has been removed. Argentina, as we see, is ready to welcome the Japanese settler as a means of utilising her vast and, at present, unprofitable domains, where the population does not amount to more than 2·5 per square mile, being the lowest rate which obtains even in sparsely-peopled South America. If the experiment proves successful, and there is no apparent reason why it should turn out unfavourably, then the twenty thousand settlers above referred to will be probably only a first instalment. There is capacity for almost infinite repetition in the supply of land and of people to occupy it, and Japan seems to have taken a long step towards the settlement of what in an economic sense is her gravest practical difficulty. It may be that the manner of her solution of this question of her own will have the effect of adding a new complexity to the larger problem of East and West. Once Japan has made good her foothold upon the American Continent it would not be easy to forecast the issue of so suggestive an event. The exceptional status occupied by the colonies of foreigners, as distinguished from the colonial possessions of foreign Powers, in South America supplies all the conditions requisite to lead to international complications, and the entry of Japan will furnish an additional element of danger. Sooner or later the confused relations of these colonies to their local suzerains and to their mother-countries is bound to conflict with the modern interpretation of the Monroe doctrine. That famous declaration asserted that the American Continents were "not to be considered as subjects for future colonisation by any European Power." Literally, of course, Japan does not fall within the scope of this definition, but she is included in its spirit, and it would be impossible for the statesmen of Washington to differentiate between Europe and Asia if ever they felt compelled to make good their rather shadowy claim to the guardianship of South America.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. M. ARUNDELL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE FUTURE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Can the *Spectator* spare room for the following memoranda on the future government of South Africa? (1) The idea that the problem before us in South Africa is the same as that which we have successfully solved in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand is a dangerous illusion. In these three Colonies the "natives" were a negligible quantity, whereas in South Africa they are enormously preponderant, the proportion between them and the white races being, I believe, three or four to one. (2) As we prevent the natives nowadays from fighting among themselves, they are, according to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, "giving most of their energies to the multiplication of children." Hence it seems very probable that their preponderance over the white races will increase rather than diminish in the future. (3) An obvious solution of our South African problem would be the abolition of representative government and the adoption of the Indian system,—viz., a Viceroy, with Governors for the various States. But Cape Colony and Natal would hardly consent to surrender their Constitutions, and no statesman at home would desire to put any pressure upon them to do so. (4) Assuming that the representative system of government must be retained, we have, then, before us in South Africa an entirely new problem,—viz., how to provide a suitable government of that description for a mixed population of the white and black races where the blacks largely preponderate, and must continue to do so if fairly treated. (5) To the Boer of the Transvaal and Orange States the idea of giving votes to Kaffirs was unthinkable. But in (6) Cape Colony and Natal natives are admitted to the suffrage, and frequently exercise it under certain conditions as to education and property. (7) It is obviously unreasonable to expect the white races to apply themselves diligently to the education and civilisation of the blacks if the result in a generation or two must surely be that the blacks, by superior weight of votes, will supersede the whites and take possession of the Government. (8) It may be taken as certain that no white race will submit to be ruled by blacks. How, then, are we to provide against the black vote ultimately, and perhaps

after bitter struggle, swamping the white vote, or how are we to direct the fair aspirations of the civilised blacks into channels which will not threaten white predominance? (9) A warning of the grave danger before us in South Africa may be read in the bitterly hostile feelings raging between whites and blacks in those ex-slave States of the American Union where the coloured men are most numerous. It seems that some of those States, after a fierce struggle, have actually succeeded in disfranchising the coloured people altogether, and hopes are freely expressed that the negro will gradually "die out." He certainly will not die out in South Africa, or dwindle as the Red-men are doing in Canada, the Maori in New Zealand, and the aborigines in Australia. Our public writers dwell often and impressively on the difficulty of reconciling the Dutch and British after the war, but these two races will be forced into union by the Kaffir pressure. The real difficulty is to provide a *modus vivendi* for white and black together under the representative system of government.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. D.

CAN THE DUTCH BE ABSORBED?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "H." in his letter, "Can the Dutch be Absorbed?" in the *Spectator* of September 22nd, asks with doubt if any Dutch, as distinct from German, was spoken in New York as late as 1776? It certainly was, and at a later period. I have lately prepared from family papers for private circulation the memoirs of a lady of Dutch descent whose connection with American statesmen and soldiers might make her life one of general interest. Born in 1782 in New York State, married in 1802 and removing to New Jersey, she lived till 1883, retaining all her faculties till the very last. Her recollections were full of information. She has often repeated the fact of her never having heard a sermon preached in English till after she was forty years old. This can hardly, in these times of amalgamation, be the case even in the hill towns back of the Hudson, where the Dutch speech lingered longest; but the Dutch surnames are still very widely spread in New York and New Jersey, and Dutch sentiment is yet strong enough to cause a great deal of pro-Boer feeling in the race. It was slow to absorb by marriage, Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of New York, and Republican candidate for Vice-President of the United States, having but just now asserted that he has not a single ancestor of English blood.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. B. P.

THE PROJECTED ABERCROMBY MONUMENT AT ALEXANDRIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you allow me to protest against your endorsement, in the *Spectator* of October 20th, of an act of questionable international courtesy,—the projected monument to Sir Ralph Abercromby at Alexandria? Egypt is not British territory, and to erect a monument to a British victor on Egyptian soil can hardly fail to be resented by the French as an improper use of our position in Egypt. The inexpediency of this action is heightened by the contrast of the studiously correct attitude of the French colony in Egypt. The centenary of 1801 follows hard on the centenaries of 1798 and 1799. The French, however, during the past two years never proposed to erect statues, or even to hold demonstrations, in honour of Bonaparte, Kléber, and Desaix, of the battle of the Pyramids, of the defeat of the Turks at Aboukir, and all the glorious exploits recorded on the temple walls of Philæ. During the twenty years 1892-1912 the French have an opportunity, if they so wish, of celebrating centenary triumphs over all the nations of Europe. Most of these can, if they wish, retaliate by celebrating anti-triumphs of their own. That this has not been done testifies to a general feeling that this is hardly a dignified occupation for great nations. If we hold an Alexandria celebration next year, we invite Buenos Ayres and Walcheren celebrations for the coming years, to say nothing of Bergen and Bois-le-Duc triumphs, the centenaries of which have already gone by. By all means let us erect a monument to our great countryman; but let it be a pacific memorial at home, to mark the centenary of his death; not a bellicose trophy on the scene of his victory, recalling, to sensibilities still smarting under a fresh humiliation, the death-blow dealt to Franco-Egyptian dreams, and all

the bitter disillusionments which separate the epoch of the Pyramids from the epoch of Fashoda.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Stocks, Tring.

ARNOLD WARD.

[We print our correspondent's letter, but it is in our opinion absurd to manufacture a slight to France out of the very natural desire to do honour to the memory of a brave man at the place where he met his death. The French are, we believe, the last nation in the world to object to commemorating fitly the death of a great soldier in action.—ED. *Spectator*.]

SCOTTISH GAELIC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The question whether Gaelic, meaning by that term Scottish Gaelic, will live is so important that I venture to lay before your readers the conclusions which lead me to think that under favourable conditions it has a reasonable chance of life. It is being increasingly studied by the higher classes of Scottish society, and by others who originally had only English. The minister of Bunessan, in Mull, tells me that whereas at the opening of his ministry he could hardly speak it at all, Gaelic has become to him so familiar that he thinks in that language, and finds some difficulty in expressing himself adequately and easily in English. It is being taught in the schools. At Iona, for example, only English was taught of late. The new schoolmaster intends that in the lower standards English and Gaelic shall alike be taught. It is widely preached and spoken not only in Canada, but in the United States. There is at present residing on Iona a Mr. Morrison, who was for forty-eight years in the United States. In a town of six miles square (it is difficult to estimate the population, for I presume that large quantities of farm-land are included in this district), the population is largely confined to Highlanders from South Uist and Kintyre, and Gaelic is the language of ordinary talk and worship. In Canada it is said that more Gaelic is spoken than in Scotland herself. It remains for me to urge that in England some attention at least should be paid to the claims of this ancient language. It should be remembered that Gaelic was a literary language when English was still spoken by undisciplined savages, and that Tiree, the island from which I write, was Christian before St. Augustine landed near Canterbury.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. R. YOUNGHUSBAND.

Tiree, by Oban.

THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the curious poem rendered from the Norwegian by Herman Merivale, and published in the *Spectator* of October 20th, there is a very strange historical blunder. The "English Captain" on the eve of the battle of Copenhagen speaks of the wounds and the medals he received and won at Trafalgar, one of the most peculiar instances of second-sight on record, and not altogether a pleasant one. Of course, the battle of Copenhagen was prior to that of Trafalgar.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. JORDAN.

Berkshire Club, Reading.

[Mr. Merivale's history is quite sound. It is evident from the poem that the second action at Copenhagen is alluded to, and not the first. The second action under Admiral Gambier and Lord Cathcart took place in 1807, two years after Trafalgar. The first action was of course in 1801.—ED. *Spectator*.]

A CORRECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The *Spectator* of October 6th says that Mr. Gladstone addressed the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands in Greek. (*Quære*, Modern Greek?) But was it not in Italian Mr. Gladstone spoke?—I am, Sir, &c.,

M.

[Yes; we believe our correspondent is right, and that Mr. Gladstone spoke in Italian.—ED. *Spectator*.]

POETRY.

"MEN, NOT WALLS, MAKE A CITY."

LONDON Town, hear a ditty,
 While we crown our comrades true:
 "Men, not walls, make a city";
 Ill befalls when men are few,—
 Ill indeed when from his duty
 Into greed the burgess falls,
 Every hand on bribe and booty—
 How shall stand that City's walls?
 Never yet, upon thine annals
 Hath been writ such a shame;
 Never down such crooked channels,
 London Town, thy commerce came.
 On the poor no tyrant burden,
 Debt secure and sacred trust,
 Honest gain and generous guerdon,
 These remain thy record just.
 Therefore still through all thy story
 Loyal will thy train-bands led
 Forth to feats of patriot glory,
 Back through streets with bays o'erspread.
 Therefore last when loud with warning
 Blast on blast the muster rang,
 As of old all peril scorning
 Forth thy bold young burghers sprang;
 Faced the fight, endured the prison,
 Through the night of doubt and gloom,
 Till the Empire's star new risen
 Chased afar the clouds of doom.
 Therefore, when their ranks come marching
 Home again with flashing feet,
 Under bays of triumph arching
 City ways and City street;
 London, lift to God thanksgiving
 For His gift that passes all—
 For thy heroes, dead and living,
 Who have made the City wall.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

BOOKS.

DR. CONAN DOYLE ON THE WAR.*

THE conditions under which Dr. Conan Doyle's animated and valuable record was written, while excluding the qualities of finality or absolute precision of detail, at any rate relieve it from the dangers of red-hot impressionism. The greater part of it, as he tells us in his preface, was written in a hospital tent in the intervals of duty during the epidemic at Bloemfontein. "Often the only documents which I had to consult were the convalescent officers and men under my care." But as a set-off to these drawbacks, he had "the inestimable advantage of visiting the scenes of this great drama, of meeting many of the chief actors in it, and of seeing with my own eyes something of the actual operations." He further availed himself freely of his facilities for conversing on military and political questions with the Boers—"these hard-bitten farmers with their ancient theology and their inconveniently modern rifles"—of whom he invariably speaks with respect, often with admiration. When to these opportunities are added that manly temper and command of forcible and picturesque language which have won him distinction in the field of fiction, it is not to be wondered at that the result should prove as engrossing as any of his novels.

The concise historical summary of the origin and growth of the Republics, and of the events that immediately preceded the outbreak of the war, is marked by the dispassionateness which is the keynote of the book. Dr. Doyle has no quarrel with Afrikaner aspirations; he is none the less convinced that their realisation is incompatible with the ultimate wellbeing of South Africa.

He holds no brief for the British Government in the past, which he sums up as in the main "mild, clean, honest, tactless, and inconsistent"; nor for our diplomacy since 1880. But he has no great difficulty in showing that Great Britain has always been the enemy of race ascendancy, and in regard to the native question, Ministry after Ministry has adhered to the maxim that "British justice, if not blind, should at least be colour-blind." He admits errors of unsympathetic administration and aggravating circumlocution, but he sets forth none the less clearly the risks of mistaken magnanimity; he sees the disgraceful Jameson Raid in its true perspective, not as an insuperable bar to reconciliation, but as the golden opportunity of President Kruger's career; and he effectively disposes of the fallacy that the war was a capitalists' war. If any proof were needed at this time of day of the genuineness of the grievances of the Johannesburg Outlanders, it is to be found in the splendid record of the Imperial Light Horse. It may not be generally known, and Dr. Conan Doyle makes no mention of it, that the members of this corps, Outlanders of every grade from capitalists to clerks, took an oath never to be taken alive, and that the oath has never been broken. Dr. Doyle not only shows how the true issues were obscured by the Raid, but how the attitude and action of the Johannesburgers was misrepresented and maligned. The extent and nature of the "questionable forces" behind them, in spite of two Commissions of inquiry, have never been properly revealed, and, in Dr. Doyle's words, "it is clear that the Boers bitterly resented, and with justice, the immunity of Rhodes." On the subsequent part played by Mr. Rhodes, whose great qualities he freely acknowledges, Dr. Doyle speaks with judicial severity:—

"He may be a Napoleon of peace, but his warmest friends could never describe him as a Napoleon of war, for his military forecasts have been erroneous and the management of the Jameson fiasco certainly inspires no confidence in the judgment of any one concerned. That his intentions were of the best, and that he had the good of the Empire at heart, may be freely granted; but that these motives should lead him to cabal against, and even threaten, the military governor, or that he should attempt to force Lord Roberts's hand in a military operation, is most deplorable. Every credit may be given to him for all his aid to the military—he gave with a good grace what the garrison would otherwise have had to commandeer—but it is a fact that the town would have been more united, and therefore stronger, without his presence. Colonel Kekewich and his chief staff officer, Major O'Meara, were as much plagued by intrigue within as by the Boers without."

It may be added as a proof of Dr. Doyle's just sense of perspective that he refuses to devote much space to the siege, or as he prefers to call it, the investment, of Kimberley.

Turning to the narrative of the warlike operations, a terse yet animated record, enlivened by many vigorous pen portraits of the British and Boer leaders, we may note amongst its many excellent features a generous appreciation of the fine qualities of our opponents—notably their entire absence of exultation in the hour of victory—and a sparing yet effective use of criticism. Dr. Doyle points out how often our tactical victories were strategic defeats. He tells, not without emotion, but without extravagance, the terrible story of Magersfontein and Colenso, of Stormberg and Spion Kop. He notes that "it is to the credit of our generals as men, but to their detriment as soldiers, that they seem throughout the campaign to have shown extraordinary little powers of dissimulation." He might have devoted more room to what was undoubtedly the most dramatic and crucial moment of the entire campaign, the repulse of the great assault on Ladysmith on January 6th, culminating in the Homeric series of hand-to-hand encounters between British officers and Boer commandants, but the significance of the engagement is fully realised, and full justice is done to the splendid achievements of Lieutenant Digby-Jones, who had earned the V.C. at least twice before he fell in the moment of victory. In relating the further course of the campaign Dr. Doyle throws into proper relief the services rendered by the officers in charge of the transport and commissariat. He dissociates himself entirely from the violent attacks on Lord Kitchener, without exempting his generalship from temperate criticism. He pays a due tribute not only to the broad sweep of Lord Roberts's strategy, but to the self-command and patience which never let him be diverted from his main aims by regrettable mishaps. And it is a characteristic sign of the author's self-suppression that he should only devote a couple

* *The Great Boer War.* By A. Conan Doyle. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. [7s. 6d.]

of pages to the episode in which he himself bore so honourable a part,—the enteric outbreak at Bloemfontein. But though his remarks on the epidemic are brief, they are extremely pointed. He regards it as the greatest misfortune of the campaign, and in a notable passage emphasises the necessity of preventive measures:—

“Enteric fever is always endemic in the country, and especially at Bloemfontein, but there can be no doubt that this severe outbreak had its origin in the Paardeberg water. All through the campaign, while the machinery for curing disease was excellent, that for preventing it was elementary or absent. If bad water can cost us more than all the bullets of the enemy, then surely it is worth our while to make the drinking of unboiled water a stringent military offence, and to attach to every company and squadron the most rapid and efficient means for boiling it—for filtering alone is useless. An incessant trouble it would be, but it would have saved a division for the army. It is heart-rending for the medical man who has emerged from a hospital full of water-born pestilence to see a regimental water-cart being filled, without protest, at some polluted wayside pool. With precautions and with inoculation all those lives might have been saved. The fever died down with the advance of the troops and the coming of the colder weather.”

In the record of recent operations—brought down to the close of September—the rôle of hero is inevitably assigned to the wily and indefatigable De Wet, whose only unsportsmanlike action, according to Dr. Doyle, was his burning of the mails at Roodeval. Charred fragments of these home letters are still blowing about the veldt, and Dr. Doyle mentions seeing one himself which began: “I hope you have killed all those Boers by now.” The arrival of Mr. Kruger at Lourenço Marques is commented on by Dr. Doyle in a passage which may be quoted in illustration at once of the style and temper of the author:—

“On September 11th an incident had occurred which must have shown the most credulous believer in Boer prowess that their cause was indeed lost. On that date Paul Kruger, a refugee from the country which he had ruined, arrived at Lourenço Marques, abandoning his beaten commandoes and his deluded burghers. How much had happened since those distant days when as a little herdsboy he had walked behind the bullocks on the great northward trek! How piteous this ending to all his strivings and his plottings! A life which might have closed amid the reverence of a nation and the admiration of the world was destined to finish in exile, impotent and undignified. Strange thoughts must have come to him during those hours of flight, memories of his virile and turbulent youth, of the first settlement of those great lands, of wild wars where his hand was heavy upon the natives, of the triumphant days of the war of independence, when England seemed to recoil from the rifles of the burghers. And then the years of prosperity, the years when the simple farmer found himself among the great ones of the earth, his name a household word in Europe, his State rich and powerful, his coffers filled with the spoil of the poor drudges who worked so hard and paid taxes so readily. Those were his great days, the days when he hardened his heart against their appeals for justice and looked beyond his own borders to his kinsmen in the hope of a South Africa which should be all his own. And now what had come of it all? A handful of faithful attendants, and a fugitive old man, clutching in his flight at his papers and his moneybags. The last of the old-world Puritans, he departed poring over his well-thumbed Bible, and proclaiming that the troubles of his country arose, not from his own narrow and corrupt administration, but from some departure on the part of his fellow burghers from the stricter tenets of the dopper sect. So Paul Kruger passed out from the active history of the world.”

Of the extremely suggestive and valuable final chapter on “Some Military Lessons of the War” we have already spoken when it appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for October. Dr. Conan Doyle speaks courageously rather than confidently about the future. Of the Boers generally he says that if we could only have them as willing fellow-citizens, they are worth more than all the gold mines of their country. He predicts more difficulty with the Orange River Colony than the Transvaal, as the former is likely to remain exclusively Dutch, and sums up the chances of settlement in the last passage that we can quote from an honest and able book:—

“Kruger’s downfall should teach us that it is not rifles but Justice which is the title-deed of a nation. The British flag under our best administrators will mean clean government, honest laws, liberty and equality to all men. So long as it continues to do so we shall hold South Africa. When, out of fear or sloth or greed, we fall from that ideal, we may know that we are stricken with that disease which has killed every great empire which has gone before us.”

THE ELOQUENCE OF DICKENS.*

It is always delightful to have a good excuse for re-reading the classics of fiction. Messrs. Chapman and Hall in their “Authentic Edition” have provided us with an irresistible reason for reopening our Dickens, and not satisfied with reading the two novels (*The Pickwick Papers* and the *Tale of Two Cities*) which are all that are given us at first, we may take down the well-worn volumes from the bookshelves and again renew our acquaintance with a crowd of old friends whom we have rather, perhaps, neglected of late. Of course, the first question which the impartial critic will ask himself is, how have the novels stood the test of time? Fashions of thought and fashions of feeling have all changed, and the sentiment of Dickens, because it is not cast in the form now in vogue, seems to us mawkish and absurd. No modern author, to take an instance from *David Copperfield*, would write of the fisherman class from the standpoint of the “middle” middle class. To-day our best fiction is either of the slums slummy, or deals with the Peerage and the decidedly upper middle class. The points which have not suffered in Dickens are his humour and his astonishing vigour. The amount of “stuff” he put into each novel is something prodigious. The modern novelist may remorselessly conduct his hero from the cradle to the grave, but yet his work will appear thin and attenuated beside that of Dickens, for in the most favourable cases it is very seldom that more than three or four of the characters of a novel of the day really live. The background is filled with outlines. There were very few outlines in Dickens’s work, and a crowd of subordinate characters spring at once to mind. Take, as examples, Dr. Strong, Mrs. Micawber (a brave and lively shade, to whom the writer presents the most respectful admiration), Mr. F.’s Aunt, Miss Sneverlicci, the immortal Crummles, the brothers Cheeryble,—what are these but minor characters? Yet one and all they are possessed with a vigour and a life only accorded to “principals” by the parsimonious novelist of to-day.

Another striking quality in Dickens is his exceeding eloquence. When he bestows a flow of words upon one of his personages, what a very Niagara he gives us! And in most of his novels he takes more than one opportunity to overwhelm us, to carry us away on a torrent of eloquence, which leaves the reader breathless and half-bewildered. *Facile princeps* in this great art of eloquence is Mrs. Gamp. Her two immortal discourses on the occasion of going down to the docks to see off the “Ankworks package” show the eloquence of Dickens at his best:—

“‘Which shows,’ said Mrs. Gamp, casting up her eyes, ‘what a little way you’ve travelled into this wale of life, my dear young creetur. As a good friend of mine has frequent made remark to me, which her name, my love, is Harris, Mrs. Harris through the square and up the steps a turnin’ round by the tobacker shop, ‘Oh Sairey, Sairey, little do we know wot lays afore us!’ ‘Mrs. Harris, ma’am,’ I says, ‘not much, it’s true, but more than you suppose. Our calulations, ma’am,’ I says, ‘respectin’ wot the number of a family will be, comes most times within one, and oftener than you would suppose, exact.’ ‘Sairey,’ says Mrs. Harris, in a awful way, ‘Tell me wot is my individgle number.’ ‘No, Mrs. Harris,’ I says to her, ‘ex-cuse me, if you please. My own,’ I says, ‘has fallen out of three-pair backs, and had damp doorsteps settled on their lungs, and one was turned up smilin’ in a bedstead, unbeknown. Therefore, ma’am,’ I says, ‘seek not to proticipate, but take ‘em as they come and as they go.’ Mine,’ said Mrs. Gamp, ‘mine is all gone, my dear young chick. And as to husbands, there’s a wooden leg gone likeways home to its account, which in its constancy of walkin’ into wine vaults, and never comin’ out again ‘till fetched by force, was quite as weak as flesh, if not weaker.’”

That is true eloquence; but even better is the actual address to the “Ankworks package”:—

“‘Oh drat you!’ said Mrs. Gamp, shaking her umbrella at it, ‘you’re a nicespluttering noisy monster for a delicate young creetur to go and be a passenger by; an’t you! You never do no harm in that way, do you? With your hammering, and roaring, and hissing, and lamp-iling, you brute! Them Confusion steamers,’ said Mrs. Gamp, shaking her umbrella again, ‘has done more to throw us out of our reg’lar work and bring ewents on at times when nobody counted on ‘em (especially them screeching railroad ones), than all the other frights that ever was took. I have heerd of one young man, a guard upon a railway, only three year opened—well does Mrs. Harris know him, which indeed he is her own relation by her sister’s marriage with a master sawyer—as is godfather at this present time to six-and-twenty blessed little

* *The Pickwick Papers* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. By Charles Dickens. “Authentic Edition,” Vols. I. and II. London: Chapman and Hall. [5s. each.]

strangers, equally unexpected, and all on 'um named after the Ingeins as was the cause. Ugh!' said Mrs. Gamp, resuming her apostrophe, 'one might easily know you was a man's invention, from your disregardlessness of the weakness of our natures, so one might, you brute!'"

In the same book, and as an example of eloquence in the grand manner, we may quote the rolling phrases of one of the "two literary ladies," who were "both transcendental," and who, after presenting their compliments to the mother of the modern Gracchi, joined the little "le-Vee," graced by the honourable Elijah Pogram and Mrs. Hominy:—

"'Mind and matter,' said the lady in the wig, 'glide swift into the vortex of immensity. Howls the sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal, in the whispering chambers of Imagination. To hear it, sweet it is. But then, outlaughs the stern philosopher, and saith to the Grotesque, "What ho! arrest for me that Agency. Go, bring it here!" And so the vision fadeth.'"

The unfortunate Flora, the stout and widowed early love of Arthur Clennam, in *Little Dorrit*, is also one of the most breathlessly eloquent of Dickens's characters. It will be remembered that poor Flora was always trying to revive the "dear old days gone for ever," and on the occasion of the following discourse she, accompanied by the late Mr. Finching's aunt, had come to visit Clennam in his counting house:—

"'One last remark,' resumed Flora, 'I was going to say I wish to make one last explanation I wish to offer, Mr. F's Aunt and myself would not have intruded on business hours Mr. F having been in business and though the wine trade still business is equally business call it what you will and business habits are just the same as witness Mr. F himself who had his slippers always on the mat at ten minutes before six in the afternoon and his boots inside the fender at ten minutes before eight in the morning to the moment in all weathers light or dark—would not therefore have intruded without a motive which being kindly meant it may be hoped will be kindly taken Arthur, Mr. Clennam far more proper, even Doyce and Clennam probably more business-like.' . . . 'Very polite of you to say so Arthur—cannot remember Mr. Clennam until the word is out, such is the habit of times for ever fled, and so true it is that oft in the still night ere slumber's chain has bound people, fond memory brings the light of other days around people—very polite but more polite than true I am afraid, for to go into the machinery business without so much as sending a line or a card to papa—I don't say me though there was a time but that is past and stern reality has now my gracious never mind—does not look like it you must confess.' . . . 'Though indeed,' she hurried on, 'nothing else is to be expected and why should it be expected, and if it's not to be expected why should it be, and I am far from blaming you or any one, When your mama and my papa worried us to death and severed the golden bowl—I mean bond but I dare say you know what I mean and if you don't you don't lose much and care just as little I will venture to add—when they severed the golden bond that bound us and threw us into fits of crying on the sofa nearly choked at least myself everything was changed and in giving my hand to Mr. F I know I did so with my eyes open but he was so very unsettled and in such low spirits that he had distractedly alluded to the river if not oil of something from the chemist's and I did it for the best.'"

No wonder that the only contribution which Mr. F's Aunt can find an opportunity to make to the conversation is "the inexorable and awful sentence":—"There's mile-stones on the Dover road!"

Another lady who suffers from determination of words to the mouth is Mrs. Nickleby, who on one occasion excuses herself for fainting in the following terms:—

"'It's a weakness in our family,' said Mrs. Nickleby, 'so, of course, I can't be blamed for it. Your grandmama, Kate, was exactly the same—precisely. The least excitement, the slightest surprise, she fainted away directly. I have heard her say, often and often, that when she was a young lady, and before she was married, she was turning a corner into Oxford Street one day, when she ran against her own hair-dresser, who, it seems, was escaping from a bear;—the mere suddenness of the encounter made her faint away directly. Wait, though,' added Mrs. Nickleby, pausing to consider, 'Let me be sure I'm right. Was it her hair-dresser who had escaped from a bear, or was it a bear who had escaped from her hair-dresser's? I declare I can't remember just now, but the hair-dresser was a very handsome man, I know, and quite a gentleman in his manners; so that it has nothing to do with the point of the story.'"

It was not always on the more voluble sex that Dickens bestowed his gift of tongues. Although chiefly epistolatory, what can equal the polished periods of the eloquence of Mr. Micawber? On at least one occasion he let himself go in spoken words, and showed what he could do in the way of a flow of language when roused. Mr. Micawber on the occasion in question had the melancholy induced by being confidential clerk to Uriah Heep enhanced by a regretful visit to an ancient haunt. He had been to visit the King's Bench Prison, "the

serenespot," as he remarked, "where some of the happiest hours of my existence fled by." And the regretful aspirations toward that part of his career were too much for him, for as he told David Copperfield: "When I was an inmate of that retreat I could look my fellow-man in the face and punch his head if he offended me. My fellow-man and myself are no longer on those glorious terms." Later in the afternoon Mr. Micawber for the first time in his life broke down in the compounding of punch, and burst into tears. On being asked to say what was the matter, and reminded of the presence of none but friends, Mr. Micawber exploded into the following harangue:—

"'Among friends, sir?' repeated Mr. Micawber; and all he had reserved came breaking out of him. 'Good Heavens, it is principally because I am among friends that my state of mind is what it is. What is the matter, gentlemen? What is *not* the matter? Villainy is the matter; baseness is the matter; deception, fraud, conspiracy, are the matter; and the name of the whole atrocious mass is—HEEP!' . . . 'The struggle is over!' said Mr. Micawber, violently gesticulating with his pocket-handkerchief, and fairly striking out from time to time with both arms, as if he were swimming under superhuman difficulties. 'I will lead this life no longer. I am a wretched being, cut off from everything that makes life tolerable. I have been under a Taboo in that infernal scoundrel's service. Give me back my wife, give me back my family, substitute Micawber for the petty wretch who walks about in the boots at present on my feet, and call upon me to swallow a sword to-morrow, and I'll do it. With an appetite!' . . . 'I'll put my hand in no man's hand,' said Mr. Micawber, gasping, puffing, and sobbing, to that degree that he was like a man fighting with cold water, 'until I have—blown to fragments—the—a—detestable—serpent—HEEP! I'll partake of no one's hospitality, until I have—a—moved Mount Vesuvius—to eruption—on—a—the abandoned rascal—HEEP! Refreshment—a—underneath this roof—particularly punch—would—a—choke me—unless—I had—previously—choked the eyes—out of the head—a—of—interminable cheat, and liar—HEEP! I—a—I'll know nobody—and—a—say nothing—and—a—live nowhere—until I have crushed—to—a—undiscoverable atoms—the transcendent and immortal hypocrite and perjurer—HEEP!' . . . 'No, Copperfield!—No communication—a—until—Miss Wickfield—a—redress from wrongs inflicted by consummate scoundrel—HEEP!' (I am quite convinced he could not have uttered three words, but for the amazing energy with which this word inspired him when he felt it coming.) 'Inviolable secret—a—from the whole world—a—no exceptions—this day week—a—at breakfast time—a—everybody present—including aunt—a—and extremely friendly gentleman—to be at the hotel at Canterbury—a—where—Mrs. Micawber and myself—Auld Lang Syne in chorus—and—a—will expose intolerable ruffian—HEEP! No more to say—a—or listen to persuasion—go immediately—not capable—a—bear society—upon the track of devoted and doomed traitor—HEEP!'"

Of course Mr. Micawber afterwards must needs write a letter to explain the appointment he has so breathlessly made, which epistle is so entertaining that, but for the length this article has already reached, it would not be possible to resist quoting it. Enough, however, has been set before the reader—though we have not even alluded to Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Spottletoe—to give him some slight reminder of the eloquence and wit lying ready though half-forgotten in the novels of Charles Dickens.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.*

THE part played by Mr. Chamberlain in the public history of the last twenty years has been so conspicuous, and the personal element has had so prominent a share in the controversies in which he has been engaged, that no apology is needed for a book aiming, from almost any point of view, at the diffusion of a just estimate of his character and work. The book before us is written quite frankly from the point of view of the admirer,—but, let us hasten to add, the admirer possessed of both intelligence and good taste. There is nothing here in the shape of fulsome eulogy. What is aimed at, and in the main achieved, by the writer, Miss N. Murrell Marris, is the orderly setting forth of the salient facts in Mr. Chamberlain's public career, and also the indication of essential aspects of his more private life, in such fashion as to enable the reader at large to understand the singular hold which he possesses over the mind and heart of the mighty industrial community with which his name will always be so intimately associated, and though in a less degree, yet very really, upon the confidence of the masses of his fellow-countrymen in Great Britain and in the Colonies.

Mr. Chamberlain would doubtless have been a great

* *The Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain: the Man and the Statesman.* By N. Murrell Marris. With Many Illustrations. London: Hutchinson and Co. [10s. net.]

Parliamentarian if he had sat in the old unreformed House of Commons as nominee of the proprietor of Gatton or Old Sarum, but his force as a politician in a democratic age has been immeasurably enhanced by the fact of his continuous and always triumphant election as one of the representatives of Birmingham. Miss Marris, we think, exhibits the rationale of this connection in a light which shows it to have been eminently honourable to the representative and the constituency alike. A Londoner by birth, and a member of a Unitarian family of substantial means who for several generations have held high office in the ancient Cordwainers' Company, Mr. Chamberlain was educated at private schools, and for two years under Dr. Key at University College School, where, when he left at the age of sixteen, he "was the head mathematical scholar of his year, was bracketed first in mechanics, hydrostatics, &c., and also in French (dividing the prize with Jules Benedict, son of the musician), and was distinguished in Latin." Little was done in the way of athletics at University College School in those days, and in that little Joseph Chamberlain hardly cared to join. We gather, however, though the subject is very delicately touched, that he had been found at his first private school by no means unwilling to use Nature's weapons in vindication of his natural right to be President of a Peace Society which he had founded. An athlete he never became, nor a sportsman, but he enjoyed swimming, and was good at it, and a present may be made to "F. C. G." of the fact that in Birmingham society, in the later "fifties" and early "sixties," his good dancing was an element in the popularity he enjoyed. For, after two years spent in acquiring the art and mystery of cordwaining, it was to Birmingham he was sent to develop with his cousin Nettlefold a new patent for screw-making. Develop it they did, and the whole business connected with it, until in 1865, out of one hundred and thirty thousand gross of screws produced weekly in Birmingham, no fewer than ninety thousand gross were turned out by Nettlefold and Chamberlain. And this—old slanders on the subject having long ago withered—they accomplished by perfectly honourable enterprise, marked by just those kinds of resource and adaptability the lack of which has so often stood in the way of the successful competition of British with Continental manufacturers. The result was that at the age of thirty-eight Mr. Chamberlain was able to retire from business, and to throw himself entirely, young, fresh, and all but unworn, into those varied forms of public work in which he had already for several years taken an increasingly active and prominent part.

For a considerable period, after obtaining its charter under the Municipal Reform Act, Birmingham, while very keenly interested in general politics, and largely from the Radical point of view, was far from being in the van of progress in respect of self-government. The town "was backward in spending money on civic improvements; its representatives on the Council had little taste for remedying abuses, and reforms which would not only cause ill-feeling but cost money were shelved indefinitely; the main object was to keep down the rates, not to improve the town." The administration of local affairs passed mainly into the hands of an inferior class of citizens, and among men of culture and social consideration the membership and work of the Town Council came to be regarded with contempt. It was this unwholesome state of things which Mr. Chamberlain was prominently active, both by example and by precept, in transforming for the better. A movement in that direction had been begun, indeed, some years before he entered municipal life. Its "prophet," in the phrase of Dr. Dale, was the late Mr. George Dawson. Dr. Dale himself and other eminent ministers of religion, Mr. Bunce, the able editor of the *Birmingham Post*, and other influential men gave it support of essential value from outside the Council. But of the active reformers within the Corporation Mr. Chamberlain appears to have been, though not by any means the earliest, the first who obtained a commanding hold of the public mind through the exhibition of combined zeal, persuasive power, and high business capacity:—

"When Mr. Chamberlain joined the Council there were only three members (Messrs. Avery, Jesse Collings, and Harris) who sympathised with his ideals of municipal government; but no exertions were spared to induce capable and energetic men holding similar views to present themselves for election. He devoted himself ardently to the cause, speaking frequently in the wards and enlisting recruits for the Council. The members of the

Reform party grew steadily, and only four years after he became a member of it a crowning effort was made. Every ward in the town was contested amid excitement which rivalled that of a General Election. . . . The Reformers came in with a very large majority, and immediately elected Mr. Chamberlain as Mayor (November, 1873)."

We have not space even to glance here at the uses to which this great victory was put, but can assure our readers that they will find ample evidence in Miss Marris's pages that the three years for which Mr. Chamberlain's mayoralty was prolonged were years of singularly fruitful municipal activity in respect of arrangements for water supply and gas supply, and of sanitary and street improvement. In regard to all these matters Mr. Chamberlain exhibited a striking combination of administrative and diplomatic faculty with intensity of ardour for improvement in the conditions of local life, and especially that of the poorest inhabitants. So it was that when in June, 1876, Mr. George Dixon resigned his seat as one of Mr. Bright's colleagues in the representation of Birmingham, nothing seemed more natural, or indeed inevitable, than that Mr. Chamberlain should be, as he was, returned in his room, unopposed and amid great enthusiasm. Several years previously Mr. Chamberlain's name had become known outside Birmingham as that of a vigorous and effective exponent of Radical opinion. His first programme, put forward in a *Fortnightly Review* article (September, 1873), was summed up in the somewhat misleading phrase, "Free Labour, Free Land, Free Church, and Free Schools,"—misleading, because the word "free" is used in some of these cases in a sense quite different from that in which it applies to the others. It was for some years in connection with the propaganda of the National Education League for practically universal free, rate-aided, and unsectarian schools that Mr. Chamberlain's pre-Parliamentary political activity was most conspicuous. We find nothing in this book to modify the view always held by the present writer that the bitter temper shown towards Mr. Forster by Mr. Chamberlain and other adherents of the League, on account of the compromise-settlement of the question of primary schools embodied in the Education Act of 1870, was without real justification. Still, there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of the convictions with which, in the country and on the Birmingham School Board, of which he was actually chairman concurrently with his mayoralty, Mr. Chamberlain denounced the Education Act, and strove to administer it, as far as might be, in the spirit of the League. On educational, as on many other questions, Mr. Chamberlain's views have widened as the years have gone on and new political associations have been formed, as is shown by his vindication of the legislation of the present Government in aid of voluntary schools.

On the other hand, Miss Marris's book brings into view quite clearly and fairly the very considerable degree in which Mr. Chamberlain has been able, both from without and from within Unionist Governments, to promote legislation ameliorating the condition of the working classes, in pursuance of aspirations declared in his early Radical days. If, despite his original aims, denominational schools survive with his goodwill, it must be very largely attributed to him that primary education is free of charge. His influence, again, must be mainly credited with legislation of the type of the Small Holdings and Allotments Acts, directed to the benefit of the agricultural labourers, with whose hardships, though himself a townsman, he has, it is clear, always felt a genuine sympathy. Again, Miss Marris's readers will not fail to recognise the unmistakable evidences she produces that, though for a time it may have been somewhat latent—possibly under Gladstonian influence—the Imperial vein was distinctly a part of Mr. Chamberlain's early as well as of his later temper. It was called out prominently by the necessity under which he found himself of resisting Mr. Gladstone's project of Home-rule, and was impressively declared in the speech in which he rallied his constituents to the position he had taken up at that most critical moment in his career. Since then it has increasingly dominated his public conduct, and thereby, despite whatever occasional errors in the manner of its manifestation, has influenced profoundly, and in the main, as we believe, distinctly for good, the national position and prospects. Mr. Chamberlain's career, towards a just appreciation of which the book before us is a genuine and interesting contribution, is, happily, according to all human probabilities, still far from

its close. If he will only be ready, as to no inconsiderable extent he has shown himself in the past, to learn from his own mistakes, it is hard to place any limit to the magnitude of the services which he may render to the world-wide British realm.

THE MEN OF THE MERCHANT SERVICE.*

MR. BULLEN, as most people know, is an able writer whose boyhood and early manhood were spent at sea, first as a foremast hand, then as a ship's officer. Much of his work has been reviewed in this paper, and with good right, as literature; but the book before us plainly should be considered only as a statement of facts and opinions put together with a definite object,—or rather with two objects. It affords, first of all, to any one who thinks of going to sea, or of sending a boy to sea, a clear account of the life, the work, the prospects, the qualifications needed, the conditions necessary to success, in the merchant service, reviewing every phase of the career, and working through the whole ship's company from master down to ship's boy. Considered in this light alone the book is of great value, and of great interest to all the innumerable people who are curious about the most romantic and separate of lives. But it is of importance, secondly and chiefly, as Mr. Bullen's appeal to the political sense of his country. Put as briefly as possible, it comes to this. The control of the sea is vital to England; and the English, though they continue to be a great ship-owning people, are less and less a seafaring people. English ships are increasingly manned by foreigners and officered by foreigners. The fact is familiar enough, but it is unquestionably serious, and Mr. Bullen assists us to see it in all its bearings. Why has such a state of things come to pass? And how far is it preventible? As regards the officers the cause is simple. Where an Englishman stands out for six pounds a month as mate, a German will come at four, or even three. This cause must continue to operate until the standard of living among foreigners rises to ours, or till ours falls to theirs; the only alternative is legislation to the effect that British vessels must be officered by British subjects. But it does not appear, at least from Mr. Bullen's pages, that foreigners are shipped as officers by preference to Englishmen. About foremast hands that is unhappily the case. They are not only less insistent as to pay, but they are also as a rule better worth their money. It is very rare, says Mr. Bullen, to find a foreign seaman who does not know his business; it is very common among English ones. And, more important still, insubordination is far less common among foreigners. That is the most serious point in Mr. Bullen's very serious book,—the deterioration in quality of the English seaman; and he traces it without hesitation to its cause in the relaxation of discipline:—

"In the ships of every other nation but the English-speaking ones the merchant seaman is not only a native of the country to which his ship belongs, but he is never free from the environment of naval law; the same law, that is, which obtains on board of a warship." [And on an American ship discipline is enforced with the heavy hand, even with brutality; while the officer, if attacked, does not hesitate to shoot, and the law bears him out.] "In a British ship, on the other hand, a master may unwittingly ship a crew of scoundrels, who have made up their minds to do as little as they can as badly as possible, to refuse the most ordinary forms of respect to their officers, and to either desert or go to gaol at the first port, not because their ship is a bad one, but just by way of a change. And if the master or officers, worried beyond endurance, take the law in their own hands, their punishment and subsequent ruin is almost certain to ensue promptly. The rascals who have made the ship a hell afloat, confident in the tenderness of the British law and its severity towards all forms of oppression, pursue their rejoicing way, and if brought to court may be fined a trifle of wages, which, as they set no value upon money, does not punish them in the least."

The result is, as Mr. Bullen's book testifies over and over again by the citation of individual instances, that bullying ruffians escape their due share of work, and that the standard of efficiency is lowered all round. Liberty is a good thing, but even ashore the state of London streets makes us wonder if we have not too much of it; and our interpretation of the law treats the ship's officer at best as if he were a constable afloat. Moreover, our laxity in regard to cases of impersonation or forging papers makes it impossible for a master to feel sure of the men he is shipping; and upon the whole, the men responsible for a British ship get a very poor backing in the exercise of what comes very near to a public duty. Americans

have a harder code in these matters, and the result is that American seamanship is the admiration of all seagoing men. Not only that, but men so drilled to perfect alacrity in response to orders can, if necessary, take their places on a man-o'-war and fall easily into the system.

If we understand Mr. Bullen, he would advocate a reform in two ways. First, he would strengthen the hands of the officers, so that incompetence, idleness, and sullenness should be heavily punished; and secondly, he would improve by law the scale of diet and accommodation for seamen. In the American marine, work is harder than in any other vessels; but also food is better; in the English, men work slackly and feed slovenly. The higher the standard of competence exacted the higher will be the spirit of professional pride; and where that spirit prevails British sailors are, Mr. Bullen holds, the best in the world:—

"If any proof of this be needed I have only to point to the personnel of the Navy. There are no aliens there. And for smartness, for the ability to rise to the occasion, and do deeds at which even our enemies stand amazed, they have no equals. Why? Because no breach of discipline can be made without its being swiftly followed by punishment. At least, that was the reason. Now, I believe a race of men-o'-war's men have arisen who are capable of maintaining discipline among themselves, having so high a pride in their Service that they do not need any disciplinary restraint to keep them what they are—the finest body of men in the world."

That is high praise, yet not beyond what the facts warrant, and Mr. Bullen may well add that "if it were possible to raise up such a body in the Merchant Service, no price would be too high to pay for the benefits it would confer upon Great Britain."

Whether the cheap services of the foreigner may not have been dear in the long run—whether the kindness that would do away with all possibility of oppression has not been very like cruelty in its results—these are natural questions. And Mr. Bullen makes it plain that men respect themselves when they work hard, and respect the man who makes them work. The delight that all sailors take in "sailorising"—in the use of their peculiar skill and deftness in sail-making, splicings, and the like—is insisted on repeatedly, or rather stated as a fact that no seaman would question. On the other hand, no man accustomed to even a moderate standard of civilisation will care to do heavy work on food that is dirtily served and grossly unpalatable and unhealthy. On board the American boats are no cooks who cannot cook, and cleanliness is universal. At the same time, the curious conservatism of sailors helps to maintain the existing state of things, and Mr. Bullen has an odd story of a crew which rounded on one member who was correcting by precept and example the incompetence of a cook, "saying that if they were the cook they wouldn't allow no — interloper to meddle with their work, so they wouldn't." All the more reason for legislation. The Board of Trade's prescribed scale is said to be an open scandal.

Into the many other questions which Mr. Bullen goes space forbids us to follow him. On the subject of apprentices and their present treatment he is very emphatic: his scheme of non-paying apprentices also is notable. Concerning the treatment of engineers his views are known already to readers of the *Spectator*, and we cannot commend his volume too earnestly to public consideration. England's tenure of her position in the world depends on her merchant marine no less than on her Navy, and in neither one nor the other can she afford to rely on mercenaries.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

If the present age is not distinguished for the cult of letters, it is at least remarkable for the cult of the literary man,—*litteraturitis*, as it has been called by a convenient adaptation of the current medical jargon. By an act of what cannot fail to be regarded as desertion, if not of literary cannibalism, amongst the coteries of penmen, Mr. Barrie in his new novel has ranged himself alongside of the deadliest enemies of this cult. For nothing kills like ridicule, and the aim of *Tommy and Grizel* is to render the literary man

* (1.) *Tommy and Grizel*. By J. M. Barrie. London: Cassell and Co. [6s.] — (2.) *St. Peter's Umbrella*. By Kálmán Mikszáth. Translated from the Hungarian by B. W. Worswick. With an Introduction by R. Nisbet Bain. London: Jarrold and Sons. [6s.] — (3.) *John Charity: a Romance of Yesterday*. By Horace Annesley Vachell. London: John Murray. [6s.] — (4.) *The Lane that had No Turning*. By Gilbert Parker. London: W. Heinemann. [6s.] — (5.) *The Puppet Show*. By Marian Bower. London: Constable and Co. [6s.] — (6.) *The Blessing of Esau: a Romance of the Marchlands*. By Frank Savile. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 6s. — (7.) *The Pretty Polly*. By W. Clark Russell. London: Chatto and Windus. [5s.] — (8.) *Rue with a Difference*. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]

* *The Men of the Merchant Service: being the Portents of the Mercantile Marine for 'Longshore Readers*. By Frank T. Bullen. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. [7s. 6d.]

ridiculous, and even contemptible. The hero is that "sentimental Tommy" the story of whose childhood and boyhood was set forth in an earlier volume, a complex yet engaging personality about whose further intellectual and moral expansion Mr. Barrie excited natural curiosity. A sequel was inevitable, for life-histories—the form of fiction most in vogue amongst the serious writers of to-day—cannot be broken off at the age of sixteen. Mr. Barrie has now gratified that curiosity, but in such a way as to disappoint many of his warmest admirers. Tommy comes up to London, where, after serving a short but severe apprenticeship as the amanuensis of a hack-writer, he achieves instant fame by his first work, and returns to Thrums to exploit his celebrity, and alienate the sympathy of the reader by an unseemly exposure of the foibles of the artistic temperament. Still, though this gradual process of self-revelation is distressing enough, it is redeemed in the Grub Street and Thrums chapters by a sufficiency of diverting episodes. O. P. Pym, the burly Bohemian, is mildly entertaining; Corp and Gavinia, and Aaron Latta retain a good deal of their original raciness. But the further Tommy emerges from boyhood, the more frankly unendurable he becomes. What was amusing in a boy and a literary apprentice becomes repulsive in a grown man. His impulses are mainly right; at half a dozen critical moments he behaves with generosity, courage, even heroism. But the psychological surroundings of every action are detestable. Directly he has done anything fine he whips out a mental notebook and turns himself into "copy" in the spirit of Jack Horner. He is an experimentalist in emotions, who sees the romantic or tragic possibilities of every situation as it occurs to him, works it out then and there (always with himself as hero), and awakes to the world around him by suddenly thinking aloud. This experience is common to all of us; it has been described by many writers, notably by Daudet in his charming sketch of the amiable vagaries of M. Joyeuse, but it has been reserved for Mr. Barrie to represent the habit in its most contemptible and undignified manifestations. The story reaches a critical stage with the resumption of Tommy's friendship with Grizel. The Painted Lady's daughter sees through Tommy's posing and affectation, but in spite of the grotesquely contemptible incident of the sham sprained ankle, yields to his magnetism. Their chequered courtship and inevitable estrangement—for Tommy is *ex hypothesi* incapable of loving any one but himself—described in a number of long-drawn scenes of distressingly unbridled sentimentality, are sufficiently trying, but these *amantium irae* are infinitely preferable to the preposterous sequel of Tommy's flirtation with the egregious Lady Pippinworth, Grizel's pursuit of Tommy across Europe, his amazing marriage to her while out of her mind, his speedy return to the society siren, and his ludicrously bathetic death,—the most deplorable *dénouement* that we have ever encountered in a work by an author of real talent. It does not help us in the least to regard Tommy's death as an elaborate joke. It is deplorable enough if taken as a serious satire; viewed as farce, it becomes an almost incredibly tasteless essay in frigid folly. It is true that in the earlier stages of the book Mr. Barrie indulges in constant "asides" at the expense of his hero, "grins at him at the end of every paragraph," as we heard a reader say; but there is not an iota of internal evidence to show that he means the catastrophe to be taken otherwise than in earnest. It is painful to see a writer of Mr. Barrie's gifts and conscientiousness descend to such depths of ineptitude as he has done in the last half of this volume. But no critic worthy of the name can hail it as a masterpiece, or even a good book, without stultifying himself and renouncing the most elementary responsibilities of his post.

Messrs. Jarrold have deserved well of the novel-reading public by introducing them to that delightful Hungarian humourist, Kálmán Mikszáth. It is not every novelist who, like Mikszáth, enjoys the honour of being translated by a reigning Monarch, but King Oscar of Sweden (so we read in Mr. Nisbet Bain's preface) has acted as his interpreter in Scandinavia, and now, better late than never, Mr. Worswick has given us a capital version of the series of "humoresken" collected under the title of *St. Peter's Umbrella*. The freshness, geniality, high spirits, and humour of Mikszáth make him a most fascinating companion. His peasants and priests, Jews and gentlefolk, are amazingly human. Nothing happens in the way in which

things happen with us, but this surprise is a source of delight rather than perplexity. Mikszáth's style is quite his own, unconventional and unstudied, and abounds in whimsical touches, as for example:—"The dog's name was Vistula. . . . (The Hungarian peasants generally give their dogs the name of a river, thinking it prevents hydrophobia.)" Or again, in speaking of a very poor soil: "A soil like that cannot be spoken of as 'Mother Earth,' it is more like 'Mother-in-law Earth.'" And how delightful is the legend written on the door of the Jewess's clothing shop: "Only the lilies of the field can dress themselves cheaper than you can in this shop." In fine, Mikszáth is a born storyteller, and these charming sketches of the humours of Slovak life will not only repay perusal, but stimulate the desire to know more of so engaging a writer. His gaiety is always unforced, he can be tender at will, but his pathos—to judge from this book—is wholly free from any falsetto notes.

Unless it be Mrs. Atherton, there is no living writer who can excel Mr. Vachell in realising the magical charm of California before the influx of the Outlander. *John Charity* opens spiritedly enough in England in the "thirties," where the narrator, a Hampshire yeoman, and his foster-brother, the son of a Baronet of the Regency, are involved in a series of embarrassments, leading to their abrupt flight to Monterey, where John Charity takes service under Alvarado, loses his heart to the affianced bride of a villainous Mexican, an intrepid girl, who returns his love, but after many thrilling adventures sacrifices her life to save that of the wife of John's foster-brother. It is a most picturesque story of Alta California, steeped in sunshine, and full of murderous swordplay, daring horsemanship, and tropical love-making. The reader may resent the tragic catastrophe, but after all Magdalena, fascinating as she was, was ill fitted for the trials and disappointments of everyday life.

Mr. Gilbert Parker—whom we have to congratulate on his Parliamentary honours—has collected in *The Lane that had No Turning* a number of short stories and sketches dealing in detail and episodically with those phases of French-Canadian life already illustrated on a larger canvas in his earlier romances. The story from which the collection takes its name has for its theme the devotion of a famous though humbly born singer to her husband—the seigneur of the district—on whom the curse of hereditary deformity has fallen after his marriage to his brilliant and gifted wife. The portrait of the seigneur, who is more than half a rebel, and is only restrained from active disloyalty by the tact of his wife, is a fine picture of the brooding visionary embittered by the ever-present consciousness of his defect. To complete the tragedy Madelinette discovers the missing will which bequeathed the estate to her husband's rival and enemy. Another powerful story is that of the sufferings of the excommunicated *voyageur* and the gradual breaking down of his recalcitrancy. The homely life and simple manners of the *habitant* are of peculiar interest at a moment like the present when the exploits of the French-Canadians are fresh in the grateful memory of the British reader, and readers of *When Valmond Came to Pontiac* need not to be told of the sympathy and skill with which Mr. Parker interprets and illustrates these engaging traits. *À propos* of the singer-heroine of the first story, we suppose it was of set purpose that Mr. Parker gave her the same maiden-name as Madame Albani,—Lajeunesse.

The Puppet Show is a novel of cross-purposes in which the wrong people all fall in love with each other. Whether the *délaissés*, the respective objects of whose affections have married each other, are intended at the end to administer mutual consolation Miss Marian Bower is far too modern to indicate clearly. The last sentence is duly ambiguous, and every reader is allowed to finish the book according to his own taste. For the rest, the story is a good modern novel of society, written in a lively manner. The character drawing is clever, and Miss Bower's "puppets" dance with more individual life than those of many of her contemporaries.

Mr. Frank Savile has put much more entertainment into his "romance of the marchlands," *The Blessing of Esau*, than the novel reviewer is accustomed to look for in the average semi-historical romance. The characters, or at least several of them, have no lack of vitality, and the story abounds in movement and incident. The best thing in the book is the portrait of Prince Eugene, the "little grey-clad

horseman" who would seem to have been the prototype of a more modern general whom we all delight to honour.

Plot is not a strong point with Mr. Clark Russell; indeed, he can hardly lay claim to have more than an "air with variations." The variations in his latest book, *The Pretty Polly*, are not very novel, but happily there always remains the incomparable charm of phrase with which Mr. Clark Russell writes of the sea and of sailing ships. This is given us as freshly and melodiously as ever in his latest story.

Even Miss Carey has never introduced a more transparent misunderstanding to separate two lovers than that which estranges the sub-hero and heroine in *Rue with a Difference*. The names of these young people are Gurth and Pansy, and from this the ingenious and experienced reader will quickly judge of their natures. Miss Carey always appeals to those who are interested in the particular world she writes about, and this book is at least a fair specimen of her amiable talent.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE QUARTERLIES.

The Anglo-Saxon Review. (John Lane. 21s.)—The print, binding, and illustrations of this magnificent quarterly are as good as ever, and continue to reflect great credit on all engaged in its production. The most interesting illustration is a picture of Lady Hamilton by Tischbein, a German portrait painter of her period. The face is not idealised, and one cannot help thinking it must have been a good likeness. There are also reproductions of an intaglio and of an Italian miniature of Lady Hamilton. They are both interesting. The letterpress is as usual quite up to the best magazine average, and there is a pleasant mixture of history, *belles-lettres*, criticism, and fiction. Mr. Andrew Lang is always entertaining when he deals with the supernatural, and his critical chaff of Mrs. Piper and her spirits is specially amusing. We may note also the account of "The Bluidy Advocate Mackenzie," whose portrait by Kneller illustrates the article. Mr. S. Lane-Poole, we may add, writes, and, as always, interestingly, on Sir Harry Parkes in China.

In the new *Edinburgh Review* the first place is given to an able and impartial summary of "The War in South Africa," which draws special attention to the lack of preparation for a war on a large scale in which both the Government and the War Office were found a year ago. Its writer asserts, as of knowledge, in regard to the deficiency of ammunition when war was declared, that "if in October last we had been involved in a war with a European Power, and if the Navy as well as the Army had required ammunition, national disaster would have been inevitable." He calculates that the new Colonies will require a garrison of at least fifty thousand men for some years. An article on the General Election lays stress on the failure of the Opposition, and the need that the Government should not therefore think that the country is not keenly anxious to see them alive to the great questions which have to be settled,—prominent among them the new modelling of the Army and the overhauling of the Navy. A well balanced article on "The Sick and Wounded" draws attention to the shortcomings of our medical service, and suggests for imitation such a system as that of the Germans, who contrive to keep a large majority of civil doctors in touch with the Army. Another aspect of "world-politics" is noticed in the article on "China and International Questions," which reviews the events of the past six months, and argues that the interests of Europe would be best served by "a China preserving her territorial integrity, possessing a strong Government and a pure administrative system, with order maintained in every province, and as open to legitimate foreign trade as most countries now are." We are not told how it is to be attained. The miscellaneous contents of the number include an interesting study of Byron, a biography of Helmholtz, a criticism of M. Rostand's plays, historical articles on Italian unity, Burnet's Scotland, and Cæsar's Gaul, and a sound discussion of the economic and social aspects of "municipal trading."

The *Quarterly* is a particularly interesting number. Among the political articles, that on the General Election is the most important. We are glad to see that the *Quarterly* takes our view as to the attacks on Mr. Chamberlain. It also very properly denounces the folly of assuming that all who voted for Liberals were dead to the interests of their country, if not actual traitors. The stand which has been made on all sides against the new electioneering methods is one of the most encouraging symptoms of the general sanity and good taste which still prevail in English

politics. Stress is laid on the fact that the first duty of the Government is to ensure us "absolute security at sea—which we no longer enjoy." The South African article reviews the history of attempts to federate South Africa, due to Sir George Grey, Lord Carnarvon, and Mr. Rhodes, and iterates the warning that federation, to be satisfactory, must come from within. "The Chinese Crisis" is regarded in a pessimistic light by a well-informed writer, who urges that our policy should be the preservation of the eighteen provinces, if the other Powers will support us; otherwise we, too, must adopt a "sphere," and stick to it. A writer on "The Coming Presidential Election" reviews the history of the past four years in the United States, but declines to predict the result of the voting. Among the general articles that on "Malaria and the Mosquito" will be read with great interest, as the first popular and complete account of the remarkable discoveries which have lately thrown so much light on the nature of one of the worst scourges of humanity. A historical essay on Morocco is timely, in view of the probable movements of France. An unusually good set of literary articles includes essays on Lamb and M. Anatole France, an account of Longinus, in which some reason is shown to restore the treatise on the Sublime to him of Palmyra, and a welcome protest against the vulgarity, and worse, of much that pretends to be "English patriotic poetry."

The November *Cornhill* offers as its chief feature of interest a most entertaining paper of reminiscences entitled "In the Early Forties," from the pen of the veteran publisher, Mr. George M. Smith, the friend and publisher of Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Browning, and above all the founder of the great "Dictionary of National Biography." The outstanding figures in what we sincerely trust is only the first instalment of a series of papers are Waghorn, "Orion" Horne, and Leigh Hunt. Of Waghorn's impetuous and explosive temper Mr. Smith gives several diverting illustrations. Mr. Smith's first venture was the publication of a volume of essays by Horne—a sufficient proof of his sportsmanlike temper—and the history of the negotiations is immensely funny. Horne was one of the most eccentric literary figures of the century, and the account of the visit in which Horne sought to persuade his publisher by playing the guitar, of Horne's acting as Shylock, and of his amazing unpublished novel, proves Mr. Smith to be a *raconteur* of the first quality. There is also a delightful picture of Leigh Hunt at the Bank of England. No one who reads this paper will fail to cry "Encore!"

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Picture of the Celebration of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. (W. Doig and Co.)—Mr. John Charlton painted a picture of the great procession of 1897, the spot chosen being the space in front of the western portico of St. Paul's. The central group (marked "1") contains her Majesty, the Royal and Princely personages who were present (sixty-five in number), the high officers of State, and representatives of the Fleet and Army and allied services. Other groups are the escort of Household troops; Colonial cavalry and infantry; escort of Indian cavalry (twenty-five portraits); Ministers of State and distinguished visitors; clergy, law, and civic bodies; diplomatic body; &c. It is a work of the first historic interest, and, we should say, effectively grouped, though it is of course impossible for a work of this kind to have artistic merit in the true sense. It is necessarily more of a picture-map than a real picture. A key accompanies it, with the names of the groups and persons.—With this we may mention a series of photographs representing the *personnel* of the *New South Wales Contingents to South Africa* (Turner and Henderson, Sydney), with a record of their casualties. We are glad to see this vivid presentment of the men who came to the help of the "Old Country." It shows something of the meaning which lay beneath the great pageant of June 22nd, 1897.

Alfred the Great. By Jesse Page. (Partridge and Co. 2s.)—Mr. Page has written, in anticipation of the approaching millenary, what will be found a useful account of the great English King. He has, we think, made a mistake in following too implicitly the leading of Asser. There is, we believe, no doubt that the Life, attributed to this writer, has been largely interpolated. The passage about the reproof administered by St. Neot to the King has a suspicious appearance, and with it falls the theory, which certainly has nothing else to recommend it, that Alfred's retirement to Athelney was prompted by a feeling of penitence.

Why should the King have sought to make amends for a fault by neglecting his duty? Surely it is more reasonable to suppose that it was a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. Apart from this, we do not see anything in the book that calls for adverse criticism, and much that is likely to be of service.

The Unpublished and Uncollected Poems of William Cowper. Edited by Thomas Wright. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—Mr. W. H. Collingridge signalised the centenary of Cowper's death by presenting his house at Olney to the "Town and Nation," and with it his own Cowper collection. Occasion was taken to found a Cowper Society, and it is to this Society that Mr. Wright has dedicated this collection. We are always somewhat doubtful about printing passages which a poet has rejected. The practice, however, prevails so generally that it is useless to protest. Possibly, where the poet's reputation is well established and no question but of literary merit is involved, there is no really valid objection. The reader will find not a few interesting things in this volume. We cannot express ourselves as wholly satisfied with the editing. The fifth poem is a piece of Latin Alcaics. Now we may print Alcaics without any indentation at all; but if indentation is employed it must be of one kind, and certainly not that employed here. Then the first line reads thus: "Heu quam remotus vescor omnibus." Clearly "ab" is omitted before "omnibus." Should not "vescor" be "versor"?

Antoine Vêrard. By John Macfarlane. (The Chiswick Press.)—A. Vêrard was a Paris publisher who was at work during the last years of the fifteenth century and the first of the sixteenth. The earliest book that Mr. Macfarlane has been able to trace to his press is dated November, 1485 (an edition of the "Decameron"); the latest bears the note of July 24th, 1512. This class numbers one hundred and two. These are followed by a list of undated books which bear an imprint of Vêrard's place of business, and by a number of *Horæ*. Of these he produced many fine specimens. Mr. Macfarlane also catalogues various books "of which either the existence or the connection with Vêrard is doubtful." There is an interesting bookseller's bill for goods delivered to the Comte d'Angoulême. Illustrations of the books are also reproduced.—With this we may mention *A Bibliography of Austin Dobson*, attempted by Francis Edwin Murray (F. Murray, Derby, 5s. net; large paper, 10s. 6d. net).

The Extra-Parliamentary Hansard. Vol. I. (Wyman and Son.)—This volume is intended to supplement the Parliamentary record of politics. We cannot do better than quote the description given on the title-page. It contains, then, a "Selection of Speeches made by Public Men Outside Parliament," "Letters of Public Men appearing in the Press," "Resolutions and Manifestoes," and a "Record of By-Elections." There is a copious index, a necessity, we may remark in passing, to such a work, and largely determining its usefulness, and a *précis* of the chief speeches and letters. We must resist the temptation of enlarging on the hundred-and-one topics which occur as we turn over the pages of this volume. But does Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman still think as he thought last November, that there has been no proof of an attempt to overthrow the British power in South Africa? And, as a general principle, which does he think the "first duty of a Government," to keep us out of a war, or to guard the rights and perform the duties of the Empire?

The Church and the London Government Act, 1899. By Montague Barlow. (W. Gordon. 6d.)—We must be content with directing the attention of such of our readers as may be interested in the matter to this pamphlet. The Act that is about to come into force is, in a way, an upset. The ecclesiastical and civil divisions in London are finally and completely severed by it. The Vestry—the word is a curious survival—ceases to be and the Borough Council takes its place. Many questions of property and privilege will arise, and it will be the duty of those who are interested in them, whether personally or in trust for successors, to look after them. They will find a lucid account of them in Mr. Barlow's pamphlet.

Church Folks. By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)—There is sound sense in every chapter of this book. Dr. Watson gives his ideas about preaching—"Give to your congregation your very best" is a golden rule—about the management of Church affairs, about co-operation, rules of work, and many other things which occupy a minister's thoughts and time. This is a really valuable little book.

Reflected Lights from the "Face of the Deep." Selected and arranged by W. M. L. Jay. (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)—Miss Christina Rossetti wrote a book about the Apocalypse which will be familiar to some of our readers. From this Miss Jay has made this

selection. It will be found full of thought, for, indeed, the volume from which it is taken is, in its way, one of the most remarkable studies of the time.

International Law in Africa. By T. Baty. (Stevens and Haynes. 5s.)—Mr. Baty's book—the publication of lectures delivered at Oxford—may be profitably read by persons not specially interested in the study of international law. Mr. Baty may be described as *Boeraniis partibus non iniquus*, and the leaning, if such there be, does not make his work less instructive. We should like to put to our readers two points. What was the right thing to do to the Boer who, having exhausted his ammunition, firing to the last moment, with the enemy within ten yards of him, exclaimed "I surrender!"? And is it right to punish the destruction of a railway by fining the neighbourhood in which the act is committed? Chap. 4, "Conduct of Warfare," will be found especially interesting.

An Old Man's Holidays. By the Amateur Angler. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 2s. net.)—We are always glad to hear from the "Amateur Angler." We remember making acquaintance with him for the first time in Dovedale, if our memory serves us, and the recollection is a very pleasant one. By this time he has ceased, we should say, to be an "amateur," in the ordinary sense of that word. But then another literary angler is pleased to call himself a "duffer." However that may be, this book is as pleasant to read as its predecessors. This time he takes us to the South and West, to Hampshire and Wales and Cornwall, though there is one expedition northwards, which seems not to have been very successful. In fact, he justly complains—there are limits to the patience of even an angler—of a certain club which took five shillings for an angling ticket when the *quid pro quo* was certainly inadequate, to say the least. We must not omit to mention the graceful preface in which the "A. A." pays a tribute to the memory of R. D. Blackmore and William Black, and other angling friends. We wonder whether *quæ gratia fuit vivis eadem sequitur tellure repostos*.

The Prolongation of Life. By R. E. Dudgeon, M.D. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)—We have read not a few books on this subject, one of the first being by Mr. Mortimer Collins, who, unhappily, did not add example to precept. As one of his methods was to do the day's work at night, this is hardly surprising. Dr. Dudgeon, on the contrary, is a living proof that there is something in what he says. After his introduction, he passes to "Exercise," and highly praises golf, which is indeed the ideal game for old men. Thence he goes on to "Food," and this is very smartly written. It is possible, says Dr. Dudgeon, in referring to sundry books on diet, to be both "a fool and a physician" at forty. And it seems to us eminently sensible. He has a good word for pastry, and for sugar,—saccharine may be positively harmful. In "Drink" he pronounces against alcohol. To smoking he is not favourable but not hostile. Do not take to it and do not leave it off, unless you see very good reason. Here he may be right, but there is one thing against which we must protest. He decides against beards, and even goes as far as to say that they are injurious to health. Many people find them an invaluable protection to the throat and lungs. The argument from appearance is really too foolish. "How would Wellington and Nelson look if disfigured by beards?" he asks. How would Shakespeare look without one? we may ask in return. And what should we think of the traditional portrait of the Saviour if it lacked the beard?

In the "Pestalozzi Series" (O. Newmann and Co.), Miss Mary Senior Clark and Miss Gaynor Simpson have collaborated, as authors of the words and music respectively, in a capital collection of *Original Songs, Movement Plays, and Games*, adapted either for kindergarten, school, or home use. The selection includes what may be called a "Doll Song-Cycle," a pretty little movement play called "Street Lamps," and a most engaging ditty called "On the Rocking Horse" full of the spirit of *cavalleria bambinesca*. Miss Simpson's tunes are bright, melodious, and simple,—in a word, just what is wanted for the end in view.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Acvaghosha's Discourse on the Awakening of Faith in the Mahayana, or 8vo.....(K. Paul)	5/6
Adcock (A. St. J.), The Luck of Private Foster, or 8vo (Hodder & Stoughton)	6/0
Andersen (Hans C.), Fairy Tales, illustrated by Tegner, 2 vols (Heinemann)	10/0
April Baby's Book of Tunes (The), oblong 4to.....(Macmillan)	6/0
Bailey (G. H.), Tutorial Chemistry, Part I, Non-Metals, or 8vo.....(Clive)	4/0
Berry (R. J. A.), The Essentials of Regional Anatomy, or 8vo.....(Churchill)	10/0
Birrell (O.), Love in a Mist, or 8vo.....(Smith & Elder)	6/0
Bradley (A. G.), The Fight with France, 8vo.....(Constable)	15/0
Breal (M.), Semantics: Studies in the Science of Meaning, or 8vo (Heinemann)	7/6
Calderwood (H.), Life, by his Son & Rev. D. Woodside (Hodder & Stoughton)	7/6

Campbell (J. G.), Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, cr 8vo	(Maclehose)	6/0
Chatterton (G. G.), Straight Shoes, cr 8vo	(Long)	6/0
Cleeve (Lucas), Yolande the Parisienne, cr 8vo	(Long)	6/0
Cooper (E. H.), Wymarne and the Mountain Fairies, 4to	(Duckworth)	3/6
Cooper (H.), The Monk Wins, cr 8vo	(Duckworth)	6/0
Cossins (George), A Boer of To-day, cr 8vo	(G. Allen)	6/0
Crawford (F. M.), In the Palace of the King, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Cundall (F.), Studies in Jamaica, cr 8vo	(S. Low)	3/6
Cust (L.), Anthony Van Dyck: an Historical Study, folio	(Bell)	105/0
Dawson (A. J.), The Story of Ronald Kestrel, cr 8vo	(Heinemann)	6/0
De Balancourt (Baron), Secrets of the Sword, cr 8vo	(Bell)	7/6
Demidoff (E.), After Wild Sheep in the Altai and Mongolia, imp 8vo (R. Ward)		21/0
Dole (C. F.), The Religion of a Gentleman, 12mo	(Harrap)	2/6
Don Quixote of the Mancha, illustrated by Walter Crane, imp 8vo	(Blackie)	6/0
Donovan (D.), The Adventures of Tyler Tatlock, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Dowling (A. E. P. R.), The Flora of the Sacred Nativity, 4to	(K. Paul)	7/6
Dubois (P.), Chat Wood, 18mo	(Harrap)	2/6
Dyer (H. S.), Pandita Ramabai, 4to	(Morgan & Scott)	3/6
Fairy Tales from Afar, cr 8vo	(Hutchinson)	3/6
Fifty-two Stirling Stories for Boys, edited by A. H. Miles, cr 8vo (Hutchinson)		5/0
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Fifty-two Stories of the British Empire, edited by A. H. Miles (Hutchinson)		5/0
Fletcher (J. S.), Morrison's Machine, cr 8vo	(Hutchinson)	6/0
Forbes (Mrs. W. R. D.), A Gentleman, cr 8vo	(J. Murray)	6/0
Fouillée (M. A.), Woman: a Scientific Study and Defence, cr 8vo	(Greening)	2/6
Freehette (L.), Christmas in French Canada, cr 8vo	(J. Murray)	6/0
Gates (L. E.), Studies and Appreciations, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
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Gusman (P.), Pompei, its City, its Life and Art, imp 8vo	(Heinemann)	36/0
Hare (A. J. C.), The Story of My Life, Vols. IV-VI, cr 8vo	(G. Allen)	31/6
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Hoff (J. H. Van T.), Lectures on Theoretical and Physical Chemistry, Part III, 8vo	(E. Arnold)	7/6
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BOOKS.

BIRD RECORDS FROM IRISH LIGHTHOUSES.*

IN some respects Ireland is not an ideal place from which to chronicle the migrations of birds. England is a "four cross roads" for the winged travellers going north to the regions of ice or to Norway, south to France and Spain, east to Denmark, and westwards to Ireland itself. Over the Emerald Isle there are only three roads and a blind alley; the three roads being to the north, the south, and to England, while the blind alley is to the western isles and coast of Ireland, and ends in the Atlantic Ocean. But the fact that it is an island, and has a ring of forty-two lighthouses and lightships round it, makes it possible to watch and chronicle the nightly flights of the migrants in a way which would be impossible on the Continent. Mr. Richard Barrington, an Irish landowner living on the skirt of the Wicklow Mountains, has achieved this great task at his own expense and charges for a period of eighteen years. Aided by the men on the lighthouses, who gave their services without payment, he has carried these records on over a period of ten years later than the reports obtained from English lighthouses by the Committee of the British Association, thus giving additional value to the conclusions formed. The apparent entry of birds into Ireland from over the Atlantic is described and explained. Out in the Atlantic, with no land to the westward nearer than the New World, are three or four fragments of rock, Tearaght, the Skelligs, the Black Rock of Mayo, and Eagle Island, on which are set the never-dying lamps. No birds cross the intervening ocean, the playground of the cyclones and the storm, except the wandering petrels. Migration from America to Europe, even if possible, would be useless. The birds of the New World, like those of the Old, change their climate by alternate flights between the tropical and temperate centre and the colder regions towards the Poles. Yet from these lonely rocks the lighthouse men see from time to time flocks of birds making their way, weary and foredone, to the shore, straight in from the Atlantic Ocean. "In November, 1884, large numbers of rooks were seen simultaneously at the Tearaght and the Skelligs, two island stations (in the Atlantic) twenty miles apart, and each nine miles from the shore, arriving in continuous flocks from the westward—i.e., from the open Atlantic—and passing towards land, at a height of from 700 to 800 feet during several days, a phenomenon which suggests the interesting question, 'Where were these birds coming from?'" What were rooks doing out between Ireland and Newfoundland? The entries of the lighthouse men are quite precise. On November 10th three hundred in continuous flocks of from fifty to two or three, some following far behind, and passing all day, were seen. On November 15th about three hundred, on November 16th one hundred. These flocks came in nearly every day for ten days. Several other records of these birds arriving from the ocean appear in different years. The rooks are so tired that sometimes they "fall over when resting," unable from sheer weariness even to keep upright on their feet, and in that state allow themselves to be caught by hand. Fortunately, this very curious fact can be accounted for. These Atlantic rooks have probably been passing from east to west, but have either overshot their mark, or perhaps missed the south extremity of Ireland, and found themselves out at sea. When they discover no land in front of them—a fact which their elevation above the surface of the water makes easy to ascertain—they turn, and arrive dead-beat on the western shore. Wisdom does not always guide the birds. Sometimes they rush straight out from land over the ocean.

Mr. Barrington believes that lighthouse observations do

not, as a rule, show what birds are going and coming, but only what birds have been migrating *into* the country, and by no means all of these. The reason for believing that only the entering, not the departing, host is chronicled is fairly convincing. The birds make their own record. They strike against the lighthouse lantern, and falling dead are picked up by the keeper of the light. Besides this evidence, there is that of the men who see the direction of their flight by day, of the season at which they arrive, and of the state and condition in which those birds are seen or picked up which have not killed themselves against the tower. In nearly every case when the flight of the birds has been seen, its direction has been towards the land. Summer migrants strike the lantern three times as often in the spring as in the autumn. The conclusion is that, even if those killed in autumn met their death by flying against the light as *they left the land*, the records are imperfect. There must be at least five times more birds leaving than coming, for all the young must be counted. Yet the records show far less. It is very doubtful whether even those killed at the lights in autumn are really on their way out of the country. It is much more likely that they are members of some partial movements of immigration. Probability is all against birds being killed when leaving land. In most cases the lighthouse is dark towards the land. It is generally on some cape or promontory which would itself be the natural starting point of the birds, consequently it is very unlikely that they would hit the light. Where the latter stands on an island off the coast, and on a line of migration, such as the Eddystone, they are no doubt killed when leaving the shore. But perhaps the clearest evidence that the birds seen at lighthouses are the in-comers, and that the outpouring streams are not seen, is the state in which the birds are seen around the lights. After each night's main passage of birds, and sometimes during the night, some remain, far too exhausted to go further. One particular robin, a very travelled bird, is reported from Mew Island, on the East Coast, to arrive every year about the beginning of October, and to roost for the night in the same place, a ladder-shed. But few birds are fortunate enough to know of a lodging. Generally they arrive quite tired out, a certain sign that they are finishing their journey, not making a start. Very many simply descend upon the lightship, and there die as they stand, or fall asleep. The entries, laconic enough, show this in the case of very many different kinds of birds. That of the rooks, which "fall over," has already been noticed. From Hook Tower, January 8th, we read:—"During the past four days green finches and other birds have been found here dying in hundreds. September 23rd: Several birds about ship; one died. October 14th: One green linnet on deck, 12 p.m.; remained feeding. October 19th: Some green linnets and a lark died on deck." This kind of entry is very frequent. It is remarkable that most birds set out for their migration flight at night. This enables them to arrive in Ireland, from any point in England, before dawn. If the ordinary sea-routes of birds in Europe are measured, and a very moderate rate of speed taken as the normal one—a conclusion which is far more in keeping with observed facts than any theory that special rates of speed are available for migration flight—it will be seen that there are very few crossing places which cannot be cleared in the course of a winter's night, or less, by birds flying at twenty-five miles an hour. The exceptions are the crossing of the North Sea from Norway to England, and the flight of the quails from Egypt to the Greek islands, in each of which the birds cross five hundred miles of sea. Very possibly birds delay their flight at sea in order to enter under cover of darkness. Scenes observed from the Irish lighthouses show that there are more perils than the length of the way, which may account for these nocturnal departures, and also furnish a motive for arrival by night. The seagulls, usually regarded as innocent ocean doves, act as pirates and wreckers to the aerial fleets of birds. They make the approach to land and safety a bloody and terrible ordeal. "Almost every year has afforded evidence that seagulls have been observed in the act of chasing and killing exhausted migrants, and the evidence amounts to cumulative proof that the carnivorous habits of the larger gulls are a real peril to birds on passage, larks, thrushes, and blackbirds being generally named as victims. The fullest notes are from Arklow North Lightship,

* *The Migration of Birds, as Observed at Irish Lighthouses and Lightships, Including Reports from 1881-1897.* By Richard M. Barrington, M.A., LL.B., F.L.S. With Analyses and Index. London: R. Porter. Dublin: E. Ponsonby. [25s. net.]

where Mr. Stapleton reports that numbers of small birds, larks, thrushes, and blackbirds, exhausted as they reach the ship, are followed and eaten by seagulls. When they happen to get a small bird they kill it and eat it, feathers and all." "Owing to their numbers," says Mr. Barrington, "gulls must be a great terror to all birds of weak flight, and are undoubtedly a greater peril to all species travelling over the seas than are hawks during the overland flight." Nearly all Indian and South African animals drink after sundown, waiting through hours of thirst because they fear to do so in the day. If quadrupeds have become nocturnal by inherited fear, the "birds that pass in the night" may do so for the same reason. Only one species seems usually to leave by day. That is the swallow, which, being the best flyer of all, has least to fear.

This book is a valuable and reliable addition to our knowledge of bird life. We have not space to quote more from its mine of facts, in which every species of bird killed at the lights is the subject of a separate *dossier*. Mr. Barrington does not touch the question of the causes of migration, or of how birds find their way; but he finds no evidence that the old birds precede the younger. This he is able to judge by the great number of wings of birds killed at the lights, which he caused to be forwarded to him for the purpose of identifying the species. The total absence of many birds from the lighthouse reports, though they are known to migrate, is not explained. On the other hand, no less than six rare birds have only been received from lighthouses. Far the greatest number of birds strike the lights in the two darkest quarters of the moon; but this does not prove that they prefer dark nights. On bright nights they see the lantern and avoid it.

OTTOMAN POETRY.*

IF the well-worn quotation from Fletcher of Saltoun could be applied to Ottoman poetry, we should have another example of the way in which brutal warriors delight in the mildest pleasures. An Alexander soothed by Lydian measures, or a Claverhouse revelling in perfume, would not present a more striking contrast than the bloody Turk of the late Professor Freeman's imagination chastening his soul with the tragic loves of Khusrev and Shirin or the mystic ghazels of Nesimi. But Ottoman poetry is in no sense "the ballads of a nation." It is a purely literary product, written in a language far exalted above the common speech, and couched in forms deliberately borrowed from an alien race. The history of poetry is, of course, full of conscious or unconscious imitation both of ideas and metres, but we can remember no instance of imitation so complete and servile as the Ottoman replica of the Persian muse. Form and sense are alike copied. The metres are Persian (or rather derived through Persian from Arabic); the forms and limits of the different classes of poems are Persian; the philosophy and imagery are Persian; the classical subjects of the metrical romances are a dozen Persian tales, perpetually repeated with varied elaboration; the very vocabulary abounds in Persian words. Ottoman poetry is, in fact, Persian poetry written more or less in Turkish. It can appeal only to the cultivated Turk, and has no meaning for the peasant. It is a Court poetry, an intellectual poetry, and an intensely artificial poetry. At the same time, it is well to be on one's guard in using the term "artificial." What seems so to us may not have appeared strained to the writers or readers of the time and the people of its composition. Latin metres have an artificial ring to the non-classical Englishman, but they came naturally enough to Roman poets. Mrs. Siddons spoke quite unaffectedly, it is said, in blank verse. Every modern Persian gentleman can string endless couplets together in the *mutakārib* measure of Sa'di's *Būstān* without an effort. Artificiality depends very much upon one's preconceived notions of the natural, and is often no more affected than "another man's doxy."

In the case of Ottoman poetry, the imitation of Persian was the result of propinquity. When the Ottoman clan emerged from the Turkish populations of Asia Minor and achieved dominion in the fourteenth century, it possessed no literary language, and its poetry consisted in rude popular

songs and ballads. The Turks, however, had a great respect for culture and wished to learn. The nearest and most obvious masters they could turn to were the Persians, who had long before perfected singularly beautiful forms of poetry, founded as to metre upon the Arabic, and as to subjects upon the national legends and histories of Iran. To form and romance the Persians added the peculiar fascination of a mystic philosophy, which enabled the profoundest truths or aspirations of religion to be expressed under the guise of human pleasures and affections. The influence of the great Persian mystic teacher, Jelāl-ed-dīn Rūmī, who lived at Iconium among the Turks, founded the Mevlevi Order of Dervishes, and wrote the famous didactic poem known as the "Mesnevi," was supreme in Ottoman literature. The poetry of the conquerors of Constantinople took its inspiration from the mystic master of Konya, and for over five centuries it remained Persian, mystical or romantic, rigid in form and sense, and cramped in a traditional mould from which there seemed no escape. It is only in the last half-century that Turkish poets have burst their bonds. Hāmid Bey, the present Councillor of the Ottoman Embassy in London, is the leader of the new movement, and his little book of ten poems, the *Sahrā*, published in 1879, opened what Mr. Gibb regards as a new era in Turkish poetry. It treats its subjects in a simple, natural fashion, totally unlike any Ottoman poetry that preceded it, and immediately aroused keen controversy and warm emulation:—

"It is now," says Mr. Gibb, "just twenty years since the first note of the new poetry was sounded, and within this brief period the whole aspect of things has changed. Where there seemed to lie the apathy of death there is now busy hopeful life; torpor and stagnation have given place to progress; for short as has yet been its life, the New School has passed through more than one stage. Although Turkish poetry owes this marvellous transformation to the influence of the West, the position of the New School towards Western poetry is very different from that of the Old School towards Persian. The aim of the old poets was to write what was practically Persian poetry, and that as far as possible in Persian words. The object of the new poets has not been to write Western poetry, nor yet to stud their verses with foreign terms; they have not turned to the West to learn what to think, but to learn how to think. They have studied the attitude of the Western poet's mind as displayed in his work, and they have themselves endeavoured to assume a similar mental attitude. As a consequence Turkish poetry has become for the first time natural and personal. But this is not all; by leading the Turk straight to nature, to nature on which at the bidding of the Persian he turned his back six hundred years ago, the West has unconsciously, but none the less effectively, opened the way for a poetry that is truly Turkish. The Turkish poet has learned at last that his true duty is to copy neither the Persian nor the Frank, but to interpret the heart of the Turkish people."

To the average English reader, who is "as ignorant of the progress of intellectual life in Turkey as of what may be developing in Mercury or Mars," this new departure in Ottoman literature will be not a little surprising. We confess we are not disposed to go as far as Mr. Gibb in enthusiastic predictions of a Saturnian age in Turkey; we have some ancient doubts concerning the behaviour of new wine in old bottles, and the Europeanising of Eastern peoples always appears a hazardous operation. The experiment is nevertheless extremely interesting, and we have every sympathy with Hāmid Bey and his followers. The Turks undoubtedly assimilated Persian ideas only too well; it is just possible that they may be equally able to digest the alien thought of the West.

Mr. Gibb's first volume, however, does not nearly extend to this modern development, except in a prefatorial sketch. It covers only the first of the five periods into which he divides the history of Ottoman poetry, and closes with the middle of the fifteenth century, before the Turks had even become masters of Stamboul. It includes also a most interesting introduction, in which the author treats of the origin and scope of Ottoman poetry, its philosophy and mysticism, verse-forms, prosody, and rhetoric. One need hardly say that Mr. Gibb writes as a master. He is undoubtedly the highest authority on Ottoman literature in this country, and his previous works have consistently maintained his reputation as a Turkish scholar. He is able to appreciate the niceties of Ottoman metrical refinements where few can understand them, and to reproduce them in his English translations with as much success as such imitations may attain. It was perhaps inevitable that he should fall under the influence of Mr. John Payne and Sir R. Burton, and over-

* *A History of Ottoman Poetry*. By E. J. W. Gibb. London: Luzac and Co. [21s.]

load his translations with strange, uncouth, and obsolete words; and, indeed, all three have this justification, that without resort to an extraordinary vocabulary it is almost impossible to reproduce the monorhyme of a ghazel, where some twelve or fifteen lines must end in the same rhyme. Still, all three translators take pleasure in using queer words in the middle of lines, where there is no such excuse, and it cannot be said that they add to the charm of the rendering. A more serious difficulty in the period of Ottoman poetry represented in this volume is its mystical technicality. Each short poem requires many lines of commentary to explain the meaning of the metaphors of the Sûfi philosophy. Mr. Gibb, we admit, is an admirable commentator, and in his footnotes, as well as in his wonderfully luminous introductory analysis of the mystic school, familiar yet puzzling to most of us in the quatrains of Omar Khayyâm, he shows a mastery of this fascinating philosophy surpassed only by Mr. E. G. Browne, whose *Year amongst the Persians* is one of the best introductions to Sûfi ideas that has ever been written. Both scholars are slightly biassed by personal predilection, and Mr. Gibb's scholarly criticism of the Ottoman poets—indeed of Ottoman things in general—errs on the side of partiality. It is the natural attitude of a student who champions an unpopular subject. People are apt to conclude, in their illogical way, that because the Turks behaved barbarously to the Armenians, therefore Turkish poetry must be barbarous. They will be surprised to find, on the contrary, that it is as polished, refined, and spiritual as the most fastidious purist could desire. To our mind, this is its great defect. We would rather read Turkish war songs—the “ballads of a nation”—than the aspirations of the mystic Dervish or the pernickity euphuism of the Court poet. “Psalms and spiritual songs” do not agree, any more than rondels and sonnets, with the popular conception of the “Unspeakable.” Yet the contrast is no novelty in history. The Turks have always been celebrated for their encouragement of literature and art, *testibus* the Seljuk Sultans and the Mameluke Kings of Egypt, and the present very able, thorough, and scholarly work may induce a better understanding of the Turkish character. Hitherto there has been no history of Ottoman literature,—for the Baron von Hammer's laborious compilation, valuable as it is, is little more than an elaborate biographical dictionary. Mr. Gibb breaks new ground in a critical treatment of the development of Ottoman poetry *ab ovo*, and his work is written in a clear easy style, unburdened with pedantry, which should commend his learned labours to the ordinary reader. No genuine student of poetry in its manifold expressions can afford to neglect so curious and interesting a phase in its history.

MISS COLERIDGE'S ESSAYS.*

WHY is it that women, who have so completely conquered for themselves equality with man in the field of the novel, have never won considerable repute in the prose essay, a branch of literature so closely allied to the other? Let us put aside the great names; there is no woman essayist whom we should care to mention in the same sentence with Mr. Birrell. The question must remain unsolved, so far as we are concerned, unless a suggestion of what we miss may imply an answer. In the essay it is essential to be brief, and yet leisurely; the appearance of hurry or jerkiness ruins its distinctive charm. And further, though this way of writing lends itself to a discursiveness that may even border on garrulity, some continuity of thought must be felt if not rendered explicit. Miss Coleridge plainly defies the latter of our two conclusions; her book is entitled *Non Sequitur*, and the finest inconsequence manifests itself in almost every essay. Sorry indeed we should be to deny that the loose play of a mind like hers, amply equipped with culture, keenly sensitive to every kind of impression, provided with an admirable instrument in her graceful style, and above all, interested in its own working, has a strong attraction. And yet—while it would be easy to name half a dozen men, born essayists by temperament, who laboriously pursue success with the novel—here we have regretfully to admit that a distinguished novelist is wasting her energies over the essay. Take her at her very best in the following passage from the paper on “Words” :—

“The strange part of it is that somehow or other we all become the hero of *Frankenstein* in the process; our own creations obtain a monstrous power over us. They get wings and fly whither we know not. Instead of ruling the words that we have made, we let the words rule us. We consider ourselves and others chained by a promise that has been spoken. The silent vows that lie below the faculty of expression we can forgive ourselves for breaking; we are, as we say, ‘bound by a word.’ Any one would think that we must owe great things to words to feel that we are thus beholden to them. We do indeed. They are the keys with which we enter other hearts, with which we open the doors of our own. Yet when we most need these keys, they are nowhere to be found. They are not good enough, it seems. Since I can find for the one whom I most love no other words to tell it than those which have been everywhere profaned, I leave them unspoken. I dare not change my admiration into so many letters of the alphabet; it would break the sentence to pieces and leave me foolish and ashamed. I let the hero go unpraised. Adam was the only man that could ever have proposed to a woman,—and he was above the necessity.”

Except for the opening sentence, which has somehow failed in the turning, that is a beautiful piece of writing; and the thought which leads off—the contrast of the spoken and the unspoken promise—is one which would have delighted Stevenson, the master whose utterance finds so frequent an echo in Miss Coleridge's work. But suppose the idea had presented itself to Stevenson, would he have dropped it so hastily? Would he not rather have recognised that here was something worth while to dwell on, something that could flash from many facets? Certainly if he had chosen to state the contrast and leave it, as more poignant in suggestion than nakedly put, he would never have spoilt its effect by bridging the passage between thought and thought with a mere verbal ingenuity. For Miss Coleridge has something else to say,—not so original, indeed, but still worth saying well, and well said when she comes to say it. But her linking sentence, about our debt to words, is a mere quibbling metaphor, and a bad metaphor at that, for it leads to another metaphor, this time a good one, but irreconcilable with what has gone before; and there is no better way to obscure the good than to mix it up with what is only passable. The more we look at this page of Miss Coleridge's work, the more angry we feel with her for having in sheer lightness of heart wasted so much good material. And her last sentence is worse than a *non sequitur* in thought; it is in the wrong key. A surrender to the temptation of smartness accounts for a vast number of women's failures in literature.

We cannot prove our respect for Miss Coleridge's talent more sincerely than by taking her thus seriously. For a book to pass half an hour over, hers is a very pleasant book; her impressions of travel are prettily jotted down, and they are always sympathetic—but then, they are not essays—they have rather the charm of letters. Miss Coleridge a century ago would have been a treasure to her acquaintance, and perhaps even to posterity. The sketch of an interview with Fanny Kemble is vivid enough to be well worth preserving; the paper on Canon Dixon and his poetry is a tribute of real eloquence—and a deserved one—to the genius of a dead friend. It shows a fine critical sense, too, as do the very brief remarks on Mr. W. B. Yeats. But if we are looking for essays proper, these things hardly count. The paper on “Paper Matches”—and on paper generally—is an essay, by all means, but a little too fine spun to wear long. Next to it comes a really touching piece of work, a reminiscence of childhood, “The Drawing-room,” and a little further on the delicate outline of a girl's figure, the faint fragrance of a girl's short life, are suggested in surprisingly few words. Going through life, if one has perceptions, one meets such figures, such incidents, and is tempted to preserve them; it is rather like shutting up a flower in a book. But the charm of these three pages is scarcely that proper to literature; it relies upon something that literature cannot give, an accidental pathos. Dr. John Brown's little portrait of Marjorie Fleming is the masterpiece in this kind, if it admits of a masterpiece,—and it has always seemed to us that “Marjorie Fleming” scarcely ranked among works of art, glad though one is to have it. Half a dozen sketches in South Kensington, to our mind, are the least successful things in the book, and by far the most inconsequent, almost random jottings of ideas. Yet everywhere through them Miss Coleridge pleases one either by what she recalls or by what she suggests. When she tells how she waited in the “Hall of Statues” till the “bloodless world”

* *Non Sequitur*. By M. E. Coleridge. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 16s.1

wearied her, and she "began to long for a ray of colour or reflection, *the look of eyes*," does she remember that passage in *Æschylus*—one of the poignantly human touches that mark him off from the marble perfection of *Sophocles*—which pictures *Menelaus* in his deserted halls: "Hateful to the hero is the grace of fair-limbed images, for in the vacant spaces of their eyes there perishes the whole spirit of love"? It is a merit of *Miss Coleridge's* that she is good company, and does not leave one stagnant in indifference. But not many books have come under our notice which had so plentiful evidence of the literary gift and so little mastery in the form of literature adopted.

GIFT-BOOKS.

TWO FAIRY BOOKS.*

MR. CANTON sets his fairy tales in a framework that is somewhat like that of the *Arabian Nights*. *Herla*, King of the Britons, whom we may suppose to be a far-away ancestor of *Caradoc* or *Canobelin*, takes to wife the daughter of the King of the Franks—that looks like an anachronism, but we are prepared for little difficulties of this kind—and makes a great marriage-feast. When the guests "have put off the desire of drink and meat," to use the epic phrase, the King invites them to tell tales old and new. Thereupon a certain "Born-before-his-time," who is old, yet young, proposes that these tales should be written in a book. Hence *The True Annals of Fairy Land*, otherwise *The Annals of King Herla*. No one will be surprised to find resemblances to fairy stories that he has heard long ago. These fancies grow up everywhere, and the soil being the same everywhere, though there is a plentiful variety of climate, grow up the same and yet different. In "Little Snow-White," for instance, the first in the order of telling, we have a variant of the "Three Bears," only for three bears we have seven dwarfs, and tragedy is introduced in the person of the cruel stepmother. The "Queen's Attendant" who tells the company about the "Love of the Dryad" must have taken it from the same source from which *Landor* drew his inspiration for the finest poem in his *Hellenics*. As for the "Argonauts," their adventures on Mount Pelion down to the return of the Heroes were found in the scroll which the "Tyrant of the Greeks" sent as a gift to *Herla's* Queen. King Lear was a British King, and we need not be surprised at finding his story in this company. This may be said, that wherever the stories come from, they are delightfully told. We do not want new things in fairy lore. "The old is better." Probably some of the commonly accepted tales are not really ancient, though this is not a question easily settled, but the brand-new fairy story is not a thing to be desired. One reason is that it is sadly apt to be didactic, and to have a moral. In the genuine thing the virtue that is best rewarded is being the youngest of three sons. If we have a fault to find with Mr. Canton, it is that there is something like a lesson in the ending of his "Annals." Poor King *Herla* is grievously punished for what, by fairy land morals, was no offence. Why should he not have been curious? Without curiosity we should have had but a poor show of adventures.

Mr. Andrew Lang has had to come down to a very sober colour in this his sixth "fairy book." But we do not see much difference between his "Blue" book and his "Grey." He has to go far afield, in fact to every quarter of the world, and so he contrives in one way or another to give a certain freshness to his materials. Fairy tales are bound to be more or less monotonous. "A certain number of incidents are shaken into many varying combinations," as Mr. Lang himself puts it, "like the fragments of coloured glass in the kaleidoscope," and the number of these combinations is limited. So it is with all fiction, and the limitation, indeed, is narrower when the fiction is supposed to reproduce actual life. But who objects? Certainly not the child, who, when he once takes a fancy to a story, likes to have it told, not only with the same incidents, but even in the same words. It is needless to indicate a preference among the five-and-thirty tales which are brought together in the volume. On the whole, perhaps, those of Oriental origin—possibly they are clever

imitations of Oriental style—are the most attractive. There is a certain impressive gravity about them, and they seldom deal in the horrible. Mr. H. J. Ford, whose pencil finds a suitable subject in beautiful Princesses, ogres, giants, dwarfs, dragons, and the like, has supplied some fifty or sixty admirable illustrations.

ANIMAL HEROES.*

THE "biography" begins as a biography should, at the beginning. We have a quite idyllic picture of the grizzly's cubhood, as he wanders about with his mother and his two brothers and sister,—an uncommonly large family for a grizzly, we are given to understand. They are as happy as Kings, scarcely a good comparison by the way, feasting on strawberries and red ants, with a change to a buffalo fish, for the bear is almost as miscellaneous a feeder as man. (How true it is, by the way, to say "out of fifty fish there is always a good chance of some being fools"; we are too apt to think that all animals have the intelligence of their kind.) But man intrudes upon the family party. The mother and three of her children are killed, giving the name of "The Four Bears" to a Western post-office—*si qua est ea gloria*—and 'Wahb,' the survivor, begins his solitary life. At first things go hard with him. A black bear nearly kills him; a coyote runs at him and gets more than he expects; a cow terrifies him; even the squirrels threaten him, fearing for their winter stores of nuts. It is one of the graphic little touches with which the biography abounds that the angry chattering of the little creatures when they see the intruder was not a mere outcome of wrath, but intended to let any more powerful enemy that might be following him know where he was. But the worst foe that 'Wahb' comes across is man. Once he just escapes from a trap; at another time he is actually caught, but sets himself free by a happy combination of cunning, strength, and luck. So he grows to his full length, trained by a hard discipline of solitude and danger. He is not by any means an amiable character; no society even of his own kind has softened his manners; but he is an heroic kind of beast. He gets what may be called his "scalps," one from an Indian, two from white men. Hunting stories are generally told from the man's point of view; now it is the man who is "a little in front," and not nearly so much as would be safe for him. 'Wahb'—so called by the Indians on account of his unusually light fur—becomes the terror of the countryside. So formidable a creature is he that one appreciates more than ever the familiar American jest, the answer of the man who was invited to join in a hunt for grizzlies and did not exactly like the prospect. "Wal," he said, "I haven't lost no grizzlies," half ashamed to refuse point-blank. But there is one episode in 'Wahb's' life which is not all blood and slaughter. He pays a visit to the Yellowstone Park, the great sanctuary of the West where nothing slays or is slain, and, after a brief initiation, accommodates himself to the *ethos* of the place. A ranchman who knew him at home is much astonished at recognising him among such strange surroundings, and can hardly believe that the "old reprobate" would know how to behave himself. And yet he did, though now and then he was misunderstood. Here is a little scene:—

"He wandered over to the hotel, one day, and in at the front door. In the hall he reared up his eight feet of stature as the guests fled in terror; then he went into the clerk's office. The man said: 'All right; if you need this office more than I do, you can have it,' and leaping over the counter, locked himself in the telegraph-office, to wire the superintendent of the Park: 'Old Grizzly in the office now, seems to want to run hotel; may we shoot?' The reply came: 'No shooting allowed in Park; use the hose.' Which they did, and, wholly taken by surprise, the Bear leaped over the counter too, and ambled out the back way, with a heavy *thud-thudding* of his feet, and a rattling of his claws on the floor. He passed through the kitchen as he went, and, picking up a quarter of beef, took it along."

This was very clever of 'Wahb,' but it was nothing to the ingenious trick by which another bear, very much smaller and weaker, takes him in. 'Wahb' had put his mark on a pine-stump, a sort of "Trespassers will be prosecuted" in bear language; it was a score on the bark at the highest point that he could reach. The intruder clambers up on a post and puts his mark a long way higher. "Prosecute me if you dare" was its

* (1.) *The True Annals of Fairy Land*. Edited by William Canton. London: J. M. Dent and Co. [6s.]—(2.) *The Grey Fairy Book*. Edited by Andrew Lang. London: Longmans and Co. [6s.]

* (1.) *The Biography of a Grizzly*. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. London: Hodder and Stoughton. [6s.]—(2.) *Raggy-Lug, the Cotton-tail Rabbit, and other Animal Stories*. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. London: D. Nutt. [3s. 6d.]

meaning. 'Wahb' sees the challenge repeated again and again, but never catches sight of the intruder. But the end our readers must find out for themselves. Briefly, we may say that this *Biography of a Grizzly* should become a classic in its kind.

The other volume of Mr. Seton-Thompson's which we have named is not new, but consists of extracts from his *Wild Animals that I have Known*. There we may read of "the King of Currumpaw," a mighty wolf, of the New Mexican cattle range, of "Vixen, the Springfield Fox," and two milder natures, "Raggy-Lug, the Rabbit," and "Redruff," a partridge of the Don Valley. All these creatures live, it will be seen, on the other side of the "dividing sea," but it will be well worth while to make their acquaintance.

The Century Magazine. May-October, 1900. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d.)—The chief feature of this half-yearly volume, as it was of the last, is Mr. John Morley's "Oliver Cromwell." In this instalment the story of the Protector is taken up at Charles's flight from Hampton Court, and carried on to the end. A special estimate is given elsewhere of this important work, which has been now published in separate form. All that need be said now is to recognise the truly historical spirit and judicial temper with which it is inspired. Most men want distance before the world they are looking at can "orb into the perfect star." To turn to matters of the present, we have seven papers on China. The most important of them is the "Plea for Fair Treatment of China" by the Chinese Minister at Washington. His Excellency makes one or two points. He may score for his side so much credit as belongs to the fact that the hideous stories of a great Pekin massacre were fiction. But, after all, it does not make much difference. The massacre was intended, and would have taken place but for the stubborn resistance which the Europeans offered. We did not misjudge the Chinese, who did their best to destroy the Ambassadors, either by force or by fraud; we did underrate the courage of the white men. If Wu Ting Fang is minded to write another paper for the *Century*, perhaps he would let us have his views about Prince Tung and the Empress-Dowager. Bishop Potter (of New York) has also a paper on "Chinese Traits and Western Blunders," which is well worth reading. It is not by any means an apology for Chinese misdoings, but it gives Western readers much to think about. The Chinese are convinced that it is the real object of the West to take their country, or at least so much of it as may be convenient to hold. And there is only too much reason for their conviction. The serial story is by Mr. S. Weir Mitchell, "Dr. North and his Friends." Among occasional papers we may mention Professor Knight's "Literary Shrine," an account of Dove Cottage, the home of De Quincey for some years from 1809 onwards, and of Wordsworth before and after the De Quincey occupation. It is now just a century since Wordsworth first took up his residence there. The cottage was purchased for the nation in 1900. Sir Walter Besant contributes three papers on East London, illustrated by Joseph Pennell and Phil May. There are two contributions about Klondike and Alaska. There is an interesting paper on Père Didon, with a very remarkable portrait.—*St. Nicholas*. Edited by Mary Mapes Dodge. (Same publishers. 8s. 6d.)—"Pretty Polly" is a pleasing story of child life, which runs through the volume. But *St. Nicholas* does not depend largely upon fiction, and it speaks much for the good sense of its *clientèle* that it does not. Its miscellaneous papers, as we have taken occasion to say more than once before, are admirably chosen. There is a delightful paper on "Literary Cats" (an instance, by the way, of the figure so dear to Virgil of the transference of epithets). Miss S. O. Jewett tells a good story of a terrier, and a cat who consistently bullied him. "He appeared, grinning in a funny way he had, and wagging his tail till he enticed me out of the kitchen. There I found 'Polly' on the cook's table jobbing away on some chickens which were waiting to be put into the oven." The cat was well cuffed, the dog meanwhile "dancing about the kitchen in perfect delight." But it is needless to recommend *St. Nicholas* either by general praise or by sample.

We willingly give our annual welcome to the *Boy's Own Annual* and the *Girl's Own Annual* (R.T.S., 8s. each). Fiction is, as our readers are doubtless aware, a staple ingredient in the *Boy's Own Annual*. It begins with instalments of four serial stories and one short story; then comes a trip "Through Canal-land in a Canadian Canoe"; this again is followed by an account of Thomas Hayward, the Surrey batsman. The number is completed with "utility" and natural history papers. This is a fair specimen of the contents of the volume. There is no need, however, to say much about it. Its place in the favour of young readers is

well established, nor, indeed, as far as our experience goes, is it only the "boy" who appreciates it. The companion volume has its distinguishing characteristics. What we have called the "utility" papers occupy more space, and are generally more varied and more important. There are, of course, papers on dress. There is also a series on "Bread-Winning at Home," a topic in which the magazine's special *clientèle* is very much interested. We may mention also what is likely to be a useful series on "How to Grow Apples and Pears." This year has not been a very happy one for fruit-culture, for the reason, strange at first sight to the outsider, that the harvest has been too abundant. Five shillings per bushel is at present almost the top price, and the commoner sorts have not been worth picking. "Apples," says Mr. B. Wells, "will pay to grow at 2s. 6d. per bushel." That depends on circumstances. One shilling must be taken off for carriage and commission; and the balance is not much for rent, rates, culture, and picking.

Gold in the Furnace. By M. H. Cornwall-Legh. (R.T.S. 3s. 6d.)—The two cousins, Mary and Milly, are feminine varieties of the two characters so familiar in fiction,—the "industrious" and the "idle" apprentice. The contrast between the strength and honesty of the one, and the feebleness and shiftiness of the other, is excellently drawn out. And Milly's rapid descent from bad to worse is described with a vigour that never passes into extravagance. But the special feature of the story, that which raises it above the average of other works of the kind, is to be found in chaps. 13-15, when Mary's life in prison is described (Milly has committed theft and contrives to have the blame cast upon her innocent cousin). One is reminded of Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend." The story is wholly different. Miss Cornwall-Legh has no special purpose, except to show the working of real Christian principle. But in power her work is quite fit to be ranked with that of the great novelist. We have seldom seen anything so good. And what a charming little touch is this. When Mary's innocence has been proved, and she is walking away from the gaol with the betrothed lover who has steadfastly believed in her all through, she will "buy him a wedding present." She had but 2s. 3d., earned by some sixty days' work in the prison laundry—for, as Mary puts it, "one could make nearly a halfpenny a day, if one was very industrious"—and that she is bent on spending in this way. This is as pretty a piece of pathos as can easily be found.

Piccalilli. By Edith Farmiloe. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—Miss Farmiloe illustrates with drawings of her own—mostly in outline, but not inexpressive, and carefully coloured—the little stories which she tells. Sometimes her pencil is a little more ambitious, as in "47," where she gives us "Presents for the Padre." The stories are of the simplest. Most of them have Italian surroundings, but others are English. Whatever they are they ought to please.—From the same publisher we have also *Who Killed Cock Robin?* and *A Frog he would a Wooing Go*, both of them with new Pictures by Mr. J. A. Shepherd. Surely the true text is "Froggy would a Wooing Go"?—*The Diverting History of John Gilpin* appears again, with Pictures by A. S. Forrest (Dean and Son). These pictures are not without humour, but we have seen better and more appropriate. They are of the babyish kind, and *John Gilpin* is not meant for babies.—*Ten Little Boer Boys*. By Mrs. Ernest Ames. (Same publishers. 3s. 6d.)—We have no inordinate affection for the Boers, but we must own to not caring for the fun of pictures which show them blown to pieces by lyddite and the like. Mrs. Ames should find worthier ways of employing a patriotic pencil.—*The Jungle-School*, written by S. H. Hamer, illustrated by Harry B. Neilson (Cassell and Co., 1s. 6d.), tells how an ape, who assumed the style and title of "Dr. Jibberjabber Burchall," opened a school in the jungle for animals, and how he fared; not very prosperously, as may be supposed. The fun is of a kind that suits the pencil better than the pen. And such we find to be the case. Mr. Hamer has done well enough, but Mr. Neilson has done better.—From the same publishers and by the same author and illustrator, the latter having the co-operation of Mr. Lewis Baumer, we have *Peter Piper's Peepshow*, a story of the "Alice in Wonderland" genus. Here, again, the fun of the illustrations is beyond doubt.—*A Trip to Toyland*, a picture story told by Henry Mayer (Grant Richards, 6s.), reminds us not so much of Lewis Carroll as of Hans Andersen, only that the fun is more extravagant. Mr. Mayer's pencil is inspired by a very daring fancy, and accomplishes some real originalities. The pictures are certainly beyond the average in force.—*Darton's Leading Strings* (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., 1s. 6d.) brings us down again from these wild flights to common things. The little ones who are guided by these "Leading Strings" should do well, for they are led to kind and good deeds.

Cynthia's Bonnet Shop. By Rosa Mulholland. (Blackie and Son. 5s.)—Cynthia is the eldest of three Irish girls, daughters of a "poor Irish lady." She has a gift for millinery, and, casting about for some means of relieving home wants, devises the plan of starting a bonnet shop in London. The stars in their courses fight for her. An unknown benefactor finds the capital wherewith she is to start. Friends take her up when she has carried her plan into execution, and—possibly most helpful of all—ingenious gossip-mongers spread abroad the tale that she is a fabulously wealthy person, a Russian Princess, or millionairess from America, who is amusing herself by keeping a shop. Anyhow, she is a success, repays the money and so forth. This is all naturally interesting, and loses nothing by the way in which Miss Mulholland tells it. But the tale will not, we imagine, please all readers. Some will think it a humiliation for woman that this prosperous undertaking comes to nothing, or, at least, is turned into a common trading concern run by some one whose natural vocation it is to keep a shop. And why is this the end? Because Cynthia marries. This is the inevitable ending. We shall not spoil Miss Mulholland's story by telling the secret of who it is that puts an end to Cynthia's commercial career. He is just what he should be. Are we to be sorry that these new ventures come to that commonplace end of marriage which is as old as the world itself?

Sisters Three. By Jessie Mansergh (Mrs. G. de Horne Vaizey). (Cassell and Co. 3s. 6d.)—Mrs. Vaizey tells the story of three girls who, finding themselves somewhat dull in their remote home in Westmoreland, think that they would like a little change. And change comes, partly of their seeking, and partly unsought. The tale is pleasantly and brightly told, the dialogue is easy and natural, the actors in the little drama are "alive." The interest lies in the love-making, as one might expect. This is managed cleverly and with good taste, and, if one could admit the idea of a girl being benefited by what she reads, the story of Lettice might be profitable.—*The Girl Without Ambition*, by Isabel Stuart Robson (same publishers, 3s. 6d.), will please readers of tastes somewhat different from those which would find a satisfaction in the story noticed above. It is less lively, but there is good sense and good feeling in it. The story of the mine and the restitution made by Madoc Hughes is a little out of the way. No coal-owner has ever thought of giving back any of the exorbitant profit made in 1872-73, when paupers became millionaires in three months. Nor do we expect to get back any of the money that they are taking from us now with almost as little reason. Perhaps Miss Robson's book might move them. Madoc won a very nice girl, and seems to have had quite as much money as he wanted to make himself and her comfortable.

Ben Cramer, Working Jeweller. By Stella Austin. (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co. 2s.)—Miss Stella Austin is always readable, but she seems to presume a little upon this faculty. A more loosely put together story we have seldom seen. It is not difficult to reach the end, in fact the way is never tedious, but we cannot help feeling that it is by a roundabout route that we have come. There is the customary "recognition" by way of a surprise at the end, but it has done duty many times before.—From the same publishers we have *Sylvia's Romance* (1s.), by Marion Andrews, a sufficiently pleasing tale in which the Jacobite conspiracies of 1715 are made to work in with the love affairs of the heroine. The highwayman of the period also plays his part. He gives the occasion for a rescue, and the rescue the occasion for a romance.—*On War's Red Tide.* By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N. (Nisbet and Co. 5s.)—We have had a sufficiency of true stories of the war, and are likely, to say the least, to have plenty of romances about it. Dr. Gordon Stables is early in the field, and deservedly favoured as he is by young readers, will doubtless have a welcome. He gives us the customary compounding of love and war, done in that cheery way with which we are familiar.

Stable Management and Exercise. By Captain Horace Hayes, F.R.C.V.S. (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. net.)—This is a really admirable book on the management of stables and horses. It is distinguished from other books of a like nature which we have come across by a judicious mixture of practical maxims and scientific opinions. There is no greater living authority on the subject than Captain Hayes; and he is convinced that the reading public, which becomes better educated every day, values opinions only when they are supported by valid reasons. Without going into veterinary matters, there is hardly a subject connected with stables that we have not found treated, always clearly, and usually in an original way. Rules for exercising and working, feeding and watering, grooming, clothing, and lodging horses are laid down, and the principles, theories, and causes which determine them are all explained. For this reason, perhaps, the book is not very suitable for the groom or coachman,

who would find the scientific parts rather beyond him. For the horse-owner we cannot recommend a better book.

Chums: an Illustrated Paper for Boys. (Cassell and Co. 8s.)—*Chums* is as good as ever. The times have, of course, brought their changes with them. Men at the front take the *pas* of cricketers, football-players, sprinters, and athletes generally. Then there is a serial, "Fought Out at the Front," by Mr. C. Heath Hosken, and a series of papers, "Under the Queen's Flag," though these take us to other places besides South Africa. And in the miscellaneous contents the South African business crops up again and again. All this is as it should be. At the same time, the features that make this periodical a general favourite are still to be found. Might we suggest that the bloodhound is not exactly the kind of dog which the reader would gather from one of the stories? He follows the track of a fugitive, but he is not ferocious. His name does him an injustice.

Tom Wallis. By Louis Becke. (R.T.S. 5s.)—This is a sea-story, but of a kind that a landsman may follow from end to end. Mr. Becke is, as our readers probably know, entirely at home in the regions of the Pacific. The whole tribe of beach-combers, traders in "blackbirds," wanderers who pass as shipwrecked men, but who in truth have given the slip to their keepers in New Caledonia, and other more respectable kinds of sea-going men are well known to him. He can reproduce their language, as far as it is discreet to do so, and can describe their ways of going on, with the same limitation. Altogether this is about as spirited and well constructed a tale of adventure as we have seen for some time.

A Door of Hope. By Annie L. Gee. (S.P.C.K. 2s.)—Eric, the hero of this story, is a little Dane, who, by some chance, is left behind by his kinsfolk, and falls into the hands of an English family. Here he shows the fierce temper of his race, gets into trouble, flies from the consequences of his own passionate act, and so plunges himself into another stream of adventure. This brings him into contact with the great English King,—for this is "a tale of the Danish Invasion in the Reign of King Alfred." It is something of a risk to introduce so majestic a figure into a story, so hard is it for the writer to be equal to the subject, but Miss Gee has done her work with sufficient success.

Imaginations. By Tudor Jenks. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)—There is plenty of fun in this volume. The adventurers who teach a savage tribe the art of skating on rollers, Merlina with the wizard and the magician (not the same things, it would appear), the Professor and the Patagonian giant (the giant finds a flavour of originality in the Professor by the simple process of eating him), and other whimsical people who figure in these pages are sufficiently good. Is not the form of the book a little too massive? Did not Dr. Johnson say something about the advantage of having certain books of a size which admits of being held in the hand?

Leila's Quest, and What Came of It. By Emma Leslie. (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)—It was certainly a little hard on Mrs. Mainwaring to have two children lost at the same time, one kidnapped by itinerant showmen, the other lost in the "quest" which she makes for her sister. But it supplies a good story; the two "recognitions"—and every one knows that the recognition is, according to Aristotle, a dramatic necessity—furnish two effective scenes. One is at the circus, the other in the work-house, and they are both well described.

Brownie. By the Author of "Probable Sons." (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s.)—This is a capital story of child life. "Brownie" the impulsive, the somewhat stolid "Buffy," who is her special charge, and the romantic Angelo are excellent figures. We have called Angelo "romantic," but he is something more. His simple faith in a Divine Helper is very touching, and the practical test to which it is put when he makes his way home—he has been kidnapped by an *impresario* for the sake of his voice—is a very effective part of the story.

Bessie. By Edith E. Cowper. (S.P.C.K. 2s.)—Bessie Vowles has an admirable lover and a ne'er-do-well brother, and the one suffers from the fault of the other. But the ne'er-do-well has his good qualities, and these are effectively brought out in Miss Cowper's story. Miss Cowper, indeed, knows something of the art of managing lights and shadows. There is no kind of story in which this is more needed than the didactic. The unredeemed villain is bearable in the romance, but a tale of real life is unconvincing when it introduces him.

The Three Witches. By Mrs. Molesworth. (W. and R. Chambers. 3s. 6d.)—Mrs. Molesworth's introductions are just a little too long. Even the "Great Wizard of the North" sometimes bores us—if it is not too audacious to say so—before he gets to his real

story. She should make her children a little less loquacious. They talk very well, it is true, but they talk too much. Apart from this, the story will be found sufficiently pleasing. The oldest "witch" of all is a specially attractive creature.

Lone Star Blockhouse. By F. B. Forester. (S.P.C.K. 3s.)—This is a story of life on the prairie. The characters and the incidents are, we may say, familiar, but they are put in a fresh setting, and are fairly effective. The lad who goes by the nickname of the "Seraph" is more of a novelty, and contributes considerably to the general success of the tale. Surely he need not have been made so hideous as he looks in the frontispiece!

CURRENT LITERATURE.

TWICE CAPTURED.

Twice Captured. By the Earl of Rosslyn. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 10s. 6d.)—We may leave out of consideration much of this volume, not because it is without interest or value, but because it does not come within the scope of criticism, at least of such criticism as we feel competent to exercise. Lord Rosslyn has a quarrel with the military authorities on the subject of the treatment of war correspondents in general and of himself in particular. That is a very thorny question. There is not, we fancy, a general agreement even on the initial proposition, that the war correspondent is a beneficial institution, though there can be no doubt at all that he has "come to stay." And there must be an indefinite variety of opinion as to particular cases; so much depends on the occasion and on the man. Then there is a bitter complaint against the Press censor at Pretoria, Lord Stanley. Our author was very anxious to start a newspaper in that place after it had come under British rule, and Lord Stanley would not allow it to appear, even though Lord Roberts had said that he had no objection. The worst grievance seems to be that Lord Stanley himself started a newspaper a fortnight after Lord Rosslyn had left the place. That, we take it, was an official gazette, and an official gazette is scarcely a "paper" in the sense in which a professed journalist means the word. It is at least possible to imagine that a journal conducted by Lord Rosslyn, who has a way of saying what he thinks with much clearness and very little respect of persons, might be inconvenient. Certainly it would have added considerably to the censor's employment. It could hardly have appeared without some supervision; and we cannot imagine anything more difficult than to exercise such a supervision without offence on the one side and danger on the other. Then there is a criticism on the conduct of the war. The writer of this notice is one of the very few people in England, possibly the only one outside the hundred thousand or so infants that have not yet learnt to talk, who has neither uttered nor written any criticism on military operations, and he means to keep to the rule. What remains is mainly Lord Rosslyn's account of his captivity at Pretoria. He was, indeed, "twice captured," but his first imprisonment lasted but a short time. On the first occasion he was, so to speak, lost on the veldt, and rode into a place in Boer occupation in the hope of "bluffing" the people in command. In this he failed, but he escaped the next day. He escaped, however, only to share the fate of the Irish detachments that were compelled to surrender at Mosar's Hoek on April 4th. About the first captivity there is, of course, little to say, except that the Boers into whose hands he fell behaved like brigands, robbing him of his personal property. The second captivity was a much more serious matter, for it lasted for a couple of months, and Lord Rosslyn's account of it is well worth serious study. The exciting part of it comes when Lord Roberts was near Pretoria. On May 29th the prisoners' hopes were roused by hearing a cannonade, which the experts declared was not more than twenty-five miles away. Then came the request from the authorities that twenty British officers would go and keep order among the prisoners at Waterval. Lord Rosslyn, who was always on the watch for opportunities, obtained leave to accompany them. The scene at the soldiers' camp was interesting; one notable detail being the tunnel which the men had excavated for escape. It was to have been used the next day. The arrival of the British army of relief was for some of these poor fellows a positive misfortune. They would probably have got away; as it was, they stayed, and were removed to Machadodorp by a scandalous breach of faith on the part of the Transvaal Government. Of all the scandalous acts of President Kruger and his Ministers, this was one of the worst. There are few more interesting passages in this interesting book than Lord Rosslyn's account of Colonel Blake, of the Irish-American Brigade. Lord Rosslyn can do justice to an enemy. Irish-Americans are not exactly favourites here, but Colonel Blake is made quite an attractive figure.

THROUGH FIVE TURKISH PROVINCES.

Through Five Turkish Provinces, by Mark Sykes (Bickers, 7s. 6d.), shows that Sir Tatton Sykes's son has begun his adventures early, and knows how to rough it in the East. It is not often that Cambridge undergraduates get leave of absence for Lent term in order to visit Baghdad and Mosul, and we imagine that, though many of them would like to emulate Mr. Sykes in his delightfully independent tour, very few would come so triumphantly through the troubles of Syrian and Mesopotamian travel, encounters with Bedouins and Kurds, and finally a sledge journey across Russian Asia Minor. Beyond this element of originality, and of capacity for adventure, there is really nothing specially noteworthy about this unpretentious little record. Mr. Sykes is clearly of a practical, matter-of-fact turn; he does not waste words upon scenery or antiquities, but fills his diary with notes of the everyday occurrences of the road (or no road), of the people he met and nighted with, and the doings of his servants. Mr. Sykes evidently does not entertain an exalted opinion of the Oriental mind or character, as the following quotation will show. He came across a grand new road near Deir, beside the Euphrates:—"It is a fine piece of work," he remarks; "very broad and wonderfully level. But the inhabitants of this country with that peculiar perverseness which characterises Orientals prefer stumbling over rocks and stones on one side or in a morass on the other to walking on the road. But this is only one example of Oriental 'cussedness.' If it is possible to put a thing to a use for which it was never intended an Oriental will do it. If you give him a Slade-Wallace spade (which comprises a pick, a hammer, and a shovel) he will most probably use the pick as a pair of tongs, the hammer as a weapon, and the shovel as a tray to bring in your coffee. If you point out that the shovel is not a tray, but is meant to dig trenches with when it rains, he will smile contemptuously and show you his new wood-chopper which he always uses for that purpose. If you give him a coat he will either wear it the wrong way about, or cut off the sleeves for gaiters and then use the body as an umbrella." We fancy Mr. Sykes's sense of humour, which is healthily developed, must have run away with him about the spade; but there is little exaggeration in the following account of some Persian pilgrims:—"The people were interesting but fluent liars of the first order. From three different people I received the following answers as to the distance between Baghdad and Teheran. The first said it was twenty-two, the second forty, the third thirty days' journey. I was also told that the weather they had had was beautiful; that there was snow ten feet deep all the way; and that there was continual rain. One of the muleteers, who was certainly the ugliest man I have ever seen in Asia, sat in my kitchen tent and described to me the road between Baghdad and Mosul which it was my intention to traverse. He began by telling me that many, very many Europeans made use of it every year, perhaps some three thousand; but when pressed he modified this and said that he had known two European gentlemen go by it two years before. He went on to say that it was fearfully dangerous; that no one ever travelled by it and lived; that, in fact, one Kurd from that country would rob a caravan of five hundred bold men like himself!" In the sequel Mr. Sykes had some rather exciting experiences, and had to display his rifle and revolver pretty often; but it is clear that he would rather be shot at by Kurds than foregather with an Armenian:—"The Armenian inspires one with feelings of contempt and hatred which the most unprejudiced would find it hard to crush. His cowardice, his senseless untruthfulness, the depth of his intrigue, his lack of one manly virtue, his helplessness in danger, his natural and instinctive treachery, together form so vile a character that pity is stifled and judgment outbalanced." We certainly cannot consider Mr. Sykes unprejudiced, but it is odd how similarly the Armenians strike widely different observers. The Turks, on the other hand, appealed to the traveller's respect, at least in the matters of good-breeding and hospitality—he had a charming experience in the house of a veteran of Plevna—whilst in Russian Asia he met with unqualified "insolence and stupidity," had his pockets turned out and robbed, his saddlebags opened, and the contents strewn about, and suffered all the indignities of a brutal Customs-house. Of course, his experience is not extensive, and he was to some extent disabled by linguistic obstacles; still, there is something in first impressions, especially when they are put down in unvarnished colours, just as they come. Mr. Sykes writes very well, in a bright, easy style; he is careful about Arabic words, and has his views about majuscules; his book is illustrated by excellent reproductions of some of his capital photographs, and is printed to perfection at the Chiswick Press.

THE PRIMITIVE SAINTS OF THE SEE OF ROME.

The Primitive Saints of the See of Rome. By F. W. Puller, of the Society of S. John the Evangelist, Cowley. Third Edition. (Longmans and Co. 16s.)—We welcome the third edition of this very able work, which is an honour to Anglican scholarship. Doubtless there are High Church implications involved therein which it would be hard to sustain, and some positions taken up whose flank might be attacked and turned by criticism. But the whole book is so fair and calm, the controversy is carried on in so excellent a tone, the writer is so manifestly trying to get at the truth, that one could wish (after surveying the history of vindictive theological conflict) that the Christian spirit which pervades this entire work had characterised all religious thinkers. In essence, Mr. Puller's idea is to test the claims of the Papal See in the light of the Saints and Fathers of the Church. If the powers of the Papacy are and always have been what the Vatican Decrees have declared, we shall find clear guidance and full confirmation from the writings of the great saints. But as a plain matter of fact, we do not. Such is the contention of this work, which examines the great crucial cases on which Rome relies. Two important cases are first dealt with,—the Paschal controversy and the supposed testimony of Irenæus. As regards the former, we find that the Pope endeavoured to get the Churches of Asia to observe the Roman Easter, and in particular threatened Polycrates with excommunication for disobedience. Polycrates declined, and Jerome, writing his *Life*, "says nothing about rebellion or any other wrongdoing," as he would had he held the doctrine of Papal supremacy. Mr. Puller turns the treatise of Irenæus, "Against all Heretics," which Romanists appeal to, against them. The saint, who derived so closely from St. John, treats the Churches of Smyrna and Ephesus as on an equal footing with that of Rome, and his language regarding the latter, while admitting the sense of what our author calls "firstness," excludes the meaning of ultimate jurisdiction. The apostolic tradition is preserved in the Roman Church, but by whom? "By the infallible Pope? No! by those Christians who have come to Rome from the other local Churches." The witness of Cyprian and his controversy with Pope Stephen, and the testimony of Augustine to Cyprian as to the attitude of the Church in Africa, are fully set forth, and the same conclusion derived, that these saints knew nothing of the Papal power supposed to be conveyed by Christ to St. Peter. Christ's own command to Peter recorded in the Gospel is then dealt with, as is the first Council of the Church in Jerusalem, when not only did St. Paul withstand the Prince of the Apostles "to his face," but St. James, not St. Peter, presided and delivered what Rome would now call the "allocation." These are specimens of the large body of evidence collected by the learned author. How, then, did Papal claims arise and grow to such proportions? it may be asked. The answer is that the gradual growth of the great centralised power we call the Papacy was due to political, not to religious, causes. Perhaps these political causes were in some degree more inevitable, even more justifiable, than our author supposes. The position, e.g., of Gregory the Great, a pillar of moral authority amid a world of strife and chaos, could scarcely but build up the secular power of Rome. But in any case the main contention is sound, that Rome built up her centralised system under the Popes because she inherited her centralised political system under the Emperors. She has been the "ghost of the Roman Empire," as Hobbes said. The examination of the forged documents by which this Papal claim has been supported forms a part of this work. No Romanist can find fault with Mr. Puller's tone or method of reasoning, and he will find it hard to refute his arguments.

THE LAST OF THE CLIMBING BOYS.

The Last of the Climbing Boys: an Autobiography. By George Elson. With a Preface by the Dean of Hereford. (John Long. 6s.)—Most men who have passed middle life, especially those who were born and reared in the Midland Counties, can remember that when they were young the sweep was always accompanied by a little boy, who climbed up the chimney inside with a brush and a scraper, which he waved out of the top of the chimney, if it was too narrow there for him to put his head through, as a sign that he had done his work. Not only so, but sweeps figured largely in the nursery literature of the time, which frequently contained references to boys being stolen by, or bought by, sweeps for the purpose of climbing chimneys. One such ran somewhat as follows:—

"Little Tommy Torment
Did many cruel things;
He caught the flies to play with,
And then pulled off their wings."

Mamma was very angry,
And sold him to a sweep;
And now up chimneys dark and drear
Must Tommy Torment creep."

But the sweep literature culminated in that great classic, "The Water Babies," which has made Tom and Grimes household words among us, and which will perpetuate the memory of what is now a trade of the past, all chimneys being now cleaned by machinery. It is, however, always of interest to be able to regard any subject from the inside, and we are pleased that the author of the book before us, who followed the profession of a sweep, boy and man, for a considerable part of his life, should have given his own experiences to the world in book form; and, apart from the main subject, he has succeeded in producing an interesting and readable book. He was born at Northampton in 1833, the son of a hawker; and he and his brother followed a vagrant life for some years, not unfrequently leaving home for weeks at a time, and supporting themselves by any odd jobs they could meet with, till they fell in with a sweep, who initiated them into his business. Into the details respecting the work of a boy in sweeping chimneys, and discussions on the structure of chimneys, and the causes and treatment of chimney fires, &c., we cannot here enter. Suffice it to say that from being a chimney-sweeper's boy Mr. Elson afterwards became a master sweep, a teetotaler, a reformer, and the secretary of a Mutual Instruction Society at Teddington. But as he grew older he found the business of a chimney-sweep too trying, so he set up as a shop-keeper for a short time at Hereford; but he did not long continue that employment, but engaged himself as shampooer in a Turkish bath, and swimming-master; and from this took to massage; and at this point our author, having worked himself up to a position of comparative wealth and independence, parts company with us. He met with many adventures and many curious characters in the course of his life, and anecdotes about all sorts and conditions of men, and general observations on its various incidents (including the Turkish bath), lend great variety to his pages.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

English Composition: a Manual of Theory and Practice. By L. Cope Cornford. (David Nutt. 3s. 6d.)—To teach composition is not an easy matter, but that in no wise exonerates the teachers who have neglected this important subject. It is not, as they are fond of averring, an incommunicable gift, but can be taught just as grammar and mathematics can. It is true that you cannot implant in a child the style of a Raleigh, a De Quincey, a Macaulay, or a Walter Pater—if you try you will only produce a grotesque parody, for their styles are part of their personality and grow from within—but you can teach him, provided he is moderately intelligent, to form a style of his own, by making him select and arrange his material with care, and choose out of a large vocabulary, which is itself only a matter of reading and observation, the words and combinations that will best convey the exact idea that he has in his mind, and in this the analysis of recognised styles is of the greatest use. The chief difficulty in teaching composition is that the teacher should be in a position to help and correct the pupil,—which is not always the case. Mr. Cornford's book, which contains a large number of analysed examples, endeavours to lay down in broad outline the principles upon which the art of composition rests, and to mark out the path that the student should follow in setting about any piece of composition. Thus, given the subject, he distinguishes four essential factors of composition,—viz., invention, which suggests the possible modes of treatment, and depends on imagination; selection, which determines the special treatment to be adopted, and depends on judgment; disposition, which orders the matter in a manner suitable to the treatment adopted, and depends on method; and finally diction, which clothes the whole in language, and depends on taste. We must confess that here judgment, method, and taste appear to us very much the same thing, and subsequent pages do not altogether convince us of the author's powers of analysis. Thus, having divided composition into five "orders"—viz., story, description, dialogue, letter, and essay—in the discussion of which he suggests many sound principles, some of which are none the better known for being as old as Aristotle, Mr. Cornford finds a "problem" to be the foundation stone of narrative. Many stories, no doubt, rest on problems, but apart from the subjective problem of how the narrative shall be composed—and we do not feel quite satisfied that the author has steered clear of the confusion—we doubt the universality of the proposition. In any case, it does not go to the root of the matter, for it is not into a "problem" that a story ultimately resolves itself, but into some fundamental idea which is illustrated by the particular circumstances that form

the narrative,—often, for instance, upon the sympathy or incompatibility of two characters, or the discord of a character and its surroundings. The problem necessitates the existence of a plot; whereas, in truth, the plot merely exists to illustrate the idea. The style in which Mr. Cornford writes is very elementary (rather too much so for the subject, it seems to us, but the author is a practical teacher and ought to know); the book, however, should be of service, if only on account of the admirably selected and arranged extracts, which form the greater bulk of the slender volume.

WITH THE BOER FORCES.

With the Boer Forces. By Howard C. Hillegas. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)—The author of this book is an intelligent American journalist whose duties carried him to the Boer side in the late war. His sympathies are frankly with the Boers. "I spent many weeks with them in their laagers, commandos, and homes, and I have none but the happiest recollections of my sojourn in the Boer country. The generals and burghers, from the late Commandant-General Joubert to the veriest Takhaar, were extremely courteous and agreeable to me, and I have nothing but praise for their actions. In all my experiences with them I never saw one maltreat a prisoner, or a wounded man, but, on the contrary, I observed many of their acts of kindness and mercy to their opponents." Yet Mr. Hillegas obviously desires to be strictly impartial, and his sincerity in this respect is unquestionable. On the whole, however, the information he supplies is more important than his opinion. Some of that, it is true, is not very fresh; we had known before Mr. Hillegas wrote that "the Boer Army fought with guns and gunpowder, but it had no discipline, no drills, no forms, no standards, and not even a roll-call. It was an enlarged edition of the hunting parties which a quarter of a century ago went into the Zoutpansberg in search of game—it was a massive aggregation of lion-hunters." On the other hand, we have a fuller and more systematic account of the part played in the war by the foreign auxiliaries of the Boers, nearly nine thousand in all, including six thousand Afrikaners, than has previously been supplied anywhere. Mr. Hillegas testifies that the French legionaries were of more actual service to the Boers than those of any other nationality, because they were given the opportunities of doing valuable service. He speaks highly of the adventurer Viscount Villebois-Mareuil, who was killed at Boshof in April, saying that he was "an exceptionally brave man, a fine soldier, and a gentleman whose friendship was prized." Mr. Hillegas has not much that is positively new to say of the military system—or want of system—of the Boers. But he gives a good illustration of individual initiative among the burghers. At Modderspruit two young Boers—Lieutenant Oelfse, of the State Artillery, and Reginald Sheppard, of the Pretoria commando—observed a strong force of the British advancing towards a kopje where the Krugersdorp commando was concealed. "The two men saw that the Krugersdorpers would be cut off in a short time if they were not informed of the British advance, so they determined to plunge across the open veldt six hundred yards from the enemy's guns and tell them of their danger. No officer could have compelled the men to undertake such a hazardous journey across a bullet-swept plain, but Oelfse and Sheppard acted on their own responsibility, succeeded in reaching the Krugersdorp commando without being hit, and gave to the commandant the information which undoubtedly saved him and his men from being captured." Mr. Hillegas's book is also valuable for its pen-and-ink portraits of the generals who figured in the war. Occasionally he writes of them too much in the style of the female novelist, as when he sentimentalises over the personal magnetism of Louis Botha. "Strangers who saw him for the first time loved him. There was an indescribable something about him which caused men looking at him for the first time to pledge their friendship for all time. The light in his blue eyes seemed to mesmerise men, to draw them, willing or unwilling, to him." But the bulk of his sketches are written less effusively.

BLANK VERSE LYRICS.

Blank Verse Lyrics, and other Poems. By a Colonial Professor. (Nutt. 2s. 6d.)—The title of these poems challenges attention, and the student of verse is immediately interested. If there is one thing easily demonstrable by logic on *a priori* grounds, it is the superiority of unrhymed poetry over rhymed. *A posteriori*, in the concrete instance, this position is by no means so easy to establish, except in regard to the drama. The work which has been done in blank verse by poets of outstanding eminence in this century is precisely that part of their work which seems inclined to drop out of sight. Take the cases of

Wordsworth and Browning, to begin with,—is it not at least plausible to assert that "The Excursion" and "The Ring and the Book" owe their only chance of survival to the rhymed poetry of their authors? Take Shelley; take even Tennyson,—the Idylls were in their day enormously successful, and yet it is rather to "Maud" and to "In Memoriam" that believers look for the poet's hope of immortality. Still, nothing that Tennyson wrote is likely to outlast "Ulysses" or "Tithonus," and in these poems blank verse was put to a use that approached the lyrical. Moreover, as every one knows, Tennyson repeatedly introduced into his blank verse narrative poems, pure lyrics written in unrhymed verse, of which "Tears, Idle Tears" is only the best-known example. This device of giving to the ordinary unrhymed decasyllabic line a more definitely rhythmic pulsation by a subtle grouping of accents, and of enhancing the effect by repetition so as to produce stanzas, is one which the poet invented for himself. Milton, no doubt, could have done it, but the artifice was not consonant with his severe harmonies; and very few other poets have attained sufficient skill with this difficult instrument. The "Golden Treasury" contains two examples of the unrhymed lyric: Collins's "Ode to Evening"—a kind of Horatian stanza, which was enthusiastically praised by Palgrave, but, in our judgment, disappoints the ear with a continued suggestion of rhyme—and Lamb's pathetic lines with their queer dragging cadence, "I have had playmates, I have had companions," which produce the same effect of a recurring stanza as Tennyson achieved, though a stanza of infinitely less range and complexity than his. With these models before him, the "Colonial Professor" might have achieved something that should have a high technical interest. But, unluckily, all his unrhymed poems appear to us mere passages of ordinary competent blank verse, full of Tennysonian echoes. Any one of them might perfectly well be an excerpt taken from some longer composition; and, therefore, whatever else they are, they are not lyrics, for a lyric, the complete expression of a single mood, is essentially an organic whole, that cannot possibly be taken for the creditable specimen of a larger lump. We should be sorry to deny to the writer of this volume a competent skill in verse, but he has made things too easy for himself. To write verse, as he writes it, with here and there a good line among lines that are passable and scan correctly, is a long way easier than writing even decent prose. He should lay to heart Gautier's utterance:—

"Fi du rythme commode,
Comme un soulier trop grand,
Du mode
Que tout pied quitte et prend."

Lyrics can be written, we are certain, in unrhymed English, but only by a reversion to the old Saxon type of metre, with its strong stresses and its linking alliterations. Mr. Stephen Phillips, indeed, has published at least one exquisite lyric, written in a stanza that employed no rhyme, and based itself purely on accent; but the example is not an easy one to follow. Poetry has always danced, must always dance, in fetters; that is the plain truth of it. To go back to Gautier:—

"Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle
D'une forme au travail
Rebelle,
Vers, marbre, onyx, émail."

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

The Royal Observatory at Greenwich. By E. Walter Maunder. Illustrated. (R.T.S. 5s.)—Mr. Maunder, who is already known as a pleasant popular exponent of the fascinating science of astronomy, has devoted the leisure of his hard-working life as an assistant at Greenwich to writing a most excellent account of the Royal Observatory, which he modestly calls "a glance at its history and work." He begins by describing the life of the eight Astronomers-Royal, from Flamsteed to Mr. Christie, under whose guidance the Observatory has been shaped into its present form as the headquarters of that astronomy which aims at practical results in regard to navigation. In the opening chapter he shows us how the Observatory was established by Charles II., a King whose intelligent interest in scientific work is too often forgotten by those who quote Rochester's libellous epigram: a Monarch who founded the Royal Society and the Greenwich Observatory can hardly be said never to have done a wise thing by those who look back across two centuries and see what has sprung from those two foundations. It was on the King's own initiative, too, that he did it. "I was told," writes Flamsteed, "that, my letters being shown King Charles, he started at the assertion of the fixed stars' places being false in the catalogue; said, with some vehemence, 'He must have them anew observed, examined, and corrected for the use of his seamen;' and further (when it was urged to him how necessary it was to have a good stock of observations taken for correcting the motions of the moon and the planets) with the

same earnestness, 'he must have it done.' And when he was asked who could or should do it? 'The same person (says he) that informs you of them.' So Flamsteed was appointed "to apply himself with the most exact care and diligence to the rectifying the tablos of the motions of the heavens, and the places of the fixed stars, so as to find out the so-much-desired longitude of places for the perfecting the art of navigation." Greenwich is still engaged on this work. Though it is now done with a degree of perfection of which Flamsteed never dreamed, every new improvement does but point the way to another refinement. Mr. Maunder draws an admirable distinction between the work of Greenwich and that of other observatories. Elsewhere astronomers may sweep the sky for new planets or spend laborious but delightful hours in searching the show-places of the heavens,— "the vivid green light of the great Orion nebula—that marvellous mass of glowing, curdling, emerald cloud—or the indescribable magnificence of the myriad suns that cluster like swarming bees or the grapes of Eshcol in the constellation of Hercules." But at Greenwich they never forget that we are the first of sea-Powers, and that our chief duty in astronomy is to make navigation easier for the ships of all nations. The close connection between Greenwich and the Navy is well brought out in Mr. Maunder's pages, which contain an informal but very interesting history of the growth of exact navigation. It is only of late years that any work has been admitted to Greenwich which had not a direct bearing on this subject, and even now the study of physical astronomy, though the most interesting to people in general, is there kept rigorously down to a minimum. Mr. Maunder's later chapters describe the work now done at Greenwich in detail, and give not only a lively picture of the inside of the jealously guarded Observatory, but a graceful sketch of a great part of modern astronomy.

THE PEOPLE OF CHINA.

The People of China. By J. W. Robertson-Scott. (Methuen and Co. 3s. 6d.)—In a small volume of 180 pages Mr. Robertson-Scott has collected a great quantity of information about the mysterious China, as to which we seem to be always learning and always confessing our ignorance. He modestly disclaims any first-hand knowledge of the subject, and only asks to be considered a "transmitter" of other people's experience and thought. As such he has certainly accomplished a useful work, particularly valuable in view of the large size and price of most of the really trustworthy books on China, which puts them out of the reach of many ordinary readers. It is chiefly as a book of reference for the history—both remote and recent—of China, and for the outline of its Constitution, that this little book will be found useful, for when he attempts to describe the character of the Chinese, and still more to forecast the future of their country, Mr. Robertson-Scott can hardly fail to give an impression of superficiality, seeing that all his opinions are given in a succession of short extracts from books, speeches, and magazine articles. He has nevertheless been careful to go to the best authorities for information, and the names of Sir Robert Hart, Dr. Morrison, Mrs. Bishop, Li Hung Chang, and one or two more give weight to even fragmentary quotations from their writings. On the whole the impression left by the book is more favourable to the Chinese than we might have expected in the light of Dr. Morrison's letters from Peking. At least it seems to be clear that in the face of our own very imperfect civilisation, and the memory of our grievous mistakes in dealing with China, it does not become us to abuse indiscriminately a people who have the dignity of an age-long history behind them, and whose reputation in matters of commerce and intelligent self-government is singularly clean. Again and again, in reading Mr. Robertson-Scott's clear epitome of their history and government, we are brought up short by amazement at the vitality of a nation, "the fathers of which invented the compass shortly after the death of Aristotle; printed their Classics five centuries anterior to the time of Caxton; established the coinage of the square-holed copper cash, which are still practically the only currency in the Middle Kingdom, several hundred years before the Christian Era;" and is still alive and vigorous to assimilate or reject the fruits of the more rapid developments of Western peoples. Assuredly it is wise, as well as deeply interesting, to learn all we can about such a nation, and we may well use Mr. Robertson-Scott's handbook as a very good basis on which to found our further studies.

BIRD GODS.

Bird Gods. By Charles de Kay. With an Accompaniment of Decorations by George Wharton Edwards. (Harry R. Allenson. 7s. 6d.)—The author remarks in his preface: "In the study of

man's groping toward religious belief, one factor has been much neglected: the influence of birds and beasts on what may be called prehistoric religion." He has, therefore, written an amusing, if somewhat unconvincing, book in illustration of the proposition that birds were regarded as supernatural beings by prehistoric nations, and worshipped as gods; and that as civilisation advanced they were anthropomorphised as gods and heroes, while still retaining traces of their original bird origin. The chief birds discussed are the dove, the woodpecker, the cuckoo, the peacock, the swan, and the eagle, and the author's illustrations of his thesis are taken from the mythology and epic poetry of Greece, Rome, Persia, Ireland, Esthonia, Finland, &c. But folklore is a very extensive subject, and it is very easy for analogy-hunting to lead incautious speculators to the strangest conclusions. One writer will maintain that all religion and all occultism have no better foundation than the lowest prehistoric barbarism; another, that all ancient literature is full of allusions to the prehistoric destruction of the earth by comets; another, that the whole Bible is full of allusions to Herodotus's story of the robbery of the treasury of King Rhampsinitus, and so on. Consequently, when Mr. de Kay tells us that because the cuckoo lays its eggs in other birds' nests it was supposed not to know its own relations, and that this explains stories of unnatural relationships, such as those of Oedipus and Kullervo, and shows that these heroes were originally regarded as cuckoos, we must confess to feeling a little sceptical. Nor are we convinced that anybody who may have carried his father out of danger is necessarily a bird, yet Mr. de Kay writes: "And in her son Æneas certain bird-traits occur, such as his bearing his father Anchises on his back, which resembles the carrying off by the phoenix of his parent bird." He also offers a new explanation of the much-debated custom of the couvade: "We may guess that it began with the observation that male birds assisted in the brooding of the eggs." On his own lines, a far more plausible explanation would seem to be that many male birds only assume their distinctive plumage during the pairing season. But while we have read Mr. de Kay's book with amusement and perhaps instruction, we are not inclined to adopt all his views as to the pre-eminent importance of birds in the study of mythology and folklore.

THE SCIENCE OF CIVILISATION.

The Science of Civilisation. By Cecil Balfour Phipson. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)—The title is a little too ambitious for this work, although in some ways it is an interesting and suggestive volume, coming into direct collision, as it does, with some of the dogmas of the so-called classic political economy. Mr. Phipson considers himself to have made good his three main aims. Practically, he seeks to show the principles upon which alone a government can enable its increasing population to provide itself with an abundant supply of food. Theoretically, he seeks to show the falsity of (1) the Malthusian theory of population, which he does easily, though he is unable to substitute any true law of population; (2) the Roman theory of justice by which the State enforces the payment of private debts,—Mr. Phipson is of opinion that Roman juristic tradition and influence have been by no means the beneficent power it has been customary to assume; (3) the philosophic theory of human nature, which asserts that reason is man's sufficient guide for conduct. Mr. Phipson is here inclined to assert with Mr. Balfour that tradition and moral feeling are truer actual guides than the analytic reason. We quite agree, but in the first place there is no ultimate quarrel between the emotions and the reason, and in the second place it is not accurate to say that pure reliance on reason is the "philosophic theory of man." The "categorical imperative" of Kant, the moral feeling doctrine of Shaftesbury, the "faith" theory of Jacobi, are examples of a quite different philosophy. In the third part of this book Mr. Phipson seeks to reconcile Christian ethics with scientific economics, and to show that no political economy will stand apart from belief in the divine righteousness and government of the world. This is, of course, the great problem of our age, and while we cannot say that our author has solved it, we can certainly bear testimony to some of his suggestive hints, and to the noble earnestness which characterises this portion of his work.

SIR JOHN FOWLER.

The Life of Sir John Fowler. By Thomas Mackay. With Illustrations. (John Murray. 16s.)—Sir John Fowler must be reckoned one of the grand old men of the Victorian era, for his work began before her Majesty's accession to the throne, and he died the year after the Diamond Jubilee, being then more than eighty years old. He saw the great railway boom and collapse of the

later "forties," he took the lion's share in the creation of the Metropolitan Railway, and crowned a life's work with the great Firth of Forth bridge in conjunction with Sir Benjamin Baker. A great bridge is the real test of the scientific engineering of the modern man, and the great cantilever—borrowed from the Chinese, by the by—is almost incomprehensible to the ordinary man. Sir John was in request in Egypt and in Italy, and his was the tact and good sense that prevented Garibaldi committing the Italians to some monstrous project of diverting the Tiber from Rome for the purpose of draining the Campagna. He was as great an organiser and commander as he was an engineer. So sound and thorough were his knowledge and grasp of his subject that had he been born twenty years later we are confident that his energy and largeness of conception would have created something to startle even these *fin-de-siècle* days. But the ceaseless energy and vitality of the man were at every one's call. The only one project that failed, a favourite with him to the last, was the Channel Ferry, and we may see that yet. The Russians have such a ferry on Lake Baikal, and though the Channel is not a lake, we build steamers now big enough to carry a whole railway train. The Parliamentary Committee refused assent to the scheme, and no reasons were given, a well-known rule, but the objection to the ferry scheme was doubtless the same as to that of the tunnel. Mr. Mackay has been at the disadvantage of not having known Sir John Fowler personally. The second drawback, that of not being an engineer, is not a disadvantage at all, for had an engineer been entrusted with the life and achievements of the man, he would have prepared a series of volumes of such monumental dimensions that we should have lost all sense of proportion in the mass of facts. But never to have known the man is a serious drawback. Yet it has made Mr. Mackay all the more painstaking and careful. It has eliminated undue eulogy and prepared an absolutely just conception of the man as a great and sterling character.

THE GROWTH OF THE EMPIRE.

The Growth of the Empire. By A. W. Jose. Revised Edition. (Angus and Robertson, Sydney.)—The first two chapters, though Mr. Jose hopes that they are saturated with Seeley, are none the less full of points selected and accentuated with fresh emphasis and insight. The first reviews the Empire as it stands, compares it with the ancient dominion of Persian, Macedonian, and Roman, and glances at its cost. We count gains but not losses; nevertheless it is fascinating to realise the sums of hard cash we have paid out in the last hundred and fifty years to secure the right to colonise where and when we chose. The second discusses the beginnings of colonisation, and nothing is more curious than the fact that we still had so many freebooters while other nations were really trying to found settlements. We were the laggards, as Mr. Jose says, till the first settlers went out; and now such is the freedom of English Colonies that possibly some people may deny their right technically to be called an Empire. It is an interesting point to Mr. Jose. His chapters dealing with Australia and the Cape are worth anybody's while to read. He certainly possesses the faculty of presenting a clear summary, and always appears to hold the scales fairly. This work is published in Australia, and is written in a tone and with a pride that must have received gratification from the signing of the Commonwealth Bill and the combined efforts to reassert the Empire which are being successfully accomplished in South Africa. We can heartily commend both the subject and style of this able and most admirably arranged history of the British Empire.

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by James Hastings, D.D. With the Assistance of John A. Selbie, M.A. Vol. III., "Kir—Pleiades." (T. and T. Clark. 28s.)—The line taken by the editor of this work and the distinguished company of scholars who contribute to it is sufficiently well known. They use a free but not destructive criticism which will, we hope, be welcome to all but the "extreme right." Of the more important general articles in the portion now published we may mention those on the "Language of the Old Testament" and the "Language of the New Testament," "Miracle" (by J. H. Bernard, working out especially the essential difference between *τέρατα* and *σημεῖα*), "Money" (a particularly excellent essay), and "Number." Among the books discussed we have "Malachi" and "Micah" (which is pronounced to be a composite work), the "First and Second Epistles of Peter," "Philippians," and "Philemon." Mr. F. H. Chase comes to a conclusion adverse to the Petrine authorship of 2 Peter. He assigns it provisionally to the middle of the second century. It was known to Origen and probably to Clement of

Alexandria. On the other hand, it implies a general recognition of, and acquaintance with, the Epistles of St. Paul which must have taken some considerable time to be developed. On the general question of authenticity the adverse indications afforded by the style and the vocabulary are dwelt upon. The references to the development of Gnostic thought are such as to preclude an Apostolic date. Two of the Gospels, Mark and Matthew, fall within the range of subjects; Professor Salmond contributes the former; the latter comes from the pen of Professor Bartlet. These two agree in the priority of St. Mark, and in the indebtedness of the writer to St. Peter. Professor Salmond holds that Matthew was only in a limited sense the author of the Gospel which bears his name. We must not forget to mention the very full article by Professor Findlay on "Paul the Apostle." A student could hardly desire a better guide. There is a particularly valuable bibliography. Mr. Turner, writing on "Philippi," favours, we see, the emendation of *πρώτης μερίδος* for *πρώτη τῆς μερίδος*. Philippi was in the first division of Macedonia, though it certainly was not the first city in the province of Macedonia (taking *μερίς* as "province"). Professor Ramsay's conjecture that St. Luke was a native of Philippi, and that his partiality for his birthplace thus expressed itself, seems to us highly probable.

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movements, his unwearied industry in collecting materials, and his advantageous position for obtaining information, it must be considered as an authority of the first class. We may refer, as the subject has been discussed recently in the *Spectator*, to Captain Siborne's plain statement (p. 463) about Trip's Dutch-Belgian Cavalry ("which retired in such haste that the two Right Squadrons of the 3rd Hussars and of the King's German Legion experienced the greatest difficulty in holding their ground"), and about the Cumberland Hussars (Hanoverians) ("which went altogether to the rear, spreading alarm and confusion all the way to Brussels").—*History of the Church of England for Schools and Families*. By the Rev. A. H. Hore. (J. Parker and Co. 5s.)—*The Journal of John Woolman*. With an Introduction by J. G. Whittier. (Headley Brothers. 3s. 6d.)—Woolman, we may remind some of our readers, was a friend and a pioneer in the great cause of the abolition of slavery.—*The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*. Illustrated by W. H. Robinson. With Introduction by H. Noel Williams. (G. Bell and Sons. 6s.)—It would have been better if Mr. Williams had made his introduction purely literary. The questions about Poe's character are not quite so easily disposed of as he would have us think.—*The Medea of Euripides*. With Notes and Introduction by F. T. Allen, Ph.D. Revised Edition by Clifford H. Moore, Ph.D. (Ginn and Co., Boston, U.S.A.)—*Architecture and History and Westminster Abbey*. By William Morris. (Longmans and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)—Printed in the "golden" type designed for the Kelmscott Press.—In the charming "Little Library" series (Methuen and Co., 1s. 6d. each vol.), we have received *The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson*; *Maud, and other Poems*; and *Cranford*. Notes and an Introduction are contributed by J. Churton Collins, Elizabeth Wordsworth, and E. V. Lucas respectively. In each case the task has been performed with skill and sympathy; Mr. Lucas's introduction in particular is admirably done, though we cannot share his view that "Margaret Ogilvy" "falls into a place by *Cranford* very naturally and comfortably," or endorse his very faint praise of "Mary Barton."—In "The Temple Classics" (J. M. Dent and Co., 1s. 6d. net), *Cranford*. This edition has no notes or introduction, but is embellished by a charming portrait of the author and a facsimile of her signature, showing the beautiful handwriting which her family inherit.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1900.

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NOTICE.—With this week's "SPECTATOR" is issued, gratis, a LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE first and most important decisions as to the reconstruction of the Cabinet were announced on Friday morning. After much hesitation, mainly caused, we imagine, by his personal delight in the work, Lord Salisbury resigns the Foreign Office, but, accepting the dignified sinecure of Lord Privy Seal, remains Prime Minister. This is the great change of all, and is one which will be cordially welcomed by all who understand public affairs. Lord Salisbury has been an admirable and singularly successful Foreign Minister, but it is impossible that any one who holds that great office, with its hourly and heavy responsibilities, should be an effective chief of the Executive, and in the times which are at hand the country will urgently need such a chief. The war has revealed that the great machine of administration has grown cumbrous and in some departments even weak, and the searching reforms which are required can only be carried through by Secretaries who have the energetic support of a Premier with his intellect and his time unembarrassed by departmental duties. Lord Salisbury knows how to govern as well as how to administer, and it is governing work which is now required of him, and which he has set himself, perhaps with some reluctance, but with a full sense of his duty, to perform.

Unhappily Lord Salisbury has begun with a mistake. The country will learn with amazement that he has selected Lord Lansdowne, who has shown in the War Office that he does not possess the imagination for business which is the source of foresight, to succeed him in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The theory, of course, is that the Secretary will be guided by the Premier, and continuity of policy be thus assured. But this is a day of political earthquakes, and in remedying their effects continuity is not the only necessity. If Lord Salisbury interferes much, he might as well be loaded with the Department, and if he interferes little, the country may find itself, as it did in South Africa, suddenly in the midst of unforeseen disasters. Besides, even if the Premier detects in his brother-Marquis qualities which the public do not see, the prestige of victory tells in politics as well as in war. The public will not repose in Lord Lansdowne that confidence which in a veiled Republic is such a source of strength, while diplomatists abroad, from Count von Bülow to Li Hung Chang, will believe that the British Government has suddenly gone weaker. Mr. Balfour, to name only one alternative, would have worked as cordially with his uncle,

and would have brought a great reflective mind to the Foreign Office.

The other appointments are good. Mr. St. John Brodrick, who becomes Minister of War, is familiar with the Department, thoroughly acknowledges the necessity of reform, and is a firm man. Whether he possesses the needful constructive originality may be still uncertain, but he will not minimise the necessity for change, and he will possess the advantage of a quite singular capacity for making detailed changes intelligible and acceptable to the House of Commons. Lord Selborne, whose elevation to Cabinet rank is fully justified by his admirable record, becomes First Lord of the Admiralty; while Mr. C. T. Ritchie, who will be the new Home Secretary, Sir M. W. Ridley taking a peerage, is believed by those who work with him to be as good an administrator as the late W. H. Smith proved to be, and has certainly displayed remarkable tact and skill in settling difficult labour questions. There are, of course, many rumours as to his successor, and as to the necessary permutations among Under-Secretaries and the like, but we prefer to wait for definite information, only regretting that Lord Salisbury has apparently not seen his way to reduce a preposterously swollen Cabinet.

The news from China this week is not important. At least we ourselves attach little importance to the stories of proposals to pay the Allies £40,000,000, to allow them to have guards in Peking, to surrender the right to import arms, and all the rest of the details telegraphed to Europe. These things merely represent the talk going on in the Legations, which, as the Chinese are playing for time, is endless. What seems solid is that the Empress has despatched a great officer to the Yangtse Valley with orders to get all the revenue he can, to remit food as well as money to Sian—Peking was fed by a tribute of rice like ancient Rome—and to raise Volunteers upon the "Boxer" model. That exactly confirms Sir Robert Hart's account. The stories of executions and suicides among the great officers of the Court are of course merely feelers, the men executed or "suicided" only changing their names. We see no evidence that we are even approaching a solid treaty, and much that the Court is determined not to yield while it can help it. Very large bodies of troops and Volunteers are gathering towards Sian for its defence, and reports are frequent that all who arrive are drilled and instructed by officers who learned of the "foreign"—that is, Japanese—mercenaries. The Empress has not, however, as yet obtained any cavalry from Mongolia, though that ought to be one of her reserve resources.

All plans for superseding the Manchu dynasty are set aside with the remark that there is in China no alternative family known to the whole people. That there is no Royal Family is true, but there is a family older than that of any Tartar Prince, revered throughout China by all grades and classes of men, and better educated, if not more enlightened, than any of the great Mandarins. Suppose, if the Powers are driven, as we think they will be, to their wits' end, they acknowledged the descendants of Confucius as the Royal house of China—Marquis Tseng was one of them—and picked out of it one as the immediate occupant of the throne. Would the Chinese not respect him, especially if we let him govern, and execute a few score highly placed scoundrels as a hint that he meant to be obeyed? That he would be pro-foreign we should not expect, but if he will govern decently, observe treaties, and substitute an army for this dangerous organisation of Volunteers, why do we want him to be pro-foreign, that is, treacherous to China? What is wanted is an effective Government there with a strong personal interest in hanging

the guilty Manchu nobles, and it is becoming doubtful whether we shall get one without displacing the present dynasty. We entirely admit there might be civil war, but would civil war be worse than the existing anarchy tempered by lies?

The news from South Africa shows that while the number of Boers in the field is steadily diminishing by casualties, captures, and surrenders, the temper of those remaining under arms is more revengeful and murderous than ever. President Steyn and General Botha have refused to negotiate on the basis of surrender, De Wet's movements are now animated solely by a desire to do damage to property, and on the other hand Lord Roberts has been driven to adopt more drastic measures for the punishment of treachery. After General Barton's successful action at Frederickstad on the 25th, three Boers were court-martialled and shot for firing on our men after holding up their hands in token of surrender, while General Hunter has burned down Bothaville and a number of farms, from which we had been treacherously assailed, between that town and Kroonstad. General Rundle has been engaged in clearing the country between Vrede and Harri-smith, and has regarrisoned Bethlehem, while General Paget has made a great haul of twenty-five thousand cattle near Pienaar's River on the Pietersburg Railway. As a set-off fifty cavalry were ambushed between Springfontein and Philippolis, and an outpost of ninety men captured at Geneva Siding. The troops were subsequently released, but a mail train was "held up" and looted. The Canadian regiment has been given a great welcome on its return, and Lord Kitchener, bidding farewell in Lord Roberts's name to a number of Australian troops at Pretoria, declared that their magnificent spirit and fighting qualities had excited the admiration of all with whom they had been associated. Praise from Lord Kitchener, as even Mr. Hales will admit, is praise indeed.

The French Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, made a speech at Toulouse on Sunday which should when the Chambers meet produce prodigious excitement. He declared open war upon the religious Associations of France. He affirmed that they had replaced the monasteries over a larger area, that they possessed £40,000,000 in land and perhaps as much in personalty, and that they had such an influence on education that the man trained in their schools was a different being from the one trained in the schools of the State, often indeed incapable of understanding him. The Church through these Associations has become an "occult and rival" power to the State. The Government intend, therefore, to limit this acquisition of property, if not to reduce that already acquired, and further, to make employment under the State conditional on training in State schools. To be trained in those schools will in future be held "proof of elementary loyalty" to the Republic. "Those who have no ambition to become State officials may prepare themselves, when and as they like, for the numberless liberal, commercial, or industrial professions open to them. But the service of the State is not a profession, it is a function, and if the education of these officials offends the conscience, how is it that this conscience does not experience at least equal scruples in serving the State?" That is the deadliest blow levelled at Catholicism since the days of the Terror. It is, as we have contended elsewhere, a most unwise one, and it will rouse a fury of antagonism between the two parties to which even France has hitherto been a stranger.

The remainder of the speech consisted of certain proposals, the principal of which is a duty on successions, probably as a substitute for the hated Income-tax, and of strong and obviously sincere declarations that the Government intend to defend the Republic, to place the civil power above the Army, and to compel the latter "to take no cognisance of divisions, which only weaken it," that is, in fact, to ignore politics. To this end it is intended to introduce more centralisation into the Army, so that individual generals should have less power. The Government, in fact, adopts "a policy of Republican action," which, M. Waldeck-Rousseau twice hints, has been approved in advance by the thirty thousand Mayors of France, who, we may remark, were recently banqueted without any of the blunders shown in entertaining the C.I.V. That banquet has evidently greatly encouraged the Ministry. There can be no doubt, we think,

either of the courage of the present French Cabinet, which rises indeed to the point of audacity, or of its devotion to Republican institutions. What is now in question is its judgment in committing the Republic to a war *à outrance* against the Church. It is not always safe, or right either, to attack institutions because their temporary action is most annoying.

The morganatic marriage of the Austrian Heir-Presumptive, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, to the Countess Chotek, has raised a serious question as to the succession to the Hungarian throne. The party of M. Kossuth, which favours independence, declares that the House Law of the Hapsburgs is of no validity in Hungary, that the morganatic idea has never been accepted there, and that therefore the Countess Chotek must be Queen of Hungary and her children must succeed. The "renunciation" signed by the Archduke operates only in Austria. The Government of Buda-Pesth contest this idea warmly, and will probably carry their Bill legalising the renunciation, but it is not so easy, as we once saw in England, to settle the idea of legitimacy by Bill, and the Countess Chotek's children may one day have a formidable party behind them.

The important meeting of German peasant farmers at Greifswald ought not to pass unobserved. We have heard so much of the grievances, real or alleged, of the Agrarians, that we are apt to suppose that the German "rurals" are united in support of general reaction and of extreme Protection. But the attitude of the Prussian squires is not that of the peasants, as this conference revealed. Protectionism as demanded by the Agrarians was denounced on account of its bad effect on the town markets, where high prices render it impossible for the artisans to raise their standard of living, and consequently to make any effective demand on the small producer. Therefore, not only are the industrial classes of Germany being impoverished by a high tariff, but the smaller agricultural producers are also being injured, the sole beneficiaries being the landlords. Germany is reproducing English experience. English history has demonstrated that a crowded industrial community can only make progress by Free-trade. The German Kaiser apparently wants to push German trade while "protecting" the Prussian squires. That is an impossible task, as he will discover.

The *Times* correspondent in New York reports that the Bryanites begin to despair, and are threatening to resort to violence when the balloting begins. Governor Roosevelt was pelted with eggs at Elmira on Monday, and even Mr. Chauncey Depew, most popular of orators, has been mobbed. Mr. Croker, the "boss" of Tammany, openly recommends Democrats to throw the returning officers into the street, affirming that they intend to falsify the returns. Of course, the warning thus publicly given will call the Republicans to arms, but we fancy it is, except in New York City, a mere counsel of despair. No party in America, and especially no minority, can carry an election by violence. The masses of voters are too great, and the area covered is too wide. It would be easier to terrorise or bribe the Electoral College, but we doubt if that has ever been attempted, though Mr. Tilden, we believe, in the exasperation of his defeat, was of a different opinion. A serious attempt to prevent the ballot from acting would, of course, mean civil war, and a perception of that fact restrains even the worst of American party leaders.

The reception of the C.I.V., postponed from Saturday till Monday owing to the delay in the arrival of the 'Aurania,' left nothing to be desired in regard to the numbers and enthusiasm of the crowd, or the appearance of the troops themselves. Detraining at Paddington at midday, the men, some thirteen hundred strong, headed by their field battery and mounted infantry, and escorted by a number of Volunteer bands, marched to St. Paul's, where a thanksgiving service was held, and thence to the Honourable Artillery Company's quarters at Finsbury, where they were entertained at a banquet. The aspect of the men, bronzed, lean, alert, yet serious-looking—modern warfare has a strangely sobering effect—was in striking contrast to their appearance when they left London less than a year ago. The procession, though in the main impressive and in-

spiring, was marred as a pageant by the failure of the authorities to control the crowd. The line of route being much shorter than that traversed at the Jubilee, and stand being few and far between, the crowd was probably the largest and—owing to the failure to guard the side avenues—the most unmanageable ever collected in the streets of London. Again and again the line was broken through by ugly rushes; Ludgate Circus was the scene of a dangerous panic; and in all upwards of eleven hundred cases were treated, including many serious injuries and a few deaths. The scenes in the streets at night, again, were marked by an amount of violent horseplay difficult to reconcile with our traditional character for self-repression. On the whole, London showed to greater advantage in the dark days of last December than in the rejoicings of Monday.

As we have been criticised for over-eulogising the achievements of the C.I.V. in last week's issue, we may point out that Lord Roberts, who knows best, gave them a testimonial in his parting address that fully justified our reference, and that the C.I.V. themselves are not in the least likely to forget his appeal to them to let the country know what a splendid fellow "Tommy" is. We are glad to note that in his excellent speech at the banquet Colonel Mackinnon took occasion to commend the public spirit of the employers of labour in London who, in many cases at great personal sacrifice, had retained their men's names on the books. That is in the spirit of Pericles's famous speech, who said, speaking for the Athenians of his time: "Wealth we employ not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it," and foreshadowed the temper of our citizen soldiers in the memorable words: "If then we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers?" The Queen's tribute to the returning troops was worthy of the occasion and of herself. "Tell them," she said in her message to Lord Wolseley, "with what pride and satisfaction I have received unvarying reports of their gallant and soldierlike conduct during the dangers and hardships of a trying campaign. While joining in the happiness of the many relatives and friends who celebrate the home-coming of their dear ones, I deeply sympathise with those who look in vain for them that, alas! no longer stand in the ranks with their comrades." She further paid them the compliment of opening the Marble Arch, and with characteristic consideration withheld the news of the death of her grandson, Prince Christian Victor, a gallant, popular, and distinguished officer, until the procession had taken place.

Messrs. A. J. Evans and D. G. Hogarth in the modest appeal for funds to prosecute their explorations in Crete addressed to Wednesday's *Times* give a remarkable summary of the splendid discoveries already made at Knossos and the cave of Psychro on Mount Dicta. These amount to the discovery of a palace "beside which those of Tiryns and Mycenæ sink into insignificance," containing gigantic jars "that might have hidden the forty thieves," an alabaster throne, fresco paintings, a marble fountain, &c., together with a quantity of clay tablets—probably palace archives—in the hieroglyphic Cretan script, dating back some seven centuries earlier than the first known monuments of the historic Greek writing. This great palace with its "maze of corridors and tortuous passages" is, in the opinion of the writers, none other than the Labyrinth of later tradition, and the throne may well be that on which Minos once delivered the law. There remain the very successful explorations in the cave of Zeus on Mount Dicta, where quantities of votive offerings have been found. Five-sixths of the cost of the work at Knossos—where the House of Minos is still but half uncovered—have so far fallen on the explorers' shoulders. It would indeed be a national disgrace if for lack of public support—£3,000 are needed to execute the contemplated programme—British archaeological enterprise failed to maintain the splendid lead won by the exertions of Messrs. Evans and Hogarth.

We regret to record the death of Professor Friedrich Max Müller. Born in 1823 in Anhalt-Dessau, then a centre of much cultivation, and the son of a considerable poet, the

young German learned everything, and finally, after acquiring many languages, devoted himself to Oriental study. He became a great Sanskrit scholar, and obtained from the East India Company an appointment as translator of the Vedas and other early Sanskrit literature, which maintained him for twenty years. From 1849 he held various professorships at Oxford, all of which he used to diffuse knowledge on the favourite study of his life,—comparative philology. There can be no doubt that being a born litterateur with many languages at command he exaggerated the aid which comparative philology can give to history; but though he was fanciful and scattered his great powers over too many subjects, he was a really learned man, and his series of "Sacred Books of the East" is a monument of his prodigious and fruitful industry. The depth of his scholarship has been doubted, but he knew much, and never buried any of his knowledge. We should ourselves say, after reading many of his speculations, that his mind, though wonderfully nimble and capable of appreciating many ideas at once, lacked penetration; but perhaps only a profound student of the Asiatic philosophies could be sure of the justice or falsity of that opinion. The objection sometimes raised to him because he was a German is absurd. Nobody can "beat the bounds" of the parish of Learning.

The *Times* of last Saturday publishes in large type a letter from a military correspondent on military officers' expenses. This writer says that the cost of living in a regiment has been greatly increased by the reduction in the number of officers, that the minimum cost of food is now 4s. a day (£73 per annum), and that consequently the minimum allowance from his family to a subaltern must be £120 a year. This, he says, will do in a well-managed regiment, but many regiments are not well managed, while in a few the Colonels encourage extravagance in order to confine service to the rich. In the cavalry matters are much worse, it being impossible for an officer to get along without a private allowance of £600 a year, so that there is some difficulty in filling up vacant commissions. The writer would forbid extravagance severely, give rations and mess allowance as in the Navy, but not, as we understand him, increase junior officers' pay. We are rather doubtful about that, thinking that if an officer could live on his pay, or his pay and £1 a week, new and valuable classes would be induced to seek commissions, while promotions from the ranks would become more possible. It is, however, a change of tone that is first of all required. It should be observed that the present system in no way protects the "aristocratic character of the Army," the rich tailor's son meeting his expenses much more easily than the son of the cadet of a great house.

The polling for the London Borough Councils took place on Thursday, and at the hour of going to press the results issued show a return of 301 members who may roughly be called Moderates and Conservatives, 270 Progressives, and 89 Independents. The Moderates include Alliance candidates, who only appear in Battersea, where they are supported by Conservatives and Unionists; Moderates proper; Conservatives; and Unionists: while the Progressive returns are made up of Progressives, Independent Progressives, and Liberals. The whole election showed on both sides the most puzzling cross-division of parties. It is worth noting that in Stoke Newington, by a general agreement, the contests were not fought on political lines.

The poll for Orkney and Shetland, declared on Tuesday, resulted in an unexpected win for the Unionist candidate, Mr. J. G. Wason, who was returned by 2,057 votes as against 2,017 recorded for Sir Leonard Lyell. The new House of Commons is now made up as follows:—

Conservatives	334	} 402
Liberal Unionists	68	
Liberals and Labour Members	186	} 268
Nationalists	82	
Total	670	—
Unionist majority	134

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

New Consols (2 $\frac{3}{4}$) were on Friday 98 $\frac{3}{4}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

SIR ROBERT HART ON CHINA.

WE can see no reason for the suspicion, or even contempt, with which Sir Robert Hart's paper in the *Fortnightly Review* for November on the explosion in China appears to be regarded. It is the first consistent and intelligible account of that extraordinary movement which has reached Europe from the spot. Sir Robert is admitted to be one of the ablest administrators in the world, and he has been forced by his position as Chief Commissioner of Chinese Customs into an unequalled knowledge of all classes of Chinamen, from the great Mandarins who advise, and perhaps sometimes control, the throne, and the great merchants who stand between the European importers and the people, to the smugglers who try to evade the internal transit duties. If only from his unrivalled experience, his opinion when frankly expressed—and in this paper he is unexpectedly frank—would be of the highest value; and there is another reason for paying to it careful attention. Sir Robert regards himself as a great Chinese official, perhaps has become, as the *Times* intimates, a Chinaman in feeling; and the opinion of a sane Chinaman who understands European ways of thinking, yet stands close to the actual centre of Chinese affairs, is precisely what Europe wishes, and needs, to know. There is, at all events, no mistaking what that opinion is. Sir Robert Hart affirms that the people of China, stung by their recent humiliations, alarmed by the never-ceasing efforts to revolutionise their special civilisation, and convinced that partition will ultimately be attempted, have risen upon Europe in self-defence. The explosion is one of "patriotic" feeling. The Court, which shared the popular impulses in their keenest form, resolved to give them military expression, but influenced by advice from their Ambassadors abroad, rejected the plan constantly pressed on them by Europeans—e.g., Lord C. Beresford—of forming a strong and disciplined army, and resolved to rely upon armed Volunteers, with the distinct object of resisting further foreign dictation, if not of driving foreigners out of the country. Some sort of hit was given throughout the provinces, and the response was instantaneous. Everywhere armed associations, the "Boxers," arose, a superstitious idea spread fast that the Volunteers could not be defeated, and with the assent of the dynasty, though probably not of every individual Manchu noble, the massacres began. All Europeans were threatened—even, as appears from his actions, Sir Robert Hart himself—many were murdered, all Chinese who had become Christian were extirpated as renegade adherents of the foreigner, and even the residences of the European, American, and Japanese Ambassadors were bombarded. There was some hesitation about this crowning act of defiance, due, Sir Robert thinks, to an impression in some powerful quarter that this outrage would be resented as other outrages would not—an idea, it will be remembered, repeatedly expressed by Li Hung Chang—but still the bombardment went on, and the Ambassadors owed their lives to the courage of the defence and the slow but successful aid of Europe.

The movement, therefore, was not the result of any accident, or any plot, or any burst of rage from the fierce Empress, but of a sentiment on the part of all Chinamen which in other countries would be described as patriotic, and in Sir Robert Hart's judgment it will go on. The patriotic impulse, he affirms, has fired the popular heart, and the flame will burn steadily, all Chinese—and they are four hundred millions—having one dominant feeling, "China for the Chinese; out with the foreigner." "The Boxer movement," says Sir Robert, "is doubtless the product of official inspiration, but it has taken hold of the popular imagination and will spread like wildfire all over the length and breadth of the country: it is, in short, a purely patriotic volunteer movement, and its object is to strengthen China—and for a Chinese programme. Its first experience has not been altogether a success as regards the attainment through strength of proposed ends—the rooting up of foreign cults and the ejection of foreigners, but it is not a failure in respect of the feeler it put out—will volunteering work?—or as an experiment that would test ways

and means and guide future choice: it has proved how to a man the people will respond to the call, and it has further demonstrated that the swords and spears to which the prudent official mind confined the initiated will not suffice, but must be supplemented or replaced by Mauser rifles and Krupp guns: the Boxer patriot of the future will possess the best weapons money can buy, and then the 'Yellow Peril' will be beyond ignoring. . . . Twenty millions or more of Boxers armed, drilled, disciplined, and animated by patriotic—if mistaken—motives, will make residence in China impossible for foreigners, will take back from foreigners everything foreigners have taken from China, will pay off old grudges with interest, and will carry the Chinese flag and Chinese arms into many a place that even fancy will not suggest to-day, thus preparing for the future upheavals and disasters never even dreamt of. In fifty years time there will be millions of Boxers in serried ranks and war's panoply at the call of the Chinese Government: there is not the slightest doubt of that!" That is a pleasing prospect for Europe to consider, painted by the man who knows China best, and whose interest, had he been insincere, would have induced him to write a very different description, one representing the movement as a passing rebellion for which the Manchu dynasty was irresponsible, the description, in fact, given by Li Hung Chang. It is not the more pleasing because it accords with all known facts, with the ever-spreading area of the movement, with the transfer of the capital to a secure spot, with the instant sway of remittances and Volunteers towards that spot, and with the latest telegram which summons China to call out fresh bodies of Volunteers.

But has Sir Robert Hart, with his vast experience, no remedy to suggest? None, or at least none which he ventures openly to defend. He does, indeed, say that if China becomes Christian the calamities he foresees will be averted, but that is only saying that if God in his mercy works a miracle—for it took three hundred years to convert the far more accessible Roman Empire—everything will go right. We all believe that, but then very few of us expect the miracle. He also says that it will be wise of the Powers to support the Manchu dynasty, because there is no other available, and therefore to "save the face" of that dynasty by "condoning the lawlessness of the present outbreak"; but that is clearly only his functional opinion as a paid servant of the dynasty. It is a little too absurd to describe with such force the danger of a method of Chinese organisation, devised and sanctioned by the present Government, and then to speak of protecting that Government as the best preventive of the danger. Europe may be compelled by irresistible circumstances to tolerate the dynasty; but if it is, the great danger on which Sir Robert Hart's eyes are fixed will clearly go on increasing and increasing until the next explosion. That cannot be the real conviction of Sir Robert's mind, which we greatly fear is to be sought in a suggestion which he, with a literary adroitness and skill perceptible in several portions of his paper, puts in the following form:—"If the Powers could agree among themselves and partition China at once, and thereafter with a common understanding, give fullest effect to the old Chinese idea and discourage militarism—make it a law that none of their new subjects could drill, enlist, or carry arms—prohibit their own and other nationals from there engaging in any kind of trade in arms—and employ only their own race for military and police work there, it is possible that the peace-loving, law-abiding, industrious Chinaman might be kept in leading-strings until the lapse of centuries had given other civilising influences time to work through successive generations and so change the composition and tendency of the national thought and feeling of the future as to carry it into that sphere of international life where friendly relations, common interests, and international comity take the place of dictation, jealousy, and race-hatred, and thus blot out the 'Yellow Peril' from the future of humanity." If that is the best suggestion, we can only say bad is the best. We greatly doubt if Europe is strong enough to bear China on her shoulders, and certainly, if she is, China would be the heaviest "burden" the white man has ever yet lifted. All the statesmen of Europe dread it, as they show by their self-denying ordinances, and dread also the

enormous increase of causes of quarrel, jealousy, and economic rivalry which such an enterprise would infallibly produce. We must, we fear, wait in bewilderment till statesmanship provides an outlet. At present it has only arrived at the device of asking for seven heads, without suggesting in any way why the request should be complied with. We must wait.

M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU AT TOULOUSE.

WE have read M. Waldeck-Rousseau's speech at Toulouse announcing and explaining his programme for the immediate future with the deepest regret. We honour his Ministry for the courage with which it has defied the military reaction, for the sincerity, so unusual among Governments, with which it has defended the ideas that it really holds, and for the practical power of governing which it has shown in the appointment of General de Galliffet, in the absorption of the saner Socialists, in its settlement of strike questions, in its foreign policy, so moderate yet firm, and, above all, in its management of the Chambers. To keep a majority without sacrificing principles is now the most difficult of tasks for a French statesman, and this task M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his colleagues have hitherto successfully performed. Even in this speech there is evidence of these great qualities. Throughout it is the speech of a man who has convictions and intends to act on them, who sees hostile forces which he defies, and who has plans to meet the difficulties of the hour which he intends to carry out. His expression, for instance, that there are moments when "you must be a Republican before being a party man" is meant, and is accepted as meaning, that this Government is Republican to the core, and will defend the Republic as Kings defend Monarchy, without fear and without compromise. His declaration that when he took the reins the Army was being "exploited" for other ends than its own dignity, and that the Government would prohibit the soldiers from taking cognisance of divisions, which could only weaken them, is a defiance to the *coup d'état* party, and an assertion that the Army while he and his colleagues govern must obey the civil power, and confine itself entirely to its "national mission." And though it is possible that the practical difficulties of the old-age pension question may prove insuperable, still his promise to bring forward a proposal is a wise appeal to the labouring class, while his suggestion of a tax on successions may prove an acceptable substitute for the Income-tax, which by many classes in France is regarded with a sort of religious horror. They say that the moment the tax is imposed publicity is inevitable, and that publicity would expose every well-to-do man, from the millionaire down to the peasant with an unusually full stocking, to an amount of envy, solicitation, and reviling which would ultimately prove unendurable. Every little fundholder will be regarded by those who are near him, yet below him, as the Rothschilds are regarded by Jacobin Anti-Semites. A heavy succession-duty on Sir William Harcourt's plan would not be exposed to this drawback, and has, moreover, the advantage, very great in France, and not imperceptible even in England, that few of those who vote for it in the Chambers will be called upon to pay it.

It is, therefore, with pain as well as dismay that we see this, the best Ministry which France has enjoyed for years, throwing away its many advantages in order to plunge into another campaign against the Church which it cannot win, and in which it will be deserted by all men who are either penetrated with the modern spirit of toleration or are genuinely impartial. We are not referring to the threat to prohibit the religious Associations from receiving further gifts of property. That, though it will excite bitter wrath among all devotees of Rome, is after all in essence only a question of policy. An owner who perpetually receives, who never dies, and who never wastes may in a few generations grow too strong for the State, and then the State may justifiably step in to prohibit further accretions. We do it ourselves pretty effectually, though in our mildly irresistible way, and there is, we believe, no Catholic country in which a law of mortmain has not been found indispensable to progress. Whether £40,000,000 in land, and perhaps as much in personalty, is too

much for the religious Associations of France to hold collectively is a question for French economists, and not for outside politicians. Considering the immense claims on those Associations, it does not seem to mere observers such a gigantic sum; but we may let that pass. The central point of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's speech is not the law of mortmain, but that he proposes through it and other measures to give a monopoly of all State functions, including doubtless military and naval commissions—for otherwise the proposal is inept—to those who have been educated in strictly secular schools. They are functionaries, he says, and the State has a right to dictate how its functionaries shall be trained. In other words, no young man in France is in future to enter the service of the State unless he has been trained in schools which French Catholics consider seminaries of agnosticism, or if he has been trained in schools which they regard as calculated to inculcate piety, or at least necessary faith. A more monstrous denial of the principle of religious liberty it would be difficult to conceive. It would be oppressive in any country, but in France, where the ideal of the educated classes is to fit their sons for Government appointments, it amounts to the most direct persecution. M. Waldeck-Rousseau might as well propose at once that no man who believes Christianity shall be permitted to acquire more than three hundred a year. It is the Irish Penal Code over again, in spirit at all events, with this aggravation, that it is not a product of the religious bigotry of a caste, but is proposed by the elected Government of a country which in theory holds that the Roman Catholic Church is divine, and that outside her pale there is no salvation. That Rome will fight the proposal, fight as for life, is certain, and Rome has immense power even in France; but that is only a part of the resistance which M. Waldeck-Rousseau will encounter. He is defying all the women of France, who dread nothing so much for their sons as disbelief, all who hold the Catholic faith to be true though they do not obey its precepts—an immense crowd—and all who while disbelieving themselves, or fancying they disbelieve, think that the education given in religious schools will solidify their sons' characters. He will find, as Bismarck found in the Rhine provinces, that he has made fanatics of the indifferent, that the tide he wishes to keep out is rushing in by a hundred unseen channels, and that the cleavage he wishes to remove between one servant of the State and another has been deepened fivefold. And he will find also, if he lives long enough, that even so far as he has succeeded he has done nothing for Republicanism. At heart he probably believes that anti-clericals must necessarily be Republican; but there are signs in modern thought that those who believe nothing, or very little, tend to favour absolutism, and value liberty only when it means the liberty of believing in the dogmas of science. They bow to authority in all matters except religion, and they prefer that the masses, whom they do not greatly admire, should bow too. It was the generation which in the cataclysm of the Revolution had given up its faith that followed and obeyed Napoleon.

What amount of support M. Waldeck-Rousseau will find for his ideas in the Chamber we do not know. It may be considerable, for long watchfulness has convinced us that French Deputies, drawn as they are from the less prosperous of the professional classes, are more anti-religious than their constituents; but this we do know, that he has given the Opposition a magnificent rallying cry, and will rouse forces of whose strength he has but an imperfect idea. That the Roman Catholic Church has in the last three years given the French Republic almost unendurable provocation we fully admit, but this does not alter the fact that you cannot kill a ghost with a shell.

THE RETURN OF THE CITY VOLUNTEERS.

IT is unlikely that any one who witnessed the sight in London on Monday will ever forget it. The return of the City Volunteers was made the occasion of a demonstration of enthusiasm which was both praiseworthy in itself and an indication of hope for the future of our Army. London literally turned itself out into the streets, and as the streets on the line of march are not all suited to accommodate an excited crowd, it is small wonder that the police arrangements broke down in

several places and that deplorable accidents occurred. We in England have never been famous for our organisation of great functions. The ease and perfection which attended President Loubet's reception of the Mayors of France a fortnight ago in Paris has rarely been present in our public ceremonies. But it seems to us to be wrong to lay the whole blame in this matter on the police arrangements. In narrow streets like the Strand or Fleet Street, if the public is to be allowed to line the way in any numbers, it is impossible to have a large force of guards. The fault seems rather to lie in the nature of the line of march, and the readiness with which we allow the public to assemble as spectators. The only way to insure against accidents would have been to erect barricades and strictly limit the numbers allowed to assemble in the narrower streets, for it was impossible to hope that a thin line of Volunteers and police would keep the way clear against the immense pressure from behind, and had the line been trebled the chances of the spectators seeing anything would have been small.

The enthusiasm of the reception was due partly to the fact that the City Imperial Volunteers were the first regiment to return from a war which to a singular degree has held popular attention, partly because London is proud of her own soldiers and their notable record, and partly, we hope, to a general desire to recognise the deeds of the Volunteers as a whole. The speech which Lord Roberts made to the corps on leaving Pretoria was a heartening tribute to the valour and discipline of a body of men not trained for war, and drawn from many ranks and professions. "I have always been a believer in the Volunteer movement," he said, "and the admirable work performed by the C.I.V., the Volunteers attached to the Regular battalions serving in South Africa, and the Imperial Yeomanry has, I rejoice to say, proved that I was right, and that England, relying as she does upon the patriotic Volunteer system for her defence, is resting on no broken reed." The day is indeed past when the Volunteers were looked upon as a kind of toy soldier, and believers in the movement may well have felt some pride on Monday in the realisation of their hopes. If the present war has done nothing else, it has at least given a new standing and a new ambition to Volunteer bodies all over the country. The men who return from the war will inspire new life into the battalions from which they were drawn. The City Imperial Volunteers, as Lord Roberts pointed out, were drawn from fifty-three Volunteer battalions. In each of these the men who have seen service will form a nucleus of energetic and competent soldiers to instruct and inspire the others. They will go back to their various professions, most of them, we hope, stronger in body, and all of them quickened and broadened in mind, men who are filled with that truest patriotism which comes only from experience. At the same time, it seems to us that the success of the C.I.V. contains a particular lesson on the formation of Volunteer companies in connection with all our larger towns. It is possible to use a civic as well as a national patriotism, and to adapt to national ends that honest local rivalry which is now chiefly found in connection with town life. The sons of one city may still be found eager to rival the sons of another, but the parish and the county as units of organisation have lost much of the local meaning which they once possessed. It seems to us that the most fruitful basis of Volunteer organisation is the municipal one, though in the Regular Army larger local divisions still have their value.

But the spectacle of Monday contains for us a caution as well as an encouragement, and at the risk of wearying our readers, we must repeat the old and well-worn warning. That there is any danger of jealousy between the Volunteers and the Regulars we do not for a moment believe; each has too clearly its own work and its own merits. But the splendid enthusiasm of the Volunteers may lead us to return to that old lotus-eater's dream from which for a moment we were rudely awakened. It cannot be too strongly urged that enthusiasm alone is nothing, and less than nothing, that it is only the foundation, the first step in the road to competence, and that all the high-spirited valour in the world will not avail in our modern war against a cautious enemy better armed, better led, and better organised.

We dare not neglect "the speciality of rule." More weapons and better, fuller instruction in rifle-shooting both for Volunteer and Regular, a radical change in the organisation of the War Office, a more modern and practical training and stricter tests of efficiency for officers, a thorough elementary training for the Militia, a different recruiting system, a more liberal treatment of the Volunteers financially, and above all things the end of the system which will ignore grave national dangers and serious defects in the Forces for the sake of some saving in the Budget,—it may seem a long list of reforms, but the crying necessity of every one has been demonstrated only too clearly during the past year. The temporary measures which the Government proposed during the war, such as the embodiment of the Militia, the creation of the Royal Reserve battalions, and the calling of the Volunteers into camp for extra time were mere makeshifts, and unsatisfactory at that. The public accepted them as such, on the understanding that the close of the war would see a great and sustained effort towards a real reform. In a few weeks Parliament will meet and the time will have come for promises to be fulfilled. The nation has definitely accepted the view that it is the duty of Britain to maintain her position as an Imperial Power, and that to do so it is necessary to place the Army in such a position that we may stand on an equal footing with our rivals, that we may be able if need be to enforce our demands, and that no such spectacle as that of the early months of the late war may be again presented to the British people. To such reform the Government is bound by every obligation. We desire no hysterical and sudden upturning of things; we ask only that the plain lessons of the war be acknowledged, and that reforms be effected which have been proved a thousand times over to be imperative. Let us rejoice by all means in the patriotism which has given us the C.I.V. and the enthusiasm which gave them Monday's welcome, but let us see to it that this fine stuff for the shaping of heroic ends be not left neglected in a general maladministration.

"MAFFICKING" AND "HOOLIGANISM."

ALTHOUGH there is some variation between the accounts of the scenes in the streets on Monday evening, there seems to be no doubt that the great popular festival in honour of the return of the C.I.V. was disfigured in its later hours by not a few ugly features. Apparently there was an appreciable section of those who paraded the streets in the evening who were more or less intoxicated either with liquor or with the spectacular and emotional excitements of the day, or with both, and who accordingly exhibited an amount of boisterous horseplay and offensive familiarity to all and sundry which made some of the principal thoroughfares extremely disagreeable to quiet and respectable people. This is much to be deplored, and the more so as it is an almost entirely new development in the life of London. It is a great pity if, as a nation, we cannot put aside our excessive traditional reserve without passing into the practice of clumsy breaches of good taste and good manners such as would have been impossible to former generations of Englishmen. Far better, indeed, were it that our people should remain always under the long grey shadow left by Puritanism than that, emerging therefrom, they should be known in future, on their high days, for a combination of the romp of an elephant with the leer of a satyr. To imagine, however, that this latter alternative is likely to be realised would be to indulge in apprehensions for which no sufficient grounds have appeared. "Maffickers," male and female, are, no doubt, very disagreeable, but we see no reason for supposing them to be more than transitory phenomena,—symptoms, quite limited in range, of a certain heat of blood which is not unnaturally associated with the entrance of a great democracy upon the full consciousness of Imperial sway. Soon enough, as we believe, the people will become altogether accustomed to the vast sweep of its power, of which, at the polls the other day, it gave abundant proof that it recognised the obligation; and then that section of it—very small at the worst—which "mafficked" will become ashamed or be repressed, and the evenings of our

triumph-days, when we have them, will be self-restrained and English once again.

"Hooliganism," however, is a very different matter, and when writers in one or two of our contemporaries mix that question up with that of the street scenes on Monday night, they seem to us astray in their diagnosis. "Maffickers" and "Hooligans" are quite different sets of people. The former, belonging to various grades of society, as Tuesday's police-court reports show, from medical and legal students, if not higher, downwards, are persons who may be reasonably supposed in ordinary circumstances to lead honest and respectable lives. It was they, for the most part, whose unbecoming excesses marred the pleasure and the dignity of the evening of the C.I.V. day. "Hooligans," on the other hand, are youths or young men who are already, or are on the high road to becoming, professional criminals of a repulsive and dangerous type. It is likely enough that here and there they found the circumstances of Monday night favourable to a little practice on their own account. But we see no evidence that their presence and activity—they are very seldom inactively present—was at all a prominent feature on that particular evening. On many other recent evenings, however, in various parts of London, the "Hooligans" have been giving very strongly marked evidence of their existence. The germs of anti-respectable ferocity are, perhaps, like those of typhoid, specially liable, in some inexplicable fashion, to quickening at certain seasons of the year. At any rate, for some weeks past, in different parts of the Metropolis, decently dressed and law-abiding citizens, moving about in pursuit of their avocations, have found themselves hustled, sometimes robbed, and on any show of resistance smitten into helplessness, and in several cases unto death, by gangs of young miscreants, as active, persistent, and relentless as so many packs of wolves. It is necessary to notice the forces of cohesion by which the "Hooligans" are bound together. While, in pursuit of a livelihood, they are probably, as a rule, constrained to act individually, or in twos or threes—as, for example, in pocket-picking and burglary—they also hunt, partly for gain, and partly for sport, in much larger numbers. It is by their exploits on these occasions, and also by the ferocious warfare waged from time to time by the gang of one district against that of another, that they have mainly attracted public notice. Locally there is an extensive *camaraderie*, and also a spirit of competition, creating, and in its turn governed by, standards of achievement altogether diverse from, though in a certain grotesque sense parallel to, those which regulate the conduct of civilised human beings. It is not, therefore, enough, in order to improve public security in a district afflicted by the presence of this element in its population, to capture and punish those taking part in some particular outrage. One of the most unpleasant features of the police-court reports of "Hooligan" cases lately has been the refusal in certain instances of injured persons to prosecute, or to give evidence, because they knew that if they did so, even successfully, they would be "paid out" by other members of the gang concerned. These latter would probably deem it a point of honour to avenge their comrades, and would gain rank in their own world by the daring and the exemplary cruelty with which they discharged that obligation. In these circumstances, it is by no means easy for the police, however intelligent, courageous, and energetic, to break up these companies, we may almost say tribes, of savages infesting several quarters of London. Least of all is it so if the Magistrates take the lenient view which some of them are apt to take of crimes of violence against the person committed by youthful offenders. It may be that some advantage could be gained by enlarging the classes of cases in which flogging can be ordered on conviction. We are not averse to seeing some experimentation in the increased use of corporal punishment both for boys, adolescents, and adults, but we cannot regard the results as likely to prove of any considerable value. A "Hooligan" of eighteen after a dose, however severe, of the "cat" is a "Hooligan" still, possibly less likely himself to commit deeds rendering him liable to such intense suffering if he is caught at them, but in no sense turned towards a life of honest work,—less daring perhaps than before, but not less, possibly more, essentially savage. To us it seems that the complete and prolonged withdrawal of

offenders of the class in question from the influences which are directing their lives towards depredation and violence, and making distinction in that sphere seem the one thing worth working for, is necessary to provide security for a real reduction in the number of more or less established "Hooligans." We believe that some at any rate of these creatures are capable of reclamation if they were wisely and firmly dealt with, and of being turned into really useful members of society.

But however that may be, there can be no doubt at all that society, if it really cares about the matter, which indeed is one of the utmost gravity, can do much to prevent that ghastly process now always going on, the recruiting of the "Hooligans" from boys who have just left school. This subject is dealt with very usefully in the annual report, just issued, of the Howard Association, which, happily, is able to supply evidence of what has been accomplished in a British colony in the treatment of a similar evil. Mr. Charles D. Barber, Superintendent of the Gordon Boys' Home at Melbourne, states that "the once great nuisance of 'Larrikinism' [or 'Hooliganism'] has largely disappeared there (though not in Sydney), in consequence partly of the efforts of private individuals and partly of Government action." It appears that the remedy which has been found conspicuously useful in Victoria has been that of placing lads who were neglected and delinquent away from the influences which would inevitably have turned them into pests of society, upon farms. This plan proves cheaper than keeping the boys in reformatories, and far more efficacious. "Farm life generally suits them well, and most of them remain in the country." These arrangements, initiated by benevolent citizens, have been facilitated by Acts of the Victoria Legislature, and the Government of the Colony has taken the excellent step of appointing a certain number of men and women as caretakers of these "wards of the State," with certain legal powers over them. Of course, all this involves an immense amount of trouble on the part of public-spirited citizens, but the fact that such trouble has been rewarded by a large measure of success in one of our great Colonies should afford the necessary stimulus to analogous enterprise here. The evil of "Hooliganism" is one grave enough and ignominious enough to call for the most strenuous and specially directed philanthropic labour, and for any legislative amendments that may be required to give such labour a fair field, as in Victoria. Granted the public and private effort, there is every reason to expect as much reward here as among our flesh and blood at the other side of the world. As a correspondent of ours, the Rev. Henry Brandreth, of Cambridge, truly says, "the most improvable thing in creation is a boy, giving enormous returns on any outlay." It is not necessary to assume that the particular remedy which has succeeded in Victoria would be the most successful here. Indeed, we cannot help doubting whether existence on many farms in this country would be found tolerable by boys who drift into "Hooliganism," partly because ordinary respectable life, even in town, is too dull and wanting in variety and adventure for them. But if the element of personal guidance and sympathy is brought to bear upon them, the lines to be followed will reveal themselves. Much may be hoped for, as Mr. Brandreth again urges, from the diffusion of greater facilities for, and encouragements to, training in handicrafts; much again from the careful organisation of open-air games to let off animal spirits and give scope for healthy physical rivalry. The one essential thing is a sufficient number of level-headed citizens really caring about this "Hooligan" evil. It must be attacked from many points of view and on many lines; but it ought to be attacked, and above all at its sources, without delay.

THE NATIONAL POWER OF ABSORPTION.

THE late Professor Max Müller came to England a thorough German, knowing little or nothing of the English language; and, without ceasing to be a German to the day of his death, he also became an excellent writer and speaker of English, and a thorough Englishman in feeling and culture. It cannot be said in his case that what England gained Germany lost, for his work was read

and appreciated as truly in his native as in his adopted home. Modern science, indeed, is international, whether it relates to languages or gases, and can be carried on anywhere. But it is interesting to find a scholar from another land entering fully into a national life to which he was not born; learning to think in a foreign tongue; taking up new threads of life; able to form sympathetic relations with a people not his own. This is what Max Müller did, however, and he did it in the atmosphere of so peculiarly English an institution as Oxford.

Notwithstanding all the tendencies of science to bring the human race together, the spirit of separate nationalities has rarely been stronger in the world than it is in our century. Indeed, we may say that one of the most striking characteristics of the century has been the recrudescence of the national spirit after the cosmopolitan feeling of the eighteenth century. Gibbon, Montesquieu, Franklin, Voltaire, Kant, Condorcet, were much more citizens of the world than of any particular country. Lessing and Goethe both repudiated patriotism as a sign of moral weakness. But we come to Kossuth and Garibaldi, and what a transformation! The danger in our time has been that "nationalism" should be carried to such an extreme as to lead us to forget the moral unity, we will not say of mankind, but of Christendom. But this nationalism, is it really the simple thing it looks? Can it be so easily defined as superficial people suppose? What, indeed, is it, in the last analysis? A kind of "moral essence," said Burke. Certainly not a mere racial bond, for the gifted Hellenic peoples never succeeded in building up a definite Greek nation, while, on the other hand, the modern English say with Tennyson, "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we," and they may add Celtic and Norse also. French-Canadians, speaking the French of the seventeenth century, live alongside rugged Scotchmen; Poles, Russ, Lapps, Mongols, Lithuanians, all mingle in the assimilative Russian nation. Genuine Italians prefer to be a part of France or Switzerland rather than be a portion of Italy. The problem of nationality cuts deep.

But there is one test of national power which is genuine and vital; that is the power of assimilation. We mean, of course, as in the case of Max Müller, assimilation of useful and worthy elements. This was considered impossible in the ancient world up to the time of the Roman Empire when the provinces obtained Roman citizenship. Even the great minds of Aristotle and Plato could not conceive of aliens being made free of the Greek commonwealths, and they were right; for those commonwealths were born of a purely individual *ethos*, into which it was impossible to initiate an alien. Not only could not a non-Hellene become a Theban or Spartan, but a Theban or Spartan could not become a true Athenian. Nothing more differentiates the ancient and modern worlds than the discovery, so to speak, of a common political and social medium, a general human atmosphere in which all can breathe. Whatever may be the virtues of nationalism, we owe this great fact to the cosmopolitan factors of the modern world, most of all, perhaps, to the Western Church and to Roman jurisprudence. These factors have made it easy for the modern man to transfer his political allegiance, and, what is of more importance, to imbibe the spirit and feeling of a country other than his own. In our century, the United States, having absorbed millions of Europeans of every tongue and creed, has developed this tendency to an extent undreamed of in earlier times.

We think this national power of assimilation altogether good, provided it stops short of mere mongrel aggregation,—in which case, however, it ceases to be assimilation, as chemical mixing is different from chemical combination. England has been fortunate in her exercise of this power, since nearly every instance has provided her with new sources of strength. Her origin, to begin with, was composite, far more so than the historical school represented by Mr. Freeman admitted. She took in the Normans, who were unable to maintain themselves permanently as a separate caste,—a lucky fact for England. The Italians, from whom Lombard Street is named, started England on her financial career, as the Flemings did on her industrial career. Our gratitude to either can hardly be overestimated. But the signal instance is that of the Huguenots, the most valuable external appropriation ever

made by any nation; in art, industry, religion, philosophy, we owe them a debt as heavy as was the corresponding loss to France. The most recent researches into American origins reveal the valuable gains made by the American colonies from Germany, Sweden, Holland, long before American independence, much more before the modern tide of immigration. The character of the Middle States to-day has been thus moulded as truly as was the character of New England by the Puritan exodus. Had these diverse peoples remained in sullen isolation, the fact would, of course, have been unfortunate; but the assimilation has been so genuine as to have imparted a richness of human elements to the life of the United States.

If we take actual cases in history, we shall soon see the immense value of an addition of foreign elements to a country's welfare. Two of the greatest of Roman Emperors, Trajan and Hadrian, were natives of Spain, as was Rome's foremost moralist, Seneca. The great ecclesiastics of the early Western Church were born in every part of the vast Empire. The legislation, poetry, and social life of early England were derived from France and Italy. Later on we made the most valuable importations from Holland, then the intellectual and æsthetic and commercial exchange of Europe. To Holland herself Jewry and Iberia lent the most illustrious Dutch name,—Spinoza. Germany's greatest thinker, Immanuel Kant, was of Scottish origin, as her greatest poet but one, Heine, was Jewish. France, which cast out the Huguenots, owed to Spain Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc, and to Italy Gambetta. What Russia has owed to other lands, particularly to Scotland, since the time of Peter the Great, it would be tedious to narrate. The United States have assimilated Gallatin, Soulé, and Schurz in politics, Sheridan in military affairs, Agassiz in science, Thoreau in literature. In every one of the instances mentioned, national life has been enriched from foreign sources without its *ethos* having been impaired. It may be expected that, as the world develops, this process will broaden. It is true that between Eastern and Western life there is still a great gulf fixed, and there is likely to be for many, many years to come. The East and West are living on different planes of thought, and their contact produces a shock rather than a combination. But in the West, however strong nationalism may be, the cosmopolitan element has the promise of the future, and we may reasonably expect a greater and greater blending of elements. The nations which can best make use of such external elements will probably prove to be the stronger competitors in all that makes for modern progress. To attract a Max Müller, to make him speak your language with hardly a flaw, to write it in preference to his own, to enter into the inner life of a people among whom he was not born, to adopt a new country without in the least ceasing to love his own,—to do this, and to receive nothing but good from it, is a great step to the unification of Western humanity.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S "HEROD."

IN Voltaire's preface to his *Mariamne* there is a passage remarkable alike for its just appreciation of the splendidly tragic character of the argument, and for the foreknowledge that it would one day receive poetic justice at the hands of a writer better equipped than himself. He says:—"La mauvaise humeur d'une femme, l'amour d'un vieux mari, les tracasseries d'une belle-sœur, sont de petits objets comiques par eux-mêmes. Mais un Roi, à qui la Terre a donné le nom de *Grand*, éperdument amoureux de la plus belle femme de l'univers; la passion furieuse de ce Roi si fameux par ses vertus et par ses crimes, ses cruautés passées, ses remords présents: ce passage si continuel et si rapide de l'amour à la haine, et de la haine à l'amour: l'ambition de sa sœur, les intrigues de ses ministres, la situation cruelle d'une Princesse, dont la vertu et la beauté sont célèbres encor dans le monde, qui avait vu son père et son frère livrés à la mort par son mari, et qui pour comble de douleur se voyait aimée du meurtrier de sa famille: quel champ! quelle carrière pour un autre génie que le mien!" Voltaire's play is not nearly so good as his preface. There are some fine lines, such as Mariamne's reply to Salome, "Je puis vous pardonner,

mais je ne puis vous croire"; or Sohème's appeal to Mariamne:—

"Fuyez le Roi; rompez vos nœuds infortunés,
Il est assez puni si vous l'abandonnez."

But the trail of rhetorical frigidity is over all the characters. We are not helped in the least to realise either the magnificence, the wickedness, or the madness of Herod; we only see him in fits of contemptible self-reproach, regretting his wickedness, and admitting the justice of Mariamne's resentment. And Mariamne herself comes perilously near being a prude.

It is strange indeed that from the day of Voltaire till our own so rich a theme should have lain untouched by a master hand. It is fortunate that it should have been reserved for the present generation of playgoers to witness the brilliant success of Mr. Stephen Phillips's attempt (to use his own words) "to paint in dramatic verse with an Eastern background the most tremendous love story in the world." In the execution of this task he has seized with unerring instinct on all the dramatic possibilities inherent in the historic narrative,—the clash of two natures equally intense and masterful; the perpetual and increasing contrast between Herod's public prestige and his private misery; the spectacle of a strong man torn in two by policy and passion, and of a devoted wife suddenly frozen by the discovery of her husband's treachery. Last of all, he has of set purpose and with a just sense of the romance of *Welt-politik* striven to "make perpetually felt the throb of that world-struggle between Mark Antony and Cæsar Augustus which involved the fate of Herod, and with him that of Judæa itself." And this prompts us to note that in his handling of historical evidences Mr. Phillips has practically left the central facts of the narrative untouched, contenting himself, in the interests of dramatic concentration, with compressing within a certain number of months what actually occurred in as many years. The play opens with the crowning of Aristobulus, Mariamne's brother, as high priest, and the silent but deadly displeasure of Herod at the favour shown to the youth. The people are in a state of ferment, news arrives of a conspiracy in Samaria, and Herod, already resolved to remove his rival, is prompted to sudden action by the tidings of Actium. He must start that night to make terms with the victor and secure his position, but before he goes charges Sohemus, a Gaul, to see to it that Aristobulus, who has gone to bathe, shall not return alive, and entrusts him with the charge of the Queen in his absence, enjoining him further in the event of his own death to take the life of the Queen. Mariamne, whose passion for Herod is still at its height, now summons him into the Palace; but the love-scene is rudely ended by the entry of the bier with the body of the drowned Aristobulus. Mariamne, though smitten with suspicion, does not learn the truth until after Herod's departure, when she wrings the secret from Sohemus. The second act is, in regard to plot, chiefly concerned with the machinations of Herod's sister and mother to ruin Mariamne. Herod returns in triumph from his meeting with Octavius to dash himself against the stony and implacable resentment of his wife. During his absence her constant visits to her brother's tomb have stirred the people to indignation and mutiny against their King. Cypros and Salome accuse Mariamne of trying to poison the King, and when Sohemus, wounded to death in an attack on the Palace, begs the King's forgiveness with his last breath, this is caught up as evidence of a guilty intrigue. The King triumphs over the mob, but he cannot conquer Mariamne's resentment. She will not deign even to answer the charges brought against her. At last Herod, wrought up to frenzy by the malignant suggestions of his sister and mother, orders Mariamne's death. The order is ruthlessly carried out on the moment, and when in a sudden change of mood he enters the Palace, exultantly calling on her to listen as he reads aloud the list of new honours bestowed on him by Cæsar, it is to find her lying dead in her chamber. The third act is virtually a chain of monologues for Herod. Haggard and unkempt in person, his mind unhinged by remorse, the King believes Mariamne to be still alive, and cannot understand why she refuses to obey his repeated summons. His frightened courtiers seek to appease his frenzy with temporising answers, with music and dances, but the fits of fear and foreboding which alternate with his wild ravings of glory and conquest grow more and more acute, till in the end,

despairing of further concealment, his Ministers order the embalmed body of the dead Queen to be brought in, and as Herod is stricken speechless at the sight, envoys arrive from Cæsar to announce that he has been made King of Arabia.

We have already noted the author's acute sense of the historical interest of the narrative. The firmness of his characterisation is not less deserving of admiration. Herod, in his view, during the period treated in the drama, is far from being an unmixed monster. He is rather allied in temperament and by his union of ferocity and culture, statecraft and sensuality, to the despots of the Renaissance. And Mariamne is similarly endowed with the attributes of a barbaric heroism. Herod's bloodstained passage to greatness does not affect her love until he strikes at her through her pride of race. The boyish arrogance of Aristobulus, intoxicated by his elevation, is admirably conveyed, and the scene before his exit in which he becomes "fey" on the eve of his doom is strangely impressive. The purely dramatic quality of the play, again, is surprisingly high. It may be urged that there are too many "curtains" in the first act, that Mariamne's enthusiasm over her brother in the opening scene is hardly in keeping with her queenliness, and that the spoken word at the point where the drowned Aristobulus is brought in falls short of the occasion. But the strong situations are, as a rule, handled with real stage-craft. The scene where Mariamne is charged with poisoning the King, and gladly accepts the challenge to drink the cup, is thrillingly impressive, and the "curtain" in the second act where Herod goes in reading the scroll aloud to the dead Queen strikes the hearer with the force of a physical impact. There remains the literary quality of the verse, and here too we can speak with few reserves. Mr. Phillips's blank verse is flexible, melodious, and majestic. He coins splendid phrases to fit the grandiose imaginings of the distempered mind of the King:—

"I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold,
To be a counter-glory to the Sun.
There shall the eagle blindly dash himself,
There the first beam shall strike, and there the moon.
Shall aim all night her argent archery;
And it shall be the tryst of Sundered stars,
The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon;
Shall send a light upon the lost in hell,
And flashings upon faces without hope.
And I will think in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive,
Till it shall dazzle pilgrim nations,
And stammering tribes from undiscovered lands,
Allure the living God out of the bliss,
And all the streaming seraphim from heaven!"

In the same context the King has a vision of Mariamne in which

"The red-gold cataract of her streaming hair
Is tumbled o'er the boundaries of the world,"—

an image worthy of Marlowe, of whom we are again and again delightfully reminded. But some of the most poignant effects are attained by entire simplicity, as when the King, told by a frightened messenger that the Queen is still asleep and has not stirred, answers with sudden calm: "Such sleep is good." But the prevailing note of the diction is splendour, a splendour that is at once in keeping with the magnificence of the theme and in welcome contrast with the studied cult of meanness and squalor to which most of our native playwrights have assiduously devoted their talents.

It only remains for us to say that the play was sumptuously mounted and, on the whole, very well acted. Mr. Tree has not the physical qualities to render full justice to Herod in his majesty and strength: for that one would need a Salvini. But his interpretation of the King's madness was always impressive and at times thrilling. Miss Jeffries was a picturesque Mariamne, and though occasionally rather hard to follow, realised with sympathy and intelligence the fervour, the intrepidity, and the resentment of the ill-starred Queen. Of the other actors the best was Mr. Somerset—whose make-up decidedly resembled Lord Beaconsfield—as the Machiavellian Gadias. The lack of a full text was a serious obstacle in the enjoyment of the auditors. Much of the significance of the dialogue and a great deal of the music of the poetry were lost by the inarticulate or ranting delivery of the actors. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's music had the right barbaric ring in the processional and dance numbers, but in its sentimental strains missed the languor and passion of the Orient. Mr. Tree in a brief

speech to the audience gracefully expressed his own indebtedness to the beautiful poetry of Mr. Phillips. We trust that the theatre-going public on their side will express their sense of obligation to Mr. Tree for his courage and enterprise in endeavouring, with the aid of Mr. Phillips, to rescue the stage from the fetish-worship of stage-craft and squalor. The verdict of a first-night audience at a West End theatre cannot be regarded as decisive. A disinterested onlooker may be tempted to think that the majority of those present are bent more on recognising each other than the merits of a play. But on Wednesday night the audience at least paid Mr. Phillips's play the tribute of close attention, abstained from irrelevant interruption, and applauded handsomely at the end of each act.

"RELIGIO LAICI."

MR. H. C. BEECHING in the very temperate and able paper on the cleavage between the clergy and the laity of the Church of England which he calls "Religio Laici," and publishes in the *Monthly Review*, limits his view too closely to the conflict between the majority and the High Church. He hardly admits sufficiently the depth of the cleavage among all classes of opinion. He thinks, for instance, that the dislike to sacerdotalism, which he entirely admits, and which is now so widespread that it forms a cardinal point in the lay creed, and would, if the Articles could be rewritten by Parliament, be very roughly expressed, is chiefly caused by the preposterous claims of certain among the Ritualist clergy, like the vicar who ordered that no layman should ever be admitted, even upon a weekday, within the chancel of his church. Mr. Beeching himself is a clergyman and he was admitted, while his lay friend, who was much more interested in chancels, was compelled to stay outside. It is quite true, no doubt, that when the laity argue upon the subject, which is very seldom, they are apt to dwell upon extravagant absurdities of this kind; but that is by no means the whole of the truth which the clergy will one day have to face. Rightly or wrongly, and from whatever cause, the disposition to attribute any supernatural power whatever to the clergyman is fading away in the lay mind. There is not, so far as we see, the least disposition, such as has occasionally shown itself in Catholic countries, either to despise or dislike the clergyman. On the contrary, when he is approved there is a disposition to respect him, to smooth his path—always with the exception of any consent to increase his stipend—and to assist his efforts in every way that he is ready to permit. The clergy have distinctly risen, instead of falling, in public estimation, a fact due no doubt in part to their much higher average of excellence in conduct, and their social standing could hardly be improved. But the layman—we speak, of course, with full consciousness that there is a minority which holds different opinions—has silently abandoned the belief that the clergyman is a priest. He would not have him intruded upon in his functions for the world, for, in the lay judgment, they belong to him by right of training and of a special habitude of mind. A layman arrogating to himself a right to perform all the functions of a clergyman offends other laymen just as an ordinary man of ability assuming the functions of a Judge or of a Colonel would offend him, but it is exactly in the same way and for the same reasons. He never, unless most severely pressed by circumstances, tells the clergyman this. He thinks it the height of bad manners, especially if he likes his rector, to deny, or still more, to ridicule, his pretensions, but he thinks these pretensions none the less unwarranted by the essential spirit of Christianity. His clergyman is the same as his lawyer or his doctor in all except that he is called to more solemn duties, and may, if to him has been given the gift of persuasion, be of a higher use. He is only a human being, though he may be respected, or even venerated, as a King may, or a Premier. It is this great change in the general attitude of the lay mind which the clerical body fail to recognise, and which lies at the root of much of the controversy about the meaning and intent of the Lord's Supper. We do not think that the Sacrament is so generally believed to be merely commemorative as is sometimes imagined. The majority of recipients think, of course with different degrees of conviction, that the rite either does or may convey to them some inward and spiritual grace, but they believe that this grace comes from the rite itself, and not in any

way or degree whatever, either directly or mediately, from the person who administers the Communion. They do not rebel against that idea, they do not often argue about it, but they have lost in some way of which they are hardly conscious the power of believing it. It is the same with worship. We should say that Mr. Beeching rather underrated the English reverence and liking for worship as distinguished from preaching, but the majority feel it as strongly when the captain of a ship leads the service as when a clergyman does. They prefer the clergyman because it is his business, but they see no other difference. The clergy, apart from their convictions, are naturally most reluctant to believe this, as Judges would be if the same depreciating change had happened about them, and it is this reluctance which maintains the cleavage of which so much is made.

We are not arguing just now whether the clergy or the laity are right in their view, but only stating a fact patent, as we think, to all who ever hear the religious laity when speaking beyond a clergyman's range of hearing. And there is another fact, not of equal importance, which tends in the same direction. The laity in all Protestant countries, England included, have lost to a quite curious degree the perception of the truth that ethics must rest, in some degree at least, upon a basis of dogma. They hold them to be all in all, and forget that there are ethics and ethics; that, for example, if Christ was only a philosopher, it is quite possible that the prevalent system of thought is not *hard* enough, that it pardons too much, makes too much of love, and is too indifferent to the very stern system of ethics revealed in Nature. They do not see that, failing Christ, the Chinaman *cannot* think as they do about the massacre of his enemies. Why should they not be massacred, he thinks, if the provocation is adequate? Conduct has become to the laity all in all, and they quite forget that the rule of conduct cannot be absolutely based upon utility, but must depend, in part at any rate, upon convictions as to the nature and commands of God. A Mussulman and a Christian do not even fight from the same impulse or under the same ethical sanction. The clergy as a body have never been able to lose this perception so completely. A few of them do, and suffer their whole minds to be absorbed in works of benevolence, the need of which, God knows, is ever before them; but the majority do not. They feel themselves impelled, both by conscience and by training, to tell their audiences from time to time how important belief must be, and upon what evidence belief should rest, and then the laity fret. They want, they say, to be told what to do, not what to believe, and fail to see not only that faith without works is dead, but that the kind of works which are righteous must depend in large measure upon the kind of faith which is accepted. If Christ never rose, why are you to postpone this world to the next? If he were not commissioned, why ought you to forgive unto seventy times seven? A world organised upon the ideas of Marcus Aurelius would have a very strong system of ethics, but it would be very unlike a Christian world. It is a singular root of cleavage, for it indicates in the laity a certain failure in the power of thought; but that it exists, and leads to a certain contemptuous tolerance of spiritual teaching, as very proper but needless, we are absolutely convinced, as we are that the clergy do not quite perceive it. If they did, they would make much clearer than they sometimes do the binding nexus which must always exist between any system of religious thought and the consequences that must flow from it. They think that their congregations are "cold to Christian verities" the necessity of teaching which they themselves quite perceive, and do not see that the coldness is not due either to scepticism or impiety, but to an illogical faith in results only which marks in all directions the thought of the day. 'I want to know,' says the man of science, 'the law of the Röntgen ray.' 'I want only to know,' says the layman, 'what the ray will do for me.' The cleavage is a wide one, though we fear our clerical readers will say that we have described it but clumsily.

THE BIRDS THAT STAY.

IN the Vision of the Lots and Lives, when the souls chose their careers on a fresh register before taking another chance in the world above, Ulysses chose that of a stay-at-home proprietor, with a resolve, born of experience, never again to roam. If Plato had made a Myth of

the Birds he might have alleged some such reason to explain how it is that while most of them are incessant wanderers, ever flitting uncertain between momentary points of rest, some few remain fixed and constant, as if they had sworn at some distant date never more to make trial of the wine-dark sea. In the still November woods, when the vapours curl like smoke among the dripping boughs, leaving a diamond on each sprouting bud where next year's leaf is hid; by the moorland river, on bright December mornings, when the grayling are lying on the shallows below the ripple where the rock breaks the surface; by the frozen shore where the land-springs lie fast, drawn into icicles or smeared in slippery slabs on the cliff faces, and hoar-frost powders the black sea-wrack; on the lawns of gardens, where the winter roses linger and open dew-drenched and rain-washed in the watery sunbeams,—there we see, hear, and welcome the birds that stay. Then and there we note their fewness, their tameness, and feel that they are really fellow-countrymen, native to the soil. The list of these home-loving birds is short; and those commonly seen are only a few of the total. In a stroll, rod in hand, to fish for grayling in winter by the Wharfe or the Nidd, or any Northern stream, the absence of the birds which flocked along the banks in summer and spring when the Mayfly or March browns were out is the first change to strike the quick senses of the true fisherman. The wagtails, sedge-warblers, whitethroats, coots, dabchicks, sandpipers, and all the little river birds are gone. So are the greater number of the blackbirds, thrushes, and missel-thrushes. All he sees, his daily companions by the deserted river, are the wren creeping in the flood drift, the tits working over the alder bushes to see if any seeds are left in the cones, and the water-ousels. The water-ousels are his constant and charming companions, true to the mountain river as in the days of Merlin and Vivien, busy as big black and white bees as they flit up-stream and down-stream, flying boldly into the waterfalls, dropping silently from mossy stones into the clear brown eddies, singing when the sunbeams shine and warm the crag-tops, and even floating and singing on the water, like aquatic robins. The ousels must have been the sacred birds of Tana, the Water Goddess, the ever attached votaries of her dripping and rustic shrines.

By the winter shore, untrodden by any but the fisher going down at the ebb to seek king-crab for bait, or by his children, gathering driftwood on the stones, one little bird stays ever faithful to the same short range of shore. This is the rock-pipit,—the "sea-lark" of Browning's verse. But that is a summer song. It is not only when the cliff

"Sets his bones,
To bask i' the sun,"

but in the short winter days, that the sea-lark keeps constant to the fringe of ocean. It is the most narrowly local and stay-at-home of all birds, never leaving the very fringe and margin, not of sea, but of land, haunting only the last edge and precipice of the coast, nesting on those upright walls of granite or chalk, and creeping, flying, and twittering among the crumbling stones, the water-worn boulders, and the tufts of sea-pink and samphire. When the winter storms slam the roaring billows against the cliff faces and the spray flies up a hundred feet from the exploding mass, the little sea-larks only mount to higher levels of the cliff, never coming inland or forsaking its salt-spattered resting-place. Compared with these home-loving birds all the gulls are wanderers, even though they do not desert our shores. Of the rock-fowl, the puffins fly straight away to the Mediterranean, and the guillemots and razorbills go out to sea and leave their nesting crags. Only the cormorants stay at home, flying in to roost on the same lofty crag every autumn and winter night, from the fishing grounds which the sea-crows have frequented for longer years even than the "many-wintered crow" of inland rookeries has his fat and smiling fields.

The discovery that rooks, with their reputation for staunch attachment to locality, are regular and irrepressible migrants, crossing from Denmark and Holland to England, and from England to Ireland, has been followed by other curious revelations about the mobility of what were believed to be stationary birds. Our own beloved garden robin, whom we feed till he becomes a sturdy beggar, though he pays us with a song, stays with us, as we

know, because he applies regularly for his rations. But he sends all his children away to seek their fortunes elsewhere, and on our coasts flights of migrant robins, whom either their parents, or the bad weather, have sent from Norway over the foam, arrive all through the autumn. Even the jenny-wrens migrate to some extent.

Because we see birds of certain kinds near our farms, gardens, and hedges it does not follow that these are those which were there in summer and spring. Such common finches as the greenfinches and chaffinches migrate in immense flocks, and over vast distances, considering their short wings and small size. In the gardens and shrubberies round the houses the parent robins stay. So do some of the black-birds, the thrushes (except in very hard weather), the hedge-sparrow, the nuthatch (more in evidence in winter than at any other time, and a firm believer in eleemosynary nuts), all the tits, except the long-tailed tit, a little gipsy bird wandering in family hordes, and the crested and marsh tits (dwellers in the pine forest and sedge-beds), and the wood pigeon. Occasionally that shy bird, the hawfinch, is seen on a wet, quiet day picking up white-beam kernels and seeds. Except this, every one of the garden birds comes to be fed, and is well known and appreciated. It is in the woods and the hedges of the rain-soaked meadows that the general absence of bird life in winter is most marked, and the presence of the few which stay most appreciated. Those who, on sport intent, go round the hedges in November and December, or wait in rides while the woods are driven, or lie up quietly in the big covers for a shot at wood pigeons in the evening, are almost startled by the tameness and indifference of the birds, eagerly feeding so as to make the most of the short dark days. When the hedges are beaten for rabbits the bullfinches appear in families, their beautiful grey backs and exquisite rosy breasts looking their very best against the dark-brown, purply twigs. Another home-staying bird of the hedgerows, or rather of the hedgerow timber, is the tree creeper. It has no local habitation, being a bird which migrates in a drifting way from tree to tree, and so bound by no ties to mother-earth. But it is in the woods that the stay-at-home birds are most in evidence in winter. There they find abundant food, and there they make their home. The woodpeckers, the magpie, and the jay, the brown owl, the sparrowhawk, the kestrel, the pheasant, the long-tailed tits, and all the rest of the tribe; and in the clearings where the teasle grows, the goldfinches feed. The barn owls and brown owls both stay with us. So does the long-eared owl. But the short-eared owl is a regular migrant, coming over in flights like woodcocks. No one has satisfactorily answered the question why there are sedentary species and migratory species so closely allied in habits and food that the quest for a living must be ruled as outside the motive for migration.

If the long-eared owl can remain and find a living all the year round in the copses on our downs, why should not the short-eared owl make a practice of what is its occasional custom and nest in the fens and marshes? If the kingfisher can find a living and abundant fish in our rivers and brooks, why does the dabchick migrate? The migration is only a partial one; but it vanishes from most of the Northern pools and returns almost on the same date. Perhaps a conclusion might be hazarded from the behaviour of wild migratory birds which have become semi-domesticated. In Canada, the largest and best known of the wild geese is the black-necked Canadian goose. It is a regular migrant. The Indians believe it brings little birds on its back when it comes. At Holkham, where a large flock of these is acclimatised, but lives under perfectly wild conditions, the Canadian geese never attempt to migrate, though they often fly out on to the sands at ebb-tide. They show less disposition to leave the estate than the herons in the park. Yet during the winter they feed every day with flocks of wild geese in the marshes. These geese fly every spring away to the Lapland mountains or the tundras, and could show the Canada geese the way northwards if they wished to follow. The conclusion is that the Canada geese have no desire for change; and the reason that other birds do not migrate is probably the same.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY'S MONUMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow me to supplement the editorial note appended to the letter of your correspondent (Mr. Arnold Ward) on the subject of the proposed erection of a memorial to Abercromby on the spot on which he received his death wound, by pointing out that the object is to replace a memorial stone which existed there for many years after his death. Captain Henry Light, R.A. ("Travels in Egypt," &c., pp. 4-6, 1818), who visited the site of the battle of March 21st, 1801, at the end of February, 1814, says:—

"The season of the year at which I arrived was the most agreeable to Europeans. The country outside the gate of the walls leading to Rosetta was green as far as the lake Marcotis and part in the neighbourhood of Aboukir cultivated. The wild flowers growing among the grass spread a delightful fragrance. It was with sensations of pride that I traversed the ruined redoubts erected by the French, and saw the scene of the memorable battle of the 21st March, where a stone still marks the spot on which Sir Ralph Abercromby fell."

Dr. William Holt Yates ("Modern History and Condition of Egypt," 1843, Vol. I., p. 140), who visited the site in 1830, says:—

"The spot is chiefly interesting to Englishmen on account of the famous battle fought there by Sir Ralph Abercromby on the 21st March, 1801. . . . We came to the ruins of the old Roman Fort, or as it is sometimes called, Cæsar's Palace. . . . Not far from hence is pointed out the spot on which our gallant countryman received his death wound just as 'the trumpet called a victory.' The white marble monument which was erected on the spot to his memory has, I am sorry to say, long disappeared. The time is at hand, I hope, when one of granite will supply its place."

A black marble tombstone with Latin inscription to Abercromby's memory exists at Malta, where he was buried, and an equestrian monument by Westmacott is in St. Paul's Cathedral, so that the suggestion of your correspondent to erect a memorial in British territory is superfluous.—I am, Sir, &c.,
R. M. BLOMFIELD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I do not care to express an opinion on the advisability or inadvisability of erecting a statue to Sir Ralph Abercromby at Aboukir, but I am unwilling to allow to pass without protest Mr. Arnold Ward's reference to "the studiously correct attitude of the French colony in Egypt." The attitude of the French Government towards the British occupation of Egypt has varied from time to time according to the political situation of the moment, the political tendencies of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the character and disposition of the French Consul-General in Cairo. But the attitude of the French colony in Egypt has never been anything but bitterly hostile and aggressively obstructive to each projected British reform. In saying this I am only repeating what has been admitted to me by French Consuls-General in Cairo, French Ambassadors in London, and French Ministers for Foreign Affairs. M. Waddington once said to me: "Had the attitude of our colony in Cairo been as correct as the attitude of your colony in Tunis there would have been no Egyptian question, and I even doubt whether you would still have been there."—I am, Sir, &c.,
C. F. M. B.

A NEW CAPITAL OF CHINA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your interesting paragraph upon the new capital of China in the *Spectator* of October 27th is capable of two interpretations. You say its name is "Sian"; and, as a matter of orthography, we may let it stand as such. But when you proceed to infer that such is its pronunciation, by declaring that Si-ngan is "a word not pronounceable by Englishmen," then one must discover some equal difficulty in articulating the word "onion." For the value of "ng" in the Chinese word is equivalent (phonetically) to the "ni" in the English, to the "ng" in the French word *ignorant*, and to the "ñ" in Spanish. It would be immoral to suggest that the difficulty in pronouncing the word *cañon* could be solved by pronouncing it as "cannon." Sir Harry Johnston has referred in one of his published works to "that strange faculty for mispronunciation" which is an English characteristic. Let us not still further prove our claim to this peculiarity by mispronouncing the name of one

more of the world's capitals,—however temporary its title may be.—I am, Sir, &c.,
IAN MALCOLM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Having resided in China for thirty-eight years, and having made a special study of China's history and mode of government, I think it extremely improbable that the Chinese Government either can or will permanently change the capital from Peking to Sian. It would take up too much of your space if I stated all the grounds for this opinion. I will, therefore, only state one. The Emperor is the Son of Heaven, and is the only person in the Empire who worships heaven; on this worship the Chinese believe that the prosperity of all in the Empire depends. The omission of the worship would be regarded with horror and alarm throughout the Empire. Now there is only one Temple of Heaven, that at Peking. The sacrifices to heaven are performed once a year. I therefore firmly believe that the Emperor will return to Peking in time to perform the usual sacrifice to heaven.—I am, Sir, &c.,

CHRISTOPHER T. GARDNER,
late H.M.'s Consul, Amoy.

Park Lawn, The Park, Cheltenham.

P.S.—As for General Gordon's alleged advice, General Gordon in 1880 told me the advice he gave to the Chinese Government was in case of war with a foreign Power temporarily to evacuate Peking and to devastate the country round, as the Russians did with Moscow. He did not tell me he had advised the Chinese Government permanently to change the capital.

[How then did Sian continue the capital for so many hundred years?—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE FISCAL OUTLOOK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your article on "The Fiscal Outlook" in the *Spectator* of October 27th you write: "They cannot, we think, raise the Income-tax, though we hold that they may very well keep it at a shilling. Again, they cannot add to the taxation on tea or tobacco with any prospect of substantially increasing the yield." Then for a new source of revenue you suggest that for a "grant of monopoly rights"—that is, a license—there should be levied a charge in the shape of an equivalent of value or bonus on profits accruing to the lucky grantees of such monopoly rights. I doubt, Sir, very much whether a Ministry that pronounced a permanent Income-tax of a shilling after the bill for the present war is settled would stand much chance of remaining in office for any length of time. Is it, however, the case that a substantial addition to the tea and tobacco duties would check consumption to any serious extent? Has the recent raising of the duty on tea made any perceptible difference in the imports? If the universal use of tobacco in some form by old and young were to be checked it would do no harm to the wellbeing of the community, especially the immature boys whose morale is not improved by the "cigarette habit." But I address myself more particularly to the suggestion of the writer in regard to a surcharge on licenses. Surely there is something wrong in the notion that because the grantee obtains a certain privilege to be exercised (*quandiu se bene gesserit*)—given not by favour, but as the market value of the concession—the State could step in and claim a share in what turns out a valuable property, the owner of which already pays his Income-tax. Suppose the license should not turn out a profitable investment, would the State pay any part of the damage? It would be as reasonable for the Indian Government, after the auction sale of its opium in Calcutta, to ask the fortunate bidder for a *douceur* on the ground of his making a good thing out of the vend of the article at Hong-kong or Shanghai. What, no doubt, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will do as soon as the war is over, and the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies settle down under the new administration, will be to make an equitable division of the war costs as between the two ex-Republics, make the amounts so settled the national Debt of each, the interest thereon being chargeable as a tax upon the peoples, with a provision for a Sinking Fund for the redemption of the capital Debt in a given term of years. Unless the potential wealth of the country has been greatly exaggerated, such a stock, say, of Four per Cents., African, Transvaal, and Orange River Colonies, would be popular, and the taxation

easily levied on the mining and agricultural interests prospering under an honest government. This would surely be a more equitable adjustment of the cost of a war forced upon us by Kruger and his satellites than saddling this country with a permanent Income-tax of a shilling, and other imposts on our tea, tobacco, and beer.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Dovercourt.

C. E. CHAPMAN,
India C.S. (late).

THE WORD "STUFF."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I draw attention to the way in which a word in our language appears to have changed its meaning entirely in the course of one hundred and ten years? To do so I place two passages side by side:—

Arthur Young's "Travels in France," 1790.

"How strange that we should read an author's book with great pleasure, that we should say, this man has no *stuff* in him, all is of consequence and after this to meet the garb of so much littleness."

Spectator, October 27th, 1900.
"The amount of '*stuff*' he [Dickens] put into each novel is something prodigious. The modern novelist may remorselessly conduct his hero from the cradle to the grave, but yet his work will appear thin and attenuated beside that of Dickens."

Do we owe the change to the influence of Carlyle?—I am Sir, &c.,

Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

ELIOT HOWARD.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It was no doubt in Italian, and not in Greek, that Mr. Gladstone addressed the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands. When I was at Corfu a few years ago they pointed out to me with pride the spot where he spoke. It was a speech of some two or three hours' duration, which was surely a great feat, even for (as my wife reminds me)—

"Quella fonte

Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume."

—I am, Sir, &c.,

WALTER B. PATON.

Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Having noticed that Mr. Merivale's translation in the *Spectator* of October 20th from the *Norwegian* of a poem called "The English Captain" has attracted some attention, I beg, for accuracy's sake, to say that the original poem, which is written in fluent rhymed iambic verses, is by the Danish poet Carl Bagger, who was born in Copenhagen 1807, and died in 1846. It was published about ten years before his death under the title, "A Picture from 1807," and undoubtedly inspired by the national feeling of deep resentment in which its author had grown up, for the unprovoked bombardment of Copenhagen and the taking of the fleet became the first chapter in a disastrous period of Danish history, and it took many generations before the wound healed.—I am, Sir, &c.,

B.

ENGLAND NOT A "GERMANIC" NATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The German Emperor has been pleased lately to speak of England as a "Germanic" nation. The term is inappropriate. We are not Germans. The Germans are our cousins, not our brothers. In the course of what is growing to be a long life I have known, more or less intimately, many Germans and Danes. I have always felt the Germans to be foreign in their cast of mind, even those who, like the late Chevalier Bunsen, had the greatest affection for England. On the other hand, I have felt more and more that the Danes are, in Nelson's words, the "brothers of Englishmen." Our minds seem to be cast in similar mould,—so similar that I have sometimes felt as if a Dane who could hardly speak English were an Englishman brought up abroad, who had not thoroughly learnt his own language. I have never felt anything of the kind with a German. As I believe I have before had occasion to observe in your columns, at the present moment Denmark is, with Greece, the only country which thoroughly sympathises with us in our African troubles. We have some hearty friends in Switzerland; one at least—M. Yves Guyot—in France; perhaps a few in Austria-Hungary

and Italy. With what total want of even cousinly consideration we have been treated in Germany during this Boer War every one knows. It is clear to me that Danish influence upon the development of the English character has been enormously underrated, and that the term "Anglo-Saxon" as applied to the English-speaking peoples is a misnomer. It should be "Dano-Saxon." Canute has been too much overshadowed by Alfred.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. M. LUDLOW.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SPEED TO COMMERCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your article (*Spectator*, October 13th) on the importance of speed to commerce you said nothing of the speed of our English goods trains, but the subject needs attention. A few instances, quite typical, will suffice to show this. On October 3rd a package of goods was sent to me from Shrewsbury addressed to a station about fifteen miles from Doncaster, on the Great Eastern and Great Northern joint line to London. It arrived on October 11th. On the same date it was sent on to Oxford, where it arrived on October 22nd. A few days before a parcel of books sent to Oxford was eight days on the road. On Monday, October 22nd, a hamper of goods was despatched from Leeds; it arrived on the following Friday, having been four days in travelling about fifty miles. In each of these cases I have given the dates of actual despatch and arrival. Goods from London, I may add, are usually four or five days—sometimes more—on the way; from Liverpool, five or six days. The Companies appear, too, to charge for time rather than for distance. Some time since I sent a friend at Egremont, in Cheshire, a sack of potatoes. They cost me eight shillings; they were twelve days on the way, and the carriage was eight shillings and sixpence. My friend refused them. He said, very truly, that he could have got them from New York in less time for about half the money.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A TRADESMAN.

POETRY.

ÉMILE LOUBET.

O'ER thee no eagle spreads her vanes
The idle crowd to awe:
The true Imperial bird, that reigns
By right of beak and claw.
No hero nor no King in thee
Thy shallow brethren know.
Only a grave, grey man they see,
And a silk scarf or so.

Look closer, for yon bearded mouth
Is set with certain lines:
Where the swift spirit of the South
With Northern strength combines.
Yea, strong and subtle, swift and cool,
Should be his soul indeed
Whom France's voice elects to rule
Her changeful, changeless breed.

For when, so lately, sick to death
Our Third Republic seemed,
And some who watched her labouring breath
Of coming triumph dreamed;
When Prince and scheming soldier leagued,
Sworn foe with doubtful friend,
Around her restless couch intrigued,
Expectant of her end;

Then one, by peril undismayed,
Unawed by clamour, came;
Whom every jarring sect obeyed,
But whom no sect could claim.
To power's unerring touchstone brought,
Thy tempered will rang true;
For France had found the man she sought,
And found a master too.

So 'twixt thy fellows' threatening swords
Thou stepped'st, with harmless guile,
The grace of tactful deeds, the words
That heal and reconcile:

With the same selfless passion filled
 That lived in Lamartine;
 Like his, unwearied and unchilled
 Thy faith, thy hope, have been.

Though not in those calm eyes we mark
 His heaven-born genius shine:
 The incommunicable spark,
 Original, divine;
 Thou also from immortal urns
 Hast borrowed sacred fires,
 Whose soul with Duty's ardour burns,
 And whom her voice inspires.

And by her ancient hearthstone set,
 And nursed upon her knees,
 France numbers many children yet
 As pure and brave as these.

Therefore her spirit undecayed
 Falls but to rise again:
 Oft pierced, oft wounded, oft betrayed,
 But never wholly slain.

EDWARD SYDNEY TYLEE.

BOOKS.

MR. MORLEY ON CROMWELL.*

MR. MORLEY prefaces his *Cromwell* with an apology for writing it. No apology is ever needed for a book with a character of its own, which offers its readers the results of independent thinking on great questions and a great man. However voluminous the literature of the subject be, there is always room for such a book. The outline of a mountain varies with the angle and the distance from which it is viewed, and its true proportions are sometimes clearer to the more remote observer than to the laborious explorer of its lower slopes.

Mr. Morley accepts the facts of Cromwell's life and the main features of his character as they are set forth in the writings of Dr. Gardiner and other recent historians. But he does not accept them uncritically, and he frequently rejects hypotheses which seem to his judgment insufficiently proved. If he adds no new facts about Cromwell, he often elucidates his statement of the old by fresh illustrations from seventeenth-century literature, or by the reflections which modern political life suggests. The interest of the book resides not so much in the narrative of Cromwell's career as in the commentary of the author upon its critical phases, and upon the political problems connected with them. He rises continually from the local and temporary questions of a particular period of English history to the consideration of those large and lasting issues which belong to every age.

There is also a certain tendency to generalisation in Mr. Morley's treatment of persons; that is to say, the minor actors in the drama are realised rather as types than individuals. Nevertheless, the principal personages are both justly and finely characterised. The portraits of Charles, Henrietta, Laud, Strafford, and Pym are of singular interest. For the King himself, it is true, Mr. Morley cannot say much. "His fault—and no statesman can have a worse—was that he never saw things as they were. He had taste, imagination, logic, but he was a dreamer, an idealist, and a theoriser, in which there might have been good rather than evil if only his dreams, theories, and ideals had not been out of relation with the hard duties of a day of storm." As for the Queen, her fortitude in adversity, and the strange vicissitudes of her fate, invest her with a romantic light which transfigures the form of the shallow and perverse woman who was the evil genius of her husband. The way in which Mr. Morley uses Bossuet's funeral sermon to produce this effect is an admirable piece of art. As to the other three, Pym receives unstinted admiration as the ideal of what a Parliamentary leader should be. Laud is summed up as being neither the saint of Anglican highfliers, nor the bigot of Buckle and Macaulay, but rather the mischievous good man of contemporary historians, such as Whitelocke and May. Of Strafford we are told:—"He had energy, boldness, unsparing industry and attention,

long-sighted continuity of thought and plan, lofty flight, and as true a concern for order and the public service as Pym or Oliver or any of them."—In another passage Mr. Morley compares Strafford and Cromwell as rulers of Ireland, putting the Irish statesmanship of the latter far below that of his predecessor, for the reason that "Strafford had a grasp of the complications of social conditions in Ireland to which Cromwell could not pretend." This is true, but the rebellion with which Cromwell had to deal in Ireland was in part the result of Strafford's attempted plantations, and there is a fundamental resemblance between the policy of the two.

Yet though here and elsewhere Mr. Morley judges Cromwell's statesmanship somewhat too severely, his appreciation of Cromwell's character is always just and sympathetic. There is an admirable description of Cromwell as he was at the outset of his political career:—

"Firm in his belief in direct communion with God, a sovereign power unseen; hearkening for the divine voice, his steps guided by the divine hand, yet he moved full in the world and in the life of the world. Of books he knew little. Of the yet more invigorating education of responsible contact with large affairs he had as yet had none. Into men and the ways of men, he had enjoyed no opportunity of seeing far. . . . He was both cautious and daring; both patient and swift; both tender and fierce; both sober and yet willing to face tremendous risks; both cool in head and yet with a flame of passion in his heart. His exterior rough and unpolished, and with an odd turn for rustic buffooneries, he had the quality of directing a steady, penetrating gaze into the centre of a thing. Nature had endowed him with a power of keeping his own counsel, that was sometimes to pass for dissimulation; a keen eye for adjusting means to ends, that was often taken for craft;—and—a high-hearted insistence on determined ends, that by those who loved to think the worst was counted as guilty ambition. The foundation of the whole was a temperament of energy, vigour, resolution. Cromwell was to show himself one of the men who are born to force great causes to the proof."

Equally admirable in a different way is the summary of Cromwell's character as a ruler in one of the concluding pages of the book:—

"In saying that Cromwell had the spirit, insight, and grasp that fit a man to wield power in the greatest affairs, we only repeat that he had the instinct of government, and this is a very different thing from either a taste for the abstract ideas of politics, or the passion for liberty. The instinct of order has been as often the gift of a tyrant as of a hero, as common to some of the worst hearts in human history as to some of the best. Cromwell was no Frederick the Great, who spoke of mankind as *diese verdammte Race*, that accursed tribe. He belonged to the rarer and nobler type of governing men, who see the golden side; who count faith, pity, hope, among the counsels of practical wisdom, and who for political power must ever seek a moral base. This is the key to men's admiration for him."

One has heard it asserted by the *a priori* critics of the dinner table that Mr. Morley is scarcely the ideal biographer for a man such as Cromwell was,—that he is too much of a rationalist to understand Cromwell's mysticism, and too much of a doctrinaire to appreciate his opportunism. "It is not easy," owns Mr. Morley himself, "for us who are vain of living in an age of reason to enter into the mind of a mystic of the seventeenth century. Yet by virtue of the historic sense, even those who have moved furthest away in belief and faith from the books and symbols that lighted the inmost soul of Oliver, should still be able to do justice to his free and spacious genius, his high heart, his singleness of mind." By virtue of this sense, or by some natural sympathy with all sincere enthusiasms, Mr. Morley succeeds in judging Puritanism as fairly as he judges the Puritan leader, and that without shutting his eyes to the faults of both. He understands the dominion of religious interests in an age "when the secular state filled a smaller place in the imaginations of men than the mystic fellowship of the *civitas dei*—the city of God—when men were passionately moved about many a problem which for us is either settled or indifferent." The most striking passages in his book are those which describe the origin of Puritanism, the contrast between Calvinism and Arminianism, and the perpetual paradox which the influence of Calvinism on character presents. At one time he feels bound to criticise Cromwell's semi-theological politics "from the point of view of a modern carnal reasoning." At another time Puritan assumptions of an intimate knowledge of the divine pleasure impel him to suggest, with Lucretius, "that the nature of the higher powers is too far above mortal things to be pleased or angry with us." But throughout he holds firmly to the principle that "history is only intelligible if we

* *Oliver Cromwell*. By the Right Hon. John Morley. London: Macmillan and Co. [10s. or 14s. net.]

place ourselves at the point of view of the actor who makes it."

However, in judging the actor it is also necessary to appreciate the limitations which the stage imposed upon him, and in this Mr. Morley is less successful. He sees in the abstract the existence of these limitations. "In spite of the fine things that have been said of heroes and the might of their will, a statesman in such a case as Cromwell's soon finds how little he can do to create marked situations, and how the main part of his business is in slowly parrying, turning, managing circumstances for which he is not any more responsible than he is for his own existence, and yet which are his masters, and of which he can only make the best or the worst." But Mr. Morley rather forgets these maxims when he suggests that if Cromwell had been strong enough and enlightened enough there might have been a very different Cromwellian settlement of Ireland. The confiscation of Irish lands for the benefit of English colonists and the prohibition of Irish religion had been for a hundred years the cardinal principles of English policy towards Ireland, and both principles had been reaffirmed by the Long Parliament. Cromwell could not reverse them if he would. It were a happy thing if the statesman could be made the scapegoat for the sins of the nation whose will he voices, but we cannot elude condemnation so.

Mr. Morley is also too Parliamentary in his criticism of Cromwell's attitude towards Parliaments. "The idea of a Parliament always sitting and actively reviewing the details of administration, was in his sight an intolerable mischief. It was almost the only system against which his supple mind, so indifferent as it was to all constitutional forms, stood inflexible. Yet this for good or ill is our system to-day, and the system of the wide host of political communities that have followed our Parliamentary model." This leaves out of account the fundamental difference which exists between the Long Parliament and the Parliaments of to-day. It did not content itself with reviewing the details of administration, but claimed to exercise judicial and executive as well as legislative power; it sat for twelve months in the year instead of for about seven; being secure from dissolution, it had practically shaken off all responsibility to its electors. The truest friend of constitutional government might reasonably object to a Parliamentarism which meant the dominion of an omnipotent and irresponsible single Chamber. It is because the Parliaments of to-day are not what the Long Parliament was that Parliamentary government has become universal.

Here and in some other places other than purely historical considerations seem to influence Mr. Morley's judgment of Cromwell. He fears lest the approval of some sides of Cromwell's policy should tend to encourage retrograde ideals in modern politics. "It can hardly be accident that has turned him into one of the idols of the school who hold, shyly as yet in England, but nakedly in Germany, that might is a token of right, and that the strength and power of a State is an end that tests and justifies all means." The fear is not unfounded. There was a time when the exaltation of Cromwell's Irish policy by Froude and Carlyle threatened to exert a pernicious influence on nineteenth-century statesmanship; when wholesale emigration seemed likely to become the modern substitute for the systematic transplantation which was the panacea of seventeenth-century politicians; when "Starvation or Canada" became the equivalent for "Hell or Connaught." But that time is past. The danger now, Mr. Morley hints, is rather unthinking admiration, and even imitation, of the Protector's forceful methods in foreign and Colonial politics. The remedy is to realise the distinction between the seventeenth and the twentieth century. To seek to see the past exactly as it was and the present exactly as it is, to look for the differences that underlie superficial parallels, and to remember that historical precedents are often merely political pitfalls,—these are counsels never too trite to be repeated.

SONGS OF MODERN GREECE.*

THE Greeks have been eagerly employed for more than a century in the patriotic task of destroying their national language and literature, in order to substitute brand-new

articles "made in Europe" and guaranteed pure and classical by eminent professors. Whether the output of this linguistic factory can be equally guaranteed to wear is another matter; in the meantime there is no doubt that the literary life of the nation has suffered irreparable harm. No country is richer than Greece in popular poetry of the highest rank. This carried the nation through centuries of suffering, inspiring the klephts and steeling their wives and sons to an endurance which is the glory of their modern history. When the War of Independence brought them again into the community of nations, their first thought was to turn their back upon their old friend and to claim a share in the fame of their ancestors by writing books and carrying on conversation, at least when strangers were present, in a curious jargon modelled upon Xenophon with a strong flavour of Dumas. It was, and, alas! it still is, "bad form" to talk the language of those who fought at Mesolonghi; the dreary "correctness" of Lukis Laras is at least praised, if not read, in the salons of Athens; and the ballads which it should be the pride of Greece to collect and publish are left to the chance opportunities of enthusiastic students from England, France, or Germany.

It is a curious want of national pride—a very different thing from national vanity—which has led them to regard their spoken language as a "corruption" of ancient Greek. It ought to be needless now to point out that all spoken national languages are not corruptions but developments; the invidious term can fairly be applied only to artificial products which endeavour to force men's thoughts into other moulds than those which are provided for them by national growth. Modern spoken Greek is a "corruption" in precisely the same sense as French, Spanish, and Italian are corruptions of Latin. There was a time when it was "bad form" to write the vulgar tongue of Italy; but for the genius of Dante, D'Annunzio might still be writing in "pigeon Latin." Unfortunately, modern Greece has had no Dante; Salomo and Valaoritis are considerable poets, but they have not the genius to sweep the pedants out of the field; the more far-sighted men who are doing their best to make the vernacular a literary tongue are fighting an up-hill battle and make but slow progress. And meanwhile popular poetry is rapidly dying.

We owe Mr. Abbott, therefore, very hearty thanks for having saved us a very valuable collection of such relics of poetry as still survive the influence of the newspapers. He has taken them down from wandering singers, of one of whom, Barba Sterios, he gives a picturesque description,—a blind rhapsodist sitting outside the gate of Thessalonica, and reciting to the accompaniment of a rude cross between a fiddle and a lyre. He has carefully explained them; even to a reader familiar with modern Greek explanation is necessary, not merely on account of the historical allusions contained in them, but because of the Turkish words which enter so largely into the northern dialects. Mr. Abbott's acquaintance with the language appears to be that of a native, and extends to those details of folk-lore which are practically unattainable even to the best equipped outsider. And he has given us some very fine pieces. The first is perhaps the best of all. It is Japanese in its boldness of omission and concentration of emphasis on the fewest strokes which will make a picture. It is only fifteen lines long. The mother of Kitsos is on the way to the klephts' hiding place, to visit her son, when she meets him a prisoner with a band of soldiers. She asks him, "Kitsos, where are thy arms? Where are thy knee-plates?" He answers: "Mad mother, wilt thou not weep for my youth, wilt thou not weep for my valour, but dost thou weep for the wretched arms, the wretched knee-plates?" "'Twere better, my Kitsos, to be lost, to lose thy head, than to lose the arms thy father gave thee." And there it ends,—just one drop of the quintessence of Greek heroism.

But Mr. Abbott's ballads are not all martial; more than half his collection is rightly classed as "romantic." One of the strangest is a song which Mr. Abbott gives as he heard it, a fragment with the metre all gone to pieces, which tells of a maid who is invited to be the bridesmaid of her successful rival. She goes to her mother, who is, it seems, a witch. The mother "stamped with her foot, and a golden chest sprang out of the earth. She (the daughter) put on the sun

* *Songs of Modern Greece*. With Introductions, Translations, and Notes by G. F. Abbott, B.A. Cambridge: University Press. [5s.]

for a face and the moon for a breast; she put on the sand of the sea for pearls; she put on the feather of the *isos* and a bell for a brow; and then she stamped on the walnut and went to the bridegroom," finding him in church. The result is that amid general amazement at her appearance (no wonder), the bridegroom says, "Come, take the wreaths, and put them on the bridesmaid, and let the bride become bridesmaid, if she will."

We have quoted this partly because Mr. Abbott, by a rare exception, leaves us in the dark on two points. He does not explain the significance of stamping on the walnut; and he thinks that the *isos* is a bird, which he cannot identify. It seems obvious that, whatever the *isos* is, it cannot, in such amazing company, be anything so commonplace as a bird. Would it be outdoing too far the extravagance of the context to suggest that the right reading is not τοῦ ἴσου τὸ φτερό, but τοῦ Ἰησοῦ τὸ φτερό?

We have only one complaint to make against Mr. Abbott, and that is his spelling. This may seem a small matter, but unfortunately Mr. Abbott has taken this particularly irritating way of informing us that he believes in the "corruption" theory. We should have expected better things of him. He actually thinks it his duty to mark by an apostrophe where letters existing in ancient Greek have been dropped, and brackets those which have been added in the modern language. Modern Greek spelling is chaotic enough in all conscience without these complications; and where this principle would lead us heaven only knows. Mr. Abbott writes ἑσπέρντα; then let him write "qua'ra'nte" in French; λένε(ς) may be tolerated when the Italians adopt "fa'nn(o)." As for ἑρῶ (!), it is really a most ingeniously malignant misdirection to the beginner, who cannot fail to pronounce it *iro* instead of *vro*. We feel compelled to insist on this because it is hopelessly unscientific, and seriously mars for educational purposes an excellent book which otherwise would have been conspicuously useful to learners of the spoken language, as it will, in any case, be for students of Greek poetry and folk-lore.

MODERN MOTOR-CARS.*

"HITCH your waggon to a star," said Emerson. We have made some approach of late towards putting that counsel into practice. Our trains have long been dragged by the sunbeams that were bottled in the coal-measures ever so long ago. Now the high roads are familiar with the spectacle of waggons and carriages drawn by the same force; for there is good ground for considering Professor Peckham's theory of the vegetable origin of petroleum as the most probable that has yet been put forward, and electricity, like steam, is as yet mainly the produce of coal. The wisdom of Emerson's advice is illustrated by the fact that the recent development of motor-traction on the roads promises not only to cheapen transport, but to increase the amenities of cities, to aid in the solution of the housing question, and to bring town and country more easily into contact both for purposes of business and of pleasure. Posterity may have reason to call the great return to the roads which the development of cycles and motor-cars has caused in the last decade of this century as significant and almost as important a fact as the introduction of railways. Without aiming at prophecy, we may at least say that every one who is interested, either theoretically or practically, in the question of transport by other means than the railways should be familiar with the present stage in the evolution of the motor-car. Mr. Beaumont's full and trustworthy treatise is admirably adapted to inform its readers on this subject. "It is intended," says the author, "firstly, to be a book that shall be useful to engineers and motor vehicle constructors; and secondly, that those who take an intelligent interest in the construction and working of motor vehicles shall find in it more definite information, description, and explanation than has [*sic*] yet been placed before them on these subjects." Mr. Beaumont's book is well adapted to fulfil the second aim which he has here proposed to himself, in spite of a frequent looseness of expression and grammar which makes us wish that he had taken a little more trouble to turn out his letter-press with the precision of his excellent drawings. Every

one who owns a motor-car and does not wish to leave its comprehension solely to his "motor man," or who thinks of buying a car and wants to have some means of deciding between the numerous competitors for his favour, will find this volume well worth reading: only an elementary knowledge of mechanics is needed for its profitable study.

Modern motor-cars may be divided into two classes, according as they are designed to carry passengers or goods. It is in the former class that the most striking progress has lately been made, though the heavy motor-vans are likely to have an even more important influence upon commerce. They may be farther classified according to their means of propulsion, of which four are at present in use: steam, petrol spirit, mineral oil, and electricity. Of these, by far the oldest is steam. It is not generally known that motor-cars were a more frequent sight on our roads in the first third of the century than they have been at any part of the Victorian era till 1897. When the idea of the steam locomotive first came into being, it was natural to apply it to the roads on which the coaches ran. Hancock, Gurney, and other engineers constructed motor vehicles, that ran with fair success until the rapid growth of railways drove them out of the field. As late as 1840, Hills made a steam coach which ran from London to Hastings and back in the day, a journey of a hundred and twenty-eight miles, with several steep gradients, that is still a good test of the capabilities of a motor-car. But these early experiments led to nothing. The laws hampered them, as they continued to do in this country till the end of 1896; the railways drew away the engineers and capital that might have carried them nearer perfection; still more important was the deficiency in those days of the accurate and ingenious machine tools that now make exact work not only possible but cheap as compared with 1830. From 1835 the use of motor vehicles on our roads, save in the form of traction-engines, was in abeyance for fifty years. The first impetus to the new movement of invention was given in 1885, when Gottlieb Daimler—who died in the spring of this year—patented the light petrol motor bearing his name, which, with its later improvements, still stands in the front rank of the great industry to which it has given birth. In the same year he applied his motor to a bicycle, which was thus the parent of the most numerous branch of modern motor-cars. This petrol motor was practically a gas-engine, in which the work was done by the successive explosions of a mixture of air and inflammable vapour. By far the greater part of Mr. Beaumont's book is devoted to the description of the numerous adaptations of this principle, which Daimler himself, MM. Panhard and Levassor, Herr Benz, the Count de Dion, and many others have made. Nine-tenths, at least, of the cars and motor-cycles that are seen on our roads to-day are driven by petrol engines. But none of them can as yet be called completely satisfactory for the purposes of that important class who keep carriages for pleasure as well as convenience. As far as speed and mechanical efficiency go, indeed, the best petrol motors leave little to be desired. Recent trials of selected specimens, such as the tour round France and the thousand-mile trip of the Automobile Club, have shown their capabilities when exposed to a far more severe test than most private cars would ever undergo. But the petrol motor often lacks the comfort of a good carriage. Noise, smell, and vibration are not easily banished from its construction. The odour, indeed, is more apparent to passers-by than to its occupants. The vibration, as Mr. Beaumont claims, is also exaggerated by those who only notice a car standing still with the motor running. Still, there are many objections apparently inseparable from the gas-engine, and the motor of the future, we think, will be electrical. The section which Mr. Beaumont devotes to this subject is the least satisfactory in his book, being confined to the electric cabs which have been tried here and elsewhere. The electric motor is ideal in regard to absence of noise and smell, smoothness of running, simplicity of working parts, ease of starting, and completeness of control. It can be protected from dust and wet in a fashion of which no other is susceptible. The fatal defect of electric cars now on the market is that they can only run with certainty twenty-five or thirty miles without needing a new charge; and electricity cannot yet be bought, like petrol, at the grocer's. Mr. Beaumont seems to ignore the great efforts which are being made to overcome this difficulty. The French Touring Club is

* *Motor Vehicles and Motors: their Design, Construction, and Working by Steam, Oil, and Electricity.* By W. Worby Beaumont. London: Constable and Co. [42s. net.]

taking one way by trying to organise a network of charging stations all over France, which will be to the tourist on an electric car what the old post-stations were to early travellers by road. Already ten of the main roads from Paris have been adequately supplied, and it is obvious that the equipment of new routes will react upon the demand for electric cars. Meanwhile, the mechanics are working hard to increase the radius of action. Last May, M. Krieger displayed the capabilities of his latest car by running one hundred and sixty miles on the Paris-Dijon road with a single charge. There are very few petrol motors which could do better. If an electric car which can run even a hundred miles without recharging can be put on the market, we are confident that it will displace all existing types with those to whom expense is less important than comfort.

The provision of private carriages, however, though likely to be the most interesting to our readers, is by no means the most important branch of the motor-car industry. Mr. Beaumont gives some interesting calculations of the relative cost of motors and horses, which must convince business people that the matter is worthy of consideration. First, he compares the efficiency of a light "voiturette" carrying two people with that of the one or two horses that doctors and other professional men or tradesmen keep. If the requirement is merely for a small distance, such as fifteen miles a day for four days a week, the cost of a two-seat motor, such as may be bought for £200, works out at almost the same as that of a single horse and trap,—roughly, £80 a year, or 6d. a mile. Withal the motor has the advantage over a horse of being available for an occasional run of a hundred miles. But if the annual mileage be doubled the cost of the carriage is more than doubled, whereas that of the motor is only increased by the additional wear and tear and the cost of the petrol used: the motor then works out at 4d. a mile, as against 7½d. for the horses. If we suppose that the accommodation needed is that of a four-seat carriage running six thousand miles in the year, the motor will cost 5½d. as against 1s. a mile, and so on. For heavy traffic, Mr. Beaumont shows how the cost of transport may be reduced to 6d. per mile per ton where horses would cost 10½d. and railway carriage from 11½d. to 1s. 8d. It is needless to quote farther from these statistics, which show a general balance of cheapness, convenience, and elasticity of use in favour of the motor, increasing with the amount of work done. It is clear that the motor has "come to stay," though it may as yet be only in its infancy. We can strongly recommend Mr. Beaumont's book, both for the general view which it gives of the subject and for its exposition of the details of nearly all modern motors.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S new story, dedicated "to Italy the beloved and beautiful, instructress of our past, delight of our present, comrade of our future," though strictly a "novel without a hero," rests its appeal to the reader on a securer basis than any of her previous essays in the field of fiction. For while connecting itself in a variety of ways with modern social and intellectual tendencies, it is in its essentials concerned with matters of abiding and elemental human interest, with the clash of personalities, the tyranny of friendship, the exactions of egotism, the renunciation of unrequited love. It is, as we have said, a novel without a hero, for the central male figure, Edward Manisty, a brilliant literary politician, is too heavily handicapped by his artistic temperament to win the admiration of the old-fashioned reader. Manisty, in a fit of Randolphian petulance, has resigned high office at home, and by way of accentuating his divergence from his party, is engaged on a work in which reactionary Italy, including the Vatican, the Curia, even the Index, is held up to admiration in contrast with the Italy of Cavour, of the house of Savoy, of Crispi. The time is that of the Abyssinian Expedition, and the action passes mainly at a villa near Rome, where Manisty is staying with an aunt and a widowed cousin. This cousin, Eleanor Burgoyne, the heroine

of the story, is a high-bred, distinguished, fascinating woman of the best cosmopolitan type, who in the congenial companionship of Manisty has regained much of the elasticity sapped by the ghastly tragedy which ended her brief and unhappy married life.—Her husband in a fit of delirium during an attack of pneumonia leapt out of a window with their only child in his arms.—Eleanor has every charm of mind and person save that of robust health, but she has cheerfully sacrificed time, and even health, while assisting Manisty as amanuensis, critic, and collaborator, and the halcyon days of their literary partnership have inspired in her the hopes of an even closer relationship. Eleanor, in short, is in love with her cousin, who, while grateful for her aid and inspiration, is solely in love with himself and his book. Then a newcomer suddenly appears on the scene, a young American girl, invited by the Manistys by way of return for hospitality received in the States, handsome, uncouth, ill-dressed, shy, yet of such transparent sincerity, so naïve in her heroine-worship of Eleanor, that the latter, pitying her loneliness—for Manisty, regarding her as an intruder, holds coldly aloof—takes her in hand with exquisite tact, teaches her how to dress, and encourages her—to her own undoing. From this point onward the human and tragic interest of the story develops steadily and inevitably. Manisty is intellectually detached from Eleanor by the criticisms of an old Cambridge friend, while at the same time he is attracted by the robust beauty and alert, combative intelligence of Lucy. Eleanor, with her perpetual and unassuaged hunger for love, begins to fear that she has been deluded by a mere mirage, and is humiliated by the consciousness of her jealousy. The painful episode of the visit to the villa of Manisty's mad sister, and her attack on Lucy, surprises Manisty into a revelation of his real feelings, with its poignant sequel,—Eleanor's appeal to her rival, and Lucy's loyal resolve to quit the field. The last act of the drama traces with singular though long-drawn delicacy the growth in Eleanor, who realises that she has only a few months to live, of the spirit of renunciation, until, in achieving the final act of self-sacrifice, she finds her being "flooded with the strangest, most ecstatic sense of deliverance." It must be added that Lucy is a character for whom such a supreme act of self-surrender is well worth making, and that beneath Manisty's "outer and controlling egotism" there were large and generous elements in his "turbid and ambiguous nature." *Eleanor* is remarkable for the eloquence and picturesqueness of its descriptive interludes—notably the fine scene of the Apostolic Benediction in St. Peter's—and for its grasp of the opposing tendencies in Italian society. The minor characters—especially the chivalrous young diplomat and the delightful old Ambassador—are admirably handled, and by way of a foil to the central and human interest there is the intellectual tragedy of Father Benecke, the representative of German *Reform-Katholizismus*, who serves to illustrate the hollowness of Manisty's literary enthusiasm for Roman Catholicism, besides being largely instrumental in guiding Eleanor into the paths of renunciation. We gladly quote as an example of Mrs. Humphry Ward's eloquence and imaginative insight the fine passage in which she paints Lucy's mingled feelings during the great pageant in St. Peter's:—

"Yet, as she looks, within the visible scene, there opens another: the porch of a plain, shingled house, her uncle sitting within it, his pipe and his newspaper on his knee, sunning himself in the April morning. She passes behind him, looks into the stiff leaf-scented parlour—at the framed Declaration of Independence on the walls, the fresh boughs in the fire-place, the Bible on its table, the rag-carpet before the hearth. She breathes the atmosphere of the house; its stern independence and simplicities; the scorns and denials, the sturdy freedoms both of body and soul that it implies—conscience the only master—vice-master for God, in this His house of the world. And beyond—as her lids sink for an instant on the pageant before her—she hears, as it were, the voices of her country, so young and raw and strong!—she feels within her the throb of its struggling self-assertive life; she is conscious too of the uglinesses and meannesses that belong to birth and newness, to growth and fermentation. Then in a proud timidity—as one who feels herself an alien and on sufferance—she hangs again upon the incomparable scene. This is St. Peter's; there is the dome of Michael Angelo; and here, advancing towards her amid the red of the cardinals, the clatter of the guards, the tossing of the flabellæ, as though looking at her alone—the two waxen fingers raised for her alone—is the white-robed triple-crowned Pope."

We may add, in conclusion, that Mr. Sterner's illustrations

* (1.) *Eleanor*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Illustrated by Albert Sterner. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. [6s.]—(2.) *The King's Pawn*. By Hamilton Drummond. London: W. Blackwood and Sons. [6s.]—(3.) *Palace Tales*. By H. Fielding. London: Harper and Brothers. [6s.]—(4.) *As Luck Would Have It*. By William Westall. London: Chatto and Windus. [6s.]—(5.) *Marshfield, the Observer*. By Egerton Castle. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(6.) *Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts*. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. London: Cassell and Co. [6s.]—(7.) *Lord Lintithgow*. By Morley Roberts. London: Edward Arnold. [6s.]—(8.) *The Stickit Minister's Wooing, and other Stories*. By S. R. Crockett. London: Hodder and Stoughton. [6s.]

distinctly enhance the attractiveness of a remarkable and moving story.

With the other novels on our list we must perforce deal in cursory fashion this week. Mr. Hamilton Drummond is very much at home in France of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and *The King's Pawn* is an excellent specimen of the romance of action and adventure, with Henry of Navarre in his early prime as central figure. The time is the year of the Duke of Anjou's death, the plot is concerned with an "idea" of the King's, in the attempt to realise which the narrator, Blaise de Bernauld, exhausts the gamut of peril and loses his gallant squire Marcel.—In a wholly different vein, but equally attractive, are Mr. Fielding's *Burmese Palace Tales*,—illustrations of the sunnier phases of a semi-barbarous Court. As Mr. Fielding does not offer them as history, the reader may banish the memories of Thibaw from his mind and enjoy these exotic comedies without compunction. We can give no better notion of their charm than by reminding the reader that Mr. Fielding is the author of *The Soul of a People*.—Mr. William Westall in *As Luck Would Have It* handles a sensational motive with his wonted vigour and geniality. Lord Alwyn and his cousin are not changed at nurse, but in a railway accident, the commoner, who loses his memory, being mistaken, owing to a striking physical resemblance, for the missing Peer, and nursed back to health in the baronial halls.—The "studies of character and action" grouped together under the title of *Marshfield the Observer* cannot be regarded as in the least representative of Mr. Egerton Castle's engaging talent. We associate charm and light-heartedness with his work, and find his treatment of the sinister and seamy side of life neither convincing nor engrossing.—"Q's" new volume of stories deals with *revenants*, "persons who either in spirit or in body revisit old scenes, return upon old selves or old emotions, or relate a message from a world beyond perception." Mr. Quiller-Couch's artistic handling of the *macabre* and the fantastic needs no recommendation of ours. "The Room of Mirrors" might have been signed by Stevenson. The trend of thought in more than one of these stories is not without a morbid tinge, but the alertness and distinction of the writer's style largely neutralise this defect.—*Lord Linlithgow* is a romance of contemporary politics, in which, under transparent pseudonyms, Mr. Morley Roberts deals with a number of living personages in the audacious and indefensible manner familiar to readers of *The Colossus*.—In *The Stickit Minister's Wooing* Mr. Crockett resumes his earlier manner with very happy results. The two opening chapters have genuine pathos; while in the subsequent sketches we find no lack of spirited and genial portraiture. Not the least interesting feature of the book is the fragment of literary autobiography contained in the preface, where Mr. Crockett pays generous homage to the memory of R. L. Stevenson.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Nineteenth Century is a good average number, but contains no paper of extraordinary merit. Mr. J. A. R. Marriott's article on "Cabinet Government or Departmentalism?" sets forth the grounds for holding that the old principle of collective Cabinet responsibility is being gradually abandoned, and that we are reverting to the older type of departmental responsibility. The writer is almost morbidly careful not to commit himself to the expression of any definite opinion as to the desirability of the change. On this point he is content to propound questions. But in another direction he has no such scruples, and declares himself in favour of a larger, and perhaps startling, increase in the remuneration of the highest-placed servants of the State:—

"There is perhaps no maxim of doctrinaire equalitarians more radically unsound or more conspicuously exploded than the saying that 'no man is worth more than five hundred a year.' On the contrary, experience tends to show more and more conclusively that nothing is so costly as the mediocrity which such remuneration suggests. To the academic mind nothing is more startling than a revelation of the salaries and the wages paid by private employers—captains of industry—to competent and responsible *employés*. The State has to compete with them in the open market. It has no absolute preserve of ability. If it wants brains, it must buy them: and buy them at a high rate. One or two notorious and conspicuous cases have recently forced this fact upon public attention. It has long since been recognised by those 'inside.' If the State is to be well served it must

make up its mind not merely to obtain but to retain the best ability."

—Lord Thring's plan for the reorganisation of the Army is to place the War Office in commission, and form a new Board of War consisting of the Secretary for War, Commander-in-Chief, and such heads of the military and civil branches as might be thought advisable. "The Board would be invested with all the powers now vested in the Military and Civil branches of the War Office. . . . No doubt then would exist where the responsibility should rest for maladministration of the Army; it would rest with the Board, *who will of course be compelled to quit office if their action fails to meet with the approval of Parliament.*" The passage we have italicised affords scope for considerable criticism. Lord Thring is on safer ground when, after reminding us that an officer cannot live in the cavalry unless he has a private income of £450, he urges that, while Croesus, jun., may be allowed to drive his drag, play polo, &c., the *regimental* drag, the *regimental* polo club, and *regimental* balls should be prohibited.—Lieutenant-Colonel à Court's interesting "Suggestions from the Front" should be read in close connection with Mr. Somers Somerset's account of the recent army manœuvres in France. Colonel à Court has himself seen the peace manœuvres of the European armies, and "can truly say not only that I have never seen reproduced, even in the barest outline, the conditions we found in fighting the Boers, but that these peace manœuvres themselves gave, one and all, an unfaithful picture of modern warfare under existing conditions, and will certainly result in the ruin of any army that attempts to carry them out in the field, if the enemy is as clever a fighter as the Boer and as little trammelled by effete commanders and superannuated traditions." Mr. Somers Somerset's impressions of the French manœuvres are all the more instructive in that he had recently returned from South Africa. As for the mediæval tactics adopted at Chartres, he predicts that their employment in actual warfare would result in losses too ghastly to contemplate. Yet the French officers are one and all calmly convinced of their immeasurable superiority to the British.—The pith of Mr. A. S. Hurd's article on "Our Belated Battleships" is to be found in the statements that the two-Power standard has been abandoned in the Mediterranean and the China Seas, that the programmes of the Admiralty for the last three years could have been carried out had it not been that our private shipbuilders were so "heavily handicapped" with work for foreign Powers, and that the true policy is to conquer instead of accepting these industrial limitations. Mr. Hurd refrains from suggesting any specific remedy, but he has done good service in calling attention to a serious evil.—Mr. Snead Cox's paper on "French Canada and the Empire" is extremely interesting, and in the main reassuring. The Catholic province, in his view, is sincerely loyal, with certain natural reserves:—

"The general situation, then, may be summed up in the fewest words. The people of the French province are loyal to Canada with a passionate loyalty as to the only home they know; they are grateful to Great Britain for her faithful guardianship, and proud of her protection; they look forward neither to the establishment of a great French State on the St. Lawrence nor to annexation to the United States, but they view with deep distrust the prospect of constitutional changes within the Empire which may diminish their relative importance and influence as a separate community."

—Among the miscellaneous articles we may note Dr. Jessopp's pleasant discursive paper on "The Lake-Dwellers," and Lady Guendolen Ramsden's unconsciously humorous protest against extravagance in dress. "There are people," she writes, "who have no more than £60 a year to spend on dress, and some who manage to look neat and pretty on less. But roughly speaking, for wealthy people who go out in society, £500 a year should be the limit spent solely on clothes."

Sir Robert Hart's remarkable article on China—which we notice elsewhere—rather overshadows the remaining papers in the new *Fortnightly*. There is, however, a readable unsigned essay on England and Belgium, in which the writer endeavours to show that the unanimity and intensity of the anti-English feeling are not to be explained by sympathy with the Boers alone. "The ground must have been in a fit state to receive and develop the virus strewn upon it by Dr. Leyds and his agents." The value of the English visitor and tourist to Belgium has declined; the Belgians still rankle under the

imputation of cowardice at Waterloo; and "still more tangible cause of offence has been given by the severe and generally unmerited criticism of Belgian officers and officials in the Congo State." He admits, however, that other causes are at work to which we have in no sense or degree contributed, and winds up by the warning that "the Belgians are living in a perfect fool's paradise of their own creation, and nothing but a thunder-clap may get them out of it. They are surrounded by perils, and they have not the claims on general consideration that they seem to imagine." And he quotes a remarkable passage from a Belgian historian, Professor Vanderkindère, who is now "the most unpopular person in Belgium because he had the courage to write the following lines":—

"There are nations like England and France which have never disappeared from the surface of the earth; others less happy, and Belgium is of the number, have been obliged to pay visits to the Infernal Regions. One cannot return intact from those subterranean wanderings. Indeed, we are always the descendants of the Nervii of Cæsar, the heirs of German liberty, the mixed race on which the Roman spirit fixed its impress; we are the sons of our trade artisans, proud and intractable, of those communes jealous of their independence, of those 'beggars' who exclaimed 'Rather Turks than Papists!' But alas! we have also for ancestors the victims of the Revolution of the sixteenth century, the silly adorers of the Infanta Isabella, the mutilators of the Barrier Treaty, the docile instruments of Van der Noot, the bastard people which clung to its kermesses and pilgrimages more than to liberty of conscience."

—The paper on "Three Years' Progressivism at the London School Board," by Mr. T. J. Macnamara, M.P., is far more interesting than the generality of articles on educational topics. He says, only too truly, that the production of a new Drury Lane pantomime probably interests a great many more people than the statement of policy by a newly-elected School Board, and continues: "This, I suggest, is 'Little Englandism' of a most dangerous character." We may add that Mr. Maenamara's defence of Progressivism is laudably free from any partisan spirit. He makes out a conclusive case against the legitimacy of the argument that Progressivism spells extravagance; and the figures which he gives as to the extent to which children are made to toil in their out-of-school hours go far to substantiate his statement that we are neglecting our "trustees of posterity."—Of the articles on the General Election, by far the best is the anonymous paper called "The Vindication of Democracy," with its interesting prediction as to a coming Cave of Adullam. The situation is summed up in a passage well worth quoting:—

"The peculiar paradox of the General Election must have a special influence that may be either stimulating or fatal to the fortunes of the Government. The country is in an unexampled humour towards the Cabinet it has returned to power. Its mood is neither sanguine nor indulgent, and there is none of the parental prepossession with which all ministries raised to office by overwhelming majorities have previously been regarded by their makers. The constituencies feel perfectly that the Government have profited by the mistakes of their opponents far beyond any absolute deserts of their own. The plebiscite in endorsement of the war has given Lord Salisbury and his colleagues an act of indemnity for all their previous errors and deficiencies, and has rewarded them in a measure out of all proportion to their merits. The nation now believes that it has done its duty, is quit of all its obligations towards Ministers, and has contracted no such tacit liability to extend to the Government a further support as the immediate result of a General Election usually implies. There is a strong sentiment that Ministers must give some emphatic and exceptional evidence that they are worthy of their extraordinary good fortune, or must expect to be critically judged."

This article, which holds that the Election has vindicated the good sense of the democracy, is in amusing contrast to the views of a writer in *Blackwood*, who holds that "the democracy has proved a sham and its failure is the country's triumph."

The most important article in a rather dull number of the *Contemporary* is Mr. J. A. Spender's on "The Patriotic Election—and After." He makes an eloquent plea for Liberal union, and he traces with much acumen the causes which led to the recent disorganisation. We find it impossible to agree with him that there was a Liberal rally towards the end of the Election which "made its mark and stayed the plague in the counties,"—the results in the English counties being clearly attributable to other causes, and in the Scotch counties all against his argument. He lays much of the blame upon Lord Rosebery, who "had the Liberal party at his mercy from the day that he retired," and he notes justly that it is one great disadvantage of a Peer-Premier that "he may resign his

leadership and relapse into that disturbing condition of both being and not being at one and the same time which is possible in the House of Lords."—The two articles on the American Presidential Election are written respectively from the Republican and Democratic standpoints. We have no leaning to the side of Mr. Bryan, but we agree with Mr. Sydney Brooks that Bryanism represents one aspect of a valuable reaction against the tyranny of the Wall Street view in politics.—Of the other papers, Mr. Thomas Burke's plea for forcible reforms in the control of the street-trading children of Liverpool is a word in season, and Mr. Nash's article on Indian affairs is an eminently sane and thoughtful paper, which deserves all attention.

The *National Review* devotes its energies this month to the cause of reform. "An Englishman" in a paper on "Reconstruction or Catastrophe?" deplores the undue prominence of sexagenarians in the Cabinet and the inertia which has been the chief characteristic of Government policy in the past five years. He has much to say on the weakness of the Admiralty and the War Office, and he advocates as the only remedies the appointment of a Military Secretary of War, a Naval First Lord of the Admiralty, and a radical change in taxation. "A tariff," he says, "offers us at once a means of raising funds for naval armaments, of obtaining allies, of consolidating the Empire, and of weakening the enemies who are plotting our fall." We have often explained our objections to such a wholesale scheme of reform, which means the ultimate weakening of that very popular control and criticism of the management of our forces which the critic desires in this case to see exercised.—Captain Cairnes in an interesting discussion of "The Problem of Invasion" brings forward some curious speculations. He points out that in case of invasion the Channel Fleet would be despatched to join the Mediterranean Fleet, and that the defence of our shores would fall upon the Reserve Squadron, which is formidable only in numbers. "Are we wise," he asks again, "in keeping at Woolwich, within reach of a mobile invading force, the chief arsenal of the British Empire?" It was different in the old days when Woolwich lay some four days' march from the coast. The whole paper is suggestive and interesting.—Mr. Prevost Battersby's criticism of the present system of war correspondence deserves serious attention. He suggests that only men of indubitable qualifications, representing only the great papers, should be allowed at the front, and that "within the liberty of good manners they should be given absolute liberty in the matter of fair comment." And, more important still, he would have the correspondent cut adrift from the telegraph wire, which compels the sending of hasty, ill-considered, and unnecessary despatches. By these means "a chance would be given him of concentrating his powers on a sober and thoughtful review of operations, unaffected by opinions hastily expressed for the telegraph on the day of issue,"—a consummation devoutly to be wished for.—Of the other papers, the most notable are Mr. Ernest Williams's plea for the inclusion of Canada in the proposed agreement with Germany to abolish Clause VII. in the Treaty of 1865, and Mr. Vernon Harcourt's convincing defence of civil engineering as a profession.

Blackwood submits a scheme for Army reorganisation based on the assumption that our military policy must henceforth be offensive,—i.e., that the limits of defence must be shifted from the shores of Great Britain, and made to include all countries and places over which the Union Jack floats. We cannot enter in detail into "Maga's" scheme beyond noting with special approval the suggestions for placing the recruiting system on a national basis, and establishing a national system for securing the employment of sailors and soldiers after service. In regard to the Volunteers, the writer lays great stress on the necessity of limiting their numbers, and of raising a contribution from all men who do not elect to serve either in the county Militia or in the county Volunteers to meet local expenses. He is also strongly against enrolling men under twenty, "as youths of this age are unfit for military service." It would be interesting to know how far this view has been borne out by the experiences of the war in South Africa.—The article on "After the Annexation" repeats the three suggestions made last March:—(1) That the organisation of the conquered Republics should be broken up by redistribution of districts within the States, and by

alteration of their external boundaries; (2) that a Governor-General for South Africa should be appointed, with a Council to support him; (3) that African affairs should be administered by a State Department with no other responsibilities.—“Linesman,” a regimental officer who has served in the Natal campaign, contributes a generous eulogy of the “Tommy,” illustrated by some remarkable anecdotes. It amounts to this, that “Tommy Atkins” has almost every military virtue, but he is neither cautious, nor cunning, nor apt to profit by practice or bitter experience.—The summary of the war operations in South Africa contains two passages worth quoting. The writer does well to remind us that “if this sweeping up the crumbs at the close of a campaign is tedious to write about, how much more so must it be to the men who are sweeping.” The other noteworthy remark is this:—“To the Boers belongs the credit of teaching the world the new order of fighting; and it is to the painters of battle scenes that the lessons they have taught us will particularly apply, for there will be no picture possible. . . . Battles will be fought by invisible enemies with invisible weapons.”—“Maga” deals in trenchant style with “A Budget of New Books,” rightly thanking Mr. Merriman “for inviting us to take an interest in brave, sensible, and honourable men,” and lamenting the “dismal failure” of Mr. Barrie’s new novel.

The present-time articles in the *Monthly Review* fail to do much in the way of persuasion or enlightenment. The most vigorous of the three editorials is “Cecil Rhodes,” but it is pitched in too high a key. Mr. Rhodes might have had justice done to him—or shall we say sentence pronounced?—in much plainer and more effective language.—In “National Character” the academic preface is distinctly tedious, and as for Mr. Michael Davitt and Mr. R. H. Davis, what they have said about our soldiers in South Africa was not worth noticing.—Mr. Ralph Neville cries aloud for conscription or something like it, the Militia Ballot, for instance, or compulsory rifle clubs.—M. de Martens has something to say about China which coincides, curiously enough, with Sir R. Hart’s forebodings. He reproaches, not without reason, the European nations for their eagerness to enrich themselves at China’s expense. Russia is the true friend,—as for ourselves, we do not see much difference between “Codlin” and “Short.”—More pleasant reading may be found in Mr. A. R. Colquhoun’s account of the Trans-Siberian-Manchurian Railway. It is, he thinks, in the first instance, a gigantic instrument of colonisation. The Russian peasant will be able to transport himself from Moscow to Port Arthur for something less than £4.—Professor Laughton, too, on “The Naval Exhibition at the Hague” is good to read. He makes us feel better about the Dutch, in spite of Kruger and the ‘Gelderland.’—But it was a great relief to turn from all these things to the story, gruesome as it is, of the murder of Pompilia—the Pompilia of Browning’s great poem—translated from an Italian manuscript.—We can but mention Mr. P. Waterhouse on Gothic architecture, and Mr. C. J. Holmes on Chinese art.—With Mr. Beeching’s “Religio Laici” we deal elsewhere.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

China and the Present Crisis. By Joseph Walton, M.P. (Samson Low, Marston, and Co. 6s.)—Mr. Walton went to China and the Far East last year, and published an account of his experiences, which now appears in a second edition. He has criticisms to make upon the action of our Government—so has every one—and he has suggestions for the future. These are reasonable enough, but as they chiefly concern the “open door” there is a good deal to be done before they can apply. The first thing that we have to ask is: “What is behind the ‘open door’?” It is abundantly clear by this time that the critics who censured the slackness of our Government were very much out. It is no question of concessions and leases to this Power or that; it is a question of life and death between the East and the West.

The Filipino Martyrs. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. (J. Lane. 5s.)—Mr. Sheridan sets forth here an indictment of the policy pursued by the United States Government in the Philippine

Islands. He describes himself as having gone to the Islands with a feeling of sympathy for America, which had, he thought, done a good work for the world in liberating Cuba from the oppressive rule of Spain. But he regards its action in the Philippines, both in its theoretical and its practical aspect, very differently. He holds that the States had no right to buy the islands from Spain, and that their policy has been executed with harshness and cruelty. We simply state Mr. Sheridan’s opinion, without pronouncing upon it one way or the other.

All Nations, November. (Marshall Brothers. 1d.)—This is the first monthly number of what is described as an “Interdenominational Missionary Magazine.” It recognises the work of various Churches in the great field of mission work, while it is itself the organ of the “Missionary Pence Association.” We welcome the effort to diminish the great scandal and hindrance of missions,—the divisions of Christendom. We are glad to believe that it is less prominent at the front (so to speak) than at home. Bishop Selwyn was a High Churchman, but he never would intrude on fields of work already occupied by other Christian societies.

A Guide to Eternity. By Cardinal Bona. (Methuen and Co. 2s.)—This is a volume in the “Library of Translation.” Written by Cardinal Bona some time in the latter half of the seventeenth century (he was born in 1609, and died in 1674), it was translated by Roger L’Estrange not long after the author’s death. A few notes have been added by Mr. J. W. Stanbridge. There are exaggerations almost inseparable from the circumstances of its authorship. Surely it revolts common-sense to use as a dissuasive such a statement as that there is “nothing in the world so false and fading as woman”; but these are exceptions.

The Story of Egypt. By Basil Worsfold. (Horace Marshall and Son. 1s. 6d.)—Mr. Worsfold, after a brief survey of “Ancient Egypt” and the “Mahomedan Conquest,” takes us to what may be called the beginning of modern Egyptian history, Mehemet Ali and his dynasty, and conducts us down to the present. All is interesting, but the pages headed “General Progress” may be specially noticed. What a story they tell! The figures can be put into a small compass, but how much they mean! In fifteen years the population of Egypt has increased by nearly a half; the tax per feddan has been lowered from £E1 2s. to 18s. 3d.; the taxation per head in 1881 was £1 2s. 2d. and in 1897 it was 17s. 9d. The *corvée*—most significant fact of all—has been reduced from £281,000 to £11,000. (The Suez Canal was made, it must be remembered, on the old system.) The Debt has been diminished, in the same time, from £14 8s. 9d. per head to £10 0s. 2d. And all this was jeopardised when Lord Salisbury undertook to evacuate the country in two years’ time! Happily, the Sultan refused to ratify the convention.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Abbey (O. J.), The Divine Love: its Sternness, Breadth, and Tenderness, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Andre (R.) and Walker (G. L.), The Ace of Spades, cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	3/6
Ashley (W. J.), Surveys, Historic and Economic, cr 8vo	(Longmans)	9/0
Astor (W. W.), Pharaoh’s Daughter, and other Stories, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Australasia (British Empire Series), 8vo	(K. Paul)	6/0
Avery (Harold), Heads or Tails, cr 8vo	(Nelson)	5/0
Baird (W.), General Wauchope, cr 8vo	(Oliphant)	2/6
Barr (A. E.), Trinity Bells: a Tale, cr 8vo	(Unwin)	6/0
Bax (E. B.), Jean Paul Marat, the People’s Friend, cr 8vo	(Richards)	10/6
Bayly (A. E.), The Man with the Parrots, cr 8vo	(Sands)	3/6
Becke (L.), Edward Barry, South Sea Pearler, cr 8vo	(Unwin)	6/0
Bernhard (O.), First Aid to the Injured, 12mo	(Unwin)	2/6
Bevan (T.), Dick Dale, cr 8vo	(Partridge)	3/6
Billinghurst (P. J.), A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals, roy 8vo	(Lane)	6/0
Book of King Arthur and his Noble Knights, 8vo	(Gardner & Darton)	6/0
Celestial Country (The), Hymns and Poems, imp 8vo	(Seeley)	12/6
Cely Papers (The), A.D. 1475-1488, edited by E. Malden, 4to	(Longmans)	10/0
Cheyne (W. W.), Manual of Surgical Treatment, Part IV	(Longmans)	14/0
Collyer (A. D’Arcy), Despatches and Correspondence of John, Second Earl of Buckinghamshire, 4to	(Longmans)	10/0
Cripps (A. S.), Titania, and other Poems, 4to	(E. Mathews)	2/6
Crosskey (Jullian), “The S. G.”: a Romance of Peking, cr 8vo	(Lamley)	2/6
Dawe (Carlton), The Yellow Man, cr 8vo	(Hutchinson)	6/0
Dearner (Mabel), A Noah’s Ark Geography, 4to	(Macmillan)	6/0
Dunlop (R.), Daniel O’Connor and the Revival of National Life in Ireland, cr 8vo	(Putnam)	5/0
Eady (K. M.), Adventurers All, cr 8vo	(Nelson)	2/6
Evans (L. W.), Notes on the Companies Act, 1900, cr 8vo	(E. Wilson)	4/0
Gibson (C. Dana), Americans, oblong 4to	(Lane)	20/0
Gille (E. A.), A Comrade’s Troth, cr 8vo	(J. F. Shaw)	3/6
Godfrey (E.), The Harp of Life, cr 8vo	(Richards)	6/0
Godwin (P.), A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare, cr 8vo	(Putnam)	6/0
Gordon (S.), Songs of the Covenant, cr 8vo	(Sands)	6/0
Green (E. E.), After Worcester, cr 8vo	(Nelson)	5/0
Green (E. E.), The Master of Fernhurst, cr 8vo	(J. F. Shaw)	3/6
Griffith (G.), The Justice of Revenge, cr 8vo	(F. V. White)	6/0
Grogan (E. S.) and Sharp (A. H.), From the Cape to Cairo	(Hurst & Blackett)	21/0
Harland (Marion), Hannah More, 12mo	(Putnam)	5/0
Harland (Marion), John Knox, 12mo	(Putnam)	5/0
Haverfield (Rhoda), Rhoda, cr 8vo	(Nelson)	2/6
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CENTRAL WELSH BOARD.

APPOINTMENT OF EXAMINERS.

The EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the BOARD will shortly proceed to the APPOINTMENT of an EXAMINER in each of the following departments, namely:—

1. ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.
2. LATIN.
3. MECHANICS AND PHYSICS.
4. BOTANY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

Further particulars relating to the appointments may be obtained from the undersigned not later than November 6th, 1900.

OWEN OWEN,
Chief Inspector.

Central Welsh Board, Cardiff,
October 22nd, 1900.

LOUGHBOROUGH ENDOWED SCHOOLS.

APPOINTMENT OF HEAD-MASTER FOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The GOVERNORS INVITE APPLICATIONS before November 10th, 1900, for the HEAD-MASTERSHIP of the GRAMMAR SCHOOL on this Foundation. Duties commence after the Christmas Vacation.

The Master must be a Graduate of a University of the United Kingdom, and able to give a high-class education, both classical and commercial.

The School will accommodate about 250 boys. Salary £150, with Capitation Fees, and an excellent residence. The Master may take boarders, for which the house is adapted.

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W. EDWARD WOOLLEY, F.S.I.,
Clerk and Receiver to the Governors.

Rectory Place, Loughborough, Leicestershire,
October 23rd, 1900.

THE SCHOOL BOARD for LONDON REQUIRE the SERVICES of a SUPERINTENDENT, and ORGANISER, for the Board's CERTIFIED SCHOOLS for DEAF and BLIND CHILDREN. Applicants (men or women) will be expected to give evidence of their ability to superintend the teaching of the Deaf Classes on the Oral System, and to show that they have had such previous experience as would enable them to successfully perform the duties of Organiser. The selected candidate will be required to give his, or her, whole time to the work. The commencing salary will be at the rate of £500 per annum, with annual increments of £10 per annum to a maximum of £600 per annum, together with reasonable travelling expenses. Applications, accompanied by copies of three testimonials of recent date, should give age, previous experience, and qualifications, and should be received by the CLERK of the BOARD, School Board Offices, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C., not later than Monday, November 12th, 1900, endorsed outside "Blind and Deaf Schools."

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

YATES-GOLDSMID CHAIR OF GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.

The CHAIR will be VACANT at the END of the PRESENT TERM by the resignation of Professor T. G. Bonney.

Applications, accompanied by such testimonials and references as candidates may wish to submit, should reach the Secretary not later than November 21st.

The new Professor will enter on his duties in January, 1901. Full particulars as to the emoluments and duties of the Chair may be obtained on application.

T. GREGORY FOSTER,
Secretary (*pro tem.*)

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The COUNCIL are OFFERING two SCHOLARSHIPS, of £25 and £20 respectively, for next JANUARY. Applications to be sent before December 1st, to the PRINCIPAL, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

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Manchester, October, 1900.

ALFRED HUGHES, Registrar.

THE COUNCIL of the GIRLS' PUBLIC DAY SCHOOL

COMPANY, Limited, will shortly APPOINT HEAD-MISTRESSES for their EAST LIVERPOOL and PORTSMOUTH HIGH SCHOOLS. Salary in each case, £250 per annum, besides capitation fees.—Applications must be sent, not later than November 29th, to the SECRETARY of the Girls' Public Day School Company, Limited, 21 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., from whom further particulars of the appointments can be had.

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OF THE

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LIMITED

(YOKOHAMA SHOKIN GINKO),

presented to the Shareholders

AT THE

HALF-YEARLY ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING,

HELD AT

THE HEAD OFFICE, YOKOHAMA,

ON

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1900.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED Yen 24,000,000

CAPITAL PAID UP Yen 18,000,000

RESERVE FUND Yen 8,130,000

DIRECTORS.

NAGATANE SOMA, Esq. RIYEMON KIMURA, Esq.

KAMENOSUKE MISAKI, Esq. ROKURO HARA, Esq.

KOKICHI SONODA, Esq. IPPEI WAKAO, Esq.

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HEAD OFFICE.....YOKOHAMA.

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors submit to you the annexed Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and Profit and Loss Account for the Half-year ending June 30th, 1900.

The Gross Profits of the Bank for the past Half-year, including yen 349,501.¹¹³ brought forward from last Account, amount to yen 6,243,618.⁶⁸³, of which yen 4,964,772.⁹⁵¹ have been deducted for Current Expenses, Interest, &c., leaving a balance of yen 1,278,845.⁷³².

The Directors now propose that yen 130,000.⁰⁰⁰ be added to the Reserve Fund, raising it to yen 8,130,000.⁰⁰⁰. From the remainder the Directors recommend a Dividend at the rate of 13 per cent. per annum, which will absorb yen 780,000.⁰⁰⁰ on old shares and yen 205,150.⁸⁸⁰ on new shares, making a total of yen 985,150.⁸⁸⁰.

The Balance, yen 163,695.⁰⁵², will be carried forward to the credit of next Account.

NAGATANE SOMA, Chairman.

Head Office, Yokohama, September 10th, 1900.

BALANCE SHEET.

June 30th, 1900.

LIABILITIES.		Y.
Capital paid up.....	18,000,000. ⁰⁰⁰	
Reserve Fund.....	8,000,000. ⁰⁰⁰	
Reserve for Doubtful Debts.....	123,623. ²⁶⁰	
Reserve for New Building.....	403,038. ⁹⁶⁰	
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.).....	54,717,045. ⁸²⁸	
Bills Payable, and other Sums due by the Bank.....	90,072,291. ¹⁶⁴	
Dividends Unclaimed.....	2,939. ⁶⁷⁰	
Amount brought forward from last Account.....	349,501. ¹¹³	
Net Profit for past Half-year.....	929,344. ⁶¹⁹	
		Yen 172,597,784. ⁶¹⁴

ASSETS.		Y.
Cash Account—		
In Hand.....	4,933,788. ⁹⁶⁰	
At Bankers.....	4,694,743. ⁷⁹⁰	9,628,532. ⁷⁵⁰
Investments in Public Securities.....	25,025,224. ⁰⁶⁰	
Bills discounted, Loans, Advances, &c.....	53,515,888. ⁴⁸⁰	
Bills receivable and other Sums due to the Bank.....	83,704,200. ²⁵⁴	
Bullion and Foreign Money.....	153,893. ⁵⁹⁰	
Bank Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c.....	570,045. ⁴⁸⁰	
		Yen 172,597,784. ⁶¹⁴

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

LIABILITIES.		Y.
To Current Expenses, Interests, &c.....	4,964,772. ⁹⁵¹	
To Reserve Fund.....	130,000. ⁰⁰⁰	
To Dividend—		
For 120,000 Old Shares..... yen 780,000. ⁰⁰⁰		985,150. ⁸⁸⁰
AND		
For 120,000 New Shares..... yen 205,150. ⁸⁸⁰		
To Balance carried forward to next Account..	163,695. ⁰⁵²	
		Yen 6,243,618. ⁶⁸³
ASSETS.		Y.
By Balance brought forward 31st December, 1899.....	349,501. ¹¹³	
By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 30th June, 1900.....	5,894,117. ⁵⁷⁰	
		Yen 6,243,618. ⁶⁸³

We have examined the above Accounts in detail, with the Books and Vouchers of the Bank and the Returns from the Branches and Agencies, and find them to be correct. We have further inspected the Securities, &c., of the Bank, and also those held on account of Loans, Advances, &c., and find them all to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank.

SHINOBU TAJIMA, } Auditors.
FUKUSABURO WATANABE, }

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,

INCORPORATED.

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FOR THE

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WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1900.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE work of Cabinet-making has proceeded all the week, but Lord Salisbury is evidently hampered by the restrictions described elsewhere, and it is not complete even yet. Mr. Wyndham, however, has been appointed Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Gerald Balfour becomes President of the Board of Trade, while Mr. Walter Long is transferred from the Department of Agriculture to the Local Government Board. Who is to be Postmaster-General is not yet settled, though Mr. Hanbury is generally named for the office, while his own will be filled in its turn by Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Lord Cranborne is appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Stanley Financial Secretary of the War Office, and Mr. Arnold-Forster Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty. Great heart-burnings have, of course, been caused by these selections, Tories objecting that too many of those selected are Liberal Unionists, while a section of the public, which insists on regarding every office under the Crown as a "berth," complains that the Premier appoints too many of his own relatives. What on earth does it signify whose relatives they are if they do good work for the community? If we were to complain, it would be because Lord Salisbury has selected only one man of original mind—Mr. Arnold-Forster—and that he finds such difficulty in stepping out of the circle of well-born men amidst whom he has lived. Surely there must be some men of capability among the "gutter-bloods," and as they are a million to one it is not politic to ignore them so completely.

The Liberals have been successful in the Canadian elections, Sir Charles Tupper, the Conservative leader, even losing his own seat for the first time in his career. The event is worth recording, not only on account of the improved position of Canada within the Empire, but because it appears to be due in great measure to the perfect loyalty of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, though of French descent and a Catholic, has acted throughout the South African War as a convinced Imperialist. The incident, too, is gratifying, as showing that the Queen's Government can conciliate men of any descent and creed, a belief further supported by the eagerness of the Indian Princes to lead their own troops into China. No doubt the love of adventure and excitement counts for something with them, as it does also with our own Volunteers, but the willingness displayed indicates precisely that warm acquiescence which as yet is all that Governments can hope for in those who are not allowed a direct share in their election. Men who will die for a common flag are for political purposes brethren, and when all subjects of her Majesty regard each other as children of one nursery, attack upon her will be an enterprise of no slight moment and risk.

As was expected, the American Presidential election ended on November 6th in a decided victory for Mr. McKinley. Of the forty-five States he secured twenty-seven, and in the Electoral College he has 292 votes to 155. His "plurality at the polls" is estimated at nearly a million; and although this is probably an exaggeration, it may be true, for the total vote is said to have been the largest ever given in the world,—that is, *fifteen millions*. At all events, the American people as a nation have re-elected Mr. McKinley, and must be held in doing so to have endorsed his policy. That is to say, they have approved the war with Spain, the annexation of Puerto Rico and the Philippines as dependencies, and the policy recently pursued in China. They have also approved a general attitude of friendliness towards Great Britain, the adherence to a gold standard, and the use of troops to maintain order during a strike. They have decided, in fact, for the old economic order, rejecting the Radical ideas entertained by Mr. Bryan as to currency, land mortgages, and the protection accorded by law to capitalist combinations. It is understood that Mr. McKinley will retain his present Cabinet, and will, in fact, regard himself as holding office for an unbroken term.

At the same time, Mr. Roosevelt, Governor of New York, whose vast popularity greatly conduced to Mr. McKinley's success, was elected Vice-President, and the elections for vacant seats in the Senate were filled up so as to give the Republicans a decided majority. The Republicans are also dominant in the House of Representatives, and the three branches of the Government are therefore in accord, rather an unusual circumstance in America. The Opposition, moreover, will be much weaker than before, a defeat so complete taking much heart out of them, while their leader, Mr. Bryan, disappears politically into space. Tammany, too, which rules the left wing of the Democrat party, refuses to be comforted, for the majority for Mr. Bryan in New York City, which was expected to reach eighty thousand, was under thirty thousand. Even the faithful South was not "solid" for the Democrats, Maryland, and perhaps Kentucky, voting for Mr. McKinley. The victory, in fact, which seems to have been secured without either bribery or terrorism, was singularly complete.

In South Africa the laborious task of "sweeping up the crumbs," rendered all the more difficult by heavy rain and violent storms, is being steadily pursued. Ventersburg has shared the fate of Bothaville; General Kitchener, commanding in Lydenburg, has captured a laager in Steenkampsberg; General Smith-Dorrien, making a rapid night march from Belfast, surprised a laager at Witkop, but his men were so "perished with cold" that they could not follow up their success; and further details of the defeat of De Wet by Colonels Lisle and Le Gallais at Rensburg Drift, when five Krupp guns were captured, show that his column narrowly escaped annihilation. Koffyfontein, which was garrisoned by fifty of the Kimberley Light Horse, was relieved on the 2nd after gallantly holding out for nearly a month. At the moment of our going to press we learn of a severe but successful engagement in which Colonel Le Gallais surprised the Boers under De Wet south of Bothaville, capturing seven guns and a hundred prisoners, and inflicting heavy loss. Our casualty list, unfortunately, was serious, Colonel Le Gallais himself being among the killed.

On the other hand, the garrison at Reddersburg has been captured and released, constant damage is inflicted on the railway, and marauding bands are still active in the neighbourhood of Bloemfontein, Aliwal North, Rouxville, and Vryburg; while a strong commando is reported to be concentrated in the neighbourhood of Ladybrand. To check

these raiders General Baden-Powell is credited with the intention of trying an interesting experiment. "Two strong patrols will enter a disturbed district, and will immediately proceed to construct a strong bomb-proof fort, which will be provided with three months' supplies. As soon as the fort is finished a strong party, unhampered by baggage, will patrol the country all round, returning to the fort when necessary." General Baden-Powell's plan is after all only a reversion to that adopted by the Normans in controlling England. President Kruger, who was in excellent health on touching at Jibuti, is expected at Marseilles on the 17th. Lord Roberts, the illness of whose daughter has excited universal sympathy, has, it is said, decided to postpone his departure for another month.

No advance has been made towards a settlement in China, and, indeed, no authentic news has been received from thence, but there are a quantity of rumours, all of one kind, which point to a serious evil prevailing there. Too many Chinamen in civil employ are killed at sight for no reason except that they are Chinamen. Quiet peasants working in the fields along the canals are shot while staring at the strangers; while in any village captured the inhabitants are put to death. Even servants in houses are shot and the women ravished. The British are exempted on all hands from these charges, but they are made against the Germans, French, and Russians by eye-witnesses not always Englishmen. The Government cannot, of course, interfere with the troops of other nationalities, but a quiet representation to the Kaiser and the Czar would, we doubt not, produce immediate improvement. They do not want to disorganise their troops by permitting a license as offensive to discipline as to humanity, nor can they be blind to the effect which such conduct must have upon the Chinese people. "Death to the foreigner" is a terrible cry for them to excite, and it will be excited if their soldiers are not held in better restraint. That a great many Chinamen deserve death for their treatment of unoffending Europeans is true, but let them be hung, not peasants and servants who are as powerless as the cranes on the rivers' banks.

The most extraordinary illusions still prevail in Peking. The *Times* correspondent there, for example, states on November 5th that the appointment of Yu-chang, lately Governor of Honan, to be Governor of Hupei creates alarm in the Yangtse Valley, the man having driven every missionary and foreigner out of Honan with all circumstances of insult and cruelty. He adds: "There is every hope that the British Government will insist on the cancellation of the appointment." Though at the very centre of affairs, the correspondent does not see that Yu-chang is appointed *because* of his hostility to foreigners, and that the British Government has no more power to "insist" on his removal than it would have if he lived in the moon. "Moral force" has no effect in China, and the means of employing physical force at Sian do not exist. When the passes to Sian are blocked so that there is nothing to eat or spend, the orders of the British Government to the Empress will have meaning. Till then they are wind. The Anglo-Chinese reason as if the Imperial Court were still in Peking, and within the grip of civilised man.

The meeting of the French Chambers on November 6th revealed nothing important except that the Opposition, who will be reinforced by all Clericals, intend to overthrow the Government if they can, and that M. Waldeck-Rousseau really proposes to act on the anti-clerical policy sketched in his speech at Toulouse. His first object is to make the Treasury safe, the deficit being large, but the moment the principles of his Budget are accepted he will introduce two Bills, one strengthening the mortmain laws, and the other compelling candidates for office under the State to educate themselves in secular schools. No hint, however, is given as to the reception this project has met with in the country, which, it must be remembered, knows how to press its opinion upon its representatives. M. de Blowitz is evidently alarmed, but the Deputies are saturated with anti-clerical feeling, and the influence of the Church requires time to make itself felt. We must not forget that the power of the whole ecclesiastical organisation was strained to defeat the Bill compelling candidates for Orders to serve in the Army, and strained in

vain. That measure, nevertheless, recoiled on its authors, the future priests acting as missionaries for the Church in barracks. We notice that in the Chamber on Thursday a sustained attack was made on the Cabinet on the two questions of the extradition of Sipido and the position of M. Millerand, the Minister of Commerce. The Minister of Justice successfully defended Sipido's extradition as the repatriation of a minor under the Convention made between France and Belgium in 1898; and in the latter case M. Waldeck-Rousseau insisted on standing by his colleague, and eventually secured a vote of confidence. But the incident shows the insecurity of the Cabinet, and the perplexing cross-division of parties with which it has to contend.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* reports that the Bonapartists are manifesting a strong disposition to desert Prince Victor Bonaparte, and to replace him by his brother Prince Louis, now a General of Artillery in the Russian Service. Their mouthpieces say that Prince Victor is a *fainéant*, whom his father, Prince Jerome, intended to exclude from the succession, and that Prince Louis is a higher character. We do not exactly see why Prince Jerome's opinion signifies, but we expressed two years ago the belief that the party would ultimately follow Prince Louis. Although Prince Victor is a man with a mind, as witness his proclamation on the Dreyfus affair, he is hampered by the circumstances of his life, and the party needs a soldier. The difficulty is that under the House-law of the Bonapartes Prince Victor is unquestionably heir, and that unless he is compelled to resign there will always be a party behind him. If Prince Louis were to attain his object the law of succession in France would be an odd one, often suggested, but never that we know of formally adopted. The throne would belong to the ablest or most popular member of the reigning house.

Mr. Rhodes recently made a speech of some moment to the Congress of the South African League. His view, or rather, perhaps, the one he gave his audience, was that there had been no quarrel between the English and the Dutch, but that the English had fought and defeated "Krugerism." By "Krugerism" he meant, as appeared from his explanation, a system of terrorism established and maintained by a minute group, of whom Mr. Kruger was the absolute chief. Dr. Leyds himself had told him that no one in Pretoria had the slightest power of influencing the President. "Krugerism" being dead, Mr. Rhodes advised the League, and indeed all citizens of South Africa, to "drop disputes" and concentrate their attention upon the development of the magnificent resources lying beneath their feet. The "Queen's flag and equality for all civilised men" should in future be the only cries. That is all very well as a statement of future policy, but we must demur to its accuracy as history. There is no such thing on earth, and never has been, as a self-existent despotism. Either the Dutch of the Transvaal believed "Krugerism" to be good policy or they did not. If they did not, why did they always support Mr. Kruger? If they did, then they are responsible for the policy of which they approved. To drop disputes is most wise, but they will not be dropped the sooner because their origin is misrepresented.

Mr. Brodrick made his first speech as Secretary-elect for War at Godalming on Tuesday. It was rather an important speech, though it was a modest one. Mr. Brodrick asked his friends to reserve congratulations until he had done his work, and repudiated any idea of making vague promises, but he admitted that there was "a great work to be done," and believed that possibly before the leaves were on the trees again some result might be attained. He was himself "an enthusiast for the British Army," and thought that the knowledge acquired in his ten years' experience of the War Office "would prove a useful adjunct to those inspirations which will be afforded me by the greatest soldier of the age." With him he hoped to establish a system which would secure "the safety of these islands and the discharge of our responsibilities throughout the world." He was aware that there would be much criticism, and aware, too, that the organisation of the British Army must always be a "delicate" matter, because service was voluntary, but he pleaded only for public confidence and time to get through initial pro-

cesses. That is a sound tone for a reforming Minister, who will have to hurt a good many people, and must expect vitriolic comment from those he hurts.

The warning addressed a month ago to the public by Lord Wolseley in regard to the "treating" of home-coming soldiers has been repeated and endorsed in a further appeal from Lord Roberts. In the admirable letter which he addresses to the nation he pays a remarkable tribute to the army under his command. From first to last its conduct in the field has been exemplary; "the men bore themselves like heroes on the battlefield, and like gentlemen on all other occasions," and the distrust of non-combatant residents in the Republics, due to "malicious falsehoods" circulated by the authorities, speedily gave place to perfect confidence born of personal experience. Lord Roberts's only misgiving is lest from the very kindness of their hearts, their innate politeness, and their gratitude for the welcome accorded them, the men may find it difficult to refuse what is offered by their too generous friends. He therefore expresses the earnest hope that this welcome may not take the form of indiscriminate "treating," and so lead the men into excesses which must tend to degrade those whom the nation delights to honour, and so to lower them in the eyes of the world. We note with satisfaction the practical steps which are already being taken by the Duchess of Bedford and others to give effect to Lord Roberts's appeal by forming hospitality committees throughout the country with a view to organising welcomes to returning soldiers on the basis of cordiality rather than excess. The *Daily News* makes the excellent suggestion that, with a view to giving the widest possible currency to Lord Roberts's appeal, it should be posted up, like the war bulletins, at every post-office in the kingdom.

The inaugural address of the new President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. James Mansergh, delivered on Tuesday evening, was of unusual interest. Dealing with the increasingly onerous responsibilities of the waterworks engineer in regard to purity of supply, Mr. Mansergh laid stress on the assistance rendered by chemical methods of investigation, and emphasised the divergence of opinion that still prevailed in regard to the value of bacteriological examination. "We were still groping in the dark as to the work these ubiquitous micro-organisms were designed to do in the economy of Nature. Might it not be wiser to assume the majority of them to be actively beneficent instead of being simply harmless?" The hydraulic engineer, Mr. Mansergh went on to say, represented the most ancient branch of engineering practice, and he quoted a remarkable passage from the treatise of Frontinus, water commissioner under Nerva, the MS. of which, preserved in Montecassino, has been reproduced in facsimile by Mr. Clemens Herschel, an American engineer. Frontinus wrote:—"I consider it to be the first and most important thing to be done, as has always been one of my fundamental principles in other affairs, to learn thoroughly what it is I have undertaken. There is, indeed, no better foundation for any business, nor can it in any other way be determined what is to be done and what omitted; nor is there for a fair-minded man so debasing a course as to perform the duties of an office entrusted to him according to the direction of subordinates,—a course, however, which must be followed whenever an inexperienced official takes refuge in the practical knowledge of his assistants, whose services, though necessary for rendering help, should nevertheless be only a sort of hand and tool of the principal in charge." It is difficult to believe that these acute comments on the duties and responsibilities of a departmental chief were written nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and not by a candid critic of the War Office.

At the meeting of the Egyptian Exploration Fund on Wednesday addresses were delivered by the President, Sir John Evans, and by Professor Flinders Petrie. Sir John Evans noted amongst the satisfactory features of a year marked by unexampled activity of research the return of Professor Maspero to his post as Director of the Department of Antiquities in Egypt, the excavations of Professor Flinders Petrie among the tombs of the Kings, and the forthcoming publication of the Papyri from the Fayum towns. Professor

Petrie in an eloquent address dwelt on the astonishing results, in regard to the wider perspective of human history, achieved by English explorations in Egypt. They had seen and handled the drinking bowls and furniture of the Kings of the First Dynasty this summer at Abydos,—Kings who had been regarded as mythical, but were now as familiar and real as those of Saxon England, though the First Dynasty was older to Seti than the Exodus was to us. The grand period of the pyramid builders they now saw to be the *third* cycle of civilisation and art in Egypt. Professor Petrie spoke of the cordial relations that prevailed between the English explorers and Professor Maspero, and vindicated the immense superiority of the new baksheesh system of reward for results over the old system of excavating by merely driving a gang of workmen. "Everything that he had brought to light, all the history that had been unfolded, had already been cast aside as worthless in the course of recent years' works on the bad old system." It may be noted as an agreeable evidence of the spread of Egyptological enthusiasm in America that nearly half the aggregate income of the Fund for the past year came from the United States. A less pleasing instance of this enthusiasm in England was the sale in London by public auction during the past week of the mummy of a daughter of Rameses II. for ten guineas. One does not like to think of Macaulay's New Zealander buying the remains of Queen Elizabeth.

The inquiry into the charges brought against Mr. Higginbottom at Manchester has been concluded in a manner which will satisfy all who are concerned in the maintenance of a high standard of municipal integrity. Mr. Higginbottom, an Alderman, member of the City Council, and Mayor-designate for the ensuing year, was charged with having exploited his position as chairman of the Electricity Committee and member of the Gas Committee of the Corporation to further his private interests, and a Special Committee was appointed to investigate and report on these charges. Some of these proved to be groundless, but it was established that contracts had been assigned by the Gas Committee to a company which sublet the contract to a firm of which he was a partner, and the Committee having stigmatised his action in the matter as improper, Mr. Higginbottom has resigned his Aldermanship and forfeited his succession to the Mayoralty. Manchester is to be congratulated on this summary vindication of the principle on which we have insisted in these columns, that public officials should never deliberately combine functions in such a way as to open the door to the charge of an improper use of their opportunities.

The declaration of the polls in the twenty-eight new London boroughs, which were incomplete at the moment of our going to press last week, may be summarised as follows:—

Conservatives	825
Progressives	455
Independents	37
Independent Conservatives	4
Independent Progressives	7
Labour	4
Stoke Newington	30
Total	1,362

By arrangement the contest in Stoke Newington was conducted on a non-political basis. The Press Association, which classifies the Stoke Newington members as Independents, supplies a somewhat different analysis, giving the Conservatives or Moderates a majority over Progressives, excluding Labour and Independent members, of 325. With the significance of the elections we deal elsewhere.

We note with lively satisfaction the presentation to Mr. Holman Hunt, recorded in the *Times* of Monday, of an address, signed by a number of leading men, together with his portrait painted by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A. Whatever may be the ultimate verdict of posterity on his work, Mr. Holman Hunt has been conspicuous throughout his long career for the consistent nobility of his aims and the unwearying and heroic industry he has devoted to their realisation.

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New Consols (2½) were on Friday 98½.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

CABINET-MAKING.

CABINET-MAKING is a very difficult business, worse even than choosing Bishops, though that has of late years been supposed to be a sore burden upon the dispensers of patronage. The choice of Ministers, which the public always discuss as if the Crown were free to choose at discretion, is hemmed in with restrictions, some of them, we fear, by no means favourable to the choice of the best executive officers, or even the wisest counsellors. Even when the Prime Minister is so far master that his resignation would break his party to pieces, and can therefore shed colleagues as a tree sheds leaves—which has been the position both of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury—he is still seriously hampered. He must, to begin with, confine himself to the ranks of his own party, first because men of the other side will not join him, and secondly because adoptions of that sort diminish the loyalty and destroy the coherence of the children of the household. Lord Salisbury, for instance, could not have made Lord Kimberley Foreign Minister if he had wished it ever so much. Once or twice in our history a man, like Lord Palmerston, has been so popular or so separate that he could serve on either side without loss of character for himself or prestige for the Government, but such occurrences are rare. Then the Premier must not leave out any man who, like Mr. Balfour, is strongly distinguished by public favour, or, like Mr. Chamberlain, represents an important body of opinion, or, like Sir M. Hicks-Beach, is, on the whole, the safest man with whom to trust a vital Department of the State. Big blunders in finance or in internal government would never do. Nor must he, except under a strain of circumstances visible to everybody, remove colleagues who have done fairly well, for that not only rouses bitter, and it may be dangerous, enmities, but it impairs the loyalty which should exist between chief and followers. Mr. Strutt was not an important person, but the political world was long in forgetting, when Lord J. Russell removed him, that, as *Punch* said, “he found he’d resigned before he knew.” There is, too, a claim of seniority which is often very powerful, though it is unrecognised in law, is in essence indefinable, and is subject to the odd limitation that social grade, personal popularity, and oratorical ability all count as the equivalents of years. Still, to put a young man or an Under-Secretary whom the Premier wants over the head of an old man or a Secretary whom he does not want is a delicate operation, requiring to an unpleasant degree, unless the person so promoted is exceptionally gifted, to be justified by results. Add that the distribution of offices between Lords and Commons is partially settled either by law or immovable etiquette; and that although most of our politicians are well-to-do and have a keen sense of “duty to the Queen’s Government,” there are still human cravings for high office, many personal jealousies, and some bitter personal antipathies all to be considered; and we may see that the office of Cabinet-maker, thirsty as statesmen are for it, is not one to be altogether envied, or one that requires less nerve and ability than, say, the organising of a new theatre.

And then comes in the great restriction of all. Alone among the peoples of the world, whether Monarchical or Republican, we English have settled that the Crown in choosing the ruling Committee of the nation, the little group which really legislates as well as acts, shall be limited in its choice to less than a hundred persons, those, namely, who have obtained some prominence in Parliament on the side of the dominant party. Nothing in the Constitution prescribes this law, or prevents the Crown from making any male subject whom the Sovereign favours Minister of War or Foreign Secretary, but in practice the rule is immutable. The greatest lawyer in the land if not in Parliament could not be made Home Secretary, for he could not defend his measures; the most successful Ambassador could not be Foreign Minister; the best organiser of armies could not be Minister of War. No doubt if any such persons were Peers their selection would be less impossible, and if a man had made himself inevitable he could be made a Peer and a Secretary on the same day, but the making would be regarded, like the use of the prerogative to

abolish purchase, as much too near a *coup d'état*. There was much talk during the recent interregnum of bringing home Lord Curzon, or Lord Cromer, or Lord Pauncefoot for the Foreign Office, and it was even whispered that Lord Roberts might be Secretary for War, but we doubt if any of those ideas ever got beyond the quidnuncs and the newspapers. The restriction is practically absolute, and it is a dreadfully confining one. It strikes out not only men like Sir A. Milner, who would make a strong Secretary of the Colonies, and Mr. Seddon, who would be an ideal (Radical) Home Secretary, and Admiral Noel, most trenchant of born diplomatists, but any person whatever whose fitness is known to the Premier but who is neither Peer nor Member of the Commons. But that an Act of Parliament can do anything, the restriction might prove in an hour of extremity something more than inconvenient, and logically it is as difficult to defend as it would be to defend a law that all water for London should be drawn from the River Lea. In practice, no doubt, it works much better than it ought, because it draws to Parliament with irresistible force much of the available ability of the country, because it gives cohesion and vitality to the party system, because it induces the ambitious to show themselves statesmen and not Mr. Bryans, and because it deprives the great executive agents of the Crown of any wish to play to the gallery; but still it is a most hampering restriction, and one which adds strength to all the others. Taken together they fetter a Premier at every turn, and, we may add, enormously strengthen the argument, usually drawn from other sources, that Cabinets should be small. In swollen Cabinets a considerable proportion of Ministers, drawn as they are from so confined an area, must be mediocrities, and as Cabinets on occasion decide by voting, a crowd of mediocrities must occasionally impair its collective judgment. They would very often but for the unwritten law once laid down by Lord John Russell to define the difference between a Premier and his colleagues. The Premier, he said, is only *primus inter pares*, but if the difference of opinion is serious the colleague resigns and the Premier does not.

The network of restrictions which we have described is the best excuse for any failures a Premier may make in bringing together his governing Committee, and for the practice, otherwise so objectionable, of stereotyping the group from which selection is to be made. It is so hard within a number so unreasonably limited to get a new man who seems to fulfil all the conditions. Still, success in the effort is one of the things that is required of great Premiers, and especially of one who might have broken through some of them, and Lord Salisbury must not claim on their account exemption from criticism. On the whole he has this time been fairly successful, though Lord Lansdowne’s appointment is, as we said before, either a mistake or an experiment only to be excused by success, and Mr. Wyndham—whose claims are undeniable, and who is a great-grandson of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—is, we fear, sent to Ireland under the illusion that brilliant men suit Ireland best. They do not. The most successful Governors of Ireland have been men, like Thomas Drummond, at once solid and impartial. Still, though the Cabinet seems to a superficial view less strong as an executive body controlling this vast Empire than could have been desired, we have the Premier the whole country wishes for, new and strong men at the War Office and the Admiralty, a Colonial Secretary who has done great things besides making himself inevitable, as good a Chancellor of the Exchequer as we are likely to find till Mr. Hanbury is a little farther forward, and a Secretary for India of whom the worst that can be said is that fate must have some spite against him, his Empire encounters so many and such grave misfortunes. Had the Cabinet but included a strong Minister for Foreign Affairs the country would have looked to the next six years with cheerful contentment, though it must not be forgotten that years bring age, and that in 1906 Lord Salisbury will be seventy-six and the Queen herself eighty-seven.

THE AMERICAN ELECTION.

THE whole world has been interested this time in the election of the American President, and justly, for it concerns the whole world. We do not, it is true,

believe that Mr. Bryan, if he had been elected, could have put the clock back, and compelled Americans to attend exclusively to domestic affairs. Circumstances are stronger even than the teaching of the founders of the Republic, and a rich people of seventy-six millions, seated on both the Atlantic and the Pacific, with a growing necessity for commerce with the Far East, must interfere in the politics of Asia, and therefore in the politics of the nations who are trying to eat Asia up. Mr. Bryan must have maintained a line of policy in relation to Chinese affairs just as much as Mr. McKinley, and it would almost of necessity have been the same line. It is said he would have been anti-English; but he would not have been in power a month without discovering that friends are as useful in politics as in domestic life, and that in Europe the United States has no friend except Great Britain. Nor do we believe he could have receded from the policy of expansion. He would have called Hawaii, and Puerto Rico, and the Philippines "protectorates" instead of dependencies, but the difference between the words, however great philologically, is politically imperceptible. If you protect you must govern, or you may find yourself protecting a pirate ship. But the election of Mr. McKinley by increased majorities, and in the teeth of temporary failure in the Philippines, prevents a long period of sterile discussion and confused orders. It means that the American people, having been consulted, accept their new position as a "world-wide" Power, are ready for the consequent sacrifices, and will in future share in the general movement of the nations instead of standing selfishly and cynically aloof. They will govern Hawaii and Puerto Rico, they will keep the Philippines, and they will acquire so much of the world as is essential to the development of their power and trade. We heartily welcome the decision, not only because we can see that, the interests of Great Britain and the Union being identical, they must, if once in motion, pull together, but because we honestly believe that in their broader field of action Americans will lose most of the narrowness in political thinking which has been their drawback, and will reason like statesmen, as they have recently done, instead of like attorneys, as Mr. Bryan would have them do. So reasoning, they will add almost immeasurably to that mass of force which, needing peace to breed prosperity, makes for the preservation of peace, and steadies the thirst for conquest and enterprise which in several directions now threatens the tranquillity of mankind.

It is not, however, mainly as regards foreign affairs that we welcome the success of Mr. McKinley as of good omen. It is also a strong check to Bryanism, and by Bryanism we mean that disposition to redistribute the fruits of industry on emotional grounds, with too little attention either to economic laws or to common justice. Almost all the statesmen of Europe believe that this is the great danger of the immediate future, threatening as it does the very existence of civilisation. They say that as education spreads the great mass of men who labour, even though they work on their own freeholds, grow thirsty for more comfort, envious of those who possess anything, and inclined to believe that society is organised for the protection and benefit of the rich. They desire, therefore, to redivide, or if that is impossible, to subject all surplus wealth to special taxes, to prevent accumulation, to entrust industry to municipalities, and generally so to modify the laws that all the sources of wealth shall be used for the benefit of manual labour. In France, Germany, Austria, and Italy the fiercest debates always turn upon this subject; and there are men in high position who regard conscription as indispensable, because on some day or other the Army will be the last defence against the internal foe. These fears may be exaggerated, like the old Roman fears of the general rising among slaves, which never happened; but there can be no doubt that the spirit of economic discontent is very widespread, and very bitter, or that it has invaded America. Fortunes there are very large, capital presses its legal rights with some harshness, the lot of the poorer artisans and freeholders is one of monotonous toil which produces little, and the habit of combination among manufacturers and dealers has been pushed till the consumers think themselves shorn to the very skin. The consequence has been Populism, a word which covers a vast number of vague projects for the humiliation of the

rich and the raising of the poor. Populists, and the mass of those who without joining them sympathise in their ideas, believe that by alterations in the currency laws, by abolishing Trusts, by readjusting taxation, by prohibiting "monopolies" of land, by the use of State money in loans to the poor, by enforced reductions in the rate of interest, and by various other devices of the same kind, life could be made at once, and, as it were, by decree, easier for the poor. Mr. Bryan, so far as we know, has sanctioned none of these schemes except one for artificially raising the value of silver, so that "the Republic may not be crucified on a cross of gold," but there can be no doubt that the mass of his followers believed that if elected he would do something, and something sudden, to humble the rich and elevate the poor. Democrats voted for him for party reasons, and opponents of expansion for political reasons, but the rank-and-file of his following, its real strength, consisted of the great army of the discontented. He was expected to do something great for them, and—for he is a sincere man—he would have tried to do it, probably through some strong appeal to Congress to alter the currency laws. His election, therefore, would have been followed by a fall in all securities and all values, and a consequent disturbance both to commerce and industry which would have produced endless misery, and perhaps civil war, while its reflex effect would have added strength to every anti-social party in Europe. The spectacle of one of the great Governments in the world actively contending for the poor against the rich would have excited wild hopes all throughout the Continent, would have added a new "edge" to all class bitterness, and might in France and Germany, at all events, have determined the various Collectivist parties upon some violent action. Those who are utterly unable to believe that poverty can be abolished by any action from above, or through any social cataclysm—and they are the majority of thinkers—were, therefore, all keenly interested in the election, and welcomed Mr. Bryan's defeat as a great victory for order. It is certainly a proof that the majority of Americans choose that the gold standard should be maintained, not only for itself, but as a symbol of economic order; that they desire reform to be gradual; and that, above all things, they wish it should be guided by the calm reason of experts and not by the emotions of those who suffer.

There is a good deal of speculation as to whether Mr. McKinley in his second term will be greatly different from Mr. McKinley in his first. He will not, of course, expect a third term, which was refused by General Washington and not conceded to General Grant, and he may therefore be more decided, more independent, and more wilful. That is possible, but we do not think he will be. He is not only closely fettered by the party leaders, one of whom, Mr. Hanna, he sincerely trusts, but he is a dutiful man, and holds, if we understand his character aright, that his duty is to act as the body of public opinion shall direct. He does not "lay his ear to the ground" out of meanness of spirit, but out of a false conception of what the Constitution requires of him. His position, in fact, is best defined in his brief speech to his fellow-townsmen in Canton on the day before the election, when he told them that they must "reverently await" the verdict of the people. That word "reverently" reveals at once his character and the weak place in the minds of Americans, who cannot be convinced that the first duty of a true statesman, as of any other good man, may be to meet public opinion with a frank defiance. We believe Mr. McKinley to be a genuinely conscientious man, but seated in Pilate's judgment chair he would, if he had acted on his own doctrine, have decided for Barabbas. The cry of the majority would have been to him the voice of God.

THE NEW LONDON MUNICIPALITIES.

THE results of the first municipal elections in the new Metropolitan boroughs, though not all that could have been wished, are certainly interesting, and, as it seems to us, contain real elements of encouragement as well as of warning. Broadly speaking, it appears that in at least sixteen out of twenty-eight of the new Councils there is a clear, and in several a very large, majority on the "Moderate," Conservative, or Unionist side. In

four Councils—those of Bermondsey, Stepney, Finsbury, and Poplar—the Independent members are said to hold the balance, and it is claimed by the “Progressives” that they are more likely to turn it against than for the “Moderates.” In Stoke Newington all the candidates returned are Independents. In only six boroughs, to be mentioned later, is there a majority on the “Progressive” side. It is certainly a striking fact, whatever its full interpretation may be, that in considerably more than half of the new boroughs, household suffrage, consulted in a fresh and emphatic fashion as to the character of the local administration empowered to deal with the conditions of daily life, should have elected an authority of a more or less Conservative colour, and that in less than a quarter is the majority clearly the other way. It is true that the polls on which these results have been secured cover substantially less than half of the number of ratepayers who might have voted. But it is also true that, as the *Daily News* has usefully and instructively set forth, these polls, regrettably small as they are, show a marked increase on those by which the old Vestries were elected. There has been, that is to say, a municipal rally, or awakening, but it has operated chiefly on one side, and that, speaking broadly, the side which, if not averse to any drastic development of administrative action, whether local or central, is at least anxious that any such intervention, if proved to be of absolute necessity, shall be conducted on business principles, and with the most careful regard for legitimate vested interests. It would, no doubt, be quite unjustifiable to assume that if eighty or ninety per cent. of the ratepayers had gone to the polling-booths instead of about forty, the results would have been the same. But it is at least clear that among the sixty per cent. who did not take the trouble to exercise their franchise there is not at present any intense ardour for the embodiment in practice of tendencies or principles of local government diverse from those represented by the majority of the elected Councillors in the majority of the new boroughs. For if there were they would have voted. There can be no real doubt, indeed, that a considerable proportion of the abstentionists were lazy Conservatives who considered that, having helped to secure an immense victory for their party in London at the Parliamentary elections, they had done all that could be expected of them in the way of voting for the present. Under any imaginable circumstances, these persons, if they had to vote, would probably strengthen numerically the least progressive section of the side which has actually won at the London municipal elections. But an equally large, and possibly even larger, proportion of the unpolled may be arguably held to be citizens whose sympathies are on the side of municipal progress, but who thought the difference between the old Vestries and the new Councils mainly one of name, and who despaired of any prospect of real advance under the conditions of local public life prevailing in London.

It is the business of the new Councils, and especially of those with “Moderate” majorities, so to discharge the various public functions which devolve upon them as, without inflicting any justifiable alarm upon the large body of steady-going citizens of limited views, to enlist the interest and confidence of those citizens, also numerous, who are truly, but at present ineffectively, sensible of the manifold evils which good local government might remedy or mitigate. To us it seems that the prevailing composition of the Councils specially facilitates the discharge of this task. If the results of the elections had been reversed, if in the large majority of the Metropolitan boroughs the so-called “Progressive” or Radical party had obtained a dominating representation on the new local authority, they would have had no small difficulty in disarming the suspicion and apprehension which their victory would have excited. More or less revolutionary aims would have been apt to be discerned in projects of reform which might have been framed and promoted in perfect sobriety and honesty of heart. And if a “Progressive” County Council had been again elected, very many timid persons would have become possessed by the gravest anxiety as to dangers lurking in possible co-operation between that body and the borough authorities. Now, however, there is no ground for any of these fears. Constituted as the larger proportion of the new Councils

are, and in particular that of Westminster—of the splendid opportunities of which we spoke a fortnight ago—there can be no possible suggestion that they are animated by a desire to “set class against class,” or to subvert the existing social and economic order. Whatever reforms they may bring forward will be recognised by their constituents as springing from a simple desire to administer, in the spirit intended by Parliament, the various powers conferred upon them. And if they should show, as we hope they will, a genuine realisation of the magnitude of the responsibilities on which they have entered, in regard to such questions as those of sanitation and the housing of the poor, the effect of their action will be not to throw the well-to-do classes into an attitude of angry resistance to threatened “spoliation,” but to stimulate and educate a larger sense of civic obligation. Happily, a large number of so-called “Moderate,” Conservative, or Unionist candidates have obtained election on programmes of a distinctly reforming character, and there is every reason why, in wielding the powers with which they have been entrusted, they should illustrate that liberalisation of Conservatism which has been one of the best results of the Unionist alliance in the political sphere.

That result of the alliance would probably in the nature of the case have ensued, apart from any individual influences. But in so far as there can be any apportionment of the shares due to separate personalities, it will not be denied that the largest must be placed to the credit of Mr. Chamberlain. A perusal of the “Life” of that statesman by Miss Marris, which we reviewed a fortnight ago, will not only show how conspicuous was his public part in promoting municipal reform in Birmingham, but will also illustrate the extent to which the same cause can be promoted by private and social activities. May we not hope that the commanding position which the Unionists have secured on the new Councils in Westminster and elsewhere will be utilised by them, privately and socially, to bring municipal questions before the minds of all citizens of leisure, wealth, and culture as matters eminently worthy of close and energetic attention, not only at election times, but year in, year out? It is, in truth, only by the steady and intelligent watching of municipal administration that mischief can be checked and efficient support given to a policy of well-thought-out reform. The temper which secures such enlightened vigilance has yet to be created in most parts of London. Its creation will not be everywhere easy, but if the task is resolutely undertaken—and it is a task in which public-spirited women may give most valuable help—there can be no doubt that it will be achieved. It will be further facilitated by the acceptance of mayoral office by persons of distinction. A certain amount of prejudice against local business which has been within the sphere of the departed Vestries will probably have to be struggled against, and in dispelling it the accession of prestige to the new Councils which will ensue from the occupation of the civic Chair by citizens whose name and influence command the respect of all their neighbours cannot fail to be of value.

We are by no means sorry that in some few important boroughs the new Councils have “Progressive” or Radical majorities. For some reason not apparent on the surface, there seems to be a concentration of municipal activity on advanced lines in the immediate valley of the Thames. Battersea, Southwark, and Fulham, at any rate, have “Progressive” Councils, as well as Camberwell, Bethnal Green, and Shoreditch away from the river. We hope that fair play will be given to the new Councils in all these boroughs, and the best construction possible placed upon their early efforts to fulfil their responsibilities. Only let it be the resolute endeavour of the more Conservative Councils to show from the outset that the path of municipal progress can be pursued genuinely and effectively on “Moderate” lines. And where the “Moderates” are not numerically predominant, let them make sober and businesslike, but always resolute reform their watchword. Thus they will worthily attract “Independent” support, and help to utilise all that is best in “Progressive” zeal, while checking its rasher and more intemperate elements. Stoke Newington, perhaps, with its entirely non-partisan Council, may teach all London something worth knowing, and learn something in return.

FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND GERMANY.

THE visit of President Loubet to Lyons was not altogether of good omen for the continued tranquillity of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry. Although by far the best and most honest Ministry France has had since that memorable day when Marshal MacMahon upset the Ministry of M. Jules Simon, the Cabinet of M. Waldeck-Rousseau is of too composite a character to permit of the feeling of confidence and complete mastery of the situation. Relying for its existence on the orthodox Republicans on the one hand, and the heterodox Socialists on the other, it finds the problem of satisfying both wings a difficult task, as the interpellation at the very opening of the Chamber of Deputies shows. M. Waldeck-Rousseau met that interpellation with his accustomed agility, but the incident showed that the Ministry may at any moment be placed in a very awkward corner. To return, however, to the Lyons affair, where the President was unveiling a monument to the memory of President Carnot. M. Loubet, in the discharge of his functions, had first to accept the hospitality of two local bodies at war with one another,—the Municipal Council, which is ultra-Radical, and the Chamber of Commerce, which is distinctly Moderate; and secondly, he had to receive and acknowledge a telegram from the Emperor of Russia, in which the old reference to the “friendly and allied nations” was repeated.

The extreme Radicals and Socialists on whom M. Waldeck-Rousseau and perhaps President Loubet himself have to rely in order to combat reaction, not only objected to the Chamber of Commerce banquet, they seem also to have disliked the Imperial telegram. To tell the truth, though in a sense the Franco-Russian Alliance seems a logical outcome of the singular situation in Europe, the glamour of that Alliance has somewhat faded in France; and while it was never lustrous in the more advanced political circles, it has now become rather dim. Too much attention must never be paid to national any more than to individual moods, and we are not inclined to take any more seriously the “slump” in Russophil sentiment than we formerly took the ardent “boom.” France is a nation of varying moods, but she is also a nation of practical business instincts. She did not enter into the Russian understanding in order to amuse herself, but for distinct practical ends. What many Frenchmen seem to question now is whether those ends have been or are likely to be achieved.

What the actual terms either of the Triple Alliance or the Dual Alliance are, not a dozen persons in Europe really know. But assuming the Dual Alliance to be a reality, what, we may ask, are its advantages and disadvantages? To take the latter first, those French people who are in the mood to depreciate it may ask with some reason what it has done for France. On the face of it, its principal result seems to have been the sinking of an immense amount of French capital in Russian loans. Very useful for Russia, but of what particular advantage to France? The Russian side of the Alliance seems very practical, the French side more sentimental. Russia is building railways and populating Siberia out of the enormous savings of French shopkeepers and peasants. It is the crow and the turkey over again, and the Slav is securing the more valuable bird. The purely political question of an Alliance between a democratic Republic and an Autocracy reinforces this business consideration. France is the most western of all Western Powers; she has given to the world the very ideas on which Western institutions are founded. There is not a community in Western Europe or America, no matter how imperfect its practice, in which the “rights of man” doctrine is not more or less implicitly believed in. But Russia is but half Western; she has one foot in the Orient, she has apparently no liking for Western institutions, and she opposes to French agnosticism an almost fanatical belief.

It would seem, therefore, that the logic of the European political situation, which demands a Franco-Russian *rapprochement*, is cancelled by the utter divergence existing between the two Powers. But a glance deeper will show that each gains a solid advantage in the shape of security. Both Russia and France need peace of all things,—France to recover from the effects of her great

débâcle, Russia to develop her immense internal resources. Germany threatens either singly, but is harmless against the two when allied. Few can doubt what the result of another Franco-German War would be; and while it is quite possible that Russia would prove ultimately as invulnerable as before, yet such damage might be inflicted on her by Germany that her development might be thrown back half a century, and her incipient industrial competition with other nations might be practically destroyed. By means of that secret parchment known as the Franco-Russian Alliance, whatever its actual contents, a cheap insurance has been secured by both Powers.

The comedy of the European situation is that, while armaments are growing every day, the two Alliances have produced a stalemate. Never before was such a singular issue brought about. Germany, Austria, and Italy first made an Alliance against possible dangers from France and Russia. Then France and Russia made an Alliance against the designs, actual or possible, of this *Dreibund*. But while the two rival Alliances are in full vigour (or are, at least, supposed to be so), the chief party to the Triple Alliance, Germany, ostentatiously cultivates the friendship of one of the parties to the Dual Alliance, Russia, the Emperor obviously adhering to the Russophil policy laid down both by William I. and Prince Bismarck. In this way Germany secures two objects,—she becomes the chief pivot of the European system, and she is enabled to mediate in a way between France and Russia. It is an astute and almost unprecedented policy, to proclaim yourself on terms of friendship with an ostensible rival, thereby to keep the peace with another rival, and all the while to maintain an Alliance for protection against those very two potentially hostile Powers. But that is the actual line taken by German diplomacy, and its success can hardly add to the satisfaction felt in France over the Alliance with Russia. This singular condition of things, however, contrives at great cost, and by a roundabout method, to maintain the peace of Europe, and it is therefore likely to be upheld for some time to come. It would be the possible advent to power in France of a “Nationalist” Ministry which would call on Russia to do something to prove the reality of her Alliance that would precipitate trouble. We may all hope that that is a very remote contingency.

THE COAL PROBLEM.

AS we stand now upon the threshold of the cold weather, the problem of last winter, largely forgotten in the summer months, makes new demands on our attention. It would be hard to find a question which touches more nearly all classes of society and all British interests than this of coal. It has its Imperial and international aspect where it is mixed up with high questions of State, and it makes itself felt in the economy of the poor and the supply of the simplest necessities of life. There have been many occasions before when the price of coal rose high, as in 1873, but a rise has rarely been attended with so much doleful prognostication as was to be heard last winter. To many it seemed that the price might go on rising indefinitely till famine should face the poor, for it appeared to be connected with the very conditions of national greatness. The rise in price, it was argued, depends upon the enormous new consumption of coal in certain industries, and upon the amount exported abroad. If we limit the first, we throw many out of work and deprive ourselves of a source of national wealth; if we limit the second, we strike a heavy blow at the shipping trade, and handicap ourselves seriously in the race for commercial supremacy. There are other countries beside our own which have coal to export, and if we put restrictions upon our own export we must resign certain markets to the United States. On this argument, we must face one or other of two evils: either cripple our industries and commerce, or accept dear coal as a necessary burden of which the price may rise to any extravagant height. To us the panic seems unfounded and unreasonable. Much of the present expenditure of coal in manufacture is due to old-fashioned machinery, which is rapidly disappearing. The extension of electricity to certain industries is now an accomplished fact, and electricity means in any case a saving of coal. The in-

creased export has only a distant connection with the rise in price, for it seems clear that the annual production of coal and the annual export may rise and sink without more than a trivial influence upon the price for consumers. Much was due last winter to the action of the railway companies in providing few facilities for the rapid transit of coal and charging rates which, as compared, for example, with the United States, were exorbitant, a necessity which was due in turn to the defective plant still in use on many lines, and particularly to the antiquated style of waggons. The advance in price was partly natural, but largely artificial, and due to temporary and local causes. Nevertheless the popular uneasiness remains, and the reflection that we must either limit our export or face an endless rise in prices would be so serious if it had any foundation that it is worth while looking into it.

Coal is at the bottom of our commercial supremacy, for in addition to home consumption we are the middlemen and carriers of the world's coal trade. We have, then, to fear the exploitation of the great foreign coalfields as the beginning of rivalry, for if coal could be exported from foreign coalfields in foreign ships at a cheaper rate we should lose our markets abroad. On the other hand, it is to be noted that many of the richest foreign coalfields are so far from the coast as to make any export on a great scale a matter of extreme costliness, and as we, in possession of a scattered Empire, have not only large foreign coalfields of our own, but a monopoly of the facilities for supplying less-favoured places, it is difficult to conceive of a Power which should be able seriously to outsell us. The matter of the export from Britain itself, as we have said, does not seem really to effect a rise in prices, and the exploitation of foreign coalfields would not seem to endanger gravely our commercial monopoly. But in this growth of coal production abroad, is there no possible limit to a rise of prices at home? If we look at a map of the world, we shall see coalfields of extraordinary richness in India, in China and Japan, in the Malay Archipelago, in the United States, and in Canada. China and Japan, as New South Wales knows to its cost, both possess fields of the highest value, which they are beginning to work, sufficiently at least for home consumption. In Tonquin the coal industry is the chief one in the colony, and in addition it possesses a variety of steam coal in great quantities. India has coal which is probably the cheapest in the world, costing at the pit-mouth little over 4s. a ton. The United States coalfields, rich as they are, are mostly a considerable distance from the sea, but in spite of natural disadvantages its great cheapness at the pit and the low rates of transit may soon make it a dangerous rival in the European market. In Canada, and especially in Cape Breton, coal can be produced in large quantities with wonderful cheapness, and in parts of the Malay Archipelago there are deposits so rich that they might supply the world for centuries. If, then, at some future date foreign coalfields are to be so developed as to enter seriously into competition with European, some limit would be found for the ominous rise of prices. The limit exists at present, but so far the price has not risen to those altitudes where it would be cheaper to import from abroad. And this is due to one fact alone, the prevailing difficulties of transport. The cost of production is cheaper abroad; the seams are in many places nearer the surface; in the United States, where the fields lie far from the sea, the cost of inland transit is small. But with the exportation by sea difficulties enter. Till ships are built capable of carrying a larger cargo, the cost of export from, say, the Malay Archipelago will always be greater than the most fancy price which makes the British householder despair. For ourselves, we believe that in the process of years such import from abroad may be a necessity, and a class of vessels will be built to meet the trade. There will be difficulties to face, for such a trade would demand a high freightage, seeing that in most cases there would be a full cargo only one way. But, in any case, the possibility will impose a clear limit upon the rise of prices for the British consumer, apart from the many other causes which work to the same end.

To sum up our remarks on this wide subject, we believe that the recent high price of coal is due chiefly to three causes,—the industrial activity which makes use of

greater quantities, the increased export, and the cost of inland transit by rail. The first cause, we believe, will be largely nullified by the growing use of electricity. The second seems to have a comparatively slight effect, and in any case it is not a thing which we can remedy without compensating disadvantages. The third is a matter which calls loudly for reform, and it is in the interests of the railway companies themselves to remedy it, for the high price of coal to which they contribute must result in an increase of their own working costs. Meantime there is always the ultimate check upon an advance in price in the growing exploitation of foreign coalfields, and in the possibility of a time when a class of vessels will be created which will so reduce the cost of transit as to allow imported coal to compete with our native product. It is not perhaps a cheering prospect for the British coal-owner, but it is a comfort to the British consumer. It will in no way harm, but rather assist, our shipbuilding trade, though the tramp coaler will go out of existence. Nor need it touch our commerce, for whereas now we export, at some future time we shall import, and since our facilities are greater than those of any other Power, our carrying trade may benefit by the exploitation. And it is worth noting that many of the richest fields are in our own Colonies; so that if the balance is to be redressed, the means of redress may come from within the limits of the Empire.

THE NUMBERS AND THE POVERTY OF THE JEWS.

IT is hard for any one who reads the book which Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published upon the Jews of London to refrain from asking why the Jews are less than eight hundred millions, and why they are as a nation the poorest of all the white peoples. Mr. C. Russell and Mr. H. S. Lewis, whose essays make up the book, are both of them qualified observers, and they both of them, like all others who have discussed the subject, affirm that the Jews are to an exceptional degree a healthy people, that celibacy among them is most unusual, and that Jewish mothers are remarkable for their large families. Moreover, the children are carefully nursed, and affectionately brought up, conditions which are found to-day in India also, and which tend to the rapid multiplication of a race. Yet it is as certain as anything of the kind can be that the Jews increase in numbers but slowly, that they have taken fifteen hundred years to double their strength, and that their total numbers in the world do not exceed at the outside eight millions. If they had multiplied like Anglo-Saxons, or Germans, or Slavs of the present day, they would exceed eight hundred millions; and what is it that has kept them down? The usual answer is oppression; but have they ever been more oppressed than the Irish, who in the last century increased from two millions to eight, or the population of Russia under serfage, whose rate of increase must have been rapid, or the negroes of the Southern States of America, who doubled their numbers in a century? They have never been much worse fed than the rest of mankind, and they have never been visited with any specially destructive epidemics. So far as is known the rate of mortality common among them is the usual rate of those among whom they live, nor is there any evidence that the Psalmist's early attempt to define the duration of life has ever since been falsified. They live, apart from accident, to seventy, or, if they are unusually strong, to eighty, just as they did in his time, and as the healthy races have done ever since. The notion that all intellectual classes fade gradually away, the constant exercise of the brain tending to sterility, has many facts to support it; but though the Jews as a body are intelligent, they have hardly reached the level at which that law is supposed to operate. An idea current among the Jews themselves, that an unusual proportion of daughters are born to them, is plausible, for that must be the tendency among the polygamous families of mankind, or that evil system could not continue; but there is no statistical evidence of the fact, while they have ceased for ages to be polygamists. No one tells us in any country of any great body of Jewish spinsters marriageable but unmarried. The best explanation, we conceive, is that the Jews multiply at the normal rate of the Semitic tribes, which is certainly less than the present rate among Anglo-Saxons, Germans, or Slavs (that rate is probably a temporary spurt produced by unknown

conditions, for it has no warrant in their previous history), but that the fact is concealed by a leakage the extent of which they are unwilling to acknowledge. Although they are splendidly enduring, and meet all forms of oppression for the sake of conversion with a dour *non possumus*, they have also an assimilating instinct which induces them to take upon themselves the characteristics of the race among whom they live; and the moment, therefore, that oppression is relaxed they tend to glide into the body of the population. They first become secularists and give themselves up to "getting on," then they grow impatient of the confining restrictions which their law imposes, and then they disappear into the general community. Mr. C. Russell declares that in England this process is so incessant and so rapid that in no long time the English Jews will as a people disappear, and though we think with his collaborator, Mr. H. S. Lewis, that this is an exaggeration, and that various causes will always preserve to the Jews a faithful remnant, we believe that the main thesis is true, and that no race which does not persecute them need fear the over-multiplication of the Jews. They have eaten out no people, and they will eat none out. There will as time goes on be much admixture of Jewish blood among all white peoples, indeed there is much already; but it is probable on the evidence that this will be no source of deterioration. The race brings to the nations a certain intellectual quickness which the Aryan greatly needs, great though rather cynical sense, an occasional but decided power of dreaming great dreams, and a power of endurance which is not to be despised. We could tolerate a good many John Brights.

The terrible and persistent poverty of the Jew is much more difficult to account for. His average of intelligence is distinctly higher than that of the races among whom he lives, so distinctly that Jewish boys in London educated in Christian schools have been known to forego prizes they might have won because they found that the hostility aroused by their constant success had become intolerable. They are among the most industrious of mankind, working if permitted for hours which excite the wrath of Trade-Unions, and this even when they are badly paid. They spend in proportion to their rivals scarcely anything on food, they never drink, and they devote themselves to getting on with a singleness of purpose and a remorseless energy which their strongest advocates characterise as debasing. They save money too. Lord Beaconsfield was probably wrong in attributing to the whole people that "faculty of accumulation" which has marked individuals and families of the race, for that is inconsistent with the instinct for gambling which seems inherent in the majority of them, and is admitted by the keenest observers among themselves; but still they love to hoard and to become rich. They do not become rich, however. The mass of them all over the world are horribly poor. Even in countries like England and France the work of their relief committees never ceases, and in the East of Europe they have difficulty in keeping themselves alive, and sink from sheer poverty into a squalor which disgusts their neighbours and is the despair of local philanthropists. It is all oppression, we are told; but who oppresses them here? And even here the fact that the Jews are very poor is patent to any one who has ever visited Whitechapel. Now why is that? The most plausible explanation is that out of nothing nothing can come, and that as the Jews do not own a country they have no estate from which to dig out general prosperity. That, however, is not very convincing. Outside Russia, at all events, the Jews enjoy a share of any estate any people has, and ought with their industry, their sobriety, and their saving habits to be universally prosperous. They are not, and why they are not is a problem through which after much study we can see our way but dimly. We suppose, however, that the ultimate explanation is something like this. The universal and deep poverty of the masses of mankind, which has existed in all ages, in all climates, and under all circumstances, the industrious races suffering from it nearly as much as the careless races, seems to point to a general cause, which can only be that the world does not really produce quite enough to go round, that only individuals or classes can have sufficient to be comfortable, and that the remainder of the total produce, which is the portion of the majority, when

divided is for each household very little indeed. If that is true—and it must be partially true—we do not know that the Jews are much worse off than other peoples. In many countries they regard evidences of poverty as protections against envy and exactions, and even in Whitechapel, we are told, it is unwise for lookers-on to confound apparent squalor with real want. The Jews, in fact, only share that common lot of humanity which is an eternal perplexity to the benevolent, but which seems to be enforced by some Lawgiver stronger than Kings. This explanation is sufficing so far as it goes, but it does not go quite far enough, for the industrial qualities ought to raise him universally above the common lot. They fail to do so to an inexplicable degree, and we can only guess without proof that a race which declines to plough really rejects a source of prosperity more effective and durable than we always perceive, or that the Jews, as Asiatics, share in the unexplained weakness which has throughout history prevented the tribes of Asia from reaping the full benefit of their marvellous economic resources. If the Chinese with their superb industry remain at least twice as poor as they need be, why should not the Jews?

GERMAN CHARACTERISTICS.

THE intelligence from China as to the attitude of the German officers towards the Chinese is apt to come as a shock to humane minds. We can scarcely doubt the accuracy of the letters written by German soldiers which show that the commands of the Emperor are being literally carried out in China. We all recollect that the Kaiser ordered his faithful troops to act as the Huns did many centuries ago,—not, indeed, literally, but in a like spirit. This attitude of mind is characteristic, we will not say of German, but of Prussian politics, which are and have been frankly based on the Machiavellian doctrine of creating the sensation of fear. You can rule, said the great Florentine, by affection or by terror; if you cannot make use of the former, you must use the latter method.

This doctrine has generally been held by the North Germans, and it was never more in vogue there than it is now. The stern discipline of generations has impressed itself on the mind and character of the people, and the very difficulty involved in making the German nation has rendered the famous advice of Machiavelli the more dear to the German mind. It is, of course, a mere truism to say that we are all ready to make unusual sacrifices in proportion as the end we have in view is the more difficult of attainment. The end of German unity was one specially difficult of attainment. For centuries Germany had been as truly a "geographical expression" as was Italy according to Metternich. Germany had been partly a rather shadowy Imperial Power, assumed successor of the Roman Empire, partly a series of free cities with a very noble and splendid civic life, partly a number of feudal States, partly ecclesiastical principalities. It was divided by the Reformation into Protestants and Catholics, whose enmity precipitated the Thirty Years' War,—a war from the terrible effects of which Germany only recovered about the middle of our century. The attempt at unity under the Confederation fell through owing to the opposition of Prussia and Austria, and it was not till 1870, after generations of incoherence, that a united Germany was really made. Such an effort seemed, and was, prodigious, and it is easy to understand that, when once the aim was reached, that aim seemed to justify any means.

Hence it is that the utter lack of German public spirit which (outside the Court of Frederick the Great) characterised the Germany of the last century, gave way to the vigorous patriotism and *ὕβρις* of our own time. Lessing said quite plainly that he was not a patriot. Goethe said that he did not know what patriotism meant and was glad to be without it. Kant was more interested in the French Revolution than in anything Prussian. Compare this attitude with that of today, when the sense of German unity and greatness seems to dominate all minds, and to have created a megalomania which is admittedly a typical German product. This feeling has been carried into German political philosophy, where theories as to the omnipotence of the State have been constructed which are wholly incompatible with essential ideas of human liberty. There can be no question that an ardent

faith in Pan-Germanism, and in the inherent virtues and powers of the German people, is now erected into a fundamental belief in Germany.

This sense of German prowess and attainment has carried with it many inevitable implications. The old Germany was simple and domestic, the new is lavish and collectivist,—by which we do not intend to refer to its widespread Socialism, but to the encroachment of its collective over its private life. It is doubtful if any more rapid transformation has ever occurred in human history than that which has changed German life since the Empire. Max Müller told, in a very interesting way, the story of his native town, Dessau, in his early days,—the simple musical parties, the homely gatherings of highly cultured people. The Dessau of that time, as he admitted, is now practically extinct. The huge modern German city with its miles of “flats,” its brilliant cafés, its splendid city halls and railway stations, has taken its place, and the old German simplicity of life appears to be fading away. Contentment and, we fear, the old deep German piety have declined, and the old optimism which showed itself in the “classic” German philosophy has given place to theories born either of absolutism or anarchy, but in either case having their root in a materialism unknown to the earlier Germany. This materialism has expressed itself with immense power, alike in war, trade, and science, and it is always directed by high intelligence. But it has made of the typical German a being more respected than loved, especially when accompanied by the German megalomania which, extended through the nation, makes even of a German country stationmaster a kind of little Moltke, acting as though the whole weight and dignity of the Empire rested upon his shoulders.

This produces some external traits not very pleasant to the traveller in Germany. The officialism of France and Italy is counterbalanced by pleasant personal qualities among the average people. Far from entering into the official spirit, one is apt to find French and Italians often revealing against it a resentment as great as one's own. But in Germany the average man identifies himself with the average official, both conspiring to impress one with the idea of a powerful, vast, strident Empire. We speak now more especially of the Prussian; the South German is a different and more human type, not associated so closely with dominating power. But North and Prussianised Germany has been so completely under the authority of the drill-sergeant, so hypnotised by the generations of Hohenzollern influence, that the military and bureaucratic spirit has produced a certain “mechanism in mind and morals” (to use a well-known phrase) which is just a little apt to set one's teeth grating. You feel that you are in the presence of a great people, of a people worthy of respect as regards the material, and, in some ways, the purely intellectual, aspects of life. But you ask yourself whether that greatness has not been dearly bought in respect of the lighter side of life, of its affections, its pure spontaneity. One is apt to recall the famous criticism of Aristotle on Plato; may not an imposing uniformity have been achieved at the expense of real unity?

On the other hand, one feels that a very strong bond connects German with German, in spite of political differences. One associates civil war with the so-called Latin peoples, and suspects that, even in the presence of an external foe, Frenchman might fly at the throat of Frenchman, or Spaniard at the throat of Spaniard, in the future as in the past. But there is a strong cementing power in Germany, there are strong leading motives, there is a deep underlying affection, made the more deep by a sense of past divisions and of the immense sacrifices made to bridge them over. We expect, therefore, the unity of Germany to remain as a solid fact, especially when the reign of materialism, which has bitten so deep into German life, shall have yielded to those nobler influences which we associate with the homely Germany of the past.

THE LONDON WORKING MAN.

THE country labourer seldom gets the credit for half the excellent qualities he possesses, but he has every year enlisted more of the interest and respect of the rest of the public. There is another very distinctive type of wage-earner whose development and progress receive less attention than they deserve. We allude to that excellent citizen, the London

working man. Take out of London the whole of the professional, commercial, and official classes, with their servants and tradespeople, and it would still remain the greatest industrial city in Europe. It manufactures almost every article in daily use, from matches to ironclads. In addition, the railway systems of which it is the centre and the carrying trades are ever increasing. The men who work in these factories, wharves, and railway yards are enough in number to people a third-class State. With little leisure, but with a fairly high standard of comfort, and enjoying chances for exchanging ideas and receiving new ones unequalled in any other industrial centre, they have acquired and transmit characteristics of habit and thought sufficiently marked to distinguish them from any other class of workmen. They are the Cockneys in the good and old sense of the word, the men who make the London crowd, the class to whom the great city stands not as a mere place of business, but as a home, and almost a country.

The Continental papers, which know nothing whatever about them, have recently discovered that the Londoners of this class are “degenerates,” and the vituperative Boer correspondent of the *Times* who signs himself “P. S.,” when taking up his parable at the beginning of the war, set out all their alleged defects, physical and mental, in words picked from a rich vocabulary of malice and spite. The war has shown “P. S.” not only the danger of prophesying before you know, but the risk of too precise invective. The rank-and-file of the London people have shown at the war itself courage, endurance, physical strength, good temper, and self-restraint. At home, under the successive misfortunes in the early part of the war, they were neither depressed nor demonstrative. They never lost their heads, nor did they show any wish to use the power of organisation which is one of their special creations to put pressure on any person or party. The Continental critics, who daily impress on their readers, in papers mainly printed in capital cities, that our London population is degenerate, must have in view for comparison the corresponding classes in their own capitals. Where, we may well ask, will they find a better one? Not in Paris, or Madrid, or Berlin, or Vienna. The main defect of the London workmen is their want of frugality. In this they are unlike, not only the Continental city artisans, but even those of Leeds or Lancashire. They are intensely industrious and eager for work. They delight in “overtime” with its overpressure and higher scale of pay. But they rarely save money, and scarcely ever rise to be employers of labour on a large scale themselves. In Leeds or Bolton the rank-and-file of labour are like the privates of the French Empire, each of whom carried potentially a Field-Marshal's bâton in his knapsack. Every “hand” knows that he may possibly end as a master. That idea does not form part of the current ambitions of the London artisan, though all clerks and shop employes of the Metropolis feel that some day they may have a “concern” of their own. Their want of frugality mainly affects themselves. Their social qualities in relation to one another and to other classes in London can scarcely be praised enough. As a class they are good-natured and kindly in matters great and small. They are good neighbours to each other when prosperous, and helpful and thoughtful to those of their acquaintance who are ill or out of work. They are so little quarrelsome that people who take short cuts daily through very poor working men's quarters, in lanes and alleys, may not witness a “row” or a serious difference in many years. They learn toleration and forbearance when children in the general playground of the street, and scarcely ever forget it. The children themselves, in the close proximity which is generally supposed to be provocative of disagreement, seldom fight or disagree. During fifteen years of fairly close observation of the London working classes, in a Metropolitan division which contains some thirty thousand of them, the writer has never seen a fight between their children, and only one between men, and they, as a looker-on contemptuously remarked, “were not fighting hard enough to keep themselves warm.” The two, who were river labourers, were allowed to settle their differences in due form and with all proper ceremonial; but the children who were looking on were sent away into another street. This good nature of the Cockneys towards individuals merges into a general good nature towards the world at large, and also finds a natural expression in good manners. The former is very

strikingly shown in the general behaviour of the London crowd to the women and children who form a large part in any concourse of the sightseeing order. The men will pick up children who tumble down, help up a woman into a good place to see from, and refrain from making their neighbours uncomfortable if they can avoid it. A Glasgow or Manchester crowd is far less considerate. It was matter of complaint at a recent declaration of the poll in the latter city that those who were unable to see conveniently stood on other people's feet in order to gain an inch or so in height. Consideration and politeness, and not a little wit when they are not overdriven, are the common possessions of nearly all the respectable London workmen, both among themselves and when with strangers.

The *Daily Mail* recently described the scene every morning at 5.30 a.m. in the workman's train, in which the London artisan class is seen "neat," undiluted with any other. The men practically organise themselves, though with no agreement or discussion. Every one knows not only his carriage, but his place in that carriage, and where best to stow his tools so as not to inconvenience the others. No one talks, there is no shouting, hustling, or fuss, as in France or Belgium, and none of the surliness which too often marks the casual contact of the Scotch or Northumberland workmen. With good temper, kindness, consideration, and good manners to their credit, the social virtues of the Cockney working class need few additions. Their mental power is quick and good, as might be expected. London attracts the best workmen of all classes, not only in the professions, but among the artisans. It is the exception ever to find their children heavy and lumpish. Alertness and quickness to learn are common to them all. The result is that the elders are far more sympathetic and impressionable than is common among English workmen, both on the emotional and intellectual side. London working-class newspapers are brim-full of sentiment, and bristle with references to various social questions to which the country labourer is absolutely indifferent. The men take sides vehemently on current topics, and are nearly all interested in politics. They discuss them at length, and argue and dispute with a vivacity which the rural workman never displays. It is in this interest in "questions," and the readiness to talk about them and air their opinions publicly, that the greatest social difference is seen between the town and country workmen. The latter are either not interested, or far too close and secretive to talk. Open and reckless expression of opinions, such as may be heard when any two or three Cockney workmen are together, would seem to them a dangerous and useless waste of words, which might "give them away" at that time of danger from illness or want of work the fear of which always seems to haunt the rural labourer. With all this mental quickness and receptivity, the modern Cockney is, it must be admitted, an excitable being in everyday life, and when not confronted by great emergencies. Unfortunately, there is every prospect that he will become more excitable, and that he, his wife and children, will suffer more from "nerves" yearly. The increased complexity of most forms of employment, except the primitive ones of bricklaying, painting, and the like, makes more demands on their brains when at work. When not at work, being regular Londoners, they like to amuse themselves energetically. As they have very little spare time after work is over, and have to get up very early, the amusement has to be crowded into the night. The London artisan, with all his virtues, lives "fast." He would probably resent being told so, and disbelieve it. But he does. He has quite a number of social interests, convivial, sporting, spectacular, political, and domestic, to get into the short time at his disposal. Consequently he and his family keep late hours, and seldom get enough sleep, which gets on their nerves and spoils their digestions. The result of contact between the town and country labourer is nearly always to make the latter for a time imitate the tastes of the former in this direction, with rather unpleasant results. The country men suffer the usual fate of imitators. They cannot carry the same amount of sail as their patterns do, or enjoy their amusements as discreetly as the Cockney. Consequently they become rowdy and unpleasant. The "outings" of workmen from inconsiderable country towns are in many places becoming as disreputable as the drunken Saturday "excursions" from the manufacturing towns of Scotland.

There is little likelihood of the London workman altering for the worse. His social virtues are his own, and self-taught. What is most likely to injure him physically and mentally is the destruction of the working-class houses in inner London, and his banishment either to the slums or to dull and dreary industrial suburbs, where his pleasures in life are reduced to a minimum. The destruction of hundreds of houses in the Marylebone district by the recent railway extensions is an example of the great hardship and injury which this deserving class may suffer at any moment, but one which it is easier to regret than to remedy. It will be a misfortune for the country if the London workmen are forced entirely away from the centres to the outskirts, and made a race apart. They have qualified themselves to live with and among any class of citizens. They are a great and admirable body, which, though capable of a high degree of organisation, and conscious that it is so, has never desired particularism or combined to force the hand of the community on any question. We have never had in London a Belleville or a Tammany Hall. But while London has a right to be proud of its working classes, it must not forget that it has also its duty to perform to them in return.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HEGEMONY OF SPAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The Hispano-American Congress at Madrid is an event of considerable historical interest, and, it may be, even of some political importance. This arises, not so much from what the gathering ostensibly and immediately aims at, as from the curious significance of the fact which it indirectly stands for. Its official programme is quite unambitious and businesslike, being simply concerned with questions of intercommunication, finance, and trade, and its resolutions are in character much the same as those of our own Conference of Chambers of Commerce. But the Madrid meeting is essentially and actually very much more than a mere economic symposium. It is rather to be regarded as a singularly striking, because a spontaneous and unexpected, demonstration of national sentiment, of sympathetic reunion between scattered representatives of the same blood; as an evidence that the centrifugal forces of the race have spent themselves, and that there is now visible the beginning of a reaction, which, though not explicitly avowed, or perhaps even distinctly recognised, as such by those who have initiated it, must, if followed up, tend to no less momentous an end than the moral restoration of the Spanish Empire. It may at first sight appear strange that this voluntary drawing together of the Governments and peoples of the Spanish Kingdom and of the Ibero-American Republics should almost synchronise with the termination of a war by which Spain has forfeited the last fragments of her American dominions, and has so completely ceased to possess any foothold in what was once proudly and appropriately called the Spanish Main as to be under the humiliating necessity of bringing the dust of Columbus back to Seville. Yet the present movement is unquestionably in the nature of a protest against the disastrous issue of the struggle with the United States, and in the extremity of her fallen fortunes the defeated mother-country finds her erstwhile rebellious children oversea prompt to emphasise the tie of kinship and to consolidate their connection with the land from which they separated, but from which also they do not forget that they originally sprung. The Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs in announcing the scope and purpose of the Congress expressed the belief that its deliberations would lead to "close and advantageous relations with South America," but, as he took care to point out, Spain has had "to struggle with a very powerful opponent in the unceasing activity of the United States in its efforts to obtain control of the whole trade of the American Continent." And in that statement lies the root of the entire matter. The Latin Republics are disposed to resent, though they are powerless to resist, the patronage and the overshadowing influence of their great neighbour to the North. They are antipathetic to each other in language and religion, in social ideals and national characteristics. Nor have their relations been improved or their intercourse made smoother

by the continued insistence upon the principle of a general protectorate arising out of the Monroe doctrine. Even its application and partial triumph in the case of the dispute between this country and Venezuela was not very cordially welcomed by the latter State. Of course, in the circumstances she accepted the intervention of the United States, but she exhibited no enthusiasm and she professes no gratitude. The plain truth is that all the States of Central and Southern America feel their *amour propre* wounded by the assumption of Anglo-Saxon superiority, and their independent status compromised by the pretensions of Washington, which they passively endeavour to discourage as far as possible. In their own controversies they prefer to come to Europe for a settlement. Thus within the past few days President Loubet has adjudicated in the case of Colombia and Costa Rica, Argentina and Chile have referred their frontier differences to the decision of England, and the boundary questions between Brazil and French and English Guiana are being arbitrated on by the Federal Council of Switzerland. Such being the general state of feeling, it is not surprising to find that the project of the Madrid Conference has been eagerly taken up, that over a thousand prominent Spanish-Americans have announced their intention to take part in its proceedings, and that special delegates have been appointed by Argentina, Chile, Guatemala, Mexico, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Uruguay, Peru, and Venezuela. The heartiness with which the idea of Spanish leadership is being adopted receives illustration from a recent incident. The Spanish Minister to Argentina is also accredited to Paraguay, and his arrival at Asuncion on an official visit was made the occasion for an outburst of popular rejoicing. Fêtes were organised in his honour, the troops forming the garrison paraded past his place of residence, and the Governor ordered the chief thoroughfare of the city to be renamed Spain Street. This effort after race solidarity, of which the Madrid Congress is the expression on the part of the Spanish peoples, is only the latest instance of the tendency towards what may be termed pan-nationalism which forms so characteristic a feature of modern politics, though it finds its model in the Achæan League. Latter-day Pan-Hellenism is only mischievously impotent, but the assertion of the principle has given Europe a United Italy—exclusive of Italia Irredenta—and also a real German Empire, though the members of the Pan-Germanic League profess to consider it incomplete. Their aspirations are understood to stretch so far as to include Austria and Holland, with perhaps Denmark, and possibly even England. But such an extreme application of the theory, though put forward seriously enough, is too impracticable to call for consideration. A consolidated Scandinavia has figured in the fancies of political idealists, and it would add an element of solidity to the European community. It is to be feared, however, that the mutual jealousy of Sweden and Norway, the dynastic relations of Denmark, and the complete Russification of Finland forbid its realisation. Pan-Slavism is an organised and growing force, and a Pan-Latinism has been suggested. This has not as yet been so much as outlined, but it would most probably assume the form of a Mediterranean League composed of Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy. Pan-Britannicism, with or without Imperial Federation, is now an accomplished fact, but the prospects of Pan-Americanism appear doubtful. It was the dream of that ambitious and far-seeing statesman, the late Mr. J. G. Blaine, and if he had ever succeeded in reaching the White House he might have done something towards carrying it into effect. But his conception of a confederated continent centred in and controlled by the United States is no longer feasible, if indeed it ever was more than a grandiose scheme. Since Mr. Blaine's day difficulties have increased both to the North and the South. Canada has taken up a new position. She remains, it is true, an American State, but she has entered into her rights in a partnership even vaster than that conceived of by President Harrison's Secretary of State. Ten years ago the Spanish Republics were not altogether unfavourably disposed towards the idea. Now, as we see, their Americanism recedes, and they insist upon showing that they are Spaniards first and Americans afterwards; that just as blood is thicker than water, so sentiment is stronger than geography; and that having outlived the enmity of the revolutionary era, they are now willing to claim their share in the family prestige, and

march so far as may be under the hegemony of Spain.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. M. ARUNDELL.

130 Beresford Street, Kennington Park.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. MORLEY ON CROMWELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The strongly equipped critic who has done me the honour to review my book in your pages has not, I think, quite apprehended my proposition about Cromwell and our modern Constitution. Without distributing praise or blame, or expecting in the seventeenth century the full-grown Cabinet system of the nineteenth, my proposition as a statement of biographic or historic fact was, that Parliamentary government at Westminster to-day has settled itself in forms and principles that Oliver resisted and disliked. No, you say, what he resisted was the dominion of a single House, claiming to exercise judicial and executive, as well as legislative, power; sitting for twelve months in the year instead of about seven, and secure from dissolution. This is hardly the whole story of Cromwell's discontent with his Parliaments; but apart from that, I wonder whether the writer has fully in view how near we have come, with what I admit is the momentous exclusion of a claim to judicial powers, to that very dominion of a single House which Cromwell so profoundly distrusted. The all-important field of the taxing laws is the exclusive province of a single House. The same House alone fixes the numbers of the military force, and applies military law thereto. A single House has the exclusive power (for the Royal exploits of 1834 and 1839 are never likely to be repeated) of removing the executive government from one set of hands to another. It does not sit all the year round, it is true, but each Minister at his desk, and all the Ministers collectively in Cabinet, know that the House of Commons is in being, that a Recess is only too speedily over, that the day of account is no more than a few weeks off, and they take care to govern themselves accordingly. If my critic doubts the active review by the Commons of the detail of administration, I wish he would look at the question paper every day for a month; and picture also the silent and unseen action on a Minister's mind of questions that are not asked, but might be. Of course, the degree of control actually exercised by the House of Commons in a given Parliament depends on the size of the majority, the boldness or the weight of a leading Minister, and many other subtler things, and the tendency for some time past has unquestionably been towards lessening the direct authority of the House and augmenting the power of the Cabinet; and an extremely interesting, important, and perhaps perilous tendency it is. Still, the vital fact remains that executive power now belongs to a Cabinet, and that Cabinet is nothing but a joint Committee from the two Houses of Parliament, maintained in power at the will and pleasure of one of them. I do not forget a Minister's power of dissolving: it is one of the things that give to our system its incomparable flexibility. But even this power, exerted as it was, for instance, by Lord Palmerston in the remarkable case of 1857, does not shake what is, after all, the obvious general truth as to our normal Parliamentary position, that a single House, sensitive as it may be to fluctuating impressions from outside, is yet in relation to control of the Executive the paramount organ of British government. I respectfully submit then to the candour of your critic, that the whole history of the Protectorate shows that such a system would have seemed as intolerable to Oliver at it would have seemed to King Charles himself, and if so, that I was not far wrong, nor wrong at all, in saying that the development of our Parliamentary Constitution, whether for good or for evil, has proceeded on lines for which the Protector always displayed a pretty resolute aversion.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JOHN MORLEY.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S APPOINTMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I venture to express the regret—shared, I know, by several of your readers—with which I have seen the *Spectator* join the chorus of disapprobation as to the appointment of Lord Lansdowne as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Like your-

self and the majority of your readers, I have recently expressed by my vote my confidence in the Marquis of Salisbury and my desire to see him continue at the helm of the State. How can we justify that vote if we show that we cannot trust him to choose a fitting successor to himself at the Foreign Office? *Cuique in sua arte credendum est*; and surely if Lord Salisbury knows anything about anything (except, perhaps, electrical science), it is about the kind of work that has to be done at the Foreign Office and the sort of man best fitted to do it. To most of us who are discussing this appointment Lord Lansdowne is a mere name, though one honourably known in the service of his country. To Lord Salisbury, on the contrary, he is a personality well-known and tried in many difficult crises, when the two men have sat together at the Council table and consulted together for the good of the Commonwealth. If after this long and varied experience the Prime Minister thinks that he is the fittest man to succeed him in his arduous office, the Prime Minister is probably right. But it is said Lord Lansdowne has failed at the War Office, and will go to his new work with a reputation of non-success. The rights and wrongs of that alleged failure will possibly not be settled in this generation. I am old enough to remember how we all clamoured against the Duke of Newcastle for the "horrible and heartrending" condition of our soldiers in the Crimea; and yet after all, when the history of the war came to be written, we found that we had heaped our censure on the wrong man, and that scarcely any man in the whole military hierarchy was less to blame than the Duke for the disasters that had befallen us. But put it that the retiring War Minister has to bear some share of blame for the humiliations of the past twelvemonth, that by no means shows that he may not have in him the making of an admirable Foreign Secretary. Possibly, in order to grapple successfully with the difficulties of the situation in September and October, 1899, a certain ruthless high-handedness was required which Lord Lansdowne did not possess. Possibly if he had swept the board of some scores of incapable or destructive subordinates he might have come forth a very Carnot for "organising victory." But these are pre-eminently not the qualities required just now in the Foreign Minister of Great Britain. High-handed methods are the very last that he ought to employ. He must be firm, doubtless, in the assertion of his country's rights, but he should also "be pitiful, be courteous," and, above all, he should be possessed of almost infinite patience. I have not the slightest knowledge whether Lord Lansdowne possesses any such qualities as these, but I am inclined to think that the Premier's selection of him as his successor points in that direction, and if so, I venture to hope that the new Foreign Secretary's tenure of office will be long and successful.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Bank, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

THOS. HODGKIN.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL UNION IN SCOTLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out what appears a misconception of Scottish history in the judicious and discriminating article on this subject which appeared in last week's *Spectator*? It is there stated of the bodies which by union became the United Presbyterian Church in 1847, and which had "seceded at different times from the Establishment," that "the grounds of secession differed in each case, but one broad general principle was contended for, to which they gave the name of Voluntaryism. Let a Church be self-supporting, sustained by the voluntary contributions of its members, and in no way dependent upon the secular Government." The United Presbyterian Church was formed by the union of the Secession Church, founded in 1733, and the Relief Church, founded in 1761. Both schisms were due to lay patronage in the Establishment; "Relief" in the case of the younger body meant relief from that patronage. Neither was inspired by an acceptance of Voluntaryism. Ebenezer Erskine, the founder of the Secession Church, on the contrary, wished "the secular Government" to establish Presbyterianism in England and Ireland as well as Scotland. Thomas Gillespie, the moving spirit of the Relief Church, was quite willing to return to the Establishment, and when dying recommended his congregation to return, which it did. It was not till the present century was a generation old, and, as a consequence of the Voluntary controversy which lasted

from 1829 to 1834, that the denominations which became the United Presbyterian Church accepted Voluntaryism as an exposition of their ecclesiastical standpoint, though not as an article of faith binding on ministers or members.—I am, Sir, &c.,

WILLIAM WALLACE.

36 Lilybank Gardens, Glasgow, N.B.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It did not, I suppose, come within the scope of your article on "The Ecclesiastical Union in Scotland" to do more than refer to the all but accomplished fusion of the Free Church with the United Presbyterian body. I am glad, however, to observe that, on the wider subject of union of the Churches generally, you express the hope that "the present union may be the beginning of a greater union of all Scotland under one national and historic Church." This consummation, devoutly to be wished as it is, cannot, however, be accomplished if the Church which, if any, may claim to be "historic," as it once might also have been described as "national," is altogether left out. May I be allowed in connection with this subject to call attention to an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, written by a Catholic-minded Presbyterian? He says:—"It would indeed be a sin and shame if Presbyterian reunion ever passed into the sphere of practical politics without an earnest and deliberate effort having been made to include within the bounds of the enlarged communion that section of the Church of Scotland which was somewhat harshly excluded by the Revolution settlement, and which, though it has, by accident or choice, become denationalised and exotic, is, from an historical point of view, as legitimate a descendant of the Church of Knox and Leighton as the Establishment itself." This is a feeling shared by many of the most eminent members of the Established Church in this country. Dr. Cooper, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Aberdeen, has lately given utterance to the same sentiments. I am just come from a meeting, presided over by the Bishop of the diocese, for the purpose of opening one of the Labour Homes of the Church Army. The meeting was addressed by one of the most distinguished ministers of the Established Church in Scotland, Dr. Cameron Lees, who observed, in a truly catholic spirit, that to unite in such works of practical Christianity must tend to bring together the Episcopal and Established Churches in this country. Anything, of course, is good that tends to union among Christians, especially those so nearly allied as the Free and United Presbyterian bodies. Some of us, however, would view this movement with more respect if we felt sure there were no political motive behind it; if, in other words, it were not designed with a view to disestablishment. I must take exception to the epithet "exotic" in the article I have quoted, as to which I will content myself with citing the testimony of the late Principal Tulloch, who, after saying in the General Assembly that his sympathy and brotherly interest extended "beyond the pale of Presbyterianism," added these memorable words, "I am one of those who recognise that Episcopacy has a certain historic root in Scotland." The late Professor Milligan, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, speaking on projects for reunion among now divided Presbyterians, has left on record these words:—"Nor would it be right in me altogether to pass over the fact that there are many in the Church of Scotland who look onward to a still more comprehensive union,—to one embracing not only the three large Presbyterian Churches, but the Episcopal community of Scotland too." These yearnings after a real and comprehensive union would have rejoiced the heart of the late Bishop Wordsworth, whose labours to this end have not, we trust, been altogether in vain. *Serit arbores quæ alteri seculo prosint*.—I am, Sir, &c.,

G. J. COWLEY-BROWN.

9 Grosvenor Street, Edinburgh.

HEROD THE GREAT ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Although Mr. Phillips's new play doubtless owes nothing to his predecessors in the English drama, a short account of the story as treated on our early stage may possibly interest some of your readers. The version I refer to was written by Gervase Markham and William Sampson, "Gentlemen," and (though the former was a prolific writer, of greater reputation, however, than ability) neither a professional playwright.

The title is *The true Tragedy of Herod and Antipater, With the Death of faire Marriam*, and the whole plot is which of the two eponymous villains shall outdo the other in villainy. When the play opens Herod has already made away with his wife's father and grandfather, and her mother and brother soon follow through the machinations of Antipater (the illegitimate son of the King), who then turns his attention to Marriam, whom he accuses of adultery with Herod's brother-in-law, and both are put to death. Next follow the Princes who rebel in order to avenge their mother. Then Antipater goes to Rome to get the succession confirmed on him by Augustus, and during his absence the plots laid by him and his aunt Salumith against the life of the King are discovered, as well as their former villainies, the rack being freely used on the stage to extort secrets from their confidants. Salumith dies in prison, and upon his return Antipater is arrested. He pleads hard with Herod and almost obtains favour again,—

"Through what a labyrinth is mercy led!"

Herod is ready to pardon his treason against himself and the murder of brothers and kindred, but at the mention of Marriam's name he regains his firmness, orders his son's execution, and with the words,—

"I shall ere long rest in my Marriam's arms;
I would not be a king another year
For both the crowns of Juda and of Rome:"

stabs himself,—not mortally, however. Antipater is brought out of prison, being told that his father is dead, and supposing himself on his way to coronation, and is confronted with Herod and the block. He has been a cynic and ranter in life, but when death is inevitable he meets it with the dignity that the dramatists were fond of bestowing on their "glorious villains":—

"Then farewell Hope for ever; welcome Death;
I that have made thee as mine instrument
Will make thee my companion, and I thus
Ascend and come to meet thee. [Mounts the scaffold.]

Here am I
A monarch over all that look on me,
And do despise what all you tremble at.
. Come, thou friend
To great men's fears and poor men's miseries,
Strike and strike home with boldness."

Then appears Salumith's ghost "between two furies, waving a torch," the executioner strikes, and Herod at the same time expires with a groan. Thus do the authors "upon horrors' head horrors accumulate." It may, as the epilogue modestly hopes, "be held a play" neither "the best nor worst," but its "middle passage" is certainly not a very creditable one. The most interesting feature is the imitation of Webster, whose two great tragedies had both appeared some years previously. This is most evident in the dumb-shows of Agamemnon and Jugurtha which prompt Antipater's action, and in the cynical tone of many passages, as when Antipater remarks—

"Men subject are to kings and gods, but of the twain
Their gods' than kings' commands they rather disobey;"

or when he follows Nero in the wish—

"O, had they all one head, or all their heads one neck,
Or all their necks one body, that one blow might broach;"

or the extremely Websterian tone of the apothecary's drudge, when asked whether the poison was intended for the King—

"O, sir, by all likelihood, for ever your physician is like your hawk, the greater the fowl is that he kills the greater is still both his reward and reputation,"—

a remark that Flamineo himself might have uttered. There is even one distinct reminiscence of Webster, namely the lines:—

"She [Marriam], whose very dreams
Were more devout than our petitions."

(cf. "Sure her nights, nay more, her very sleeps,
Are more in heaven than other ladies' shifts."

Duchess of Malfi, I. 1.)

Otherwise the language is on the whole commonplace, though there are at times happy conceits, as when Herod compares the stars to "golden beads" of a rosary, nor is there much interest in the characters. The figure of Herod, deceived into the murder of his love and all his friends, is rather pathetic:—

"Still shall I be thus hunted and compelled
To turn head on mine own blood? Is there left
Nothing to guard me but my cruelty?"

Still, it is difficult to have much sympathy with him. The best that can be said of Marriam is that she is, to parody Ben Jonson, "not a shrew and yet honest." A slight comic

element is introduced by the workmen of the Temple, a love-sick barber, and the mountebank-apothecary, Achitophel, with his zany, Disease, but if the scenes are less coarse than many similar ones, they are also less amusing. The introduction of Josephus as expositor reminds one of the similar rôle played by Gower in *Pericles*. There are also two plays on the subject of Herod the Great dating from the Restoration. One, *Herod and Mariamne*, was acted at the Duke's Theatre and in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was printed, edited by Settle, in 1673. It is supposed to be the work of Samuel Pordage, the "Lame Mephibosheth" of *Absalom and Achitophel*, and was written about 1661. The other, *Herod the Great*, was never acted, but is found among the plays of the Earl of Orrery collected in 1694. There are likewise two Latin plays of *Herodes*, which remain in MS., one at Cambridge, by W. Goldingham, the other by Anderson, Archbishop of St. Andrews, which dates from about 1572. In the eighteenth century the same story was treated by Elijah Fenton in his *Mariamne*, published in 1723.—I am, Sir, &c.,

WALTER WILSON GREG.

Park Lodge, Victoria Road, Wimbledon Park, S.W.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I do not know whether you care to admit any correspondence on the subject of Mr. Phillips's sombre, yet beautiful, play. But if I may be allowed, I should like to call attention, since none of the critics seem to have done so, to the subtle and powerful delineation, in the third act, of a double consciousness in the mad King. He hugs his delusion, eagerly calling for Mariamne, vehemently professing to himself that she is still alive; and yet, at the back of his mind, one is allowed to see, he knows her to be dead. If there be any psychological study quite like this in our dramatic literature, I do not know of it, and the omission of any reference by the critics to this interesting feature in the play is the more remarkable since the author's intentions are most ably brought into effect by the actor.—I am, Sir, &c.,

R. J. FLETCHER.

"RELIGIO LAICI."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I imagine that many laymen will, like myself, have read the article in the *Spectator* of November 3rd on Mr. Beeching's "Religio Laici" with equal surprise and satisfaction. It expresses exactly a widespread feeling, which may be latent, but nevertheless exists, and is so momentous for the future that it were to be wished the clergy also might read it and ponder its full meaning. The latter half of the article, however, is based upon a statement which is surely only partially true, and so far fails to satisfy. It asserts that the laity have lost touch of the truth that ethics must rest on a basis of dogma. Now, it may be granted that some men do base their rule of conduct, as you say, on utility—and utility alone—but I think it is equally true to say that to many men their rule of conduct rests on strong religious beliefs, about which they talk but little, and which are too broad and deep, and perhaps too vague, to be embodied adequately in any creed or dogma, but which none the less are a strong and inspiring motive to right conduct. If what is in their minds were put into words, they would say that dogma seems to stereotype belief and to give it a finality, which cuts right across the law of progress and evolution that applies to the religious no less than to the social and intellectual side of life. In short, a man may feel grave doubts about creeds and dogmas, and yet may lead a straight and honourable life, because his conduct is based on ideas and thoughts which cannot be rigidly defined or adequately expressed in words, and yet to him are powerful motives.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Hythe.

A. M. CURTEES.

THE ABSORPTION OF RACES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The opinion of Mr. Baumgarten as to the impossibility of absorbing the Dutch in South Africa was answered in the *Spectator* of September 22nd by many convincing analogies of the absorption of the Dutch elsewhere. The truth is that people are always willing to be absorbed into a dominant race, and are never ready to injure their prospects by identifying themselves with an inferior class. Mr. Baumgarten's experience of South Africa has been gained solely on the

Rand and while the Dutch were the masters of the Transvaal. The most profitable thing in the world was to be a Dutchman; once accepted as a Boer, any man might fill his pockets, with no special qualification but a shrewd judgment and an easy conscience. Small wonder, therefore, if all families of mixed race called themselves Dutch. In no part of South Africa has the opposite state of things prevailed. It has never been profitable to be an Englishman—the Bond and the Radicals took care of that—but in parts of the eastern province the balance of social influence has been on the English side, and under these circumstances families with any English blood have usually called themselves English. So with educational influences. The few considerable endowments are in the western province and under Afrikaner control; naturally, therefore, they have not produced Imperial sentiment. On the other hand, St. Andrew's College at Grahamstown, though unendowed, has a strong connection among the descendants of the English settlers of 1820. The present war has shown the result, and the College magazine which I forward to you by this post gives a list of over two hundred and fifty Andreans at the front fighting for the Queen. This is a larger number, I believe, than can be claimed by any other school except Eton; and a notable feature of the list is that it includes a very fair proportion of Dutch names, showing that education as well as intermarriage is a power on the side of absorption. In South Africa we never expect the British public to favour any cheap and easy course of action, though we believe it ready to go through with its difficulties when once realised; but it should not be too optimistic for us to hope that enthusiastic patriots might try to counterbalance the present anti-British bias of educational endowments. If it was worth while subscribing a quarter of a million to teach Euclid to the youth of Khartoum, it might be worth while giving a few hundreds for the sake of strengthening an influence in South Africa which has shown its value on every battlefield of the present war.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Grahamstown, October 13th.

ANDREAN.

ENGLAND NOT A "GERMANIC" NATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Ludlow, in the *Spectator* of November 3rd, is quite right. The Englishman is not of the "Germanic" type. His skull is of quite a different shape from that of his German cousin, but it is very like that of his Danish or Dutch brother. This fact was brought home to me in a picturesque way a year or two ago. I was ordering a new hat in Bond Street. My hatter took the measure of my head by a mysterious machine, which finally evolved a cardboard shape, representing the horizontal section of my skull at the fitting line of my hat. He had drawers full of such shapes. But the shapes in the drawer of his German customers were absolutely different in type from the others. The German section was always circular, bulging at the sides above the temples. The English section is always oval, with the axis from front to back longer or shorter as it approaches the Danish or the Dutch type. This fact, I suppose, points to the physical cause of the differing "casts of mind" which Mr. Ludlow has always observed.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Deanery, Ely.

CHARLES W. STUBBS.

"HOOLIGANISM."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I make a suggestion through your columns respecting the "Hooligans" of whom we have heard so much lately? It was hoped that through the spread of education crime would diminish, and that the manners of the people would greatly improve. To judge from recent reports in the newspapers this hope has not been realised. It would surely be of service if we knew in what schools the juvenile offenders who are brought before the police Magistrates had been educated, and what amount of education, as tested by the standards they had passed, they had acquired. Might I therefore suggest that the Magistrates should be invited to ask questions by which these facts might be elicited, and that publicity should be given to the knowledge thus obtained, so that steps might be taken to warn the schools which are responsible for the education of the offenders?—I am, Sir, &c.,

ROBERT GREGORY.

The Deanery, St. Paul's.

THE MORALITY OF "EXPERTISING."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The following anecdote told of the great Duke of Wellington by Gleig ("People's Edition," p. 443) seems an apt illustration of your recent article on "The Morality of 'Expertising'":—"Of the Duke's rigid integrity an instance occurred in reference to the estate which is well worth placing on record. Some farm adjoining to his lands was for sale, and his agent negotiated for him for the purchase. Having concluded the business, he went to the Duke and told him that he had made a capital bargain. 'What do you mean?' asked the Duke. 'Why, your Grace, I have got the farm for so much, and I know it to be worth at least so much more.' 'Are you quite sure of that?' 'Quite sure, your Grace, for I have carefully surveyed it.' 'Very well, then, pay the gentleman from me the balance between what you have already given and the real value of the estate.' And it was done.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. C. M.

THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the *World* of September 12th, describing a night-watch on the Trondhjem Fjord with the first mate of the 'Ragnvald Jarl,' I said:—"He was a fine scholar. He talked to me of strange Norwegian poems, and gave me a striking version in English prose which he had made of one of them" (author unknown) "himself, and I have promised to render it for him some day into English verse." Hence my poem in the *Spectator*. The mate's English was a little rough and obscure, and I had to construct and write the ballad out of it, adhering to him as best I could. Ignorant of either metre or original, I was puzzled as to my form of verse; but as Homer, man or limited company, was before all the poet of the sea, I chose the hexameter. "Freely rendered from the Norwegian" was the best description I could find. That is all I know about it. If it ought to have been "the Danish," it ought. But if the story is Danish, the method is Norwegian. And "The English Captain" as a title (the mate's) is worth a good many "Pictures from 1807." I never heard of Bagger; but should not be surprised to learn that Bagger bagged, as I did. Such things have been. For myself, I leave much to be desired as a Scandinavian scholar. But I am glad to clear myself of the rather mixed charge of not knowing Norwegian from Danish, before borrowing my subject from the Norse.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Feltham.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

MODERN MOTOR-CARS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—While thanking you for the appreciative review of "Motor Vehicles and Motors" in the *Spectator* of November 3rd, will you allow me, with reference to the remark your reviewer makes concerning the electrical section, to say that he has apparently overlooked the fact that a large part of the space is occupied with the "Riker," "Mackenzie," "Columbia," and the Electric Motive Power Company's vehicles, including runabouts, four-seated dog-carts, Stanhope and electric vans?—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. WORBY BEAUMONT.

Outer Temple, 222 Strand, W.C.

[We gladly insert Mr. Beaumont's letter, but we adhere to our opinion that he might usefully have treated the lighter forms of electric car with more fulness.—ED. *Spectator*.]

POETRY.

THE AGNOSTIC TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

O GOD! O Father of all things! O Lord and Giver of life!
O fountain of peace and blessing! O centre of storm and strife!
The waves of thy will roll onward: I stand alone on thy shore:
I veil mine eyes in thy presence: I seal my lips,—and adore.
Art thou not Force and Matter? Art thou not Time and Space?
Art thou not Life and Spirit? Art thou not Love and Grace?
Do not thy wings o'ershadow the whole and the humblest part?
Are not the world's pulsations the ebb and flow of thy heart?

O God! O Father of all men! O Lord of Heaven and Earth!
Shall we, who are dust before thee, exalt thy wisdom and
worth?

Shall we, whom thy life embraces, set forth thy life in our
creeds?

While the smoke of thy battle blinds us shall we read the
scroll of thy deeds?

We spin the threads of our fancy; we weave the webs of
our words;

But nearer to truth and knowledge are the songs of the
quivering birds.

The rays of thy golden glory fall free through our nets of
thought:

And all that we seek is hidden: and all that we know is
nought.

How shall I kneel before thee who hast no visible shrine?

Is not the soul thy temple? Is not the world divine?

Will tower or transept tell me what the snow-clad mountains
hide?

Is the surging anthem holier than the murmur of ocean's tide?

To whom hast thou told thy secret? On whom is thy grace
poured out?

Whose lamp will direct my goings? Whose word will resolve
my doubt?

Shall I turn to the sects and churches that teach Mankind in
thy name?—

But the best is a mote in thy sunshine, a spark flung out from
thy flame.

Slowly through all my being streams up from each hidden root
The sap of thy life eternal,—streams up into flower and fruit.

Is this the truth that we dream of? We seek what we ne'er
shall know;

But the stress of thy truth constrains us when the springs of
thy love o'erflow.

At night, when the veil of darkness is drawn o'er the sunlit blue,
The stars come out in the heavens, the world grows wide on
my view.

At night, when the earth is silent and the life-waves cease to
roll,

The strains of a deeper music begin to wake in my soul.

Is it then, O God! that we know thee—when the darkness
comes—is it then?

When the surges of thought and passion die down in the
hearts of men?

Is it then that we hear thy message? Is it then that we see
thy light?

Is the sound of thy voice our silence? Is the sheen of thy
face our night?

EDMOND HOLMES.

BOOKS.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S LIFE.*

TAKING it as a whole, this is an admirable biography, since it is to so great an extent autobiography. Mr. Huxley lets his father speak for himself through his letters and conversation, and only contributes so much of connected narrative as to render perfectly intelligible what Huxley had to say. The work might, in our judgment, have been somewhat more compressed by excluding here and there letters of a purely ephemeral character. A few episodes and bitter sayings might also have been omitted. For instance, Huxley, as might have been expected, disliked Plato as the intellectual father of great ideas undreamed of in his own rigid philosophy. It is right to tell us that, but it was unnecessary to inform us that Sir Henry Holland said to Huxley that he always thought "Plato an ass." If he did, so much the worse for Sir Henry Holland, whose foolish observation might have been suppressed in consideration of his good work in spheres of life which he happened to understand. There are other references which are also painful, but both the Huxleys, *père et fils*, are too earnestly bent on what they sincerely regard as truth to care for personal feelings. In the main, however, we have no words but those of praise for this faithful portraiture of a strong and great character, whose positive work will remain long after his prejudices and his narrow philosophy are forgotten.

* *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley.* By his Son, Leonard Huxley. 2 vols. London: Macmillan and Co. [30s. net.]

To note within the limits of a review all the details of Huxley's crowded life is impossible; we must content ourselves mainly with the impression produced by this record. His supreme virtue seems to us to have been the love of truth, not merely truth in the sense of verbal accuracy, but moral and mental sincerity. Like Dr. Johnson, he persisted in clearing his mind of cant. We think his agnosticism (he coined the word) a poor and narrow creed, but such as it was he stuck to it and would never profess to acquiesce in what he did not heartily believe. "Truthfulness, in his eyes," writes his son, "was the cardinal virtue, without which no stable society can exist. Conviction, sincerity, he always respected, whether on his own side or against him. Clever men, he would say, are as common as blackberries; the rare thing is to find a good one. The lie from interested motives was only more hateful to him than the lie from self-delusion or foggy thinking." This great quality, accompanied as it was by intense zeal and what Charles Lamb called "imperfect sympathies," led him to unjust criticism of men he did not understand (Owen, J. H. Newman, Gladstone); but we must reckon to him for righteousness this salt of the moral life, particularly in an age of feeble convictions and much slipshod morality. Next comes his amazing industry, the more wonderful when we consider his weak health. A martyr to dyspepsia and enlarged heart, perpetually needing change of air, flying from Welsh hills and Yorkshire moors to Madeira and the Engadine, he seems never to have had an idle moment, even his last days at Eastbourne being filled with gardening, correspondence, and the study of heavy tomes on history and theology. The list of his writings fills twenty pages in these volumes and covers most subjects of human interest as well as scientific monographs. Everything he did was done well. He made no errors, he verified everything, and even in his minor writings his English was above reproach. In mature life, like Cato, he took up the study of Greek, and seems to have made good progress in it. Though his father, George Huxley, was a schoolmaster at Ealing (where T. H. H. was born in 1825), the boy had no good education, but by dint of sheer hard work, aided by a retentive memory, he made himself master of French, German, and Italian. So good a French scholar was he that Professor Lacaze du Thiers wrote to him: "On me dit que vous écrivez si bien le Français que je crois que je vous lirais bien mieux dans ma langue!" Huxley himself says that he could "tear the heart out" of a book in a short while, though he had little verbal memory; on no other hypothesis could his prodigious reading be accounted for. He had not a few of the best gifts of human nature. He admits a hot temper, he certainly did not suffer fools gladly, but he was the soul of affection to his wife (whom he first met in his early scientific expedition to Australia) and his children, and he was staunch and loyal to his friends, none of whom he seems to have deserted. He was as eager to help a poor workman at Southampton whom he heard of as studying science under difficult conditions as he was to secure a Civil List pension for Alfred Russel Wallace or W. K. Clifford's widow. Those who knew him but slightly thought him cold; his friends found in him a warm human heart.

It is interesting to note how wide his interests were. No dryasdust he; his letters are filled with every subject of human interest, and he touched life at every point. He passes from the vertebræ to the School Board, from the crayfish to Parnellism, from glaciers to original sin,—which he believed in. Even while a boy, and while struggling, after making valuable original investigations in the 'Rattlesnake' expedition, for a decent living, he was ever speculating and arguing with ardent pugnacity on all manner of subjects. After laborious scientific work (his normal working day was from 9 a.m. till midnight) he would go with Mr. Herbert Spencer to the Opera, or to dine with the X Club (a small and select group of men of science), or lecture to working men, or to the Royal Institution, or rush off to the Metaphysical Society, where he and W. G. Ward were thought to be the best reasoners, or he would dash off a heap of correspondence, or produce a learned monograph "on the premolar teeth of *Diprotodon*," or—what he liked best of all—plunge into controversy with a theologian. He seemed to derive health from his controversy with Mr. Gladstone on the "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture." Natural science

was of course the chief mistress of his affections, but he wrote on education, metaphysics, religion, sociology, with equal facility; he served on the London School Board and on Commissions innumerable, and in everything he gave of his best, even when his body was weak and his mind depressed. He was very human, and perhaps his anti-religious bias was no more due to intellectual difficulties than to a certain earthy tendency which he admits. He frankly says that he "loves his friends and hates his enemies," and he counts this a good working creed. His sense of humour was keen, as witness this letter to Matthew Arnold:—"Look at Bishop Wilson on the sin of covetousness and then inspect your umbrella-stand. You will there see a beautiful brown, smooth-handled umbrella, which is *not* your property. Think of what the excellent prelate would have advised, and bring it with you next time you come to the club." (It seems that Bishops are not the sole "conveyers" of umbrellas at the Athenæum.) He relates with gusto that "R. G. Latham, queerest of men, had singular flashes of insight now and then. Forty years ago he gravely told me that the existence of the Established Church was to his mind one of the best evidences of the recency of the evolution of the human type from the simian." He laughed at himself in the Cambridge doctorate red gown, and in the solemn Osborne function when he was made Privy Councillor, at which Mr. Jesse Collings, taking a stealthy look at the Queen, found that she was simultaneously taking a stealthy look at Mr. Jesse Collings. Even to the last we find a fund of energy, a variety of interests, a delight in all things human, and a kind of overflowing of life.

In spite of alternate abuse of his countrymen for their banal politics and bad education, and poking fun at them for their bibliolatriy, Huxley was a thorough Englishman, with all the national strength and some of its failings. He thought the Italians and the English had the best intellects in Europe, though, singularly enough, he did not find the charm in Italy which most of us discover. He yawned in the picture galleries and found only "mummery" in the churches. The Pantheon was the chief thing in Rome that interested him. He was, perhaps, a little too English to have meddled with philosophy. What he thought of some of its problems may be inferred from his *Hume* and from his lecture on Descartes. In the latter, though he would have denied it, he practically abandons morality, for he would prefer to be wound up and set going if he might always do "right," than be a free agent sometimes doing wrong. Such talk suggests that he did not understand that freedom is a condition of right, and that automatic action precludes the very conception of what "right" is. His rigid agnosticism, especially as set forth in some correspondence with Charles Kingsley, would not admit the idea of any God to whom Christ's word "Father" might apply. The facts of life and Nature were against it, and there was no evidence for it, for he thought the whole Bible broke down as against criticism. Immortality might be, but even at the death-bed of his little son he would not yield an inch. Yet he makes a striking admission, which every man in his sincere moments must make, in a letter to Mr. Morley:—"It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal,—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying." He not only disbelieved in Christianity, he hated priests and churches, disliked the idea of George Eliot being buried in Westminster Abbey (though he himself had a Christian burial), and made quite a fuss when Lord Rector of Aberdeen about attending a Presbyterian service. Yet, on the other hand, he detested mere ribald treatment of religion, and he believed strongly in reading the Bible, as he showed when on the London School Board. Yes, there was a good deal of British human nature in him, despite his "rigour and vigour." He was not a countryman of Voltaire or Nietzsche. Politically he was no partisan, but he always leaned to Radicalism, though with the scientific man's distrust of the populace. In 1866 he took up, along with Mill, the prosecution of Eyre, he was with the North in the Civil War, and he rejoiced over the fall of Louis Napoleon. When the Home-rule controversy arose, he took the Unionist side, though he confesses

to a "blackguardly" sympathy for Parnell. But in his late years he thought the two questions of the maintenance of English industry and the diminution of English poverty the supreme questions. If poverty could not be suppressed, he would, he said, welcome the advent of some "friendly comet" to end the human tragedy.

Though Huxley apparently did not care for painting, he loved music. He had some facility in drawing little humorous sketches, which often were sandwiched in his correspondence. In literature his son admits that Huxley ought to have cared for Wordsworth more than he did. Shelley he found, as Arnold did, too diffuse. His greatest pleasure was derived from Shakespeare and Milton; for "simple beauty" he turned to Keats, he loved Browning's earlier poems, and he loved Tennyson as the greatest of all modern poets who had been influenced by science. Surely this is too great a claim for Tennyson when we recall Goethe; especially as Huxley found in the writings of Goethe "a moral grandeur to be ranked with that of the Hebrew prophets." He was also, like Darwin, a great novel-reader, but his chief delight was in philosophy and history.

NAPOLEON.*

It may be said at once that Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon* is an admirable compilation. The very quality which makes the Liberal statesman an inefficient politician ensures historical judgment. He can see both sides of a question, and this faculty of seeing both sides generally produces the equilibrium of inactivity. The man of action must be a little blind to one aspect or the other if he would not be condemned for ever to the rages of doubt and repentance. And there is a certain appropriateness in this monograph upon Napoleon. The fiercest man of action that the world has seen since Cæsar is sketched by the most inert politician of our day, and the result is completely successful. How should it be otherwise? Lord Rosebery has considered the views of both sides, and though it is not always his to apportion the praise and blame with a dogmatic hand, he has given us both sides with a commendable impartiality.

Lord Rosebery, then, has made a conscientious study of the authorities, and he has sifted and analysed them with a shrewdness of judgment, a quickness of perception, which cannot be too highly praised. We are seldom persuaded to disagree with him, and we gladly welcome an historian who can discuss this most passionate of themes without passion. He wrote the book, he says, "to lay a literary ghost," for the same reason that Disraeli wrote *Count Alarcos*; but having read the book, we are conscious that an historical ghost still remains to lay. Sir Hudson Lowe still walks the upper earth a weird and restless spectre. Was he a fool or a knave? The question is unanswered, though Lord Rosebery comes as near to an answer as any of his predecessors. "He was," says he, "a narrow, ignorant, irritable man, without a vestige of tact or sympathy. . . . We are afraid we must add that he was not what we should call a gentleman." That is true. Sir Hudson Lowe was not what we should call a gentleman. He was a martinet, with an amazingly narrow mind. He could see an instant danger in the colour of green and white beans. He could put useless insults upon a fallen hero. But he was not the "devil" which Lady Granville represents him. He was merely the stupid instrument of a stupid Government. He was unfit for his post, but no man fit for such a post could have served under Lord Bathurst, and if this be true, then Lowe is rather pitiable than hateful. In any case, it is not a pretty story, and not even a division of the responsibility can acquit our countrymen of blame.

Yet without any Chauvinism we may point out that Lord Liverpool in sending Napoleon to St. Helena acted as the servant, not of England, but of Europe. The France which now blames us for our treatment of her greatest man would have hanged him outright, and Lowe was a courteous gentleman compared with Montchénou, the French Commissioner. Russia would have shut him up in a fortress. We gave him a rat-infested hovel, a back-garden, a mimic Court, and £12,000 a year. It was not much; but it was far more than he could have got elsewhere, and we may at least remember in our own defence that the

* *Napoleon: the Last Phase.* By Lord Rosebery. London: Humphreys. [7s. 6d.]

French, Russian, and Austrian Commissioners shared the miserable responsibility of Sir Hudson Lowe.

The picture is a tragedy with a foreground of farce. Napoleon's courtiers were farcical in their jealousy and inaccuracy. Lowe was farcical in his imbecile precautions and his petty insults. The Governments of Europe were farcical in their fear of a tired and broken hero. But Napoleon himself was never farcical. Indeed, he seldom reached a higher point of tragedy than when he sat alone at St. Helena. And the tragedy is the more poignant because beneath it is heard the true note of pathos. In the midst of falsehood and intrigue Napoleon preserved his dignity and his serenity. The folly of Gourgaud aroused a smile, the insolence of his jailors produced a quick determination. He could conquer his enemies by ignoring them. He could see them through his Venetian blinds, unseen himself, and the threat that he would shoot with his own hand any man who intruded upon his privacy was sufficient to keep too zealous officials at a distance. So he talked, and played reversi; so he dug in his garden, and bungled at chess; so he drove out in his coach-and-six with all the pomp of an Emperor; so he laughed at Lowe's impertinence, and at the suspicions of the English Government. But for all his serenity of temper it was the fifth act of a tragedy that he was playing. And when he thought of the past, what wonder is it that he was shaken by emotion, that he hid his face in his hands?

While he was Emperor he had not cultivated the art of conversation. He had dictated a vast number of comminatory letters, written them with a voice that cut like a sword. But the familiar Napoleon did not then exist. At St. Helena, however, he talked much, and with perfect frankness, of his generals, of his family, of his plans. And perhaps the most interesting chapter of an interesting book is the chapter in which Lord Rosebery deals with Napoleon's conversations. Pathetic it often is; it is impossible to hear of the grandiose schemes which were never carried out, of the battles fought over again with a better success, of Ney's treachery, of the universal defection, without a sigh of regret. And the regret is not the less keen because it is dramatic rather than sincere. The success of Napoleon meant the ruin of England, and yet though ruin threatened us, we cannot contemplate the failure of the greatest soldier that ever lived, excepting only Cæsar and Alexander, without a kind of sorrow. If we may believe Las Cases and Gourgaud, he fell easily into reminiscence, and much that he said comes as a surprise. For instance, he thought most highly of the English:—

"The English character," he says, "is superior to ours. Conceive Romilly, one of the leaders of a great party, committing suicide at fifty because he had lost his wife. They are in everything more practical than we are: they emigrate, they marry, they kill themselves with less indecision than we display in going to the opera. They are also braver than we are. I think one can say that in courage they are to us what we are to the Russians, what the Russians are to the Germans, what the Germans are to the Italians. . . . Had I had an English army I should have conquered the universe, for I could have gone all over the world without demoralising my troops. Had I been in 1815 the choice of the English as I was of the French, I might have lost the battle of Waterloo without losing a vote in the legislature, or a soldier from my ranks. I should have won the game."

Well may Lord Rosebery ask: "Has there been, considering the speaker and the circumstances, more signal praise of our national character?"

Another characteristic trait of Napoleon was his love of finance, though this is not surprising when we remember his genius for detail. But in the remote seclusion of St. Helena he was never tired of speculating how he would spend 200,000 francs or 600,000 francs a year, of making a budget, in fact, with varying figures. "But he could live very comfortably on 12 francs a day. He would dine for thirty sous, he would frequent reading rooms and libraries, and go to the play in the pit." Then he suddenly remembers that he cannot dress himself without a servant, and he raises the figure, declaring that 20 francs a day would make him perfectly happy. Lord Rosebery calls him a parvenu Emperor, and if he were, it is this quality that gives him a vivid interest. He had belonged to so many classes that his experience of life was ten times wider than that of any other Monarch. But he died miserably at St. Helena, and the saddest part of his career is its ineffectuality. "He contradicts history," said Madame d'Houdetot, with perfect truth, "and expands imagination." Lord Dudley is not less lofty in his praise.

"He has thrown a doubt," said he, "on all past glory; he has made all future renown impossible." But he left France smaller than he found it; he created a central government which many think is doing much to ruin the country; and he gave Paris a taste for the *épatant* which she has never lost. Yet no failure dims his glory, which shines more clearly than ever in Lord Rosebery's industrious book.

A STUDY OF MILTON.*

WE confess to having taken up Professor Raleigh's book with some trepidation. His book upon Louis Stevenson was so Stevensonian in manner, and his book upon Style so stylistic, that we dreaded lest his sympathetic genius and remarkable powers of imitation should have given us a treatise upon Milton written in periods more Titanic than anything in the *Areopagitica*. Happily our misgiving has proved groundless, or nearly so. Mr. Raleigh seems now to have settled down to a fashion of writing which, if it is still for purposes of criticism somewhat too restless and ostentatious, does not unduly recall the manner of any single master. We could wish, indeed, Mr. Raleigh would for a time make a study of Dryden's prose, and be content to emulate that fine critic's simplicity, instead of peppering his pages with obsolete words like "renay," and sentences like "Cycles ferried his [Milton's] cradle," a remark which, we must confess, conveys to us no meaning whatever. Such a study would further tend to discourage him from the practice of making small jests. It is irritating, in a serious treatise, to be told that the surprise Milton prepared for the courtiers of the Restoration by clothing his rejected ideas in sublime poetry was "like Samson's revenge, in that it fell on them *from above*"; that none of the doings of Adam and Eve in the Garden "became them like the leaving of it"; that the office of Sin and Death at Hell-gate was intended to be a sinecure; and "that the single occasion that presented itself for a neglect of their duty was eagerly seized." The tone of the present day is already so deficient in reverence that we think gentlemen who sit in professorial chairs should, if necessary, put pressure upon their natural inclinations, and set an example of dignity and decorum. Milton, of all people, is no proper subject for flippancy.

Having felt bound to say so much in deprecation of Professor Raleigh's faults of taste, we hasten to acknowledge the fresh and interesting quality of a good deal of his matter. The chapter on the prose works please us as much as anything in the book. His defence of them in the sentence—"The greatest men hold their power on this tenure, that they shall not husband it because the occasion that presents itself, although worthy of high effort, is not answerable to the refinement of their tastes"—strikes us as exactly the right apology, and his defence of the divorce tracts is no less happy and true:—

"Most men in Milton's position would have recognised that theirs was one of those exceptional cases for which the law cannot provide, and would have sat down under their unhappy chance, to bear it or mitigate it as best they might. Some poets of the time of the Romantic Revival would have claimed the privilege of genius to be a law unto itself. Milton did neither the one thing nor the other. The modern idolatry of genius was as yet uninvited; he was a citizen first, a poet and an unhappy man afterwards. He directed his energies to proving, not that he should be exempted from the operation of the law, but that the law itself should be changed."

The chapter upon Milton's life makes several points that we have not seen put elsewhere with so much directness; e.g., the reconciliation of Milton's classical and Biblical admirations into a Puritan stoicism, which called itself, but was not, Christianity. On the other hand, the endeavour to say something novel on so well-worn a theme sometimes tempts the essayist to imprudences. Too much is made of Milton's love of shipping. It is incredible that Milton implied any disrespect to the fairies, by putting his lovely description of them into the mouth of Comus, any more than to the fishes whom he mentions in the previous line. When the devils, dwarfed to get them into Pandemonium, are compared to fairies, Mr. Raleigh himself, with better judgment, does not take the passage as an insult to the elves, but as a relief to the picture. Again, we do not see how it can be maintained that Milton cannot draw ugliness in face of his portrait of

* *Milton*. By Walter Raleigh. London: Edward Arnold. [6s.]

Sin; and it is at least questionable whether the last line of "Lycidas"—"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new"—can be adduced as evidence of the youthful poet's egotism. It is a sufficient explanation of the line that the Shepherd determines to seek new scenes without the old associations to torment him.

Mr. Raleigh is more convincing in his more general criticisms. There are some excellent remarks (p. 153) upon the effect of Milton's blindness on his majestic but indefinite drawing of the human figure; an exceedingly ingenious and well-worked-out comparison between the Shakespearian and Miltonic methods of pictorial description, the one employing detail, the other vague emotional suggestion (p. 224); and a very interesting discussion on Milton's share in the invention of the "poetic diction" which Wordsworth set himself to destroy (p. 246). As a specimen of Mr. Raleigh's style at its best, we will quote what, on the whole, seems to us the most original piece of criticism in the book:—

"Milton's feeling for the imaginative effects of architecture in a landscape is extraordinarily subtle. One, at least, of these effects is hardly to be experienced among the hedgerows and farmsteads and placid rambling towns of England. Travellers in Italy, or in the East, are better able to understand the transfiguration of a landscape by the distant view of a small compact array of walls and towers perched on a vantage-ground among the hills of the horizon. The lawlessness of nature, the homelessness of the surface of the earth, and the fears that haunt uninhabited places, are all accentuated by the distrust that frowns from the battlements of such a stronghold of militant civility. For this reason, perhaps, the architectural features in certain pictures and drawings have an indescribable power of suggestion. The city, self-contained and fortified, overlooking a wide expanse of country, stands for safety and society; the little group of figures, parleying at the gate, or moving down into the plain, awakens in the mind a sense of far-off things,—the moving accidents of the great outer world, and the dangers and chances of the unknown. Bunyan, whose imagination was nourished on the Eastern scenery and sentiment of the Bible, shows himself powerfully affected by situations of this kind, as where in the beginning of the *Pilgrim's Progress* he describes the man with his face from his own home, running from the City of Destruction, and the group of his kindred calling after him to return:—'But the man put his fingers into his ears, and ran on crying, Life, Life, Eternal Life: so he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain.'"

Elder students who can bring their own judgment to bear upon their author's are likely to find Professor Raleigh's book in a high degree stimulating, whether on particular points they agree or differ; and for a work of criticism this is very high praise.

THE CHURCH CRISIS.*

THE first of the three chapters into which Mr. Bowen's book is divided treats of "The Oxford Movement," and begins with a candid recognition of the good which it worked in the Anglican Church. It might even be objected that sufficient credit is not given to that other great religious movement, which preceded it, that Evangelical revival of which Charles Simeon was the most prominent representative. When Mr. Bowen says that Tractarianism was "strong in the appeal which it made to the individual sense of righteousness," he might almost seem to forget that this was the chief characteristic of Evangelicalism. "Nothing avails the individual Christian—in fact he is not a Christian at all—unless he is personally holy," was a cardinal point in the teaching of this school. That it belonged to its great rival also, we do not doubt. To another reformation it has a more exclusive claim. Mr. Bowen states it thus:—

"Not the least of the services of Tractarianism has been its restoration of the Holy Communion to its proper place in our system of worship. We may frankly and thankfully admit all—and it is very much—that the movement has done in this respect, without implying any sort of acceptance of the doctrinal or ritualist extravagances for which a section of Tractarianism was, and is, responsible. . . . But it is indeed a great point, greater than can be measured, that—not, it is true, everywhere, but over widespread districts—the Holy Communion has become what it ought to be, the greatest feature in our thanksgiving and worship. . . . And to whom is this great change due? There can be but one reply."

Justice having been thus done to the good wrought by the Movement, Mr. Bowen goes on to describe what he calls its "highly objectionable side." Here it is needless to follow him. What he relates is really a matter of history, and we

see no serious error or exaggeration in his account of it. The impetus of the Movement became so strong that it swept, so to speak, those who began it off their feet. The best of the leaders found themselves compelled to leave the Church of their fathers; those who remained were able to do so by an unusual share of that eminently English quality, the practical sense which refuses to be mastered by logic and holds with an unconquerable tenacity to a compromise that makes for good.

From "The Oxford Movement" Mr. Bowen goes on in his second chapter to speak of "Contemporary Ritualism," the origin of which he traces back to certain undesirable developments of Tractarianism. We do not propose to dwell on this part of his book. The details which he gives are painful, sometimes even shocking. Some of the extremist clergy seem to have a passion for crowding their services with ceremonies and devotions which have nothing to recommend them except that they are borrowed from Rome. There is, for instance, a "Litany of the Blessed Virgin," which, to say the least, is out of place in the services of an Anglican church. The title is distinctly objectionable. "A Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary" means a series of prayers to the Virgin, just as a "Litany of the Holy Ghost" means a series of prayers addressed to the Third Person in the Trinity. The form itself is not of the most extravagant kind. Liguori's "Glories of Mary" leaves it far behind. Some of its poetical phrases are scarcely orthodox, and the whole have an exotic look. This kind of devotion has never really flourished in England. Its proper home is in the Latin countries, where, indeed, it has a certain *raison d'être*. Attempts to introduce it here are, we might say, a useless aggravation. There are other matters of a far more serious kind, Confession, for instance, which we omit of set purpose to pass on to Mr. Bowen's third chapter, "Criticisms and Suggestions." The criticisms refer to Archbishop Temple's pronouncement on the doctrine of the Real Presence, as made in October, 1898, and on the policy followed by the Archbishops in what are called "The Lambeth Hearings." In both cases the criticism is decidedly adverse. Here, again, we need not follow Mr. Bowen. There is no question in which the terms used have so many shades of meaning as in that which concerns the Presence of Christ in the Holy Communion, and there is none in which discussion is so unprofitable. As to the Hearings, we take it that the Archbishops must be judged by results, for it was to results that they looked. And we still cling to the belief that their pronouncements made for peace. And there is this also to be said. The obedience which the Deacon and the Priest promise at their ordination is not "canonical obedience." That is provided for by a separate oath. It is obedience in things outside the range of the canonical, and what the Archbishops practically did was to give their opinion on two important matters which might be so regarded. They practically said: "This is what we, who are the highest spiritual judges, think about these matters." And now, lastly, we come to the "Suggestions." Briefly put, these are suggestions of legislation, a "Clergy Discipline Bill" and a "Church Parochial Councils Bill." Drafts of both are given in an appendix. Mr. Bowen allows that there is a strong feeling against such legislation, and sets himself to dispose of it. His arguments, we must own, do not convince us. That the Bills could ever pass into law, we doubt; we doubt still more whether, if passed, they would be effective, for the ecclesiastical legislation of the past, whenever it has attempted to pass beyond purely secular matters, has been a dismal failure; finally, we fear that if they could be made to work they would bring about a great cataclysm. Where, then, are we to look for a remedy? We have not yet lost hope in the Bishops. They have power in their hands if they will only use it. They have an almost despotic authority over the unbeneficed clergy, and they must exercise it. That they should withdraw the licenses of curates who take part in illegal services, and refuse them advancement from the diaconate to the priesthood, and put the beneficed under so much of an interdict as our Anglican discipline admits of is not too much to ask from them. As we write, the Bishop of Liverpool has declared that he will follow this line of action. And they must act together. One Bishop must not give preferment to a priest who has openly flouted another. That they will pass beyond moderation in this course of action need not be feared. Their

* *The Crisis in the English Church.* By the Rev. the Hon. W. C. Bowen. With an Introduction by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies. London: J. Nisbet and Co. [6s.]

past conduct, and the complaints, not altogether unfounded, against their supineness, ought to reassure us. And they ought to be backed by the public opinion of the moderate High Churchmen. Unfortunately this very powerful section of the clergy passively, and sometimes even actively, supports the extremists.

Whatever may be done, we hope that the comprehensiveness of the Church will not be diminished. But this comprehensiveness must not be one-sided. It is not enough to extend our borders that they may come as near as possible to the frontiers of Rome and of the East. There is another direction in which the prospect is more hopeful and more promising of good. An alliance with Rome might easily be a disaster, but what advantage might not follow if there could be found a *modus vivendi* with the Christian Communities whose representatives met last December at the "round table" in Christ Church!

We must add that though we have dealt with the controversial matters set forth in Mr. Bowen's book, we cannot open our columns to any correspondence on the subjects treated of. A newspaper war on Church questions is seldom profitable, and just now it is specially important that a perplexed and difficult situation should not be rendered more difficult by the excesses of amateur theologians.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

APART from the versatility of which *The Mantle of Elijah* affords signal proof—for this is a novel of politics and society in the early "sixties"—no attentive reader of Mr. Zangwill's new story can fail to be struck by the originality of the device which he employs to lend freshness to his plot, or by the curious though superficial resemblance of the personal "motive" to that of Mr. Anthony Hope's *Quisanté*. To take these points in order, Mr. Zangwill has antedated the movement towards Imperial expansion some forty years, and by an audacious anachronism rewritten in the episode of Novabarba the story of our recent relations with the Transvaal. The externals are elaborately disguised, Mr. Kruger being replaced by a Sultan of the Menelek type, but the economic and ethical significance of the situation remains the same. Secondly, we have in the marriage of the heroine, Allegra Marshmont, to Robert Broser, Mr. Zangwill's version of the same problem which has recently engaged Mr. Hope,—the intellectual fascination exerted on a brilliant, high-minded, romantic girl by a coarse-fibred, unscrupulous, virile demagogue. The resemblance, however, though striking, is entirely on the surface, for in *The Mantle of Elijah* filial devotion enters largely into Allegra's decision to cast in her lot with Broser, while in the sequel her loyalty is far more seriously impaired than that of Quisanté's wife. Furthermore, the real hero of Mr. Zangwill's book is not the husband, but the father, a politician who combines the humanitarian views of John Bright with the aristocratic breeding of Charles Villiers, and by taking office under Lord Ruston (*i.e.*, Lord Palmerston) does violence to the cardinal principles of the Manchester School to which he belongs. Broser, young, ambitious, and endowed with a rasping, strident eloquence like that of Lord Randolph Churchill, attaches himself to Marshmont with a loyalty which overbears Allegra's fastidious distaste of his vulgarity, and as the ablest and most effective exponent of her father's views, appeals irresistibly to Allegra's desire to be associated with their realisation. She marries him and is disillusioned, and though fitfully subject to the magnetism of his personality, by the cumulative force of association, tradition, and class feeling—for the aristocratic strain in her is stronger than she knows—she is steadily and irresistibly impelled to the final rupture. In accepting his hand Allegra was partly actuated by pity, for Broser had not long before lost his patient drudge of a wife, but chiefly because she thought that he was destined to wear "the mantle of Elijah," when in reality he had merely clambered into office by hanging on to the skirts of it. A lapse of some fifteen years occurs in the narrative, during which Broser has "boxed" the political compass, and

exchanged the principles of the Manchester School for those of a blatant Jingoism. "Fighting Bob," as he is popularly known, supplies the chief driving power in a Cabinet which is once more embroiled with Novabarba, and forces on a policy of annexation, while his former patron, succeeding to an earldom, has become an extinct volcano in the Upper Chamber. Allegra, utterly estranged from her husband, finds solace in travel, and falls under the magnetic influence of a certain Ralph Dominick, a Jewish journalist and poet steeped in mysticism, theosophy, and Nietzsche, whose brilliant conversational gifts and romantic personality readily account for the sway he exerts over the sensitive, impressionable heroine. Their relations, though exciting Broser to acute jealousy, are maintained on the Platonic level, Allegra's fastidious nature revolting from any open scandal, and their final parting is natural and desirable enough. It is a pity, however, that it should be preceded by the grotesquely melodramatic scene in which Allegra is accidentally wounded by a poisoned arrow, and in the belief that she is dying, patches up a deathbed reconciliation with Broser, which is speedily shattered on her recovery. Finally, Allegra leaves her husband's house under the wing of her aunt, the witty, vulgar, but kind-hearted Duchess of Dalesbury. Though the novel often rubs one the wrong way, it is impossible to deny the mordant satire of Mr. Zangwill's impeachment of pseudo-Imperialism, the wit and brilliance of his dialogue—disfigured at times, however, by cheap play on words—the vividness of his portraiture, or the eloquence of his descriptive passages. Mr. Zangwill has studied the politics and social life of his period with great care, but has not escaped one or two inaccuracies. Lord Palmerston's famous query was not "Are you better?" but "How's the old complaint?" and there never was a "Fops' Gallery" but a "Fops' Alley" at the Opera.

The plan of enhancing the discredit of a moral downfall by choosing a minister of religion as the culprit is one that has been somewhat cheapened by repetition. Yet one finds novelty and force as well as discretion in Mr. Hornung's handling of this painful theme. Instead of reserving the confession or the discovery as the climax of the story, he employs it as the starting-point. The opening chapters tell us how Mr. Carlton, the rector of a country parish, after conducting the funeral of the girl he has betrayed, is denounced by the girl's father, and his house wrecked by the parishioners. No element of humiliation is lacking in his downfall,—the hurried departure of his servants, the contempt of the worldly, the pained amazement of his devoted adherents, and, worst of all, the cynical sympathy of the old saddler who seeks to extenuate the sin with Adam's ancient excuse. But at the very climax of Carlton's degradation an unexpected opportunity affords him an entrance on the long and painful process of regaining his self-respect. The dead girl's father sets the church on fire, and Carlton extorts the admiration of his enemies by his reckless courage in checking the flames. Thenceforth, though suspended by his Bishop, he devotes his energies single-handed to the task of rebuilding the church. Mr. Hornung traces the history of his rehabilitation with a delicacy that never degenerates into mawkishness. The expiation of Carlton's offence, though the only lapse in an otherwise blameless life, can only be achieved by self-sacrifice and completed by his death. He wins but cannot accept the love of a good woman, and when his own relentless enemy, whose share in the first act of incendiarism Carlton had concealed, repeats his revenge on the completion of the church, Carlton loses his life in the attempt to rescue him. *Peccavi* is at once the most serious and the strongest novel that has issued from Mr. Hornung's engaging pen. We only trust that the public may not be deterred from the perusal of a striking and admirable story by the strangely unnecessary appeal for a fair hearing which his publisher has thought fit to put forth.

Mr. Marion Crawford, turning aside for the moment from his studies of modern cosmopolitan manners, has made another dashing excursion into the field of historical romance. In *The Palace of the King*, described in its sub-title as "A Love Story of Old Madrid," is a truly thrilling tale of the Court of Philip II. with Don John of Austria for hero. As the action is compressed within the space of twenty-four hours, it may readily be imagined that incident is preferred to analysis, and that the

* (1.) *The Mantle of Elijah*. By I. Zangwill. London: W. Heinemann. [6s.]—(2.) *Peccavi*. By E. W. Hornung. London: Grant Richards. [6s.]—(3.) *In the Palace of the King*. By F. Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(4.) *The Chase of the Ruby*. By Richard Marsh. London: Skeffington and Son. [3s. 6d.]—(5.) *The Luck of Private Foster*. By A. St. John Adecock. London: Hodder and Stoughton. [6s.]—(6.) *Vanity: the Confessions of a Court Modiste*. By "Rita." London: T. Fisher Unwin. [6s.]—(7.) *A Napoleon of the Press*. By Marie Connor Leighton. London: Hodder and Stoughton. [6s.]—(8.) *Mother-Sister*. By Edwin Pugh. London: Hurst and Blackett. [6s.]

author draws freely on his invention in the construction and elaboration of his plot. Put briefly, the story or episode relates how Don John, who loves and is beloved by Dolores Mendoza, daughter of the Captain of the King's bodyguard, marries her in defiance of the deadly hostility of the King and the wishes of Mendoza. To achieve his end he is driven to abduct his lady-love—with her consent—while the rôle of good genius is played by Dolores's blind sister Inez, who is herself in love with Don John. The portrait of the hero is, no doubt, idealised, but the sinister figure of Philip is finely drawn, and the passage of the devoted lovers from one peril to another keeps the reader agreeably engrossed from first to last.

The Chase of the Ruby displays Mr. Marsh's gift for sensational melodrama in a state of volcanic activity. The hero finds, on his return from Africa, that by the terms of his uncle's will he has just four days left to recover from an actress a ruby ring as the condition of inheriting the said uncle's fortune. Failing this, the fortune goes to his cousin, who is of course the chief villain of the plot. Now the hero, who is engaged to be married to a highly eligible damsel, was formerly engaged to marry the actress. Of the other complex relations subsisting between the characters we need not speak. The four days are packed as full of jealousy, cross-purposes, assault, battery, and burglary as they can hold. The hero carries off the wrong ring, which is in turn stolen from him by the villain, and after a great deal of ingenious violence, culminating in a terrific struggle in the actress's flat, the wicked nephew is foiled at the eleventh hour, and the fortune is secured by his cousin. There is a good deal of theatrical ability in this extravaganza, and while Mr. Marsh makes no pretence to edify his readers, his pages are void alike of tedium and offence.

Mr. St. John Adecock follows up his volume of short stories, *In the Wake of the War*—episodes in the lives of the relatives and friends of soldiers on service in South Africa—with a vigorous romance of the war itself. The hero is a young solicitor's clerk at Barnet who, after being provoked into assaulting his employer, runs off to London and enlists. Adventures follow thick and fast on his arrival at the Cape. Taking part in Methuen's advance, he is captured by the Boers and escapes, saves the life of his cousin (and rival), finds and loses his father and a fortune, gains a commission, regains his patrimony, and returns to marry the girl he left behind him. Altogether *The Luck of Private Foster* is a lively and well-told tale on somewhat obvious lines, abounding in incident and coincidence, but laudably free from any desire to extenuate the horrors of war.

The vivacious "Rita" finds congenial scope for the display of her knowledge of feminine foibles in *Vanity*. The revelations of Madame "Frou-frou," an attractive young woman of reduced means who turns Court dressmaker, are evidently based on expert knowledge of the tricks of the trade, as well as the extravagance of fashionable customers. Occasionally the male reader may find himself *de trop*, but "Rita's" ingenious blend of sentiment and *chiffons* will undoubtedly appeal to the larger half of the reading public.

Mrs. Leighton's story, *A Napoleon of the Press*, traces with considerable skill the rise to fame and fortune of a youthful newspaper proprietor named Alfred Chantrey. The book is eminently readable, but it hardly comes under the head of fiction; it is rather a personal paragraph expanded into three hundred and twelve pages.

The method adopted by Mr. Pugh in his new and clever slum-story, *Mother-Sister*, may be not unfairly described as a compromise between the ruthless realism of Mr. Morrison's earlier manner and the moderate optimism of the author of *No. 5 John Street*. Mr. Pugh does not exclude sentiment, and obviously writes from close personal observation; but we have found his book on the whole fatiguing and rather grubby reading.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. ARNOLD-FORSTER ON ARMY REFORM.

The War Office, the Army, and the Empire. By H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P. With a Preface by Lord Rosebery. (Cassell and Co. 1s.)—We are glad that Mr. Arnold-Forster has republished his trenchant review of the military situation in 1900. We

noticed most of the letters as they appeared, but, now that they can be read continuously, they form a very serious indictment, and the scheme of reform which they propose seems to us to be characterised by much shrewdness and moderation. The author, though a civilian, has long been known as a specialist on matters connected with the Service, and his writings must appeal to a wider public than a soldier writing of technical matters could command. His three main points are clearly substantiated,—that the Empire was never more in need of an organised system of defence than now; that the subject has been neglected and our military machinery suffered to become antiquated and out of gear; and that the impetus towards reform, in face of the lethargy of those in high places, can only be given from without. His summary of the lessons of the recent war is the best that we have seen, and there is much wisdom in his analysis of the dangers to Britain from her policy of isolation. The defects of the present enlistment system, the practice of never keeping up organised staffs, niggardliness in the matter of the stores the indeterminate character of the Reserve, which has recently been used as the first line of the Army, and the general lack of all principle in Army management, are clearly and fully set forth. The one feature of recent history which he can praise is the ease and speed with which mobilisation was effected. He criticises justly the ridiculous administrative system, which gives the Commander-in-Chief no necessary oversight of the War Department and no proper share in the responsibility. Mr. Arnold-Forster has that rarest of virtues in a reformer,—patience, and he admits that there is no royal road to reform. It is the recognition of vital principles which he demands as the first step, and above all, an understanding of the gravity of the crisis. "There is no organisation," he says, "in the British Army at present which can speak with authority upon matters of Imperial defence, not because there are not plenty of able men in the Army, but because *the men and the problem have never been brought together.*" We cordially recommend this little book to all who have the sense to be interested in the most vital matters of national policy.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

TWO COLLEGE HISTORIES.—*Exeter College.* By William Keatley Stride, M.A. (F. E. Robinson and Co. 5s. net.)—Mr. Stride has taken in writing this account of Exeter a line of his own, and has produced an eminently readable volume. He has given an adequate account of the foundation of the College, and rendered the due tribute to Bishop Stapeldon, who, indeed, receives more justice at his hands than historians have commonly accorded to him. Nor has he neglected the subsequent history of the foundation, but he has given a larger proportion of space to the nineteenth century than we have been accustomed to find in these volumes. It is a fact that much of the internal history of a College is but tedious reading to any one who has no special interest in it, or, in default of such interest, has strong antiquarian tastes. There are exceptions, but they are rare and of brief duration. The acquisition of property, the worthiness or unworthiness of the Head, and the squabbles between the Fellows form the staple material with which the historian has to construct his narrative. Exeter is no exception to the rule. Probably the number of readers who feel a special interest in the College is unusually large, for it has always kept up a close connection with the West Country. Its original Fellowships were divided between Devonshire and Cornwall, and though the second founder, Sir W. Petre, gave a wider range to its choice, the tie with the West has not been broken. But, viewed from outside, the College had little that was interesting about it for many years following the first century of its existence. Various persons who won distinction elsewhere belonged to it, and it receives a reflected glory from them, but the College itself was almost insignificant. In this century, on the contrary, it has had considerable importance. Its numbers have greatly increased. At one time, about the middle of the century, it stood at the head in this respect, exceeding even Christ Church. It had the advantage of comparatively open Fellowships, having its choice extended to all the counties in which the Petre estates were situated, and drew, in consequence, some distinguished *alumni* from less fortunately situated Colleges. Not a few of these might be mentioned, but the one who particularly lends himself to such a book as Mr. Stride has written is William Sewell. He was a man who scarcely did himself justice; a few personal eccentricities obscured great merits and valuable services to his

College, to the University, and, we may say, to the Church. If his sane counsels had been followed, great disasters might have been avoided. But it is by his eccentricities that he was best known, and perhaps most generally recollected. And he had certainly some curious twists. One was his conviction of the ubiquity of the Jesuits. Mr. Stride quotes a well-known story that illustrates this weakness. He stopped one day at a butcher's shop in Bristol and asked the man whether he knew that the boy whom he employed had been brought up in the Jesuit College at Rome. "Biess you, Sir," said the man, "I've known Bill ever since he was a baby." "From that moment," said Sewell, "I knew that the butcher also was a Jesuit." The writer of this notice has always heard a variant. The Bristol butcher in this form is the Oxford fishmonger, Tester. Oxford men who knew the Tester of fifty years ago will find a new poignancy in the tale. —*Oriel College*. By David Watson Rannie. (Same publishers. 5s. net.)—What is true of Exeter, that for most readers the chief interest of its history is to be found in the present century, is eminently true of Oriel. The story of the foundation naturally attracts. All the beginnings of an academical system which is peculiar to this country are important. But the history of the centuries that followed has little to arrest the attention. A partial exception may be found in the times of Lollardry, when the College was, so to speak, a battlefield for hostile powers. But commonly whatever interest attaches to it belongs to the almost accidental presence of distinguished *alumni*. No one can blame the pride with which Colleges number up their distinguished sons, but the cases in which the celebrity owes anything to the place of his education are rare. Too often it is the *arida nutrix* rather than the *alma mater*. But when we get to the nineteenth century all is changed. Oxford becomes the centre of religious movement, and Oriel is the centre of Oxford. There were other powers at work besides Tractarianism. If Newman and Keble were at Oriel, so were Clough and the two Arnolds, Thomas the father and Matthew the son. Oriel had, even more than Exeter, the advantage of a free choice. Its Fellowship election reviewed, and not without success, the University examinations. Besides the names we have mentioned there are those of R. W. Church, James Fraser, C. P. Chretien, J. W. Earle, W. Y. Sellar, and J. W. Burgon, and, we may add, though Mr. Rannie does not mention him, T. E. Brown, the author of "Fo'e's'le Yarns." There is now a dead uniformity of merit in almost all Fellowship elections, but from the "thirties" onwards till the days of reform free choice was an exception. (Mr. Rannie, however, is mistaken when he says that "in 1821 the last restrictions on the Fellowships were got rid of." Certainly in the election of 1852 C. D. Morris enjoyed a preference as born in Dorsetshire. He was not by any means unworthy, and indeed might have had a niche in the Oriel *heroon*, for he was a professor in the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, no slight honour for an alien.)

Let There be Light. By David Lubin. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.)—Is not this title just a little arrogant? Has the world had to wait for Mr. David Lubin to pronounce his fiat? The book is supposed to report the debates of a club of working men who discuss various topics, social and religious, competition *v.* collectivism, for instance, the relation between employer and workman, and, at greater length than any other question, religion. The wise man of the party is one Ezra, and he founds a Church Universal, free from the degrading polytheism which prevails in the Christianity of the Creeds. Japan, we see, is suggested as a hopeful field for the new society to occupy. We do not wish to scoff at what is doubtless an honest effort after truth. But surely there is something almost ludicrous in the assurance with which this new teacher presents himself to the world. Who would not pity the poor children who have to learn the new Catechism? Here is a sample:—

"Question: What does right thinking about God do?
Answer: It shows us that God does not do miracles."

A Chronicle of a Cornish Garden. By Harvey Roberts. (J. Lane. 5s. net.)—All regions are not so responsive to the art and care of the gardener as Cornwall. Nevertheless Mr. Roberts's experiences will be found useful. Useful or no, they are pleasantly told. A brief preface tells us where and how he set to work, and then he takes us through the months from January, and shows us each "garlanded with her peculiar flower" or flowers. Some practical chapters follow, with hints on various kinds of plants for borders, rockeries, &c. And there is a list of "The Best Varieties of Hardy Fruits." Let him who plants never have any but the best. They cost a little more, but they repay it a hundredfold.

Of professional and technical works, of which we must be content to give a general notice, we have to mention *The Maritime Codes of Italy*, translated and annotated by his Honour Judge Raikes (Effingham Wilson, 12s. 6d. net). This volume is a sequel to similar works on the codes of Spain and Portugal, and of Holland and Belgium.—*Notes on the Companies Act, 1900*. By L. Worthington Evans. (Ede and Allom. 4s.; the model prospectus is published separately for 6d.)—*The Token Money of the Bank of England*. By Maberley Phillips. (Effingham Wilson. 2s. 6d.)—The account here given recalls a critical period in our history, the long period of warfare and consequent distress, 1797-1817. Paper money and token money were issued to meet present emergencies, and foreign dollars were countermarked. Of course the forger was busy all the time in trying to make his gains out of the general need. We do not wonder that there was no popular outcry about the severity of the laws against this crime, which must have seemed specially unpatriotic.—*The Secret of the Sword*. Translated from the original French of Baron de Bazancourt by C. F. Clay. With Illustrations by F. H. Townsend. (Bell and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)—A book by an expert in the art of fencing, readable though technical, a combination of qualities of which the French have, perhaps, a greater knack than we.—The "Burleigh Pocket Library" (Sands and Foster) is a series of neat little volumes in which various games are described, with a setting forth of the laws, modes of play, &c. They are appearing under the care of Mr. R. F. Foster. We have three of these before us,—*Chess: a Manual for Beginners*; *Dice and Dominoes*; and *Poker*. The chapters on dice are really very curious. You can play "ten-pins"—the American form of nine-pins—without alleys or pins, and "baseball" without moving from your chair. Dominoes is so excellent a game that it is well worth studying the more subtle and complicated varieties that have now been invented.—*The Veterinary Manual*. By Frauk T. Barton. (R. A. Everett and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)—*First Aid to the Wounded*. By Dr. Oscar Bernhard. Translated from the German by Michael G. Foster. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

Woings and Weddings in Many Climes. By Louise Jordan Miln. (C. Arthur Pearson. 16s.)—Mrs. Miln takes us East and West, North and South, and shows us the ceremonies that go to make up the ritual of marriage. We remember a pleasant book of hers, first published, if we remember right, in serial form, wherein the children and child-life of many lands were described. This volume is just such another. No reasonable person can object if now and then she moralises and sentimentalises a little. The subject offers an irresistible temptation. But there is plenty of interesting matter in the book, and much of it, we take it, has been collected on the spot. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

THEOLOGY.—*The Ascension of Isaiah*. Edited, with Introduction, &c., by R. H. Charles, D.D. (A. and C. Black.)—Dr. Charles describes *The Ascension of Isaiah* as a composite work, dating as such from the second half of the second century of our era, but made up of earlier parts, one of them Jewish, the other two, "The Vision of Isaiah" and the "Testament of Hezekiah," of Christian origin. Many points of interest occur. One of these is a probable allusion to St. Peter (he is not mentioned by name) as handed over to the "lawless King,"—i.e., Nero. Dr. Charles is confident that St. Paul is not intended, not having been included in the number of the Twelve till much later. Another point is to be found in the theology. The miraculous birth is distinctly affirmed, though not as we have it in St. Luke. On the subject of the Trinity the writer is certainly not orthodox, nor is he so about the Resurrection. We do not pretend to estimate Dr. Charles's work. His reputation in this line of theological learning is well established, and we do nothing more than direct the attention of students to his book.—*Augustine's Treatise on the City of God*. By F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.)—We are glad to see that Mr. Hitchcock has done what might have been done long ago with much advantage. The "De Civitate Dei" is much more talked about than read. A few passages are more or less familiar; the whole book remains unknown. And, to speak frankly, as a whole it is not suited to any readers but of the strongest capacity. The long polemic, for instance, levelled against the Roman Pantheon is not for every one to appreciate. Mr. Hitchcock, therefore, has supplied an analysis of the treatise, giving some passages in translation and summarising others, linking them together so as to give a continuous idea of the whole.

NEW EDITIONS.—In the "Temple Classics" (J. M. Dent and Co., 1s. 6d. net per vol.), *Critical and Historical Essays*,

by T. B. Macaulay, Vol. II. (to be completed in five volumes); and *The Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, by Giorgio Vasari, Vols. I. and II., beginning with Cimabue (1240-1302), and ending with Francisco di Pesetto (1380-1457) (to be concluded in eight volumes).—*The Imitation of Christ* (Henry Frowde, 1s.), by Thomas à Kempis, and *The Christian Year*, 2 vols. (same publisher, 1s.), very convenient and attractive-looking volumes.—From the same publisher also, the "Oxford Miniature Edition" of *The Early Poems of Alfred Tennyson* (3s. 6d.)—*The Love Poems of Shelley*, in the "Lovers' Library" (John Lane).—*Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (Ellis and Elvey, 2s. 6d. net), the second part of the "Poems" in the "Siddal Edition" (to be completed in seven volumes).—*The Life-Work of Archbishop Benson*. By J. A. Carr, LL.D. (Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d.).—*Bible Helps for Busy Men*. By Sir Algernon Coote, Bart. (Horace Marshall and Son, 1s. net.).—*Eothen*. By A. W. Kinglake. (Methuen and Co. 1s. 6d. net.).—*The Romany Rye*. By George Borrow. (J. Lane, 2s. and 3s. net.).—In the "Chiswick Shakespeare," with Introduction and Notes by John Dennis, and illustrated by Byam Shaw (G. Bell and Sons, 1s. 6d. net per vol.), we have received *Coriolanus* (Mr. Dennis does not believe that the poet had the "contempt for the people," whether political or non-political, that some of his critics attribute to him), *Anthony and Cleopatra*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*.—*The Light of Asia*. By Sir Edwin Arnold. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1s. 6d. net.).—In "Flowers of Parnassus," *The Blessed Damozel*, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (John Lane, 1s. and 1s. 6d.).—*A History of the Creeds*. By the Rev. C. Callow. (Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d.).—*A Colloquy on Currency*. By Lord Aldenham. (Effingham Wilson.).—Not much has been heard about bimetalism of late, but as we write issues are being determined which may bring the subject to the front again.—*State Prohibition and Local Option*. By Joseph Rowntree and Arthur Sherwell. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.).—A reprint of chaps. 3 and 4 from the seventh edition of "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform" (showing what can, and what cannot, be done—judging from the success of experiments made elsewhere—in the way of prohibition).—In fiction, *The Deerslayer*, by Fenimore Cooper, with Illustrations by H. M. Brock (Macmillan and Co., 2s. 6d.) This is the first appearance, chronologically speaking, of "Leather-stocking." His literary history begins in "The Last of the Mohicans."—*Digby Grand*. By G. J. Whyte-Melville. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 3s. 6d.).—The best, as many critics think, of all Whyte-Melville's stories.—*Tips for Travellers; or, Wrinkles for the Road and the Rail*. By MacCarthy O'Moore. (Elliot Stock. 2s.)

MAGAZINES AND SERIAL PUBLICATIONS.—We have received the following for November:—*The Century*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Humanitarian*, the *Review of Reviews*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *Knowledge*, the *Girl's Realm*, the *World of Dress*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the *Artist*, the *Strand Magazine*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Temple Bar*, *Harper's Magazine*, the *Author*, the *Magazine of Art*, the *Expositor*, the *Captain*, the *Geographical Journal*, the *Windsor Magazine*, the *School World*, the *Sunday Strand*, the *Puritan*, the *Bookman*, *Nature Notes*, the *Open Court*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Indian Magazine*, the *North American Review*, *Outing*, the *Harmsworth Magazine*, the *Argosy*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, *Cassier's Magazine*, the *Badminton Magazine*, the *Journal of Education*, *Cassell's Magazine*, the *Expository Times*, the *Sunday Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Sunday at Home*, *Celebrities of the Army*, the *United Service Magazine*, the *Anglican Church Magazine*, *Ainslee's Magazine*, *Good Words*, the *Book-Buyer*, the *Traveller*, *China of To-Day*, the *Quiver*, the *Forum*, the *International Monthly*, the *Educational Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Universal Magazine*, the *Girl's Own Paper*, the *Boy's Own Paper*, the *Month*, *Crampton's Magazine*, the *Ludgate*, the *Munsey*, the *Canadian Magazine*, the *Wide World Magazine*, the *Lady's Realm*, the *Architectural Review*, the *Critical Review*, the *Critic*, the *Home Counties Magazine*, the *Monist*, *Mothers in Council*, the *New Century Review*, the *Economic Review*, the *Dublin Review*, the *Scottish Review*, the *English Historical Review*, the *Economic Journal*, the *Political Science Quarterly*, the *Church Quarterly Review*, the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, the *Law Quarterly Review*, the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, the *International Journal of Ethics*, the *Statistical Journal*, the *Columbia University Quarterly*, the *Public School Magazine*, the *Northern Counties Magazine*, the *Practitioner*, the *Sun Children's Budget*, the *Photogram*, the *Commonwealth*, the *Sewanee Review*, *Young Oxford*, the *Queen's Empire*, *C.I.V.*, the *Life of a Century*, *Climate*, the *Manchester Quarterly*.

(For Publications of the Week see next page.)

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Andersen (Hans), Fairy Tales, translated by H. L. Braekstad, 1 vol., folio	(Heinemann) 20/0
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EXPLORATION IN PALESTINE.*

THE first of these sumptuous volumes was printed eleven years ago: the last some months ago. It is no exaggeration to describe them as the most complete and accurate account of the archæology of Palestine, and of its fauna and flora, accessible to the public. The affluence and variety of the materials which they contain render even a summary of their contents impossible within the limits of an ordinary article. Suffice it to say that while they are invaluable to the Biblical student, the man of science and the general reader will find them very interesting and instructive. Eastern Palestine is now sparsely inhabited by wandering Arabs. The explorations recorded in the first of these volumes have disclosed ample proofs of a once populous region enjoying a high civilisation which extended back through Christian and Roman times into Old Testament history. Here, as elsewhere, Islam has shown itself the ruthless foe of civilisation. The reader will be surprised to find the immense quantity and variety of the remains discovered in the territory eastward of the Jordan by Major Conder and other agents of the Palestine Exploration Fund. But probably the volumes which will prove of most general interest are the last two by M. Clermont-Ganneau, the well-known savant and expert who, as some of our readers will remember, exposed some years ago the extremely clever archæological forgeries of Shapira. His volumes are of absorbing interest; but we must content ourselves with furnishing our readers with a few samples.

Josephus says (*Wars*, Book V., chap. 5, sec. 2) that the second court of the Temple (which he calls "the Sanctuary") was surrounded by a wall three cubits in height, and on this wall were "stelai at equal distances from each other, declaring the law of purity, some in Greek and some in Roman letters, that no stranger [Gentile] should go within that Sanctuary." In his *Antiquities* (Book XV., chap. 11, sec. 5) he says that an infraction of this rule was a capital offence. It is Herod's Temple that Josephus is here describing, and critics have generally questioned his veracity on the ground that the Roman Government was not likely to punish so slight an offence with death. Research has exhibited in a singular manner the danger of basing historical theories on *a priori* reasoning. In the year 1871 M. Clermont-Ganneau actually discovered in the wall of an Arab house in Jerusalem one of the very stelai mentioned by Josephus, with the inscription upon it which he describes. In a long letter to the *Times*, which is copied in the Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund for 1884, M. Clermont-Ganneau gives an account of his discovery. The Governor of Jerusalem, thinking that the find was a great treasure—as indeed it was—took possession of the stele (small stone pillar), and tried to sell it for £2,000. "It was to be forwarded to Constantinople. In fact, having lain a few months in the serai, it was despatched to Jaffa, but it never reached its destination. It is now some twelve years since this event, and the stone is still looked for at Constantinople." In the two volumes before us M. Clermont-Ganneau makes four references to this "famous stele of Herod's Temple," but does not say whether "it is still looked for at Constantinople." As a matter of fact, either the original or an extremely clever imitation of it is now shown to visitors at Constantinople. One of the few Mussulmans who have ever shown any archæological proclivities—the son of one of the Christians who perished in the great massacre of Chios—started an archæological museum

at Stamboul a few years ago. The collection contains some very interesting recent discoveries, undoubtedly genuine, and among them the famous stele, or what purports to be such. The present writer saw it eight years ago, and he understood that it was recognised in the archæological world as M. Clermont-Ganneau's lost treasure. It is a pity that the Committee of the Exploration Fund has not put the matter beyond a doubt, for the stele has more than an archæological interest. It explains, for instance, the tumult raised against St. Paul (Acts xxi. 27-29), and the assertion of Tertullus (Acts xxiv. 6) that the Jews had power to take and judge the Apostle according to their law. St. Paul himself declared that the Jews "went about to kill him" without formal trial after expelling him from the Sanctuary,—that is, the second court which was fenced by the warning stelai. Apparently they would have been justified in doing so, since any man caught *in flagrante delicto*, as they erroneously thought the Apostle had been, was liable to summary execution. A still more interesting illustration of the power of life and death conferred by the Roman Government on the Jews in this solitary case is perhaps furnished by the unresisted expulsion of the profaners of the Temple from the second court by our Lord. We know that the priests encouraged, and the high priest's family profited by, this profane traffic, which admitted Gentiles within the forbidden area. But there was the terrible warning on the surrounding stelai, and the traffickers hurried off without remonstrance before the uplifted scourge of the Nazarene Rabbi, who wielded such magnetic influence over the multitude. Commentators ascribe the meek submission of the traffickers and their clients to a miraculous awe caused by Jesus; but it is well to have no recourse to a miraculous agency where a natural explanation is possible.

One of the problems of modern research in Jerusalem is the site of the Holy Sepulchre. M. Clermont-Ganneau does not discuss it, but he indicates his own opinion, and gives a few facts which go to confirm the authenticity of the traditional site. Indeed, it was never called in question till recent times. It is impossible to go into the various arguments here. But as the number of travellers to Palestine increases year by year it may be well to state a few facts which seem conclusive. Two questions must be kept carefully apart: first, the authenticity of the old site; secondly, the evidence for "Gordon's Tomb," which a few interested speculators and some ingenuous enthusiasts have set up in rivalry. "Gordon's Tomb" may be dismissed at once. Not only does it lack a single scrap of evidence of any kind, but the evidence against it is overwhelming and complete. Everybody of the least repute who has referred to it at all has dismissed the so-called evidence for it as ridiculous. But what about the traditional site? The present writer, having gone very carefully into the evidence, not only historically, but by personal investigation in the course of two visits to Jerusalem, has no hesitation in saying that the evidence for the traditional site appears to him to amount to an historical demonstration. The only tangible argument against the traditional site is the fact of its being within the city wall, Golgotha and Joseph of Arimathea's tomb having been admittedly without the wall. Yes; but which wall? Jerusalem has three walls now. It had only two in the time of our Lord, and the question is whether the traditional site is outside the second wall, as Joseph of Arimathea's sepulchre unquestionably was. M. Clermont-Ganneau certifies one fact which is alone decisive on that point. "I made a thorough examination," he says, "of this tomb, which is situated within the church" of the Holy Sepulchre. "My studies distinctly prove that whatever people may have said about it, it is a genuine Jewish tomb hewn in the rock." And for the details of his argument he refers to his "Essay on the subject, together with the drawings upon which it is based in the Jerusalem volume of *Memoirs*, pp. 319-327." We call this little fact a decisive proof of the traditional site being outside the second wall because the Jewish law forbade burials within the city wall. The present Holy Sepulchre was, therefore, undoubtedly outside the city wall in our Lord's time. And M. Clermont-Ganneau's archæological researches into the course of the second wall have led him to the same conclusion,—a conclusion which Herr Schick, the first authority on the subject, has now placed beyond a doubt. M. Clermont-Ganneau refers incidentally to the fact of Hadrian having

* (1) *The Survey of Eastern Palestine*. By Lieutenant A. Mantell, R.E., and Messrs. T. Black and G. Armstrong, under the command of Major Conder, D.C.L., R.E.—(2) *Some Account of the Fauna and Flora of Sinai, Petra, and the Wady 'Arabah*. By Henry Chichester Hart, B.A., F.R.G.S., F.L.S.—(3) *Archæological Researches in Palestine*. By Charles Clermont-Ganneau, LL.D., Member de l'Institut, Professor au Collège de France. 2 vols. All three published for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, 38 Conduit Street, W.

"caused a heathen temple to be built in this place, on the site of which temple Constantine's basilica was subsequently erected." That is another piece of evidence which is absolutely conclusive, for Hadrian certainly built his temple to Venus on Golgotha, one of the sacred shrines of the Jews, and on which Joseph of Arimathea's tomb abutted. Hadrian's temple thus marked unmistakably the Saviour's sepulchre, and Constantine's basilica was reared on that site after Hadrian's temple had been rased. This by no means exhausts the evidence for the traditional site; but it may suffice.

One of M. Clermont-Ganneau's discoveries is the fact that part of the burying-ground of Jaffa (Joppa) is called "the ground of Tabitha." "Evidently the memory of the resurrection of Tabitha helped to shape the name given by local tradition to the burying-ground where that pious woman, though her going thither was on the first occasion postponed, must finally have found a resting-place." "A great yearly festival," in which all the inhabitants, without distinction of creed, take part, is held "in honour of Tabitha." The tradition is rendered more remarkable by the fact that the burial-ground is Jewish, and bears evidence of having been in use as early as the date of the miracle.

One of the most interesting chapters in M. Clermont-Ganneau's fascinating volumes is his identification of the ancient Gezer. It is a singularly brilliant specimen of patient research, inductive reasoning, and what the late Professor Tyndall called "the scientific use of the imagination." It seems to us impossible to master our explorer's striking argument without being forced to the conclusion that the Book of Joshua was written by a contemporary of the events which it describes, and not by a "pious fraud" manufacturer, or syndicate of manufacturers, after the return of the Jews from Babylon. The sweeping theories of the Higher Criticism, based mainly on linguistic criticism and *a priori* reasoning, have already been considerably shaken by the discoveries at Tel-el-Amarna, Lachish, and elsewhere, and M. Clermont-Ganneau's lucid argument on Gezer is a serious blow to the theory of the post-exilic origin of the Hexateuch, and is all the more telling from being a plain statement of facts, without any reference to the Higher Criticism or any sort of polemical bias. It is one of many indirect proofs which these volumes show of the accuracy of the early books of the Old Testament, even later than Joshua. But we must conclude with a happy specimen of the light which M. Clermont-Ganneau throws incidentally here and there on Biblical exegesis. In the East great importance is attached to the delimitation of the land:—

"With this view they adopt various expedients, probably of immemorial antiquity. In addition to the more or less rudimentary stone landmarks, they make use of underground marks consisting of egg-shells and pieces of charcoal buried at a great depth. In case of dispute they dig down, and the affair is settled by these indications, which, they say, remain permanently white and black."

We learn from the Bible that removing a neighbour's landmark was a not uncommon offence. A stone might be removed in the course of a night, or might perish through neglect or other cause. How in such cases was the underground evidence of the boundary to be located? To obviate this difficulty they planted over the buried landmark a tree of hard wood, which struck its root vertically, and grew up again, if cut down. One of the trees commonly used for this purpose is the tamarisk, and it was a boundary tamarisk (as rightly translated), not a sacred grove, that Abraham planted at Beersheba to settle the dispute between his servants and Abimelech's, as related in Genesis xxi. 25-33.

A SOUTH AFRICAN PIONEER.*

THIS generation probably hardly associates the name of Oswell with the earlier travels of Livingstone and the big game south of the Zambesi. Yet the friendship of the two men ought to be famous, for we do not believe the great missionary wrote such charming letters to any man as he wrote to his friend Oswell. The humour of Livingstone was not vouchsafed to the world at large, who saw only the great purpose of the man, but it is abundantly evident in these letters.

Oswell was reckoned the greatest hunter of his day, and he fulfilled the highest standard as laid down for the ideal hunter, having neither the bloodthirstiness of Gordon-Cumming, nor the necessity of making his living by it, as was the case of Selous in the last quarter of the century. We mean no disparagement to either of these great *shikaris*, but the first was a hunter and nothing else, and the second will scarcely earn the blessing of those who come after him. No one knows better than we do that Mr. Selous has carried his life in his hand times out of mind, that he has run risks that his modesty alone prevents his publishing, and that in a native rebellion we were only too glad to make use of him. We have no wish to fall deeper into the sin of making comparisons; but consider for a moment the tactics of Oswell. At a range which most men consider close enough to dangerous game, he could not trust to the accuracy of his smooth-bore; he preferred to fire at his quarry at rather less than the length of a cricket pitch. His nerve and quickness were probably not greater than many another's, but he put them to a severe test. An escape he had from two rhinoceroses proves this. He waited for the two beasts till they came within twenty yards of him, but, unluckily, head on, so he continued to wait till the nearer of the two was within its own length of him. Of course, it would have been suicide to fire then, and he jumped up, dashed past her with his hand on the brute's side, intending to take her from the rear. The rhinoceros swung round and gave chase, and catching Oswell up, tossed him as he laid the barrels along her head and fired. This was an exhibition of nerve which we may place somewhere between the sublime and the ridiculous; no man could do a thing like this twice and live; and indeed Oswell had the narrowest escape he ever had,—he was unconscious for three hours afterwards and crippled for a month. This, but one of many extraordinary escapes, shows that the man had a confidence and a reckless contempt of real danger that earned him part of his great reputation.

But Oswell was born under a lucky star, for though his father died four years after he was born, Benjamin Cotton, his uncle, acted *in loco parentis*, and assisted Mrs. W. Oswell as few men, even uncles, help those partly dependent on them. The affectionate terms on which the Cottons were with the widow enabled her to give William Oswell a good education, and he went to Rugby and Haileybury, where "Handsome Oswell" was the hero of many a boy. He was one of Arnold's boys, and though his letters say little about Arnold, he spoke in after years of the confidence which the doctor inspired even in those whom he did not attract. His schoolfellows never forgot the "Muscleman" or "Handsome Oswell," and men who had not seen him for half a century renewed their worship of the boy who fascinated their eyes in Rugby days. His own wish was to enter the Indian Army, and to this the family were quite agreeable, when one of the uncles, a director of "John Company," procured, somewhat to their chagrin, a writership, which, however, was not to be refused. Accordingly Oswell became an assistant-collector of the Southern Division of Arcot. We hear of one or two hunting incidents, and a lament at the apparent inadequacy of his pay of £650. He hints at a lack of domestic economy, but he was always a generous soul, and never thought of himself.

His Indian career was cut short by repeated and nearly fatal attacks of fever, and in September, 1844, he was carried on board a ship bound for the Cape. His doctors had advised the change, though in his last relapse it seemed madness to move him; but go he would, and after a seven weeks' voyage landed at Cape Town with the famous smooth-bore,—not the only invalid, be it said, who has landed at Cape Town, and repaid a new lease of life by inaugurating a new era in South Africa. He "picked up" quickly in the fine climate, and early in the next year began to think of a hunting expedition with a friend, and in June, 1845, was at Kuruman with that "grand old patriarch of missionaries, Mr. Moffat." Moffat advised them to go to Livingstone at the last missionary station, and there Oswell met "the Rev. Dr. Livingstone, the best, most intelligent, and most modest of the missionaries." After a two days' visit they continued their journey into the unknown, and for three months revelled, says Oswell, "in the finest climate, the finest shooting, and anything but tame scenery." We have but fragmentary accounts of Oswell's trips; but the few letters he

* William Cotton Oswell, *Hunter and Explorer: the Story of his Life*. By W. Edward Oswell, of the Middle Temple. With Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Wm. Heinemann. [25s.]

wrote, and the recollections of this first expedition, show that it held in all probability the first place in his hunter's heart. To hunt with Bushmen who acknowledged him as their equal in the hunting craft, and to feel himself at the zenith of his most unusual physical powers, and to know that he was the first white man, exceedingly popular, and, as we know, probably the best white man they ever saw,—all this must have been pleasure unalloyed to the strong, unselfish heart. We get but little of his life, though some of his more exciting escapes and a vivid account of a night in the bush have come down to us. The second trip to the Limpopo was memorable for the meeting with Vardon, and two thrilling adventures with rhinoceroses; one we have already related, the other resulted in the death of the best horse of the odd hundred who furnished him with mounts during his South African life. He shot from the saddle always if he could get near enough to do so.

An interval between the second and third African expeditions was occupied by a return to India to save the cancelling of his appointment, and the decision a few months later to return to England and quit India for good. He found himself in time to make the last few months of his mother's life easier and happier after their long separation. He sailed for the Cape again at the close of 1848, and in the following April left Colesberg with Murray to pick up Livingstone at Kolobeng. Then came the passage of the Kalahari Desert and the discovery of Lake Ngami, excellently described in a letter to Vardon, written, however, when he had returned to Cape Town. The fourth expedition, the next year, was made alone to explore the Zouga and examine Ngami again. Oswell in this gives an amusing description of the native dogs and their manner of outwitting alligators. They would assemble on the bank and run barking up-stream in full view of the alligators; then, after a final chorus, dash back along a lower level out of sight, and mute, to their starting-point, and cross in safety. The fifth expedition with Livingstone was to visit Sebitoané, whom they had been unable to reach on the last journey, and ascertain the possibility of checking the slave trade and the position of the rivers. They saw Sebitoané, a "great" chief in every sense of the word, and beheld the Zambesi. He sent a rough sketch-map of this journey to Vardon, which is reproduced in facsimile, and most interesting it is. Livingstone and Oswell became fast friends on this expedition. Oswell by going ahead and digging out the water holes made it possible for Mrs. Livingstone to accompany her husband. The journey only proved to her husband that it was not right to take her and the children through such a place as the Kalahari, for instance, and dangers unknown. He decided to send them home, and when on their return southwards Oswell left them hurriedly, it was not till they reached Cape Town, and found he had ordered an outfit for the homing family as a present, that they realised his good intentions. Early in '52 he sailed for England, and never again set foot in South Africa. He was only thirty-four, in the prime of life, and was to live another forty years; and his withdrawal can never fail to be a regret to those who knew the courage and enterprise of the man, his natural ability, and his almost ideal perfection of character.

The second volume of this biography deals with the uneventful period of Oswell's life. It is an extraordinary contrast, the life of a country gentleman for forty years following a few years of such sport as Kings would pawn their crowns to enjoy; and the line drawn before some men are considered to have reached their fullest powers! No one can doubt that Oswell felt it, but his marriage, his children, and the use to which he put his leisure removed the keener pangs of regret. He never spared himself or his time in ministering to others; illness, accident, excited his instant sympathy and actual aid, and to the readiest practical sympathy he added a personal fascination of manner and character that would have won a Patagonian or a Tchukchi.

Mr. W. E. Oswell tells us that fire consumed the first materials of his father's Life. These are a considerable loss doubtless, for his references to contemporary politics are always instructive, showing a strong common-sense, keen insight, and much humour. But his letters to his sons at school are printed—too many of them, we think—and one may wonder that his sons escaped spoiling; admirable, nay perfect, as the epistles are, boys ought to be left to a certain

extent to act for themselves. The earlier letters of the Cotton and Oswell families have a distinct interest of their own, yet their bulk is large, as is that of Oswell's later English life compared to his Indian and African career. The reason for this lies at Oswell's door, and though we may not mention a fault with a character of so refined and unselfish a stamp as he showed to his generation, we cannot forget it. We may forgive, but we cannot forget that he had unexampled opportunities of seeing savage races at their best, of exploring unknown countries, and noting facts and features, and was possessed, moreover, of acute powers of observation and the gift of describing what he saw. But he did not choose to do so, and we are all the poorer for it. A few excellent letters, some rough notes, an account of an elephant "coopum," and a contribution on the big game of South Africa to a sporting library constitute the records of his life. Most of his notes he burnt lest they should during an illness be published and in any way forestall Livingstone's account. The motive was noble, but the deed inexcusable; suppose Livingstone's data had perished too. His family were much distressed at his silence, which seemed to prevent any notion of his ever receiving recognition of services rendered to civilisation as well as to Livingstone. Oswell's silence on the discovery of Lake Ngami is a case in point. The French Geographical Society sent Livingstone and him a medal. Absolutely unselfish as he was, he desired the great missionary to have all possible fame that it might assist his great purpose. Nevertheless, Oswell owed something to the family who had come forward in his infancy to help his mother and children, and later enabled him to marry, and he owed some trifle to his own reputation.

Thus it comes about that Oswell is almost an unknown name, and has left to a large circle of friends the perpetuation of his fame as a great hunter, and a fame as a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* almost greater. It appears that he was actually persuaded to write to a publisher with a view to a book, but the answer being a discouraging one, he relinquished the idea. Books of travel are not lightly embarked upon, but surely this was a very shortsighted mistake on the part of a publisher. The unfortunate accident which destroyed the first attempt at Oswell's biography, as the charming letters of the man proved, was a great misfortune. It is a sufficient excuse for large gaps, though not for the blank which occupies the busiest years of his career. It is in those years that we are held at a distance from the man, by his reserve. It must be our consolation that possibly the personality of that "prince of gentlemen," William Cotton Oswell, shows out the more clearly,—a splendid combination of the Greek and Christian ideals, beauty of person and beauty of character.

DR. PUSEY.*

THIS biography, written by the gifted lady who prefers to be known as the biographer of Charles Lowder, is not an abridgment of the standard Life by Dr. Liddon, but an independent work, based to some extent upon fresh materials of a more intimate character than could be made use of by Dr. Liddon, whose task was as much a history of the Oxford Movement as a Life of its prime mover. The present book, while it goes chronologically through the main facts in Pusey's life, and gives succinct accounts of all the controversies in which he played a part, is more concerned with the inner aspects of that life; and we may say at once that the picture that is drawn here of the much-maligned Doctor strikes us as lifelike and truthful, because it explains both the enthusiasm and reverence with which his friends regarded him, and the suspicion he aroused among ordinary Englishmen of the day. That suspicion is well illustrated by the nickname of the "Church Bell" given him by Pio Nono, on the ground that he rang men into the Church (of Rome) while remaining outside himself; and such suspicion took, in the case of Bishop Wilberforce, the quite unstatesmanlike and indefensible form of an inhibition from preaching in the diocese, because the effect of his teaching, which the Bishop allowed to be in itself in no point heretical, was to incline those under his influence towards the Church of Rome. What were the grounds of this suspicion?

* *The Story of Dr. Pusey's Life.* By the Author of "Charles Lowder." London: Longmans and Co. [7s. 6d.]

In the first place, the revival of interest in the English Church as a branch of the Church Catholic which was accentuated as a reaction from the Erastianism of the Whig Ministry of 1833 necessarily led to a re-examination of the Roman controversy. It was felt to be absurd that one branch of a divinely founded institution should have nothing but abuse for another branch of the same institution. The words of the Nineteenth Article of Religion, "That the Church of Rome hath erred," could no longer be held a sufficient description of that Church. When the Evangelical Churchmen at Oxford proposed, as a party move against the Tractarians, to found the Martyrs' Memorial, we find Pusey in a difficulty as to the right course to take, because he recognised, on the one hand, that to the Reformation generally "we owe our peculiar position as adherents to primitive antiquity," but, on the other, he had no esteem for Cranmer as an exact theologian, and held that the theology of the Prayer-book was that of its latest revisers, the Caroline divines. Also he dreaded the appearance of insincerity in "taking up the Reformation to gain popularity." This tenderness of conscience and this high sense of theological scholarship often interfered to prevent his saying something striking against Rome when such a course was recommended to him by friends like Mr. Gladstone, and when it would undoubtedly have been politic to allay popular suspicion, as, for example, at the time of the "Papal Aggression" in 1850. Then, again, the fact that his dearest and most respected friend had joined the Church of Rome, a secession which for a type of mind like Wilberforce's only made partisanship doubly bitter, to Pusey was an additional reason for thinking as well of that Church as possible, though not for a moment did he himself hesitate in loyalty to his own Church. But the public, who cannot read a man's heart, did not know that Pusey would not follow Newman, and the long tale of those who did follow made the suspicion inevitable. Another cause of suspicion which lay against the whole party, inasmuch as they were reviving forgotten doctrines, and seeking to re-establish forgotten discipline, was intensified against Dr. Pusey, because he had the courage to go against a prejudice of centuries, and re-establish religious communities; moreover, not finding in England devotional literature of the type he desired for his sisterhood, he set about adapting Roman manuals. A less simple-minded man would have taken what he wanted without advertising its source.

For it is curious that while Pusey was credited by the Evangelicals with a Jesuitical cunning, he was in fact one of the simplest of men; and while his courage rendered him the best possible leader of a forlorn hope, he was by no means an ideal leader of a party. The early history of St. Saviour's, at Leeds, the church which he himself built, out of humility suppressing his own name, is a long story of mismanagement. The author in the chapter dealing with these troubles is inclined to smile at the bitterness with which Dr. Hook, the vicar of Leeds, complained to Pusey of the doings at St. Saviour's; but considering that in the first five years after the church was opened nine of the clergy seceded to Rome, Dr. Hook must be held justified in his animosity. In this case, as in most others, the disciples had outgone their master. In regard to their teaching, for example, about confession, while Dr. Hook and Dr. Pusey would have been at one, it was elicited at an investigation held by the Bishop of the diocese that the doctrine taught at St. Saviour's was not short of the Roman doctrine that confession to a priest was of absolute obligation. The writer says, in deprecation of criticism, that "all and far more than all then done or taught is fully sanctioned by the Prayer-book, and is accepted as a matter of course by even moderate Churchmen." There must be some mistake here. It is undoubtedly true that the necessity of auricular confession is much more commonly taught now than it was fifty years ago, but such teaching is not sanctioned by the Prayer-book, nor is it accepted as a matter of course by moderate Churchmen. On the contrary, they protest against it as a pestilent heresy. It may be interesting to quote some words of Dr. Pusey's about the conduct of the Ritualists in 1874, which apply equally well to that of his own young men in 1847, and that of the extreme Ritualists to-day:—

"Everybody seems to think himself exactly right. A great storm has been raised, and it does not seem to them, or any one of them, that they may have made a mistake, either in what they have done, or the mode or time of doing it. It is not their faith,

but their practices which rouse up the storm; their arbitrariness; their principle that the priest is to regulate worship (according to his own judgment or misjudgment) without reference to bishop or people; their enforcing confession; the uncertainty that, on any of them being appointed, the worship may not be changed without any one being consulted; the fussiness, pettiness, self-consciousness."

In one of T. E. Brown's letters written in 1893, when Liddon's *Life of Pusey* appeared, there occurs the following sentence:—

"As to Pusey I stand amazed. Church had left me unconvinced, Newman, Burgon, the Mozleys had hardly shaken me; but now before the man himself thus revealed (and the revelation is unquestionably genuine) I throw up my hands, and fall upon my knees. Yes, here was a *good, good, real* man. And from a patriotic point of view, what are we not to think of the patience, the firmness, the absolute confidence in his fellow-countrymen with which he waited, bestrode that fiery Pegasus, rode the great race, and won, while Newman lay sprawling on the *Via Sacra*? This is the unmistakable Englishman, this dogged Pusey; dogged, but did you see the tenderness? God forgive me, when I think of my blindness! I feel sure that no man did anything like as much as Pusey to stave off Popery in England."

Mr. Brown was a clergyman, but he was not a "clerical," and that is why we have quoted his judgment, a judgment which, we believe, will be shared by every reader of this volume. It puts beyond doubt that Pusey was "a good, good, real man." It shows also that he was a gentleman in conduct as well as in breeding, a fine instance being his behaviour in the controversy about Jowett's salary as Professor of Greek, which he alone of his party thought it unjust to withhold because of theological differences. There are many things in the volume we should be glad to quote, but considerations of space forbid. One of the best pictures of Pusey as a preacher is given from the *Bristol Times* (p. 314), describing a sermon in a village church near Clifton in 1847. Here is a picture of him as parish priest in East London during the cholera in 1866, drawn by the Rector of Bethnal Green at that time:—

"I had been up for several nights running to two or three in the morning, attending to the sick. Wearied and at my wits' end, I had come down to a late breakfast at nine o'clock when my servant announced Dr. Pusey. He had with him a letter of introduction from the Bishop. His pleasant smile, his genial manner, his hearty sympathy, expressed in a manner so winning and sincere, at once introduced him. He not only put me at my ease at once, but he made me feel at one with him directly. During breakfast he said he had heard of my working single-handed just then, and offered to act as my assistant curate, to visit the sick and dying whom I could not visit, and to minister to their spiritual wants. And he did so. Quietly and unobtrusively this true gentleman, this humble servant of Christ, assisted me in this most trying duty of visiting the plague-stricken homes of the poor of Bethnal Green."

GIFT-BOOKS.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.*

It may seem somewhat late in the day to attempt an appreciation of Hans Christian Andersen, and, indeed, we are not thinking of attempting it. But this most meritorious effort to do justice to the Danish Wizard—surely no man ever more deserved the praise of this name—demands more than a casual recognition. We have seen many editions, even of the complete *Fairy Tales*, for Andersen died more than a quarter of a century ago, but we do not remember any one so characteristic. The book has been translated afresh from the Danish original—many readers have known it through a German medium, and it has lost something in passing through—and it is admirably illustrated by an eminent Danish black-and-white artist. A great amount of time—no less than fifteen years—and of trouble, manifest in every detail, has been spent upon them, and the result is fully adequate. And as Mr. Gosse in his admirable introduction puts it, there is "the fact that everything in them—the landscape, the architecture, the costume, the faces of the human beings—is exclusively and characteristically Danish. "Danish," it must not be forgotten, means something very like "English." It is to them, far more than to the German race, that through our Angle and Jute forefathers we are akin, not to speak of the strong admixture of the direct Danish element that can be traced wherever the rovers from the Baltic raided the English lands just as their kinsmen four

* *Fairy Tales*. By Hans Christian Andersen. Newly translated by H. L. Braekstad. With Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Illustrated by Hans Tegner. 2 vols. London: W. Heinemann. [10s. net each.]

centuries before had raided the British. Any one who looks closely at the faces and figures in these drawings, when they are not absolutely grotesque and really meant for "humans," will see how like they are to Hogarth. We pass every day figures in the street, people exactly like the Councillor in "The Goloshes of Fortune"; the procession in "The Tinder Box" might be present-day Englishmen masquerading; and the old couple in "Elder-Tree Mother" might seem to a child to be grandpapa and grandmamma when they have been persuaded to put on bon-bon crowns at a Christmas dinner. It gives new zest to these familiar stories to find this touch of old kinship in them.

Mr. Gosse, too, has done his part of introducer admirably well. Andersen, it seems, long cherished the belief that his serious fiction would live when these *smaatings*, as he called them, had had their day,—and indeed *The Improvisatore*, drawn as it was from his own experience, was really fine. But he came in the end to know where his true powers lay. His first fairy tale, published as far back as 1829, failed. Six years after the immortal "Tinder Box" appeared with three companions, to be followed by slender booklets containing three and two tales respectively in the two years following. Andersen was a slow and careful writer. The work of the second half of his life would go into a compass which would barely hold the annual output of some of our popular tale-writers. Mr. Gosse has an interesting account of the way in which the wonderful growth of fancy sprang up. Had Andersen been born in England it would hardly have come about. His surroundings went for much, though his individuality went for more. Mr. Gosse puts it well:—

"The child's want of clear distinction between the seen and the unseen, the experienced and the impossible; its naïve acceptance of animals and flowers, and even of the winds and the stars and the inanimate domestic objects around it, as creatures allied to itself, with which it may be in mutual comprehension, the dullest of which (in fact) is more in sympathy with it than an ordinary 'grown-up' person,—all this was realised by Andersen with a clairvoyance which became almost supernatural when we recollect that no previous writer had ever dreamed of it, and that this was a little chamber of literature into which even Shakespeare had never forced his way."

Mr. Gosse can go back to an experience probably shared by few Englishmen. It is not a *vidi tantum* with him, for he actually heard Andersen read a newly written story. It is not here; indeed, it does not come under the description of a fairy tale. It is more like one of Dickens's Christmas books. But it is a recollection to be cherished, for truly few men are better worth remembering than Hans Christian Andersen.

"F. C. G." AND THE BIRDS.*

THE Messrs. Carruthers Gould tell us that they have collected some of these tales from various sources of folk-lore, and that they have invented some for themselves. "It matters nothing," so they say, "whether a certain story to account for the peculiar plumage or characteristics of a bird started from a past age or a present day." It would not be safe to utter such a heresy, even in joke, in the presence of some folk-lorists, for they take their science very seriously. But it may be conceded that for the present purpose it does make little difference how the stories come to be. Indeed, it may be claimed that to mix the old and the new together is to prepare a useful test for the critical faculty of the experts. Anyhow, we get, in one way or another, a number of stories which may be significant or ingenious, as we take them, and in either case afford a congenial subject for "F. C. G.'s" well-known pencil, and for the pen which he and his son take it in turn to wield. The framework of the collection is that the birds of the "Zoo" are in the habit of assembling, unknown to superintendent and keepers, on fine and moonlit nights, to listen to stories which 'Methuselah,' the adjutant bird, brings forth from the ancient annals of their race. 'Methuselah' has evidently been a much-travelled and well-read bird. He has been to Borneo and learnt how the fair Temunga—if a Malay maiden can be called fair—was pierced to the heart by the wicked spirit Buan and changed into a "blood-breasted pigeon," and had heard in Australia how the merry girls Brälgah and Gougourgahgah were metamorphosed into the Dancing Crane and the

Laughing Jackass for venturing to intrude on the sacred mysteries of the Corroboree. He may have read his Horace, or even Horace's more remote original, when he adapted the making of man from many animals by Prometheus to the construction of the ant-eater by the Olympian gods in a playful mood out of the elephant's trunk, the sloth bear's legs, the badger's body, the yak's tail, and the woodpecker's tongue. The Greeks had taught him the tragedy of Procne and Philomela, and the Rabbis the graceful legend of how the hoopoes got their golden crowns from King Solomon, and how they rejoiced to be rid of them. The greed of men would as surely have hunted them out of existence as the vanity of woman is destroying the luckless tribes that have no kindly King to take from them their fatal beauty.

Of the many interesting things that are to be found here we will mention one, for it is curiously significant. The English robin came by his crimson breast from helping a holy man, a hermit whom some rude barbarian had thrown into a great thorn bush. As he lay groaning there, the bird perched upon him, and drew out the thorns one by one, but in doing so wounded himself in the breast. The tale told about the American robin is this. A great chief, Soan Gelatia by name, had two sons, the gentle Opeechee and the bold Wah-ra-pah. When the time came for them to seek their "medicine" by fasting and watching—the dream that comes in the first sleep to which exhausted Nature compels the watcher reveals the sacred thing—Wah-ra-pah dreamed of a beaver. But Opeechee died in the trial. When his father went to seek him he found only the prairie lilies where his son had been, but a robin, perched on the empty wigwam, said to him: "Great Heart, the Manito has taken pity on thy son and changed him into Opeechee the Robin. He would never have been a warrior, but henceforth he will be the friend of man." The difference and the resemblance of the two stories are both curious. "F. C. G.'s" pencil has not lost its wonted skill. Naturally there is not much scope for caricature,—the monks on p. 219 are happy specimens; a very few strokes are skilfully made to express a good deal. And the slumbering Bacchus on p. 23 is good. But what an opportunity was lost in not giving to the "Cunning Little Man under the Stone," who brought the famine on County Kerry, the face of a Conservative politician! It might have served as a match to another famous picture by the same hand. We need not mention any of the bird-portraits for special praise. They are true to Nature, and yet have at the same time just a suspicion of the human about them.

With Buller in Natal. By G. A. Henty. (Blackie and Son. 6s.)—The war in South Africa has certainly done a good turn to the writers of gift-book stories. We have had a long and pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Henty in this capacity, and have got to know something of his merits, and—he will pardon our frankness in saying so—of his defects. He is evidently at home in the subject with which he now deals. He plunges in *medias res*, obeying a maxim of high authority and approved by general experience. "A group of excited men were gathered in front of the Stock Exchange at Johannesburg." That is a better beginning than when we are introduced to a school dormitory or other haunt of the hero, and have some seventy pages or so before we are allowed to accompany him in his adventures. Mr. Henty can tell a story as well as any one when the subject suits him, and it certainly suits him here. It is a convenient thing to have imaginary heroes, and to bring in or drop the real whenever it may be convenient. Would it not have been possible to be a little more dispassionate? "It will be a long time," says our author in his preface, "before the story of the late war can be written fully and impartially." That is very true, but, as far as impartiality is concerned, does not this word apply with especial force to the stories of brutality and cruelty that have been circulated against both parties? Does not Mr. Henty remember the tales that were told of mutilated victims in the Indian Mutiny? Yet no such sufferer was ever produced or even named. And was the dynamite exploit of the heroes a lawful deed? They blow up a train in default of being able to blow up a bridge, and kill in doing so, besides some Boers, "some twenty natives and several Portuguese officials." They have the grace to be sorry for the natives, but do not regret the Portuguese because they had, they thought, taken bribes. It looks a little brutal to us.—*In the Irish Brigade.* Same author and publishers. (6s.)—Here again we have a good subject made good use of. It is not a disadvantage to have it somewhat remote,

* *Tales Told in the Zoo.* By F. Carruthers Gould and F. H. Carruthers Gould. Illustrated by "F. C. G." London: T. Fisher Unwin. [6s.]

though, indeed, its connection with present things is not difficult to see. But the Irishmen who served our foes in France and Spain during the evil days of an intolerant ascendancy we can admire without any *arrière pensée*. They were of the same breed as the Irishmen who have done such work during the last year. And they, too, at least in Mr. Henty's pages, think and speak kindly of us. Mr. Henty varies his scenes with rapidity. His heroes go through even more than the average number of striking and dangerous adventures, and reach at last "the haven where they would be."—*With Rifle and Bayonet*. By Captain F. S. Brereton. (Same publishers. 5s.)—We do not often avail ourselves of the ready-made critiques with which we are sometimes supplied. (The other day we had a paragraph suggested in the actual form in which it might appear.) But we may quote the following: "Captain Brereton, who is now on active service in South Africa, has probably the unique distinction of publishing, while on duty at the front, a romance of the present Boer War." The hero begins, after the manner of these tales, with an escapade at school. True, we find ourselves at Johannesburg in the course of forty-two pages, but the war does not begin for some eighty more. Then the action becomes brisk enough. It is anyhow a story which we can read with more satisfaction than we could have read anything on the same subject twelve months ago.

One of Buller's Horse. By William Johnston. (Nelson and Sons. 3s. 6d.)—There are three hundred and fifty-nine pages in this book. At p. 181 we get to Malta; and when we have got as far as p. 195 we reach the "brave foe," but our hero does not find himself in his presence for some pages yet. Now it is scarcely right to label a book so made up with the title of *One of Buller's Horse*, nor is the case improved by the fact that it is the Buller of twenty years ago with whom the hero serves. There is a subtitle it is true, "A Tale of the Zulu War," and we frankly acknowledge that to our mind this is a better subject than a war not yet ended. Only let us have nothing like a catchpenny title, for many readers probably think otherwise. We have no space remaining for any critique or description of the story. It must suffice to say that it seems fairly good.—There is no such preface in the case of *Dick Dale, the Colonial Scout*, by Tom Bevan (Partridge and Co., 3s. 6d.) The story is one of the present war, and we have it told from the Colonial point of view. That means, of course, a greater proportion of angry feeling. Every one must have noticed the statement, which is only too likely to be true, that the Boers have treated the Cape Volunteers much worse than the British soldiers. It is when neighbours and old friends fall out that war is likely to assume its worst horrors. In this tale, which has a strong look of probability about it, there are not a few complications caused by relations of friendship or neighbourhood that date from the war. It is a particularly spirited story, one of the best of its kind that we have seen. The subject is not to our taste, as we have taken more than one occasion of saying before, but it has been well managed. Let us hope that Britisher and Boer may some day come to the good understanding that was renewed between the Dales and the Van Ecks.

The Scarlet Judges. By Eliza F. Pollard. (S. W. Partridge and Co. 6s.)—This is "A Tale of the Inquisition in the Netherlands." We have more than once expressed a doubt whether such subjects are well suited to books of this kind. We have no wish to seal any pages of history, certainly not those which contain the terrible story of religious persecution. The lesson they teach is as much needed now as ever. But when we think of the probable readers we hesitate. Apart from this, the story is effectively written. The figures of the Countess Tessa, the much-suffering Mopsa, wild Dirke Brederode, in particular, are vigorously sketched. Nor can we complain of want of vigour in portraits which are not meant to attract. Here is a specimen:—"Six men sat round the table in the chief council chamber. Monks of the Dominican Order in white serge gowns and ropes round their bodies, tonsured heads and shaven faces, they were for the most part much alike,—sleek and fat, thick-lipped with small eyes, animal faces devoid of intellect, but with every evil passion written thereon with the indelible hand of Nature." The one exception to this unpleasant uniformity was scarcely an improvement: "His countenance was not devoid of intelligence, nor was it so entirely animal as his companions, but for that very reason it was fearful, verily satanic." Is not this a little hard, even on Inquisitors?

Adventures in the South Pacific. By "One Who was Born There." (R.T.S. 2s. 6d.)—This is not a book of the usual pattern. We are familiar with stories of life in the Pacific islands from the point of view of the adventurer, and from the point of view of the missionary. This is, in a way, akin to both. The writer

describes himself as a missionary's son, and he gives us a glimpse of what life was to a child from a Christian household among heathen surroundings. A very strange and unedifying life it was. Then there is a powerful description of a tornado, and of the famine which followed it. The famine, again, has consequences of its own. So we get a very sombre-coloured narrative of the kidnapping of children, of the pursuit of the robbers, and of the punishment which followed. Then there is a graphic description of the contest between the old faith and the new. And there is a tale of "blackbirding," only this time it is not practised under authority, but as a private speculation. The writer dwells, we see, more than once on the passionate love that the native has for his own island. However small and poor, it is the one place in the world to him.

Young England. (57-59 Ludgate Hill. 5s.)—This "Illustrated Magazine for Boys" is a very good periodical of its kind. The variety of its contents and the skill and good taste with which they are chosen are worthy of much praise. Of course South Africa and the war have a prominent place. Old achievements of our soldiers are not forgotten, nor do brave deeds done at home miss due recognition. We would especially mention two articles entitled "Fighting the Fire-fiend." A service that requires more skill and courage than that of the fireman would not be easy to find. Athletics have their share of space, and it is not a small one. Then there are tales of the great schools, collaborated by a writer with a practised pen, and a contributor who adds local colour. In one of them where the scene is laid at a very great cricketing school, we are told that the hero, "when they beat the Etonians by forty-six runs and two wickets," "simply went mad over it." We do not wonder. It is a fine thing to beat Eton by forty-six runs, and also a fine thing to beat it by two wickets. But to do both things at once is really a triumph. How did the captain manage it?

An Ocean Adventurer. By Walter P. Wright. (Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d.)—An "adventurer" indeed! Incidents of the most startling kind follow, one after another, with a rapidity that takes away our breath. The old times and the new are alike put under contribution. There is the buried treasure belonging to the times before banks, and the newest implement of destruction, the torpedo which does away with a cruiser in a minute. And in the very presence of this last triumph of civilisation the writer takes us back to very remote times indeed. "For a moment"—the torpedo has just been launched—"I thought the outraged gods had stricken us with blindness." And as if human enemies were not enough for the hero, he is attacked by octopuses. (Note.—If you are likely to encounter this danger have a bottle of nitric acid ready "with a syringe of delicate workmanship.") Our readers will be able to judge by this time of the entertainment that they will find in "The Cruise of the 'Orb.'"

The Schoolmistress of Haven's End. By Ella Edersheim Overton. (R.T.S. 2s.)—Joan Harding, a lady by birth, makes up her mind to take charge of a village school. This is a thing often talked about, and sometimes done. What it really means few people know, but we imagine that Miss Overton is one of them. Joan does not find that the Hertfordshire village where she has her work is in Arcadia,—perhaps we should say that it is not the Arcadia of the poets. She has a hard time of it, but wins through all her troubles by dint of courage and patience. Perhaps her story is a little crowded with tragic incidents—this is a fault which it is hard for the tale-writer to avoid—but it leaves the impression of reality upon the mind. There may be a certain exaggeration in the plot, but not in the descriptions or the drawing of character. Joan is a good and strong woman, and leaves her mark upon the place, but we are not asked to believe that she worked miracles.

The Children's King. By Annie R. Butler. (R.T.S. 2s. 6d.)—This book, to describe it briefly, is a child's Life of Christ. Few tasks are more difficult than to tell the story with anything like completeness, or to express the deeper truths in language of sufficient simplicity. And if this is a hard thing to do, it is anything but easy to say whether it has been done with success. We should like to know whether it would actually rouse the interest of an averagely intelligent child. Our impression is that the thing is well done, and that the teacher or parent looking about for such a handbook to use with younger children, or to put into the hands of elder, might try this with a very fair hope of success. It would have been well to give a sort of outline map of the country to be traversed. A brief statement of the periods in Christ's ministry would be useful. It joins the story together, and makes it more intelligible and more easy to remember.

Goops and How to be Them. By Gelett Burgess. (Methuen

and Co. 6s.)—A “goop,” it seems, is an embodiment of all that a child should not be. The pen and pencil of the author of this volume are therefore employed to teach politeness and good manners generally by contraries. He shall speak for himself:—

“Yet you'll learn, if you are Bright,
Politeness from the Impolite.
When you've finished with the Book,
At your Conduct take a look;
Ask yourself, upon the Spot,
Are you Goop or are you Not?
For, although it's Fun to See them,
It is TERRIBLE to Be them!”

This is a favourable specimen of the verse, which is scarcely as good as it might be. Line 2, it will be observed, is in a different rhythm from the others. Does that matter? it may be asked. Very much, we would answer. A nursery rhyme ought to be as correct as an epic. The illustrations are not particularly good.

Colina's Island. By Ethel F. Heddle. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, Edinburgh. 2s. 6d.)—Colin McVean is the oppressive and miserly owner of a Highland estate. He leaves this away from the expectant nephew, giving it to “Colina.” But the disappointed one does not despair. If the heritage is lost, yet the heiress remains. This affords a good scheme for a tale, and Miss Heddle makes a very successful use of it. The wrongdoer, of course, prospers for a time. Tale-tellers would have but a poor time of it if he did not. But the experienced reader will not be alarmed. Happily for us, the infection of the doleful end has not reached the gift-book. The picturesque surroundings, the pathetic incidents of Highland life, and other more familiar “properties” of the didactic story appear here to advantage.

The Mandarin's Kite. By G. E. Farrow. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d.)—Cyril Deane and his young Chinese friend Tsu-foo, son of a Mandarin who lived next door, went up by accident on a gigantic kite, and reaching the Zodiac, saw many strange sights and heard many strange things. Hence it will be seen that this book is of the “Alice in Wonderland” type. These imitations are seldom very successful, and *The Mandarin's Kite* is neither above nor below the average. It hardly makes one laugh. Possibly it might have done so had it been the first. It is difficult, too, to be original, for it is not every extravagance that makes really good nonsense. Is not the lion-and-unicorn joke used up by this time? The illustrations, by Alan Wright, we can praise with less reserve, as being decidedly good.

Geoff Blake: his Chums and his Foes. By S. S. Pugh. (R.T.S. 2s. 6d.)—This is an unusually successful school-story. For the most part these tales have something unreal about them. Here we have what seems to us a really good analysis of boy-character. The good boys are not prigs, the bad ones are not fiends. The tale belongs to the days, now some time past, before the new generation of public schools had superseded the great private schools. Probably the morale of the latter fluctuated more than can well happen now. Anyhow, the picture drawn here of school-life at Beckthorpe strikes us as true to nature, while some of the characters, Geoff Blake especially, are studies showing not a little subtlety and insight.

The Lord's Purse-Bearers. By Hesba Stretton. (R.T.S. 1s. 6d.)—Miss Hesba Stretton has a strong conviction that it is a serious offence to give to a beggar, and she enforces it on her readers in this story. A very painful story it is, not indeed as regards its principal character, but in some of its episodes. The tale of Isaac Chippendell's degradation and death-bed is full of the most lurid colours, and yet we cannot say that there is any exaggeration. We do not exactly know for whom this story is meant,—it cannot be for children. But of its power there can be no question.

A Child's London. By Hamish Hendry. (Sands and Co. 3s. 6d.)—A child is supposed to come to London and to describe what he sees. He visits the lions in Trafalgar Square, the “Zoo” (where he expresses a preference for the elephant over the camel for riding), Chelsea Hospital, Madame Tussaud's, &c. Some of the drawings (by Carton Moore Park) strike us as very good. But the “Cat's-meat Man” is surely not so tragic-looking a person as he is here pictured, and the cat that follows him is not a success.

Like a Rasen Fiddler. By Mary E. Shipley. (S.P.C.K. 2s.)—A writer who tells “a tale of the Pilgrimage of Grace” ventures into deep waters, too deep, we cannot but think, for safety. There are periods of history which are best avoided by the writer of fiction, especially if it is fiction intended for those who are apt to take in what is told them without questioning. This is a distinctly well-told story, and there are striking passages in it, but we cannot say that it is wholly satisfactory.

About Peggy Savile. By Jessie Mansergh. (R.T.S. 2s. 6d.)—Miss Mansergh has made a success of the central character of her story, the “Peggy Savile” about whom she tells us. She is a clever, somewhat strange young person, and it is good to read

about her. But we are not sure whether the little drama would not have been better without so many *personæ*. However, it is well written, the dialogue is easy and pointed, and the story keeps up its interest sufficiently well.

Of “Arthurian Romances not in Mallory” (D. Nutt) we have a third volume in *Guingamor, Lauval, Tyolet, the Werewolf*, rendered from the French of Marie de France and others by Jessie L. Weston (2s.) Marie de France was a Norman poetess of the twelfth century, and turned these Breton stories into verse. One of the stories, Launfal, has made use of J. R. Lowell. On the whole, these are not inferior to the average of the Mallory romances.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Of the periodicals of the Religious Tract Society we have to mention, as suited for elder readers, *Friendly Greetings, Illustrated Readings for the People; Light in the Home* has papers also suited for the young; while *The Child's Companion* and *Our Little Dots* announce by their titles for whom they are meant. Such a hasty inspection as we have been able to give enables us to speak well of them all. The illustrations are, as usual, very meritorious.—From the same publishers we also have *Child-Life in China*, by Mrs. Bryson (2s. 6d.) A special interest attaches to this book from the time at which it appears, and from the fact that Mrs. Bryson is a member of the London Mission at Tientsin. It is really doing a good and specially useful work just now to recall us to some more kindly and human thoughts about the Chinese than we are disposed to have. This volume may well serve as a wholesome antidote to wrathful thoughts, not all without justification, we quite acknowledge, which are only too ready to arise. It gives just the touch of nature which makes us kineven with these strange yellow people. Mrs. Bryson has evidently watched the life of old and young in the Flowery Land with both care and sympathy.—In *Story-Book Time* (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.) we come to something less serious. These “pictures and rhymes for little folk” are of many kinds. They show us animals in various attitudes and moods, children at games, fairy stories, comic scenes in which both men and beasts figure, and other things. Everything, whether serious or funny, is wholesome, and the illustrations are commonly good.—*The Grig's Book*, by W. T. Horton (Moffatt and Paige, 1s.), consists of humorously extravagant pictures illustrative of old nursery rhymes. Some of them are particularly good. “The Wise Men of Gotham” in their boat, with an awful black and red sky and pea-green sea, is almost pathetic. The “Old Woman in the Basket” is good too, the motion through the air being given with a skilful turn of the pencil which it would be impossible to describe. The “Little Man with the Gun,” again, has a quite admirable swagger. Mr. Horton ought to do well as a fantastic draughtsman. This specimen of his powers is admirable.—*Golden Hair and Curly Head*, by Allen Upward, illustrated by Harold Copping (Hurst and Blackett, 2s. 6d. net), takes us back to serious subjects. Mr. Upward tells the story in fluent and harmonious verse, and Mr. Copping expresses it in drawings that match it well. It is of a fisherman who is reported drowned, but comes back to his home and to the little ones who “knew he would come back.”—*Wyemarke and the Mountain Fairies*. By Edward H. Cooper. Illustrated by “Wyemarke” and G. P. Jacomb-Hood. (Duckworth and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)—We have often said what we think about the new fairy tale and need not repeat it. The pictures seem to differ considerably in merit. If they were all up to the level of the stalwart figure opposite p. 12 or the flying girls (p. 26) we could speak in warmer terms.—Another picture book is *A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals*, with Pictures by Rory Billingham (John Lane, 6s.) Mr. Billingham's frontispiece is a good piece of work. The assembled animals who have met to hear the baboon read “A Hundred Anecdotes of Man” are cleverly grouped. Nor are the other pictures unequal. The anecdotes are not told with particular spirit. Some of them want a touch of humour. And why the apologetic air? Animals are much more interesting in their movements than the ordinary man. Why excuse their being made the subject of a pleasant book?

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN SOUTH AFRICA WITH BULLER.

In South Africa with Buller. By G. C. Musgrave. (Gay and Bird. 7s. 6d.)—Mr. Musgrave adopts an unadorned style in relating the Natal Campaign, which, if it strikes the reader as somewhat unsympathetic at times, allows more room for facts and independent judgment. This, and the avoidance of a personal narrative, while they rob the history of the campaign of colour, also rob it of bias, and when taken with the three clear

and succinct chapters relating the growth of the Boer power and the causes of the war, entitle Mr. Musgrave's book to be considered of honest historical value. He writes for the instruction of his countrymen, some of the best of whom, he tells us, believe the war to be due solely to the effort of one man "to grab the two Republics." The Boer party, knowing him to be an American correspondent, were careful to give him all possible information as to their aims. Few Americans outside the States, as he says, had any sympathy with the Republics, least of all those who knew the Transvaal. It was the same with the bitterest of the Irish, who foresaw in Boer supremacy worse evils than their wildest imaginings of Saxon cruelty. It is difficult to gather from Mr. Musgrave's impersonal narrative how much he saw and how much he gathered from investigation, though we may have a fair idea. The best portions relate the fights that preceded the investment of Ladysmith, Yule's famous march, and the battle of Waggon Hill, one of the most protracted duels between determined men ever fought. One can read between the lines a certain grim satisfaction as he relates the great mistake which led to the final British charge,—the Boer advance in the open, though it was nearly dark then. "With a hoarse cry the British dashed forward. In distinct crashes were the magazines emptied then with cold steel." The treachery exhibited by the Boers marred an otherwise glorious exhibition of resolution. Mr. Musgrave often alludes to the abuse of the white flag, and the severe punishment it prevented our troops inflicting on a retreating enemy. It will, however, have cost the Boers many lives in the end; it has cost us even more. He asks us to distinguish between the irresponsible authors of Boer cruelty and those who realised the obligations of civilised warfare. We cannot forget that the Boers were the same in 1881, and those who let loose the dogs of war must be held responsible. The strategy of the Natal Campaign is not much criticised by the author, but he brings out ably the enormous difficulties of the rugged country General Buller had to contend with, and the many excellent movements foiled by individual failures to accomplish almost impossible tasks. One thing is evident, "the men were splendid"; such determined and continuous fighting and storming have never been known before in fighting. Mr. Musgrave speaks highly of the cordial feeling and the care of officers for their men, which nearly approaches that of American officers. The account of Lord Roberts's advance lacks interest; there must obviously be more interest than the author says there is in the great strategical advance and the final "worry" at Paardeberg. Otherwise, the story as told by Mr. Musgrave, as far as it takes us, is ably, fairly, and clearly outlined. It should most certainly be added to the historical library of the South African War.

SPORT IN WAR.

Sport in War. By Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell F.R.G.S. (W. Heinemann. 5s.)—Mr. A. E. T. Watson, the editor of the *Badminton Magazine*, writes the preface to these five chapters originally contributed to the magazine by the defender of Mafeking. Permission to print them in this form came from Rustenburg, after the relief of the beleaguered village. The book is beautifully bound and printed, each page of print being surrounded by an elegant border in shamrock green. All the illustrations are from the author's hand, some of them so good that we feel convinced that had not the career of arms attracted him, he would have occupied a leading place among the artists of sport. His animals are not, perhaps, really better than his men. The tiny sketches in his "Matabele Campaign" of the Kaffirs, seen through the telescope, conversing on the theory of war are as good as Cruikshank's etchings of Jack Sheppard escaping from Newgate. But when he is painting scenes of vigorous sport his men are as good and lifelike as his animals, and the whole party seem to "go" together. The first and second of the chapters deal with sport in Matabeleland and describe runs with the Cape foxhounds. The former was obtained when patrolling on the Shangani River and elsewhere after the break up of the revolt, man-hunting and less dangerous forms of sport being combined. Rinderpest had injured, but not destroyed, the large game. The koodoo, the finest of all antelopes, had suffered most. Still, there were these, and sable and roan antelope, wildebeeste, hartebeeste, small buck, wild pig, and even a few giraffes, and any quantity of birds. The story of shooting lions with the Lee-Metford, and with soldiers for gillies, is pleasantly told. One soldier, the regimental farrier, went to look for a wounded lion with a revolver, clambering eagerly about the rocks, and peering into likely places. The "Run with the Cape Foxhounds" deserves to become a classic, and to take a place beside "Nimrod's" celebrated day in Leicester-

shire. The Boer farmers and English sportsmen, the former rough and unkempt, in wideawakes and trousers, the latter the pink of sporting neatness, are vividly drawn and excellently described. Three illustrations in this article are as good as Leech's best in "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour." One shows the meet, Cape Boer and Briton, Dutch waggons and English hounds, and the inevitable kopje and church; another the Dutch metamorphosed, flying along with beards streaming back behind their ears, hats flapping and whips whacking, in all the ecstasy of the chase; and the last a hunt reversed. The huntsman and whips have dismounted to "spoor" the fox (jackal), and tied their three horses together. The hounds have hit off the scent and are streaming up a hill, the three horses, still tied head to head, gallop after them, while the three dismounted riders pursue. Evidently fox-hunting is common ground for Briton and Boer to meet on. That excellent good feeling prevailed is clear from General Baden-Powell's account. The last three chapters deal with pig-sticking and a day's shooting in Tunis. The "human interest" in one of the pig-sticking stories is, to say the least, rather artificial. Two rivals "ride" for a young lady; when the successful lover has won first spear, it is discovered that the young lady, like Orgetorix in the Gallic War, "is dead." She has been thrown out of her howdah and killed.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The Paris Exhibition, 1900. Section I. (Virtue and Co. 10s. 6d.)—This "illustrated record of the art, architecture, and industries" of the Exhibition is a collection of articles by French and English writers, the editing of which seems to have been done rather hastily, as there is a good deal of repetition. The arrangement also seems rather haphazard, and as there is no table of contents, it is a difficult book to find one's way about in. On the other hand, the illustrations are very well done. Those of the Pont Alexandre III., for instance, give a good idea of this fine bridge, both as a whole and in its details. The pictures of old Paris are very pretty, particularly the full-page one of the main street, in which the modern crowd and the aggressive advertisements are not visible, as they are in reality. Among the many reproductions of pictures there is a good one of Mr. Whistler's "The Little White Girl"; and to suit other tastes we find an equally large one of Mr. Hacker's, "The Cloister or the World?" The furniture and "arts and crafts," both English and foreign, are well represented in this book, but the amusement of comparing the vagaries of the furniture-makers would have been easier if, as we said before, the editing had been more carefully done. However, the book is worth looking at, and it will do something to keep the charm of the Exhibition fresh in the minds of people who have seen it, as well as show those who have not some of its beauties and oddities.—*International Exposition, Paris, 1900: Official Catalogue of the Exhibition of the German Empire.*—This English translation of the catalogue is printed with German type which was specially designed by the Imperial engraver, Georg Schiller. It is full of statistical information on subjects ranging from "The German Empire and its Inhabitants at the End of the Nineteenth Century," down to "Imperial Hygiene" and "Uniforms in the German Army." Each chapter is headed by a little picture, which relieves the solidity of the letterpress. They are not intended to be amusing, but the mixture of "arts and crafts" pattern with German figures is sometimes quite comic. The book is very well bound, and the table of contents and indexes are full and clearly arranged.

SOUTH AFRICAN STUDIES.

South African Studies. By A. P. Hillier, M.D. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)—Dr. Hillier has put together in book-form a series of very miscellaneous lectures, articles, and letters on South African subjects. Some of these are very slight, but an essay on the "Issues at Stake in South Africa," reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* of January, 1900, is well worthy of permanent record. The writer has lived for sixteen years among Boers and Outlanders, he possesses a judicial mind, and he is an acute observer. Two chapters in the present book seem to be reprinted from his previous volume, "Raid and Reform," which we noticed some two years back. There is an effective reply to Mr. Bryce's famous article in the *North American Review*, and there are sound observations on the African climate and British military marksmanship. It will be seen that all this is much more easy to catalogue than to criticise. Dr. Hillier was connected with the reform movement in the Transvaal, and has no misgivings on the necessity of bringing to an end the Pretoria system. But he does not look on the Boers as enemies of the human race, and his calmness is valuable. Often

the Colonial Englishman judges much more soundly than the home-staying, and herein is the hope for the future. We wish to call particular attention to Dr. Hillier's chapter on the "Native Races." We have never joined in wild denunciation of Johannesburg financiers, but it is most important that the public should realise that what the Empire needs is the conversion of the Kaffirs into decent, sober people, and what a good many influential and vociferously "loyal" people in the Transvaal Colony will clamour for is a constant supply of labour. There is not much danger of ill-treatment of native miners, which does not pay, but the capitalist's interest in the miner ends when that individual, having worked for his contract time, returns to his own tribe. Here, we might almost say, is where the Imperial difficulty begins. Reports from Basutoland, which is in some respects a model "native reserve," before the war tended to show that the return to their native kraals of young men who had earned enough money in a few months to be, as it were, *rentiers* for the rest of their lives, was by no means advantageous to the tribe. The labourers had often picked up bad habits, and had invariably lost their respect for their chiefs and for tribal customs without acquiring any real notions of civilised order. Dr. Hillier has no panacea, but he understands the gravity of the "native question." Now that all South Africa is to be within the Empire, it is time that we studied the risks of the future. The mines are a great solvent of tribal distinctions. Gradually the incidence of our rule will obliterate tribal landmarks. Have many of us really considered what it will be to find ourselves confronted with an enormous quarter-civilised Bantu nation?

LIFE OF FATHER GOREH.

Life of Father Goreh. By the Rev. C. E. Gardner. (Longmans and Co. 5s.)—Nilakantha Goreh was a Brahman of high station, belonging to a family in which service at Court was hereditary. Probably no more distinguished convert, as regards descent and, indeed, personal ability, has been made in recent times. This fact gives a special value to the record of his life. We cannot say that we are much impressed by the way in which the story of his life is told. The biographer does not put himself forward, but he does make the S.S.J.E. (the Society of St. John the Evangelist, otherwise the Cowley Brotherhood) very prominent. As a matter of fact, Father Goreh never rose above the position of a novice in the Society, and did not find satisfaction in its rule of life. When he had actual experience of this by residing for a time at Cowley, he was not at all happy; nor, when he was away, were its customary observances to his mind. He was consequently given absolute liberty by the Superior (who edits this volume). Doubtless it was sound policy to keep up the tie with so distinguished a man; nor must we forget the wise liberality with which the Society continued its material help. This biography has certainly the merit of showing us the man as he was. From this point of view it is of the greatest value. We may learn much from it as to the hindrances which beset Christian work in India, and something of the way in which they may be overcome. Father Goreh himself held that an ascetic celibate clergy had the most hopeful prospect of usefulness. The difficulty here is,—Can the European accommodate himself to the life which is said to be a necessary condition of success? An associate of Father Goreh, Neill by name, made the attempt, but he died at forty-five, and died, it is evident, because he had attempted an impossible mode of life. The true evangelist will be ready to sacrifice himself. But it is impossible for a responsible authority to go on sending men to an almost certain death. And may it not be argued that the prospect would give a morbid tone to the missionary's mind? To keep a sane and sober mind, you must live under ordinary conditions. But so complex a problem cannot be discussed here. Let it suffice for the present to say that this book is distinctly enlightening.

THE ROMANCE OF SPAIN.

The Romance of Spain. By C. W. Wood, F.R.G.S. (Macmillan and Co. 10s.)—There is a traditional fatality which besets travels and travellers in Spain. Théophile Gautier employed his wit and eloquence to prove that Spain was dirty and uncomfortable, and few tourists have escaped Gautier's domination. So we have seen travellers—English and French alike—looking upon one of the fairest lands in Europe with a patronising and unsympathetic eye. Mr. C. W. Wood, for instance, a practised wanderer, had better have stayed at home than taken the journey into Spain. For though he calls his book *The Romance of Spain*, though he closes every chapter with the tiresome refrain, "the true romance of Spain," he sees nothing of the true meaning which the beauty of the country whispers to the devout. For him what he is

pleased to term "accommodation" appears important. He says of Burgos: "With the present infinitely bad accommodation travellers do well to avoid the town." They do indeed, and we recommend Margate to such travellers with every confidence. Again, the Cathedral of Burgos, the finest Gothic church of the Peninsula, inspires the following luminous comment: "A beautiful structure without a soul"! Is he sure that it is the Cathedral that lacks the soul, or that the Hôtel de Paris did not aid the task of depreciation? However, whatever be the cause, Mr. Wood is constantly disappointed. Indeed, no other city than Segovia seems to satisfy him. Madrid, he declares, "has no humanising effect upon the people," and he is ready with all the platitudes to which a beautiful and hospitable capital is commonly exposed. His comments upon Velasquez are a fair gauge of his ignorance. He finds some of the master's works revolting; he reproaches him because (so he declares) "the devotional and spiritual are wanting to him." More than this, he is bold enough to say that "if he failed anywhere, it was in the want of a certain refinement. His was a nature that could not polish. This was due partly to a want of imagination." Of course it is idle to argue with the commentary of ignorance. But if Velasquez lacks refinement and polish, to whom are we to accord these gifts? And if a painter's imagination be anything better than a superficial knowledge of literature, who was better endowed than the author of "The Lances," and of the "repulsive dwarfs," which, with proper deference to Mr. Wood, are not "repulsive" at all, nor were they painted "by command of the King, not of his own free will." Nothing, in fact, proves Mr. Wood's incapacity to see or to describe Spain more clearly than the confused pages which he dedicates to Velasquez. For Velasquez is as intimate a part of Spain as is Cervantes, and if he persuades you to charges of "repulsion" you had better stay at home, or find relaxation on the banks of the Rhine. Nor does Mr. Wood make his book the better reading by a tireless and inapposite jocularity. He introduces a friend, who is always supposed to be in love with a Spanish beauty, and for this comic relief we can find no other word than that which Mr. Wood amiably selects for the dwarfs of Velasquez.

THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING.

The Relief of Mafeking. By Filson Young. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)—We do not hold a brief for war correspondents, whose necessity is less obvious than their eloquence, and we cannot but think that a frank criticism, infamous in the expert, is impertinent in the amateur. Our soldiers go to war in obedience to orders, and they are ready to lay down their lives under the flag. But their professional etiquette most properly imposes silence upon them; they perform what is asked of them, and leave the duty of record to the Commander-in-Chief. Then in steps the war correspondent, who is superior to etiquette, yet does not shrink from criticising the operations of war, which are completely strange to him. One of the worst inconveniences caused by his sanguine temper is the patronage of generals. The correspondents have all something to say in praise or blame of men infinitely superior to them, and the result is by no means pleasant to the simple-minded citizen. Mr. Filson Young, for instance, who is a good specimen of his class, takes Lord Methuen under his especial protection, and in the encounter aims a shrewd blow at Lord Kitchener. From Mr. Young's point of view, of course, this patronage is immaterial. We can only hope that it is irksome to Lord Methuen. However, Mr. Young is, as we have said, a good specimen of his class; he does not lecture the censor, in the belief that a gallant officer could under any circumstances be the servant of a newspaper correspondent; and he does not treat the poor generals with the high hand which his colleagues are pleased to flourish in their face. Moreover, he tells his tale with a direct simplicity, and without any attempt at fine writing. Nevertheless, we can take but little pleasure in such books as this, and if the war correspondent is a necessary evil, we wish that he could be content to illuminate the pages of his journal, and not seek a place among printed books for his inevitably hasty productions.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

A Life of Francis Parkman. By C. H. Farnham. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d.)—Francis Parkman, a painter of heroes, was himself a hero. Such is the burden of Mr. Farnham's biography, and there is no man who knows the brave record of this sad life that will not echo it. For Parkman fought a lifelong battle with disease. Lamed by arthritis, half-blind, and driven at times to the verge of madness by some mysterious disease of the nerves, he yet pursued the task of history with a single-minded courage. The documents which he could not read were read to him,

the vast masses of material which he knew how to trace were copied by zealous clerks, and the history of letters shows no more valiant struggle than this of Parkman's against adversity. But, happily, Parkman had chosen his subject while yet a boy. He had collected much material while eyesight and activity remained to him. He had visited the scenes of the drama which he was destined to write; he had lived and hunted with the Indians in their trackless deserts. So that when a harsh fate shut him up in his study, he had still a vast reserve of reminiscence upon which to draw. But the pathos of his life was unassuaged. He hated weakness, he scorned inactivity. The air of heaven and the smell of the grass-plain were almost necessary to him; yet he was forced to sacrifice the sights and sports which he loved so well. It is characteristic of him that when all work was forbidden to his brain, he turned to the culture of flowers, and became celebrated in a new profession. Of his life there is little enough to tell. Now he visited Italy, now he lived in Paris, now he ran through England without much sympathy. But his real life lay in his work, and it is in such masterpieces as "Montcalm and Wolfe" that he raised his monument and traced his biography. However, Mr. Farnham shows him to us in one other aspect,—as a dogmatic, confident controversialist, who dared to express his views in the strongest terms and without compromise. He was what we should call in England an old-fashioned Tory, and his must have seemed a voice crying in the wilderness to democratic America. Mr. Farnham has written an interesting book—that goes without saying—but he has not composed a good biography. In the first place, he is too anxious to trace Parkman back to his origins, and to find his character in his books. Now, this is always a dangerous process, and it is the more dangerous in the case of one who was before all things an artist in history. Parkman did not dabble in those general principles (falsely called "philosophy") which are will-o'-the-wisps to mislead the historian. He saw his subject whole as well as in detail, he had a splendid sense of subordination, and he wrote with a style that was always adequate to the occasion. But he did not and could not find in fortuitous events a false synthesis,—he was far too fine an artist for that. And when Mr. Farnham puts a limitation upon Parkman's talent, he converts a virtue into a vice. Nor is Mr. Farnham gifted with the sense of humour. On p. 222 we read this astounding observation: "Pitt, in spite of certain weaknesses, also drew forth some sympathetic words." Some sympathetic words for Pitt, who dominated the eighteenth century, and who was perhaps the greatest statesman ever born to the Anglo-Saxon race! It is almost incredible, and even Parkman, for all his anti-English bias, would have laughed heartily at his biographer's patronage. However, as we have said, the book is interesting; and if it does less than justice to Parkman, it gives his admirers all the materials upon which to base a judgment.

HISTORY OF RHODESIA.

History of Rhodesia. By Howard Hensman. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)—Most of us would be surprised to think that the history of so recent an acquisition as Rhodesia would fill more than three hundred pages. But the country has been the theatre of a native war and a native rebellion, and the wrestling ring for statesmen and a Chartered Company. We would not forego any portions of Mr. Hensman's work, though some of it is rather prolix. It is very fair, surprisingly so, if we take the nearness of the events which he relates, and the style and the treatment are intended to be without bias. This is an extremely difficult performance, yet Mr. Hensman seems to have achieved it. Perhaps he has a leaning toward the Chartered Company—it is merely a guess—and he has no two opinions of the Matabele. He could scarcely, considering the trend of events for the last twenty years, take up any other attitude. Say what we may, the original cause of all these wars is the land-hunger of the British, and their determination to see, hunt, and live in countries held by inferior races. The black man as overlord must go, and it is better that we should settle with him than let other white races attempt to do it. Fewer lives are lost in the process, and it leaves, on the whole, a better taste in the mouth. Mr. Rhodes saw all this, and Rhodesia is ours to-day. The campaigns are carefully detailed by Mr. Hensman; also the causes and conduct of all negotiations with Lobengula. It is in a work of this kind that incidents begin to assume their proper place in history, this being the first history of Rhodesia. The treachery of the two troopers who intercepted Lobengula's letter and its gold dust, and the fatal letter from the A.P.S. which upset what little faith Lobengula had in the white man, stand out distinctly; yet, after all, we must regard these unfortunat

incidents as accidents that will happen. The later disputes with the Chartered Company are interesting reading; on the whole, the experiment was of doubtful value. Powerful companies have not, can never have, quite the necessary feeling of responsibility. This history is compiled from "official sources," and we are sure that Mr. Hensman has done his best to be impartial.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare. By Parke Godwin. (G.P. Putnam's Sons. 6s. net.)—It is difficult to know what a certain type of writer would do without the perennial problem of Shakespeare's sonnets. Mr. Godwin in the volume before us offers yet another attempt at arranging these long-suffering poems and at extracting from them, or reading into them, a new meaning. In his preface he makes the usual attempt of the amateur critic to disarm criticism, by admitting beforehand to possible "mistakes of detail" (i.e., misstatements of facts), but these are of a rather more serious nature than he seems to anticipate, for they argue complete unfamiliarity with the literature of the period. Thus within the first two pages we may note that the sonnet was introduced into English directly from the Italian, and not through the medium of French; that the one poet selected as representing the sonneteers between Wyatt and Spenser, namely, Thomas Watson, has only left two specimens of the form; and that before Shakespeare wrote the particular arrangement he adopted could in no sense be styled the "conventional" form. To select a few of the points that strike us as we proceed, we may mention that on p. 14 Mr. Godwin seems unaware of the date of Shakespeare's death, for he speaks of the second edition of the sonnets (1640) as appearing "within twenty years after his decease," while on p. 29 he implies that the "spurious plays" were added in the folio of 1685, whereas they had already appeared in that of 1664. He elsewhere makes the mistake of all unacquainted with the literary history of the time,—namely, of supposing that Shakespeare's supremacy, which is so clear to us now, was far more generally acknowledged among his contemporaries than was actually the case. But when he solemnly pronounces in favour of "Mr. W. H." standing for "Will Himself"—a conjecture which in his case has not even the poor merit of originality—we find it difficult to take his book seriously. However, his exposition, though sufficiently fantastic at times—the "begetting," of the early sonnets, is to refer to poems, not posterity; a group of love sonnets are to be regarded as addressed to Anne Hathaway during courtship, and so on—is not by a long way the most unreasonable we have come across. We should perhaps be grateful that Mr. Godwin has given us neither tavern scandal nor mystic philosophy.

THE LAST MEDITATIONS OF SAVONAROLA.

Savonarola: Meditations on Psalm li. and part of Psalm xxxi. in Latin, with an English Translation. By E. H. Perowne, D.D., Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.)—From the Cambridge University Press we have received a beautifully got up new edition of the "Meditations" Savonarola wrote while awaiting death in his prison cell. Breathing the spirit of the most exalted devotion, these documents have also a vein of natural pathos which makes their interest as intensely human as it is religious. The texts upon which Savonarola grafted his thoughts were the Fifty-first, and part of the Thirty-first, Psalms,—the one an outpouring of contrition, the other a welcoming of solemn Hope. After the Reformer's death, the papers recording his soul's last communing with its Maker were very widely circulated. Dr. Perowne's introduction tells us that the book was "printed in the vernacular for the consolation of prisoners condemned to death: in England it was embodied in the elementary devotional works called 'Primers,' first in the Salisbury Primer of 1538, and subsequently in that of 1543, which is known as Henry VIII's Primer." Within two years of Savonarola's death twenty-one editions were published, and translations were made before the middle of the sixteenth century into English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. By the end of the century the popularity of the Treatises was on the wane, and they became scarce. The present edition gives the Latin text, a new translation by Dr. Perowne, a facsimile page of the manuscript copy in the library of Corpus Christi College, and an introductory essay by the translator. A touching extract from Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence," serving as frontispiece, calls up a picture of the martyr composing in his cell: "With the right hand which had been spared to him in diabolical mercy that he might be able to sign the false papers which were intended to cover him with ignominy, he still had it in his power to leave a record

of that last intercourse with his 'Heavenly Master in which his stricken soul found strength and comfort.' How sorely stricken, and how tempted to despair and unfaithfulness, his own words tell us best:—"Heaviness hath besieged me, with a great and strong host hath hedged me in; she hath oppressed my heart with clamours and with weapons, day and night she ceaseth not to fight against me. My friends are in her camp and are become mine enemies. Whatsoever I see, whatsoever I hear, they bring the banners of Heaviness. The memory of friends saddens me; the remembrance of my children grieveth me; the thought of cloister and of cell tortures me; when I think upon my own studies it affects me with sadness; the consideration of my sins weigheth me down." And then, a few pages later, it is beautifully said how, while the temptation to apostasy is busy with his heart, "a great shout" is heard in the camp of Heaviness, and with a "clashing of arms" and a blast of trumpets Hope "came shining with divine lustre," and, "smiling," rebuked the soldier of Christ. "When I heard it," Savonarola says, "I blushed thereat." But the strain of consolation is too sacred for analysis or quotation in a newspaper notice.

THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.

The Antarctic Regions. By Dr. Karl Fricker. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 7s. 6d.)—The Antarctic never can have the interest that attaches to the Arctic; there are no Eskimo, nor is animal life so abundant; yet it has furnished some splendid instances of determined audacity. The names of Cook, Bellingshausen, Waddell, Biscoe, Wilkes, Ross, and Dumont d'Urville are associated with terrific storms and enormous icebergs, such storms and icebergs as Arctic navigators rarely met with. Moreover, the vessels engaged in Antarctic research were such as to take the student back to the days of Columbus and Drake. Biscoe and Waddell had a brig and a small cutter each; Balleny only a schooner and cutter, the latter having a tonnage of fifty-four. Biscoe, the seal-hunter, did more for Antarctic exploration than many strictly exploring expeditions, and so reduced were his crew with scurvy that he was compelled to sail north because there were only three officers, a seaman, and a cabin boy to work his brig. We can imagine that the first sight of the great ice barrier must have impressed these intrepid men more than any Arctic dangers. Ross's account of it, and his determined attempt to reach the Magnetic Pole, his avoidance of mistakes, his admirable equipment, and his triumphant return after four years with all his crew in good health and only one missing—the quartermaster of the 'Erebus,' drowned in a storm—surely ranks his voyage, as Dr. Fricker says, "as one of the most famous and brilliant of all voyages of discovery." Yet for the reason we have given, Arctic navigators are far better known. Ross in his "Travels" neglects too much the human element; nevertheless, he was the beau-ideal of an English navigator. We agree with Mr. Sonnenschein, the able translator, that Dr. Fricker's interesting and able review of Antarctic research, and his just discrimination of its heroes, will increase the number of those who desire to conquer the secrets of the South Pole. The illustrations are clever and suggestive.

COMMERCE AND CHRISTIANITY.

Commerce and Christianity. By the Author of "The Social Horizon." (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 3s. 6d.)—Christianity versus the competitive principle in business, such is our author's theme, and he demonstrates the great antagonism between the fundamental idea of Christianity and the struggle for wealth. He declares that the Church is powerless to improve matters, and that it only views the question now with a sort of apathetic regret. But, says our author, this question—the industrial problem—is solving itself, and the taking over of large concerns by public bodies already points the way, and he instances the acquisition of the tramways by the County Council. This action, he says, was fraught with a momentous meaning, and was, in fact, changing the principle of the enterprise from anti-Christian to Christian, though no one realised it. The County Council placed the business on a basis towards which, as he says, the commercial forces of the world are impelling all businesses. Now, the old rules were disgraceful and inhuman, and the Church should have stepped in and protested, though truth to tell, he adds, it would have been little use if they had. Does he advocate the Church as a temporal Power? "I do not say that the Church is bound to solve it [the problem]," says our author, "..... the thing is solving itself;" and he does not think their action or inaction will affect the final issue. "But," he adds, "I do say that if they cannot, they must be prepared to stand aside and see much of what influence still remains to them pass to those who can." Our author (an

awkward phrase, but as he remains anonymous there is no other) is eloquent, reasonable, shows restraint, and is quite reverential when discussing the utterances of Christ; and there are passages, for instance in "The Simple Life," which are not only beautiful, but lofty in tone. His contention that the ultimate end of competition already foreshows, and can only be, the Christian ideal as announced by our Lord, sounds a hopeful note. His declaration that the ultimate coincidence of the results of competition in business, i.e., co-operation, with the teaching of Christ is the strongest proof of the reality of that divine inspiration, is a striking observation. But the remark he makes elsewhere that Christianity as distinct from the altruism of the world will disappear is too confident. Altruism is only an emotion, and would be non-existent but for the teaching, the duty, the restraint, and the final hope held out by Christianity.

IN THE ICE WORLD OF HIMALAYA.

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* * The Editors cannot undertake to return Manuscript, in any case.

NOTICE.—With this week's "SPECTATOR" is issued, gratis, a LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MUCH alarm was spread through Europe on Thursday by the receipt of an official notice that the Czar, who is at Livadia, has been attacked by typhoid. The symptoms up to Thursday were declared to be favourable, but men cannot help remembering with apprehension that daily bulletins are never issued about Kings till doctors are alarmed at their responsibility, and that members of the Romanoff family, though healthy in other ways, seldom show much power of recuperation. The alarm is therefore general, for Nicholas II. is everywhere felt to be a bulwark of the peace of Europe. Not only was he the author of the Conference at the Hague called to promote peace, but he has steadily kept the peace in spite of much pressure towards a contrary policy. In Russia itself the tension of feeling is even greater, for an unhappy termination to the Czar's illness might grievously complicate the question of the succession. The Grand Duke Michael, who has instantly left Denmark for Russia, is at present the heir; but if the Empress, as is possible, bears a son, there would be a long Regency, which is hardly consistent with the Czardom. Full authority can be transferred to a Regent, but not the sacrosanct character which "good Russians" attribute to their Sovereign.

The Government have decided on a winter Session. To the surprise even of officials, it was announced on Tuesday that Parliament would assemble on December 3rd for the despatch of business. The motive is understood to be the necessity for more money, the war having lasted longer than was expected, and the cost of bringing back the troops being very great. Operations in China, too, have already cost three millions,—a peremptory claim, as the Government of India cannot afford to stand long out of its advances. It is hoped that business will be confined to the money votes, and that the Session will be short; but Parliament, once assembled, rules the Ministry, and we give elsewhere reasons for believing that the Session may be lively. The Queen's Speech may be short, and efforts may be made to avoid debate on the Address, but the right of Parliament to air its grievances before money is voted is indisputable, and the Opposition think they have plenty to air. They will condemn the recent conduct of the war and the swerve towards severity in the treatment of the

Boers, and possibly the decision of the Government to make the two Republics pay for their own subjugation. Each of these subjects allows of long debate, on each there are many opinions, and about each jarring factions are inclined to be unusually fierce. If Parliament rises before the 23rd we shall be surprised.

By the appointment of Mr. Hanbury to the Board of Agriculture, the reconstructed Cabinet is now complete as follows:—

Prime Minister and Lord Privy Seal...	Lord Salisbury.
Lord Chancellor...	Lord Halsbury.
Lord President of the Council ..	Duke of Devonshire.
Chancellor of the Exchequer ..	Sir M. Hicks-Beach.
Home Secretary ...	Mr. Ritchie.
Foreign Secretary ...	Lord Lansdowne.
Colonial Secretary ...	Mr. Chamberlain.
Secretary for War ...	Mr. Brodrick.
Secretary for India ...	Lord George Hamilton.
Secretary for Scotland ...	Lord Balfour of Burleigh.
First Lord of the Admiralty ...	Lord Selborne.
First Lord of the Treasury ...	Mr. Balfour.
Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland ...	Lord Cadogan.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland ...	Lord Ashbourne.
President of the Board of Trade ...	Mr. Gerald Balfour.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	Lord James of Hereford.
President of Local Government Board	Mr. Walter Long.
President of the Board of Agriculture	Mr. Hanbury.
Works and Public Buildings ...	Mr. Akers Douglas.

It is said that Lord Londonderry, the Postmaster-General, is to be admitted to the Cabinet, in which case the number of Cabinet Ministers will be raised to twenty. The inevitable result of this increase in numbers will be to confirm the power of the inner Cabinet, which is in itself a grave constitutional innovation.

Negotiations in China have advanced one step. The representatives of the Allied Powers have agreed upon terms, which will be presented to the Empress-Regent in a conjoint Note. They are substantially the terms proposed by M. Delcassé, and the pith of them is that eleven of the great Princes, Mandarins, and generals who counselled the recent outrages shall suffer death; that an indemnity shall be paid to the Powers and to those foreigners who have suffered; that officials who do not prevent outrages shall in future be dismissed; that the Legation quarter in the capital shall be fortified, and garrisoned by European soldiers; that all forts on the coast of Chihli shall be razed; that the import of arms and ammunition shall be prohibited; and that the Tsung-li-Yamen shall be replaced by a responsible Foreign Minister. There are no territorial cessions demanded, no further immunities for trade, and no changes in the general scheme of government in China. The obvious intention is, when justice is once satisfied, to refrain from any stipulation which would involve either a European supervision of China or a European partition. It is asserted that the Chinese Government will treat upon this basis, but that is, of course, only the opinion of the Chinese in Peking. The Empress has still to be heard from.

The test question is, of course, the execution of the guilty Mandarins. If that is granted, there may be peace with China for years, every great official dreading the consequences of outrage; if it is not granted, every Chinaman will consider, with justice, that the Imperial Government has defied and beaten Europe, and that barbarians may be murdered with impunity. It is, in our judgment, most improbable that the demand will be conceded. It threatens the present safety and future consequence of all the grandees of China, and they will resist like a corporation. They profess already to be "shocked" by the execution of the acting Viceroy of Chihli, who either ordered or sanctioned the horrible massacre at Pao-ting-fu, and they threaten the wrath of all

China, first because he was so high an official, and secondly because he was executed while negotiations were going on. The truth is, Li Hung Chang and the rest are both exasperated and frightened to find that the Allies are in earnest and cannot be bought off by any amount of blood-money. The Empress having sanctioned all the outrages, can hardly turn on the ministers of her will without personal danger, and for a time at least the resistance will continue. The rebellion in the South seems to be dying away, and the Court is now pressed only by the distant foreigners. If any attack is threatened on Sian, it will, it announces, retreat still farther to the capital of Szechuan.

The Intelligence Departments of the different countries concerned have hitherto failed woefully as regards China. We wonder if any of them are repairing that fault by obtaining information as to what is really going on in Sian in the Imperial circle. Such information would be really valuable, and it ought to be obtainable for money. Hundreds of eunuchs, chamberlain officers of the guard, and other persons who value taels, must know pretty accurately what is occurring. At present we get nothing but rumours, rumours that the Emperor is a prisoner, rumours that the Empress is dead, rumours that the Court contemplate a further flight, rumours that Prince Tuan and his ally, General Tung, fearing for their heads, have broken out in rebellion. Any one of those rumours would, if true, have important consequences, but the Powers seem to be as much in the dark as the Chinese public, which never sticks to the same story for a week together. The drift of the rumours just now is that the reactionary party is dissatisfied or suspicious and is threatening the Empress; and though this drift may be the result of guessing rather than information, it must not be forgotten that if the Emperor and Empress were both deposed, Prince Tuan, as father of the recognised heir, would be the legal master of China. The *Daily News* of Friday publishes an interview with the Rev. Evan Morgan, which is the only first-hand information we have yet received from the new capital. Mr. Morgan has some interesting things to tell about Sian, and he gives many reasons for believing that the Court will not remain there long. Unfortunately, he was compelled to leave before the crisis reached its height.

Lord Roberts's further despatches show that the credit of the successful but severe engagement near Bothaville, briefly mentioned in our last issue, was chiefly due to that "gallant and capable cavalry leader," Colonel Le Gallais, who unhappily was among the killed. Eight guns were captured, the prisoners including ex-President Steyn's secretary, and among the dead was "the Boer doctor with a Red Cross on his arm, rifle in hand, and bandolier half emptied." General Smith-Dorrien's operations between Belfast and the Komati River were remarkable for the splendid work done by the Canadian Mounted Rifles, Dragoons, and artillery. During one engagement, in which the Boers charged the rearguard to within seventy yards of it, the following curious incident occurred. Sixteen Canadians fell into the hands of the Boers, who treated them kindly, and released them after removing their own dead and wounded, "during which operation the Canadians were made to lie on their faces in order that they might not see how heavily the Boers had suffered." It appears that two of the Boer generals were killed on this occasion. A successful engagement has also been fought by General F. Kitchener in the Lydenburg district, and Lord Methuen has captured a pom-pom. Meantime Mr. Kruger has arrived at Suez in good health, and the preparations for his reception in France continue, the less violent amongst his admirers suggesting as a compromise that while there should be as much "Long live Kruger" as possible, there should be no cries of "Down with England."

The German Reichstag was opened on Wednesday, the 14th inst., in a speech by the Emperor, the object of which is to defend his conduct in sending an expedition to China without waiting for the consent of the representatives. His pleas are that the occasion was urgent, and that the expense was too uncertain to allow of an official estimate. The federated Governments of the Empire were, however, fully consenting parties to the enterprise. The German public is by no means contented with this explanation, even loyalists remarking

that as the Emperor expresses confidence in the support of his people, to summon their representatives would have caused little delay. The dissatisfaction is not decreased by an official admission that 150,000,000 marks (£7,500,000) have already been expended, and by a widespread belief that neither the Emperor nor his advisers know how much more may be required. Tens of millions of marks mean much to Germans who are heavily taxed already, who are not quite sure that the Chinese indemnity will not be expended on yet more forces, and who even when devotedly loyal wish to have a word in the expenditure of their own money. The Emperor will get his vote of course, he always does, but there will be sharp debating and more Socialists.

The French Exhibition was closed on Monday, and has left behind it in France a certain feeling of disappointment. Though the crowds which flocked to it were enormous, it has not been a financial success, and it has not been to the degree expected the cynosure of the world's eyes. The great Kings did not go, even the Czar abstaining, the English thought their Queen insulted and stayed away, while the Americans were much preoccupied with their quadrennial election. The collections of objects were very wonderful, but the Press in many countries had more pressing things to discuss, and there was a marked falling off in the long descriptions and essays on special objects which have marked most of these great shows. It seems probable, therefore, that they will not become decennial, which, though a relief in some ways, will probably prove something of a discouragement to invention. The experts learnt a good deal, if the public did not, from these vast collections, and it is they rather than the public who push forward the heavy machine of industrial civilisation.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, on Tuesday made an important speech to the Dolphin Society at Bristol. After mentioning that he had wished to resign, but was not permitted to do so, he proceeded to declare that "the finances were disorganised" by the war in South Africa, which "dribbled on at an enormous cost." He could not, therefore, promise any revision of taxation, and indeed he should be happy if he were not compelled to increase the taxpayer's burden. For as soon as the war ended, which he hoped would be before April, we must begin to liquidate its cost, which could not be left a permanent burden on the country. He expected, indeed, that part of the burden would be borne by the Transvaal, in spite of the "lamentations" of the mining magnates, but we must not make that part so heavy as to spoil the future of the new Colonies. Then in addition to the cost of the war there was the expenditure on the Navy, which must be kept up, though its cost had risen from £18,000,000 a year to £27,000,000, and the cost of Army reform. Altogether, Sir Michael foreshadowed a very heavy expenditure indeed, and a Budget which can scarcely add to the popularity of the Government, though it may to its reputation for financial nerve.

Sir Michael, it is pretty clear, thinks we are spending too much, and is most anxious to dissuade the country from any large increase in the Army. The numbers, he says, are sufficient; what is wanted are better training, and more suppleness in meeting the needs created by improved weapons, and neither will be secured by lavish expenditure. Perhaps the pay of the officer, he said, was too small, but no pay would suffice unless extravagance in the regiments were stopped, such extravagance that when cavalry commissions were offered to the Universities the graduates could not take them, though they eagerly accepted commissions in the infantry. He quite recognised that there were deep-rooted abuses in the British Army, and trusted Mr. Brodrick and Lord Roberts would remove them; but the secret of greater strength lay, he was convinced, in providing greater efficiency in the Volunteer Forces. All this is most sound, but if British officers are to be trained professionals they must be enabled to live on their pay; and we demur to Sir Michael's hearty defence of the artillery if he means to imply that there is enough of it. There would be enough were it all here, but it never can be all here, and we are too often compelled to rely for safety upon the Navy alone. Sir Michael, however, it is quite clear, is a source of strength in the Cabinet on other subjects than finance.

The Imperial Liberals—the “naughty boys of the Liberal Party,” as one of the speakers described them—mustered in force at a banquet on Monday under the presidency of Lord Brassey. The chairman, who claimed that there was nothing new or antagonistic to the essential principles of Liberalism in their organisation, justified its establishment as a protest against and answer to the action of the disloyal section within the party. As for their political creed, it was that of the late Mr. W. E. Forster, while, for their leader, they believed that the union of all sections could best be accomplished under Lord Rosebery. Meantime they could help and promote the good government of the country by criticism, by suggestion, and, when necessary, by silent support of the policy of the Government. Mr. Perks, M.P., adopting a somewhat more militant tone, claimed one hundred and forty-two Liberal Members of the new Parliament as virtually Imperialist Liberals, and said that the first thing they desired to see in the new Session was union on the Front Bench; while Dr. Heber Hart observed with regard to Lord Rosebery that “he believed that when they were worthy of him, and when they showed it, they need not fear but that they would obtain his leadership.” It is only right to add that the references of the other speakers to the leadership question were not marked by this tone of self-prostrating obsequiousness.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman’s speech at Dundee on Thursday partook largely of the nature of a rejoinder to the Imperialist Liberals. After adhering to his condemnation of their action in forming a separate organisation, he challenged Lord Brassey’s statement that the Liberal party contained men who were disloyal, and who wished success to the enemies of their country. “Who are these men?” exclaimed Sir Henry; “who is disloyal? I confess I know none of them.” The most important part of his speech, however, was the explicit statement that “the door has always been open for Lord Rosebery’s return.” None of them, declared Sir Henry, ever rightly understood why he went out of public life; the desire of the Liberal party then was that he should remain; their desire ever since had been that he should return. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman concluded with an appeal for unity, but its force is somewhat discounted by his vigorous onslaught on the Imperialist Liberals, whom he declared to be practically indistinguishable from Liberal Unionists, and though “honest and simple-minded men,” to have been led into extravagance by the “heavy fumes of a fermented and half-digested doctrine.” His attitude is defined with much point by the *Daily News* when it says that “after condemning others for seeking (or being supposed to seek) to drum out the ‘Little Englanders’ he proceeds on his own part to drum out the ‘Liberal Imperialists.’”

The *Daily Mail* of Monday publishes a sketch, which it believes to be authentic, of the first of the coming military reforms. Every private is to have ten months’ thorough training in campaigning work, including shooting, scouting, field engineering, and attacking and defending positions. Barrack work will be lightened, and in the time so gained the soldier will be changed into a skilled campaigner. To carry out this change and to allow of artillery practice the Government will acquire a great number of open spaces like Cannock Chase, Wolmer Forest, and Dartmoor. That seems an admirable improvement, and will be acceptable to the men, but what we wait for with anxiety is the plan for the more perfect training of officers, the dismissal of the incompetent, and the punishment, as in the Navy, of those who make costly blunders in the field.

Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, delivered a lecture on Abraham Lincoln before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on Tuesday. Not the least interesting part of the address was that in which Mr. Choate described the ineffaceable impression left on his own mind by the “grand simplicities” of Lincoln’s style and the earnest and sincere purity of his utterances. While in other steps he shared the credit with his generals and advisers, the emancipation proclamation was entirely his own in conception and execution. His attitude to the Southerners, whom he never would allow to be called “rebels” in his presence, was well summed up in Mr. Choate’s peroration. “When he died by the madman’s

hand in the supreme hour of victory, the vanquished lost their best friend and the human race one of its noblest examples; and all the friends of freedom and justice, in whose cause he lived and died, joined hands as mourners at his grave.” Lord Rosebery, who presided, defined Lincoln’s strength as resting on two rocks—“the bedrock of unflinching principle and the bedrock of illimitable common-sense”—and noted, as a distinctive feature dissociating him from all other great men of history, his habit of speaking in parables, his happy use, to soften crises, of an inexhaustible fund of humorous anecdotes.

The expected return of Lord Roberts, and the appointment of Lord Kitchener as his immediate successor in South Africa, afford matter for some interesting comment in a recent issue of *Die Information*, the very ably conducted and well-informed Viennese news-sheet to which we have so often had occasion to refer of late. After observing that Lord Kitchener is the right man for the two important tasks with which England is confronted—bringing home the troops and finishing off the war—the writer recommends him to enforce the regulations adopted by the Germans in the latter part of the Franco-Prussian War for the suppression of guerilla warfare, the details of which are to be found in Von der Goltz’s book and in the official sources,—regulations which he describes as cruel, but absolutely in keeping with the principles of international and martial law. Lord Roberts’s tribute to the conduct of his troops he describes as remarkable and well deserved. As for the clemency of the British, it was enough to state that only five death sentences were pronounced by Courts-Martial:—“No war has ever been carried on with such leniency. In any other country in the world the Cape rebels would have been shot summarily instead of being tried by a jury. In acting as they have done Lord Roberts and Sir Alfred Milner have combined statesmanship with humanity; but to bring the war to a close Lord Kitchener may find it necessary to adopt different methods.”

The annual Parliamentary Blue-book on the Metropolitan Police for the year 1899 is full of instructive facts and figures. The Metropolitan area covers 688 square miles, with a mean rateable value, for police purposes, of £42,557,150, and the total number of police available is 13,836, their pay amounting to £1,287,393. Under the head of principal offences we find a diminution of nearly 1,100 cases as against 1898. The number of burglaries and housebreakings has slightly diminished, while the value of property stolen is the lowest since 1890, showing a decrease of £37,282 as compared with 1898. On the other hand, in four out of the 21 murders committed in 1899 no one has been made amenable. In regard to the licensing of public carriages the most noteworthy statistics are those relating to the increase in the rejection of obsolete or worn-out vehicles, and the withdrawal of electrically propelled hackney carriages. Finally, out of 39,551 articles found in public carriages and deposited in the Lost Property Office, 19,804 were restored to their owners. The variety of these articles is, as usual, amazing, the fauna of the Lost Property Office, comprising dogs, cats, and several live birds, including an owl.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the American novelist and war correspondent, recently published in *Scribner’s Magazine* an article accusing the British officers imprisoned in the Model School at Pretoria of wanton mischief and ungentlemanly and unchivalrous conduct. A very effective and, as it seems to us, convincing rejoinder is made in Monday’s *Daily Mail* by another American war correspondent, Mr. Barnes, who has been for some months in Pretoria, and conducted—on his own account, unprompted by the military authorities—a careful investigation into the charges made by Mr. Davis. As regards the damage done to the school, Mr. Barnes declares that it could be covered by £20, that the caricatures on the walls were “of a harmless and wholesome nature,” while he was unable to find the slightest substantiation, though he met and questioned many Boer ladies point-blank, for the charge that the British officers had insulted women and girls as they passed the school.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
New Consols (2 $\frac{3}{4}$) were on Friday 98 $\frac{1}{2}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

LORD SALISBURY AT THE GUILDHALL.

CLEARLY Lord Salisbury has not lost the mordant wit which first attracted public attention to his great powers. His definition of the Concert of Europe as a force "which preserves peace and delays solutions" would have done credit to Lord Beaconsfield or M. Thiers, and has the merit besides of being exactly true. We cannot, however, honestly say that we are content either with the tone or the matter of his speech at the Guildhall. It had in it too much of that aristocratic calm or "cheery stoicism," as Carlyle described it, which, though it is often an indication of reserved strength, as often denotes lack of imagination and of conviction. If men judged from the speech alone, the year which has elapsed since Lord Salisbury last dined in the Guildhall might have been an ordinary year instead of one which tested the very sinews of the Empire. The speaker seemed to think that what the occurrences of the year principally proved was the courage of Englishmen, which was never in question except with literary pessimists, instead of the wonderful endurance and resourcefulness which, at a great expenditure both of the public fortune and of individual life, made up for all the failures in preparation and all the blunders committed by the War Office. Indeed, Lord Salisbury appears to doubt whether there were any blunders. He entirely ignored the facts that the strength of the enemy was utterly misjudged; that the preparations made had to be multiplied in extreme haste just *eightfold*; that the invaluable aid of the Colonies had not been anticipated, and was accepted at first with some reluctance; and that the effort that produced success, which we fully admit was a grand one, was made after, and not before, a series of disasters, and might not even then have succeeded but that the arrangements made by the War Office for leadership in the campaign were decisively overridden. We did not get Lord Roberts out of that cupboard. Indeed, the Premier not only credits the War Office with the successful despatch of a great army, which was nearly rivalled by the last effort of Spain to protect Cuba, and in any case was chiefly due to the Admiralty, but he calls the attacks on the Office "mainly fictitious," the necessary deduction from which is that the Office is not in need of much reform. Indeed, Lord Salisbury goes further, for, departing from a precedent hitherto held to be valuable, he questions the responsibility of the War Minister, and hints that it properly belongs to the soldiers, who hitherto have been declared, in Parliament at least, bound to obey that Minister's orders. Here are the words:—"You are only judging one side. By the very proper provisions of our traditional Constitution, it is not the business of Ministers to say a word in derogation of those who are, with them, serving under the Queen. But of course the question is somewhat altered if those who are serving with them under the Queen, or who sympathise with that service, are disposed to cast upon their fellow-servants an undue share of the responsibility for what has taken place. There are things said of the politicians; there are things said of the professionals. It is quite right that whatever is said should be carefully examined; but you must remember that the professionals are much more at liberty to speak than the politicians; and therefore you are doing injustice if you conclude, until the matter has been thoroughly threshed out, that the blame of anything which has been done mainly or entirely lies with them." We dare say that is quite true, and that the Horse Guards was as much to blame as the War Office for everything except this, that all legal power rested with the latter; but Lord Salisbury should see that when the public blames the War Office it includes its executive agents, and cries out, not against this or that man specially, but against the great officials and officers whose want of imagination and failure to make improvements admitted to be necessary in good time so nearly landed us in irreparable disaster. But for the explosion of public feeling and the new energy it infused into the Departments, trembling, if not for their heads, at least for their places, we might have lost South Africa, or rather, since that was impossible, have had to reconquer it as if it had never been ours. Lord Salisbury passes over all that with the

mere remark that too much discussion upon the causes of the confusion had better be avoided.

The speech was not much more satisfactory in its allusions either to the fresh strength to be given to the Empire or to the great muddle which exists in China. We heartily agree with Lord Salisbury that there is a new necessity for "strong defences," because we may be suddenly called upon for great efforts, as we were by Mr. Kruger and the Empress-Regent of China, and because in the present chaotic state of European opinion, which is feeling its power without quite feeling its responsibilities, the mature judgment of any Government is "liable to be superseded by the violent and vehement operations of mere ignorance"; but we cannot agree that to frame those defences is the whole of our present task. We need also to improve the striking instrument, the Regular Army, until it is always mobile, always well filled, and always guided by professionals who really understand their duties. Lord Salisbury seems to us to avoid that part of the work of reform too carefully; and, indeed, why should he not if he thinks success in shipping an army proof of its excellence, and is so entirely content with its supreme administrators? If we want troops abroad on a second occasion we shall, we dare say, find shipping enough; and if the War Office is so good now, why should it not without reform be even better then? It is almost the same in China. We have always heartily supported Lord Salisbury's policy in China, for we believe it to be our real bulwark against those maddest of enterprises, the effort to rule China or to accept a large share in her partition; but even we cannot be content to hear the policy of the "open door" defined as a policy of "Free-trade with the Treaty ports," or to be told that the integrity of China being conceded, and Free-trade with the Treaty ports, the issue of the problem does not much matter. We may surely, now that the regular Government of China has bombarded our Ambassador, seek for definite securities in the future, and for a right of trading such as we enjoy with France or Spain, unlimited by distinctions on a map. And we may surely, also, watch with some anxiety the issue of a convulsion which may change the Government of a fourth of the human race from an antiquated but strictly civil system into an efficient military despotism. Neither as regards the Army, nor as regards China, do things seem sufficiently important to the Premier; yet if they do not seem important to him, nothing will go right.

For the real danger in China and at home is that as time passes interest will die away, and things will be allowed to drift back into their accustomed position. In China no one has any experience of a movement like the present, and it may have endings of which we do not dream, and which, therefore, as yet cannot be discussed; but at home many among us have marked for fifty years projects of Army reform, and they have always ended in the same way. Reformers have agitated, the people have agreed, the authorities have seemed to yield, some utterly inadequate improvement has been made, and then everything has gone on much as before. The expense has always been great, the Army has always been insufficient, especially in artillery, the officers have always formed too much of a caste and too little of a profession, the guarantees for an adequate supply of munitions within these islands have always been imperfect, the War Office and the Horse Guards have always been divided by jealousies, and the political chiefs have always shrunk from the terrible labour and odium of radical reform. The latter is perhaps the worst fact of all, for unless history is a fable, it is the speciality of armies that they never can be organised or reorganised from within, but only from above, by Emperor, or General with a free hand, or irresistible Minister, or—in a single instance—Committee, with powers of life and death. At present there is a real chance of reform, for not only are the people anxious for it, and willing to make sacrifices, but the political class admit the necessity of change, and the administrative class is willing to set about the irksome task. Yet unless the Premier, who stands in the place of King, urgently presses on the work, adequate reform will never be. Mr. Brodrick may improve the training of the soldiers according to the admirable plan he is said to have accepted or sketched out, but the moment he touches the higher ranks he will be subjected to a storm of criticism,

professional and amateur, the silent deadly resistance of "the interests" will begin, and the House of Commons will boil over with angry debates as to the claims of classes which ought in the presence of a national need to be no more regarded than the claims of classes ruined by the imposition of a new tax or the abolition of an old monopoly. They should be pitied, passed over, and forgotten. The reform will need more than a reforming Minister. It will require the whole energy of a strong Premier, and though we believe, from many recent incidents in the conduct of foreign affairs, that Lord Salisbury, if he will only attend, possesses the needed energy, we cannot honestly say that we find sufficient proof of it in his speech at the Guildhall.

A SOUTH AFRICAN SESSION.

THERE will be much and bitter debating in this South African Session. It is all very well to say that it is summoned to vote some money on account, and that when the money is voted Members will disperse; but a Parliament once assembled, and especially a new Parliament, is pretty sure to do something which will reveal at once its quality and its power. The new Members, for one thing, will want to display themselves, and among the new Members there may be a new man. Moreover, the imperative topic of the Session is by no means non-contentious. The country has, it is true, settled finally that the war in South Africa was justifiable; that Dutch domination in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State must be ended whatever the expenditure of money, life, or energy the ending may cost; and that South Africa is to remain British; but there are many subsidiary questions upon which opinion is still strongly divided. The conduct of the war in its later phases is sure to be reviewed, and much angry criticism will be offered, and doubtless repelled, as to the alleged deficiencies in supply. Though, too, it may be possible, it will be very difficult to avoid assurances as to the manner in which the new States are to be governed; and whatever the method adopted, whether that of temporary military occupation, or government through the High Commissioner, or government by a restricted franchise, it is certain to call forth a chorus of more or less reasonable objections. There will, too, be a severe financial struggle. If Sir Michael Hicks-Beach asks for many millions, as he must, the cost of withdrawing the troops being almost as great as the cost of sending them out, and the later operations being, as he admitted at Bristol on Tuesday, very costly, he will be compelled to give some hint as to the relief which he expects from the taxation of the Transvaal. The country has, we think, decided, quite justly, that the mining industry in the Transvaal should pay part of the expenses of the war, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach heartily endorses that decision; but what part has not been settled, even in thought, nor has the mining interest yet been heard upon the other side. It is sure to have much to say for itself, as any one may see who takes the trouble to read the speech upon the subject delivered last week by Mr. J. B. Robinson to the shareholders in his bank, and reported textually in the *Economist* of last Saturday. Let no one interested in the fair settlement of this question shirk that address on account of its great length. We disagree utterly with Mr. Robinson's conclusion, and dislike the tone of veiled menace in which he concludes—all South Africans, we observe, of all parties always think that threatening is effective rhetoric—but it is impossible to deny that the speech is statesmanlike and will be a storehouse of argument for those who accept its point of view. The substance of it is that every million taken from the Transvaal to aid the British Treasury is a million taken from the fund which is to develop prosperity, and thereby to produce for Great Britain most profitable trade. If the mines are taxed, says Mr. Robinson, the second-rate mines will never be worked, and the working of the second-rate mines would double the prosperity of the country, and especially would increase the demand for labour, and therefore the rate of wages. The answer to that argument is, of course, that it is perfectly sound, but that it is equally sound as regards any millions taken from the British taxpayer, and that consequently if both caused the war, and both

benefit by its result, both should bear a fair proportion of its cost. The answer will, we doubt not, triumph over the objection, but there will be fierce debating over it. The capitalists will fight hard for their properties, their position differing from that of brewers and other manufacturers in this, that the price of gold cannot be at once raised upon the consumer, and they will be aided by the silent feeling of many philanthropists that it is good for John Bull when he goes to war to pay the whole of the bill. Otherwise, being convinced by his history that he will always win, he may go to war with too light a heart.

There remains what we think will prove the greatest subject of all, viz., the proper treatment for Boers who still resist. Upon this subject there can be little doubt the average British elector is under the influence of a keen feeling of disappointment. He expected that when the Boer was beaten he would submit and be cheerful, and when he finds that his beaten enemy prefers fighting a little longer he is fretted out of his usual good humour. The feeling is natural enough. It is highly exasperating to read day after day lists of good men killed in a struggle which can have but one end, and to see the advent of beneficent peace, in which enemies and friends are all to share, prevented by explosions of what Englishmen think pure "cussedness." The disposition, therefore, is to ask whether, as war has not brought peace, and lenity has not brought peace, peace might not be obtained through what, in the momentary temper of the people, is esteemed a just severity. Bitterness is increased, too, by the fact, which is, we fear, undoubted, that a Boer, like a Soudanese, is very often "shamming when he's dead," and that his respect for his promise to fight no more is at the best imperfect. The soldiers are, therefore, adjured to be severe, to treat the Boers as mere rebels, to burn their farmsteads when they have broken their word, and generally to secure submission by means of terror. This, we say, is the temper of the majority; but, on the other hand, it offends a nearly equal number. The English, though capable of terrible sternness on occasion, are never cruel, they dislike exceedingly to destroy the "plant" of civilisation by burning the houses and workshops of white men, and they are never quite convinced that treason, unless accompanied by murder, deserves death. They cannot endure the notion of desolating a province in order to make it obey. There will therefore be fierce debating on this subject also, accompanied by angry charges, as angrily repelled, until at last some compromise is arrived at, probably the wise one that as the Transvaal and the Orange Free State have been annexed, their government, including the treatment of Boers still in arms, shall be left to the civil power, that is, in practice, to Sir Alfred Milner. He knows what plan will be most effective; he feels every day, and said recently, that rebellion in arms cannot be tolerated; and he is at the same time aware that if South Africa is to prosper British and Dutch must be so far reconciled as to be able to live in the same town in peace and quietness. We are not sentimental on that subject, but we have read some history, and know that Bretons after the war in La Vendée became good Frenchmen. Catholics and Protestants do not love one another in Belfast to any great extent, but still Belfast prospers, and the difference between Dutch and English in Africa, even if it is as deep as that between Catholics and Protestants, is not so eternally incurable.

We suppose the Government will be able to keep out other subjects of discussion, for the one which seems imperative, if there is a vote of money for China, will, we think, be avoided generally by all parties alike. Opinion is still too fluid for angry debating. Nobody wants to conquer China. Nobody wants to go out of China without a reasonable hope that the outrages which have marked the past will never be repeated. Nobody, from Lord Salisbury downwards, has any special plan which he thinks certain to coerce the Empress-Regent, and consequently no one will be very eager to begin debate. It may be before it ends a rather turbulent Session, for it is a special note of South African politics that men whom they interest quarrel fiercely about them; but it will be a South African Session, and little else.

LORD ROSEBERY AND THE "IMPERIAL LIBERALS."

THE Imperial Liberal Council has celebrated its successes at the General Election by a banquet. The eminent politicians who furnished the after-dinner speeches had a difficult part to play. They had to be Ministerialist in the matter of policy, and anti-Ministerialist in the matter of person. If they failed in the first point, where would be their Imperialism? If they failed in the second point, where would be their Liberalism? On the whole, they acquitted themselves well. If now and again the guests might have imagined themselves listening to Mr. Powell Williams, they were soon reassured by some such happy phrase as Mr. Cecil Harmsworth's reference to "the infamous campaign conducted by the Secretary of State for the Colonies." (To prevent misapprehension, we hasten to add that the campaign in question was conducted in Great Britain, not in South Africa.) Speaking generally, however, the references made to the Government were of the mildest possible type. Lord Brassey is quite pained by the theory that "the first and only duty of an Opposition is to oppose." Surely, he pleads, they are wrong who say this. The duty of an Opposition is of quite another complexion. It is to help in every way to promote the good government of the country. Consequently, when the leadership of the Liberal party is in bad hands, as, according to Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, it certainly is at this moment, the duty of the Opposition is to give this help "by silent support of the policy of the Government. They also serve who only stand and wait." A bad Opposition, Lord Brassey explains, scrambles for the loaves and fishes; a good Opposition waits until they fall into its mouth. The Imperial Liberals are always ready, always on the watch, but they are never impatient, they never snatch at office, or seek to anticipate the summons which the country is certain to address to them one of these days.

It is essential to political success that the party which seeks it should have a leader like-minded with itself. As we read Lord Brassey's description of the ideal Liberal party it was impossible not to recognise in it an equally accurate description of the ideal Liberal leader. Lord Rosebery has realised as clearly as Lord Brassey that they also serve who only stand and wait. He too knows when to promote the good government of the country by criticism and suggestion, and when to help Ministers by silent support. Why, then, is not Lord Rosebery leading the Opposition at this moment? For the answer to this question we must turn to Dr. Heber Hart. Lord Rosebery, he tells us, will lead the Liberals when the Liberals show themselves worthy of him. This is something like plain speaking. A less candid friend might have been tempted to enlarge upon the qualifications required in a leader, and then to show how these qualifications are united in Lord Rosebery. Dr. Heber Hart knows better. He sees that the reason why Lord Rosebery does not lead the Liberals is that the Liberals do not deserve to be led by him. His evident wish was that each diner should go home in a temper of chastened introspection, and ask himself ere he slept: "What must I do to make myself worthy of Lord Rosebery? What are the shortcomings in me which compel him to stand aloof from the party which yearns for his return?" None of the other speakers expressed himself to so much purpose as Dr. Heber Hart. By his side Lord Brassey and Mr. Perks were commonplace. Lord Brassey was probably hampered by his desire to make himself pleasant all round. He will not allow for a moment that the Liberal party are driven to make Lord Rosebery their leader by any lack of the necessary qualifications elsewhere. "We," he says boldly, "can find leaders whom we trust." It is no question of Hobson's choice. There are other "steady and consistent Liberals" who are also "eminent for intellectual power." But somehow all their steadiness, all their consistency, all their intellectual power, do not quite fit them to fill the vacant place. "The union of all sections of Liberals can be best accomplished under Lord Rosebery."

We shall be interested in noting how Lord Rosebery receives this encouraging assurance. The invitation has quite an Advent ring about it. A great political party, a party which for years ruled England and thought that

it would go on ruling England for many more years, implores Lord Rosebery to rescue it from something like annihilation. But as yet Lord Rosebery has turned a deaf ear to its cry. The Deliverer will not listen, and Dr. Heber Hart's explanation of his indifference is probably the true one. He does not think the Liberal party worth leading. He wants, it may be, to command an army, but he has no taste for the work of creating an army. He is a fair-weather pilot, not "a daring pilot in extremity." When Dr. Heber Hart preaches to the Liberals that they must show themselves worthy of Lord Rosebery, what does this mean but that it is the party that must do the work, and Lord Rosebery that must have the glory? The general under whom a section of the Opposition are so anxious to range themselves has no taste for the long uphill task that lies before any politician who undertakes to lead to victory a defeated and discredited party. Leadership to Lord Rosebery—at least, so we are tempted to think—means the command of a trained and disciplined army, an army that can "go anywhere and do anything." But armies such as this have to be made. They do not grow up of themselves. They are knocked into shape by the experience that comes of frequent reverses and occasional victories, and by seeing how under competent guidance the reverses become fewer and the victories more numerous. Dr. Heber Hart has a better notion of what has to be done than any other speaker at Monday's dinner, for he does see that the faults that have brought the Liberal host into its present condition are faults belonging to the rank-and-file. They do not deserve that Lord Rosebery should lead them, and if they wish him to do so they must first show him that they are more worthy of his guidance than he has hitherto thought them.

But though Dr. Hart does see this much, he does not see the further truth that the improvement of which the Liberal army stands in such urgent need must be effected under a leader, not in the absence of a leader. If the Duke of Wellington had put off his journey to Spain until there was an army fit for him to command, the Peninsular War would have had a different ending. If all that the Liberal party needed were to be knocked into shape, the best advice that could be given to Lord Rosebery would be to take the command without a day's delay. Until the party is properly led it cannot hope to possess the qualities which can alone transform it from a mob into an army. Before it can do anything effectual either in Parliament or in the country its members must be trained to obey orders, to act in concert, to submit to the control of leaders who can see further, and judge affairs with better materials and more wisdom, than the mass of those who follow them. The paramount need of the Opposition is discipline, and discipline can only be imposed on men who have lost the habit of obedience by a leader who is on the spot and gives his whole time and strength to the task. Still, this is not the only view of the situation that can be taken, and we do not think that it is the view that Lord Rosebery himself will be likely to take. There have been armies before now which not even a Cromwell or a Napoleon could have made into a fighting force. They were too anxious to attack one another to have any energy to spare for an attack on the common enemy. This is precisely the case with the Opposition at this moment. The speeches at the Hotel Cecil are evidence of it. Now and again there was in them some semblance of criticism of the Government, but the really hard words were reserved for the Liberals who are not in sympathy with the Imperial Liberal Council. Their "disloyal action," their "open sympathy with the enemies of their country," their want of "an intelligent and enlarged patriotism," were the theme of almost every orator. When to these radical differences on the question of the hour, and the proper temper in which that question should be handled, are added the personal differences which exist among the occupants of the Front Opposition Bench, we have no difficulty in understanding Lord Rosebery's attitude. While party politics and Imperial politics are what they are his assumption of the leadership could only make the Liberal position worse than it is already. The Imperialist section has done its best to make the Liberal schism patent and permanent; we shall be surprised if it finds Lord Rosebery disposed to aid the effort by taking

the command of a fraction of a party which can never succeed except as a unit.

RITUALISM AND PROSECUTION.

RECENT events seem to show that we are on the eve of another dreary period of Church controversy, in which Ritualism and the civil law, the authority of the Bishops and the liberty of the individual conscience, comprehensiveness and purity of discipline, will be the old and well-remembered watchwords. Steps have been taken within the last week to prosecute three East End clergymen, one of whom is a well-known philanthropist, for alleged contravention of the canons of Church discipline in the ceremonial use of incense and the mode of celebrating Holy Communion. Meantime the ubiquitous Mr. Kensit, as we learn from the newspapers, has flown to the East End on the first hint of prosecution, and has been disturbing a meeting in Shoreditch addressed by the Bishop of Stepney. Simultaneously with this attempt to revive an old crusade, the Archdeacons of London and Middlesex have sent to the *Times* a letter addressed to the Bishop of London, beseeching him to discountenance the series of prosecutions and pointing out the fatal unwisdom of any violent course. With the view expressed in this letter we are in the fullest agreement, and we sincerely trust that it will approve itself to the Bishops assembled this week in conclave at Lambeth. The Archdeacons dissociate themselves from any sympathy with the abuses which have made the threatened proceedings possible. They point out that the experience of the last thirty years tends to show that prosecution aggravates the very evils it is intended to cure. It gives notoriety to people who may be merely foolish, it inevitably attracts popular sympathy to the wrongdoer's side, it creates a disputatious and uncharitable atmosphere in the Church which prevents any real settlement of differences by a clear statement of their basis, and it strikes a severe blow at the all-embracing and catholic character of the Church of England which to many is its most precious attribute. "We think the disobedience of a few," the Archdeacons write, "a less evil than a general time of excitement, recrimination, and the possibility of steps hastily taken and repented at leisure. We are aware of the peculiar and inherited difficulties of the Church of England, and we are hopeful that by patience, forbearance, and a general consent brought about by reasonable discussion, a way out of these difficulties may ere long be discovered." Meanwhile, to further these great ends, they desire that the Bishop of London should use his veto to stop the proposed prosecutions.

The legal significance of this veto may be briefly stated, as it is a subject on which there is considerable popular confusion. Under the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874, the prosecution must be instituted by the complaint of three parishioners, upon which the Bishop has three courses open. He may quash proceedings by stating in writing his opinion that the case should go no further; he may pronounce judgment by consent; or he may transmit the whole matter to the secular Courts. The present prosecutions, we understand, are not to be conducted under this Act, probably because the three parishioners were not forthcoming, but under the Church Discipline Act of 1840. In this latter case the initial complaint may come from one person, who need not be a parishioner; and the same three courses are open to the Bishop, with a few minor differences, as under the Act of 1874,—veto, judgment by consent, or a reference to the civil Courts. The *Times* raises the question whether or not the Bishop possesses a veto under the Act of 1840, and the matter is not perfectly clear, for Section VII. is awkwardly worded; but some such veto may be implied from the context. The Commission which the Bishop appoints decides on the *prima-facie* evidence, and then the Bishop may declare for or against the wisdom of further proceedings. It is to this right of veto that the Archdeacons' letter appeals. The legal right of prosecution resides in the Bishop; it lies in his discretion to set the machinery of the law in motion.

We join with the Archdeacons in hoping that the Bishop of London and the episcopate generally will discourage such prosecutions. It is not a question of High Church or Low Church, or any theory of doctrine in Church

government. We ourselves have no sympathy with Ritualist extravagances, and though in certain forms Ritualism has its meaning, there is much mumming and millinery which is beyond the comprehension of any sensible man. We perfectly understand that many honest Churchmen feel indignant at what they believe to be an insidious attempt to sap the foundations of their Church, and clamour for punishment and repression. We understand and sympathise with such an attitude; but we repeat that to invoke the powers of the law is not only bad policy for their own party, but a ruinous precedent for the Church as a whole. We have often given our reasons for this view, and we may enumerate them again. In the first place, the Church of England in its historical character is based on a compromise, and it owes its significance as a national Church to its power of including many who differ among themselves on inessential points, and unite on certain cardinal doctrines of theology and Church government. Much liberty of opinion within certain plain bounds has always been its aim, and it has given room within its walls for many wide differences and opposite tempers of mind. It was based not on an isolated doctrine; it was not born in a revolt; but it was the slow growth of years in conformity with the character of the nation, absorbing new ideas, adding to its territory, but keeping always in the last resort an unalterable standard of faith. If we narrow these limits and make it the Church of a party, then we lose our birthright. It is right that purity should come before peace, but let us beware lest this purity should be of so rigid and narrow a type as to make peace for the future impossible. Again, we must consider not only the nature of our Church, but the characteristics of our people. It is a much-abused argument, used often only to excuse weakness and defend scandals, but in a question of this sort it is an argument which demands consideration. Any hint of persecution will raise foolish men to the rank of martyrs, and secure them a devoted following, when, had they been left alone, their follies would have reaped their natural harvest of oblivion. Did the prosecutions of the "seventies" in any way further the cause of the moderates? It is a significant fact that in the present affair the various Protestant societies, the official opponents of the extremists, are holding aloof, for they doubtless know how little such action can further the cause they have at heart. The ordinary churchgoer, who hates extremes in ritual, will inevitably sympathise with the extremist if there is any hint of persecution, for his attitude to the clergy is still respectful, and while he may dislike their doings, he none the less dislikes outside interference. That many good men have been exasperated beyond endurance by certain abuses is no doubt true, and all must desire to see some check placed upon ritualistic innovations. But let the controlling power come from within, let the supervision be ecclesiastical, and let not a difficult question be precipitated to an unwise and violent climax. An abuse is an abuse and should be corrected, and some sort of supervision is certainly desirable. The Bishops can do much if they please. They can act as the new Bishop of Liverpool is doing, and in churches where ritual is carried to an offensive height they can refuse to preach or license assistant clergy. There are a thousand ways in which ecclesiastical supervision may be exercised. Doubtless they irritate the extreme party more than prosecutions, but that after all is not our concern. We wish the Church to reform its own abuses within itself, to keep its bounds at the same time as wide as possible, and to refrain from giving its foolish members the honour of public prosecution.

It is very easy to be extreme and consistent. It is much harder to show that tact and forbearance and inconsistency which make up practical wisdom. In certain institutions a sweeping policy may do good; but the Church is an organism so entirely by itself that its affairs can be managed by no narrow rule-of-thumb. There is a doctrine which we forget too readily in our rapid generation, that only that survives which has in it some element of eternal truth. If ritualistic extravagances appeal to a necessary and neglected element in the religious consciousness of England, which we do not for a moment believe, then they will stay whatever our efforts to prevent them. If not, let us neglect them, or control them only so far as to allow the ordinary man to worship in peace, and they

will assuredly disappear. In the difficult region of spiritual things a kind of *laissez-faire* seems to us the truest wisdom.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD ELECTIONS.

IN regard to the elections for the London School Board, which are to take place on the 29th inst., it is not possible for us to advocate the indiscriminating support by the ratepayers of either party's "ticket." The Progressives have been in a majority on the retiring Board. In relation to what can be called matters of principle they appear to have acted sensibly and equitably, with one exception. It is impossible to read Sir Charles Elliott's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for October and come to any other conclusion. That much-respected Indian ex-official and member of the Moderate party on the Board, who by the wise assent of the Progressives has occupied the position of its Chancellor of the Exchequer, went carefully into the causes of the considerable rise in annual expenditure—some £430,000—which has taken place since 1897. He affirmed that £300,000 of that increase was due to causes unavoidable by the Board, and which would have operated equally if the Moderates had been in power. These were such circumstances as the increase in the ordinary child population of school age, the addition by Act of Parliament to the responsibilities of the Board of classes of unfortunate children—blind, deaf, crippled, mentally defective, and epileptic—who previously were in the charge of the Guardians, and the enhanced cost of building. In respect of the remaining £130,000 of added annual expenditure, £100,000, in the opinion of Sir C. Elliott, was to be assigned to features of policy, in which the Progressives had not acted alone, and as to which there was a justification either of virtual necessity, or at least of clear expediency, for the line taken by the Board. These points included an addition to the number of certificated teachers, which was required to ensure a reasonable amount of competent attention being paid to the individual members of each class; an increase in the scale of pay for the class-teachers, as to which Sir C. Elliott said that some Moderates doubted if it went far enough; and a growth of the amount of instruction in cookery and laundry work for girls and in woodwork for boys. This last development is of a kind which cannot fail to command the approval of all practical educationists. There remained some £20,000 or £30,000, in regard to which Sir C. Elliott was apparently of opinion that by rigid economy in the treatment of requisitions for library books, drawing-class materials, kindergarten apparatus, and school furniture, a considerable proportion might perhaps have been saved. Such a sum is not to be despised, but it would not come to more than, say, half-a-farthing in the pound in the School Board rate, and we gather that even if a larger estimate be made of possibly unnecessary outlay, including that involved in the abolition of fees in the evening continuation schools, and the teaching of some subjects there for which there appears to be only a very small demand, a halfpenny in the pound would cover all the saving in the rate which might have been made or could be looked for. We notice, indeed, that the Moderate candidates for Westminster in their address, besides touching on the two points just alluded to in relation to the evening schools, express the view that "the steady increase in the Board's expenditure is owing to the fact that nothing is done to keep the spending Committees within their own estimates," and promise, if elected, to "promote a sounder financial system." That would certainly seem desirable, if there is the laxity of control indicated by Major Skinner and his fellow-candidates; but in view of Sir C. Elliott's explanation of the great bulk of the increase in the annual expenditure, the hopes of economy suggested by the sentence we have quoted from their address seem pitched somewhat too high.

We are very far from wishing to make light of the need for thrifty administration in the work of the School Board. There are so many branches of that work in connection with which stinting would be injurious, there are so many ratepayers to whom the saving of a mite in the pound would mean a very sensible alleviation of crushing

burdens, that there is every reason why the most business-like principles should rule in every department of the Board's activities. We imagine that it is broadly true that Moderate candidates can be trusted with more confidence than Progressives to bestir themselves, if elected, to see that a pound is never spent when seventeen and sixpence would meet every reasonable requirement. No Moderate that ever was born would have "rejoiced" with Mr. Stewart Headlam at the School Board meeting the other day over the fact that twenty-one young German clerks were learning the English language *gratis* at an evening continuation school. The thing is entirely absurd. On the other hand, there is undoubtedly, as Sir C. Elliott pointed out, and as every one who has had anything to do with electioneering in this connection knows very well, a numerous class of persons whose one idea is that the rates are too heavy, and ought to be kept down, and to whom it never occurs to ask whether, after all, the School Board expenditure does not, on the whole, bring in corresponding money's worth to the community. To these persons it would never occur to consider, as, in our judgment, it ought to be considered, whether any particular sum spent on evening continuation schools may not be worth spending, not because the parents of the children benefited have a claim on the ratepayers, which they very possibly have not, but in order to prevent the loss to the community of that precious article, an improved citizen, which the expenditure of many previous years' schooling has only partially secured. It is at least conceivable that, in the first instance at any rate, it may be worth while to spend money on, so to say, creating the demand for rational occupation, developing the intelligence, and steadying the character, during the evenings of the years from fourteen to twenty. Such questions as these seem to demand attention from thoughtful citizens, in view of "Hooliganism" on one side, and the notorious want of adaptability on the part of many of our working people, as compared with those of the United States, on the other. They bear both on the question of evening continuation schools and on that of the higher elementary schools, concerning which there is unfortunately a good deal of uncertainty as to the law at the present moment, an uncertainty that can only be thoroughly and satisfactorily cleared up, as the Duke of Devonshire lately pointed out, by Parliament facing the subject of educational reorganisation.

We have said that in matters of principle, apart from matters of administrative detail, there is only one point on which the expiring School Board has what seems an unsatisfactory record. That is its attitude towards voluntary schools. We are aware that there is some difference of opinion on this question, but it seems to us that the balance of probability is in support of the view that the Progressive majority, in a considerable number of cases, have exhibited an unfriendly temper, by building new Board-schools, or agitating for them, in positions where they would needlessly compete with existing denominational schools. Mr. Asquith touched on this subject in his speech in Marylebone on Monday, but even he had to acknowledge that out of seven thousand school places to the creation of which, in the positions proposed by the Board, objection had been raised by the Moderates, some two thousand were actually disallowed by the Board of Education. A comparatively small amount of action of the kind complained of is enough to produce a considerable amount of inconvenience, and even loss, to those whose private educational efforts have deserved well of the State, and a very much larger amount of justifiable anxiety and misgiving. On this question it is probable that there are many shades and degrees of feeling among the Progressives, and that it would be fair to say of some, and quite unfair to say of others of them, that if they had their way they would starve or crush out all the voluntary schools. However that may be, it is perfectly clear that alike in the interests of religious education and in that of preventing an alarming increase of the rates, unfair treatment of the voluntary schools ought to be steadily discouraged. On the whole, the moral seems to be much as it was in the case of the municipal elections the other day, that the ratepayers should take trouble to make up their minds what they care for most in regard to the principal points of School Board administration, and then ascertain which of the

candidates are most likely to put their views in force. Practically, it may often happen that they will find it the best plan to vote for candidates on both "tickets." But by all means let them show, by voting, that they really care for the good administration of the schools of this city of five million souls.

THE EYESIGHT OF SAVAGES.

THAT men who can see well will learn to shoot better than men who do not see well is a fact so patent that we do not wonder Sir Redvers Buller's remark about the superior eyesight of the Boers attracted public attention. He thinks, it is said, that the Boer has the "eyesight of the savage," and sees two miles further than the Englishman, and of course that fact, if it is proved, furnishes a sufficient explanation of many British mishaps in the South African Campaign, and accounts for losses of life which might otherwise be attributed to a reckless disregard of necessary precautions. But we do not quite understand the deduction so generally drawn from Sir Redvers's statement that savage eyesight is naturally better than the eyesight of civilised men. Why should it be better? There is no difference of structure in the eyeball, and the difference in health is rather in favour of the civilised man. The latter, no doubt, very often loses something of the keenness of his sight from much reading and the use of artificial light, but Tommy Atkins is no philosopher, reads little more than the savage, and burns no midnight oil. The truth is the Boer, like the savage, habitually trains his eye, as the sailor does, to look into the far distance, and acquires from that training, and the habit of close attention to all signs of movement on the part of his quarry, a power of quick perception which seems to those without it almost miraculous. He sees game or an enemy minutes before Tommy can, just as a sailor sees a sail or a smoke minutes before a landsman can, but there is no difference of original or natural powers. Tommy could be trained, if we took sufficient trouble to train him and allowed sufficient time, just as well as the Boer, and very often is trained when he is a gamekeeper, or in any other way dependent upon the acuteness of his sight. Let any one who doubts this just take a walk with an ornithologist, and remark what the latter sees, and at what distance, when compared with himself.

The matter is of some interest, not only because the private soldier has to be taught to shoot as well as any enemy, but because it bears upon the very large question whether civilisation necessarily diminishes the physical powers of the average human being. If it does, that is a great drawback to civilisation, because it precludes the hope of man ever developing a kind of aristocracy with the powers both of body and mind increased to a point far beyond present experience. That is the dream, the rather lofty dream as it seems to us, of the dons who foster athletics as well as reading in their pupils; but if the reading spoils physical as much as it develops mental power, that is a dream impossible of realisation. But does study necessarily have the effect of spoiling sinews? That it does so is a very natural idea, because the savage seems so much more agile, and is besides trained by his mode of life, which the civilised man is not; but we do not know that there is any solid evidence for the notion. The "big, black, bounding beggar," as Rudyard Kipling called him, can outrun the citizen, or outwalk him in a long march, or throw him in a wrestle for life, but the trained runner will outstrip the savage, the gamekeeper will walk with him till he drops from fatigue, and the Cumberland wrestler will like nothing better than to throw him over his head. The whole difference is that the savage is always, from the habits of his life, in a condition which the citizen only reaches after weeks of careful training have restored him to the full exercise of his natural powers. Just give a savage who has never been accustomed to carry weight, say a Red Indian of the North American forest, the weight to carry under which the British soldier habitually marches, and see which of them will give in first, though the savage has even then the advantage of having walked every day to his full power all his life. If it were not so, man as an animal would differ from all other animals, for it is notorious that no wild horse can keep pace with a racer, and no wild dog can escape a hound. The Kanaka, it is true, of the South Seas can usually swim much farther than any civilised

man, but then what civilised man passes half his life in swimming in water just warm enough to give his lungs fair play? There is, we admit, one faculty in which the savage appears hopelessly to distance his rival. He retains, or appears to retain, the superior sense of smell, which belongs to so many animals, or perhaps, in different degrees, to all, detecting, for example, the odour of water or of land from a great distance; but then smell is the one sense which the civilised man, it may be from an instinct of self-defence, never cultivates at all, but permits to die unused. It is of course possible that in a clear, dry air like that of South Africa the eye acquires a certain keenness which is wanting to the eye used for generations to a humid atmosphere; but that, if it occurs, is not due to any defect imposed by the conditions of civilisation. It is more like the extra thickness of skull which enables the negro to resist the direct rays of an African sun without discomposure or brain disease.

The truth is, we believe, that civilised man when cultivated up to a certain point acquires a latent spite against civilisation, as essentially based upon a system of rather wearisome restrictions. He longs for more freedom, or as he calls it, simplicity of life, and being half inclined to revert to savagery, wishes to credit the savage with all the attractiveness he can. So strong was this feeling in the last century that the "state of Nature," which is really the state of the brutes, was represented through an entire literature as worthy of admiration. Serious thinkers, in France especially, actually believed in the "noble" savage, and even in some instances ventured to paint him as the "gentlest" of human beings. He is, as a matter of fact, neither gentle nor noble. Allowing, of course, for a very few individual exceptions, he is more capricious, revengeful, lustful, and cruel than the lowest of the civilised tribes, with the addition of a callousness like that of the Fiji King Thakombau, who used to launch his new war-boats by running them to the water over the bodies of his slaves, whom the weight of the boats disembowelled as they passed. He is usually treacherous, partly, it may be, from incapacity for continuous thought, and always greedy, while he is almost without exception more inclined to drunkenness than the least abstinent of the civilised races. As to his mental qualities, he makes little or no advance in thousands of years, witness the Ethiopian, or the negro on the banks of the Niger, or the Australian aborigine, while his physical qualities are certainly not beyond those of even semi-civilised men. A Turkish "hamal" will carry double the load of an Ashanti porter. That he often possesses courage is undeniable, but the moment his superstition is stirred he becomes an abject coward, a fact admitted even by Mr. Rider Haggard, who has done for the Zulus at least as much as Fenimore Cooper has done for the Red Indians of North America, which latter, be it remembered, delighted in nothing so much as the torture of their captives. Neither perfect savagery nor the wildest life in the woods has made "noble" persons of either the "Diggers" of California or the Veddahs of Ceylon, the two tribes in which, if savagery develops powers, they should be developed to the last degree. That the worst savages ought to be justly treated is our creed, and that something may be made of the majority, and something fine of a few, we firmly believe; but it can only be done by the discipline, preferentially military discipline, which makes of self-control an instinctive habit, and supplies in part the deficiencies left by ages of the "noble" savage life. The more the savage is civilised out of savagery by a wise and kindly, yet irresistible, discipline, the wiser and the better and the braver he becomes, and we doubt greatly, if he does not drink, whether he pays for his advance in much loss of his physical vigour or his animal faculties. The evidence is against us on one point—the sense of smell—but before we accept the present notion about savage eyesight we should like to test that of a dozen Zulus against that of a dozen English sailors in the same dry air.

THE TYRANNY OF CORRESPONDENCE.

THE classic age of letter-writing, like that of chivalry, is gone, although no Burke has been found yet to utter its splendid funeral oration. It is of course true that more letters are written every day in England now than were written every year a century ago, even taking into consideration the difference in population. But there are letters and letters.

Correspondence on business, hurried notes containing invitations to dinner or acceptances thereof,—these are the missives which fill the bag of the letter-carrier. No, there is one kind of correspondence that, even in our days of telephones and phonographs, is immortal. The love-letter, we presume, still holds its sway; and if we are to judge from the revelations of breach of promise cases, is as full of sugary sentimentalism as in the days of Lydia Languish. But the letter as it has passed into literature, the letter whose highest claim to be treated as art is that it conceals art, the letter as written by William Cowper, or Oliver Goldsmith, or Horace Walpole, or Miss Burney—that charming epistle intended only for the affectionate perusal of friends, and yet of such value to the historian of life and manners—shall we say that it has disappeared from the busy modern world, killed by the “railway and the steamship and the thoughts that shake mankind”? At least it is now but a rare product, a fragile flower scarcely able to maintain itself in our altered social soil.

Correspondence from being a cherished art and solace has in our day tended to become what is called in slang a “grind.” It is “snippety,” like the cheap newspapers, a sort of “bits” or “cuts,” giving hints which require to be filled out, only that the receiver has hardly time for that mental process. Doubtless there are here and there quiet persons who still cherish the implied conviction of White of Selborne, that the budding of a new flower, or the spring arrival of another bird from the south, is as important an event as the Anglo-German agreement or the Presidential Election, but the recent books on these themes, interesting as some of them are, will all be forgotten while our still distant ancestors are reading the correspondence of the Selborne parson. Truth to tell, a great deal of our letter-writing is boredom, the source of irritation and weariness to those who are called on to undertake it. We are reminded of this by the somewhat pathetic letter from Mr. Herbert Spencer, printed in the *New York Journal*, in which the philosopher begs to be excused from replying to correspondents on the ground that in his declining years he has no time or energy for writing on all manner of difficult subjects to all the persons who either genuinely desire enlightenment or who (as is more probable) wish to “draw” an eminent thinker and perhaps preserve his autograph in their collection.

It is one of the misfortunes of the modern rapid transmission of news and thought that, while destroying the old leisure which made the artistic letter possible, it has made thousands of people acquainted with the great writers of our time in a hurried, superficial kind of way, creating a morbid desire for controverting what are supposed to be their views, or for suggesting to them points which they may not have considered, and which are probably utterly irrelevant. Not a living writer but has had experience of this “crank.” Even to reply to him in the celebrated words of Dr. Johnson, “Sir, I have given you arguments, I cannot provide you with an understanding,” costs pen, ink, and paper, and usually a postage stamp, which the correspondent rarely furnishes. But to enter on a serious campaign of letter-writing with all and sundry costs a loss of time, an expenditure of energy, and, in some cases, a friction of the nervous system which no statistics can adequately express. This tyranny of correspondence is, it may be urged, a condition of intellectual greatness; it is one of the penalties a great writer has to pay. But it might surely be assumed that the writer has said what he has to say in his book; that is what he wrote it for, and if he never thought of some hint or argument which his correspondent is good enough to suggest to him, he is not quite the great writer he is taken for. In any case, his shortcomings are sure to be pointed out by a critic of his own calibre in a work which he can quietly study in his library free from the intrusion of bores and spies. A still worse form of this tyranny which the cheap postal system has made possible is the letter which demands one’s views of particular subjects with which he does not profess, and never has professed, to deal. A man of letters uses tobacco, or drinks old port, or walks ten miles a day, or reads sensational novels, and instantly hundreds of persons who have heard of the fact bombard him with letters asking the reason why. One imagines that there are some writers who do not venerate the memory of Rowland Hill.

But there is, let it be frankly admitted, another side to this question of correspondence, as there is to nearly every fact in this imperfect world. You are rendered almost insane by the click, click of the telephone, and are willing to curse its inventor, and to subscribe to a fund for its destruction. But next door some father may be blessing this very instrument for instantaneous news of his dying child. The same postbag which contains the deadly missive of the bore may also hold the well-considered and intelligent thanks of the serious student; and what more grateful message for the writer than that? The literary review can never be quite so delightful as the personal communication from a student who takes the trouble to tell you how much he owes to you. Think what Goethe’s letter to Carlyle must have meant amid all the dull, unenlightened chatter of the English reviews. Even the “trivial fond records” of the average domestic letter constitute an important part of one’s life. The tendency in our time is to scattering. Families do not live in the old-fashioned solidarity, but go to the ends of the earth, break up, separate far and wide. Science, which has produced this new exodus, has also in part provided that, if bodily separation there must be, there shall at least be no separation of mind. The ship which bears the emigrant from his old home also bears the letters from the father and mother, the old friends, and so the continuity of life is maintained, the threads of human association are kept together. Not a few of these letters, rough and broken as they are, are veritable human documents; if we could collect them, we might find that their contemplation was by no means beneath the “dignity of history.” If the letter as a leisured artistic product is largely a thing of the past, the letter as a distinct, spontaneous expression of individual thought and feeling, the outcome of widespread ability to read and write, and of the inventions of modern science, is a great fact which has added permanently to the happiness of the many. To the thinker, whose daily work lies in writing, correspondence must be in the main a tyranny; to those who labour in the office or the shop it is a kind of liberation from the drudgery of the daily round.

THE CALLOUSNESS OF CHILDREN.

THE evidence in the Newlyn case depended on the statements of two children, girls of twelve and ten, who alleged that they had been instructed by their stepmother to push their little brother over the quay. From the first the children’s statements were regarded as untrustworthy, and further examination caused them to be discredited. There the practical interest of the case ended. But as a document of child-life the mental attitude of these two young girls is remarkable. In the story, as they told it, they admitted that for at least a day they had an idea that the little brother would be pushed into the sea. One said that she had pushed him, and the other that she had seen it done, and looked over the quay at the drowning child. The evidence showed that the whole story, not only of the motive, but possibly of the fact, was an invention. But in any case the callousness of these children is astonishing, though not without parallels.

This imperfect understanding of the results of what they are doing, and ignorance of the proportion which different acts of wrong bear in the eyes of other people, account every year for a number of cases of so-called “crime” by children. We say “so-called,” because in grown-up persons these acts would be crimes; but when committed by children, though done with the consciousness that they are wrong, there is no clear knowledge of how wrong they are. The motive in nearly every case is jealousy. The acts range from small injuries and efforts to make the objects of their jealousy uncomfortable, to deliberate and sometimes successful attempts at their removal, by killing or otherwise. The purpose is simple—to remove the object of jealousy—which they will carry out with as little scruple or thought of the consequences as a young cuckoo when throwing a hedge-sparrow out of the nest. The shock to sentiment caused by the occasional murders of children by children, or of attempts to do so, or to cause injury, is very great. The idea of one little innocent dropping another down a well, or setting it on fire, gains in horror by the contrast of the deed and the doer. But though the common view, this is not the sensible one. To put

the object of jealousy, which has robbed the injured child of its share of esteem and affection, or interferes with its former happiness, out of the way, and somewhere whence it can never come back to give any trouble, is a perfectly natural desire to a very young mind. Children constantly put the wish into words, though they do not carry it out. "I don't like the new baby," said a small boy. "Have it killed; or else throw it away." Another child, brought up on a farm, where economy in rearing is always carefully attended to, watching a usurping baby being fed from a bottle, suggested not only that it should be "knocked on the head," but added as an inducement that "they might bring up a calf with the milk." There are, as a rule, only two lights in which young children regard others. The spontaneously genial natures among them look on all others as natural playfellows and ready-made objects of love. That is the class of child whom Charles Kingsley made all his "water-babies" conform to. But in a very large number this geniality and ready affection for others is not a freely growing plant. The instinct of self-preservation is stronger; and when the interloper, however sweet and innocent, comes in their way, they decide to make it uncomfortable, and if that does not answer, will occasionally try to remove it. It may seem callous to reckon with this as among the possibilities of child society; but it is one which should not be forgotten. Instances of much the same kind occasionally occur in which a dog conceives the same feeling about a child. The young dog is far older for its years than are children, and is usually too discreet or impressed with the discipline of life to attempt serious injury, though it will often snap at or bite the child of which it is jealous. But one instance has come under the writer's personal notice in which a large St. Bernard dog attempted to kill a child of which it was jealous. The injuries inflicted and the determined nature of the attack left little doubt that it wished to "remove" the child altogether. The sufferer was ten or eleven years old. Jealous children are less responsible even than jealous animals, not only because they have not yet been disciplined, discipline taking the place of reflection and conscience to some extent, but because they see their elders make other creatures uncomfortable in order to get rid of them; and if they live in the country among many domestic animals, very soon learn, in the ordinary course of conversation, that creatures not wanted, or ill, or a nuisance to themselves or other people, are despatched from this world. They know that birds which steal fruit are shot, that superfluous kittens are drowned, and that diseased or disagreeable animals are destroyed. This they come to look on as the normal result of being inconvenient, one which often seems to them rather inconsiderate, but in which they acquiesce in quite a matter-of-fact way if they do not happen to be fond of the object removed. A little child riding on a tram heard some one remark that soon there would be electric trams, and the horses would no longer be wanted. The child immediately asked, with some concern, "Would they all be killed?"

The indifference of young children to the notion of "abolishing" persons or animals which are troublesome, or which they do not happen to be personally fond of, has nothing whatever in common with the concrete and positive cruelty of growing boys. That is altogether another story. It is very largely due to the desire to show power, by making other persons or things endure suffering which they are in a position to inflict without undergoing reprisal. No one ever heard of boys bullying another boy who hits them back, because the sense of power and position which makes them enjoy bullying goes when they have to defend themselves, nor do children usually torment any dog or cat which has bitten them, or which they suspect will retaliate. That would spoil all the sense of superiority. When very small children are cruel or unkind without an object it is usually due to the beginning of the desire to gratify this managing or domineering instinct in its early stages. They nearly all like to own a whip, and occasionally to use it, not on other people, but on animals, and then only as an emblem of authority. They deem a whip or a stick one of the necessary parts of the delightful performance of driving a cart. Mr. Watts puts into the hand of his Minotaur a dead, crushed bird, an emblem of the wanton cruelty personified in the creature's head. There is no English child, however young, who would

not instantly recognise the cruelty personified in this, and resent it at once, though possibly the young children of the Latin races might not share this view. There is a story of a Neapolitan priest, who was scolded for not reproving a child seen killing a bird, and replied warmly that "the children must be amused." It is very doubtful if such a story could ever pass current in this country or in Germany. All didactic children's books, from "Struwwelpeter" downwards, though they mention cases of cruel children, agree in making their indulgences either the work of monsters of iniquity among their playmates, or temporary aberrations for which they endured remorse. But when, like "Struwwelpeter," other typical bad boys pulled off the flies' legs and wings, they probably did it, not for any particular pleasure it gave them, but for the reason given by industrial voters for turning out their M.P. who was also their employer, "because they chose."

Cruelty in the abstract is not an idea which many young children can conceive, though they have a general idea of what kindness means. All animals or people who look good-natured are classed as possessors of this quality, while unpleasant-looking beings of all sorts, men or animals, are set down as being without it. Of some excellent photographs of a snarling wild-cat recently published it was at once remarked that "that kitty doesn't look very kind," which it certainly did not. They bear in mind that they ought to be "kind" generally, but the extent to which they think that this ought to apply varies with the individual. A few apply it all round indiscriminately to animals, though they have a strong conviction that "people" are largely bad, or rather that there is a percentage of bad people whom it is quite a waste of feeling to trouble much about. These are the children who acquiesce with complacency in the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea, but who burst into tears when they hear that the horses were drowned.

But it would be an injustice to our English children to dwell on what are instances, not, properly speaking, of unkindness of nature, but of imperfect sympathies, natural to their age. They are as a body intensely sensitive, and spontaneously affectionate and kind. In many of the finer natures affection and consideration become a conscience before they are out of the nursery. The instances to the contrary are sporadic, and in most cases due to want of thought and prevision in those around them. Children of all classes are as responsive to the tone of their surroundings as a sensitive plate to light. It is not the least happiness of modern England that the area of children's happiness and goodness is growing yearly. As comfort and content increase in the home, the kindlier feelings have more play among the elders, and the brightness lightens the children's hearts. In addition, the State keeps them good and happy for certain hours every day. The "infants" in all the schools are models of content and behaviour. The short hours spent there are among the happiest in their lives, though they have no more consciousness of the fact than the young ants whom the elders are bringing up in an anthill.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COUNTRY OF DREAMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Is there a country of Dreamland somewhere in existence in the four dimensions, or in a planet resembling ours, but in another system? Most of us probably visit certain localities in our dreams till we know them more accurately than places seen in our waking life. The "Brushwood Boy" was even able to draw a map of the country of his dreams; but in his case perhaps one should rather say countries, for he traversed great distances, the larger part of a whole world. His dreamland, too, contained much that was abnormal, like the stone lily that was Hong-kong and floated on the water. Outside fiction, people do not appear to dream of such creatures of Wonderland: the dreams told at the breakfast-table are concerned with everyday objects. The writer, in his dreams, has learnt to know a railway, or perhaps two railways, for he has never discovered to a certainty if the well-known station of one dream has lines of communication with two other stations between which he frequently travels

—in Dreamland. The first is the most interesting, and he has never seen it as yet in ordinary life. It is placed in a large city, near to a great central square, which is surrounded by tall buildings, shops, and the like, and, on the whole, has a foreign look, though the inconvenience of the station gives it a resemblance to several in England. Out of the square, on what the dreamer takes to be the northern side, run two narrow parallel streets, and one of these—the eastern—goes steeply uphill, and has many lights, for it is always evening, and a winter's evening, when he is there. Leaving the square on the side opposite to the steep streets, you go down by a wide road to the station, the railway being carried overhead by an embankment and a bridge. The stairs and passages by which one ascends to the platform are scandalously bad. Narrow, dark, dirty, stuffy, they are by no means pleasant after the fresh and open city square. The ticket-office is placed in an extremely inconvenient corner on the way up; jostling and being jostled by other people, one reaches the platform at last. It is one of three. The dreamer is always on the platform first reached, nor has he ever seen any passengers on the other two, though he meets so many people on his way up. Apparently, everybody else is going away from the train. The platforms, like the lower regions, are in gloom. The middle one is entirely visible; the further side of the third is always lost in darkness; you cannot see what lies beyond it. So with that end of the station where the train always passes out. It is shrouded in dark mists. The train enters the station; the traveller gets in and is carried into the mists, whither he never knows, nor does he know what adventures befall him as a passenger. But the city square, and the ways which lead to the railway, are as familiar to him as Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross; he has been there so often. Of the rest of the town he knows nothing; except that southwards, beyond the station, there is pretty, open country. But he has seen the roads and lanes only by night. Now, is this often-visited place an actual town, somewhere in the world of waking life, which the dreamer will some time see in brick and stone and iron? In the classical examples, there is always such a result after an impressive or repeated vision. But the dreamer, though he has visited a good many towns in England and abroad, has never yet seen the original of that familiar spot. Is there perhaps another country existent very much resembling this, and does the dreamer's consciousness visit that country at times when it is not on duty here? Or has his imagination invented for him this city of Dreamland, and does it take a pleasure in visiting its invention frequently? He knows one or two other dream-railways fairly well. There is one that runs due east and west, and he always gets into some complication halfway along it. Another—or perhaps the same; he is not certain on the point—has a curious triangular platform at a station much used by the dreamer. The trains travel along all the three sides, but exactly how they do it, or why, he does not know; there are never any collisions. On the whole, it seems probable that these trains must be running in a country of four dimensions. But if there really is a fourth-dimension Dreamland, we shall find our responsibilities and difficulties increased. The writer, for instance, woke one night with a sense of something left undone which the circumstances by no means justified. Everybody is familiar with such a sensation, and we generally find that the haunting idea is explained, sooner or later, by the remembrance of some omitted duty. In this case his dream before waking slowly came back to his mind. In the dream he had been with a child at a village distant many miles from their home. They believed themselves to have come on bicycles, and were in much difficulty about the means of returning. The dreamer woke, and so was delivered out of his perplexities, but he had an uncomfortable and most illogical feeling for a while that the child was left alone in a strange place, deserted by the person to whom he looked for protection. But, like most people probably, the dreamer has often been guilty of the most preposterous and impossible actions in Dreamland; and, therefore, he sincerely trusts that the hypothesis of an existent country, in a similar planet, is not the true one. If it is, then we can only hope that the four-dimensioned Dreamland enjoys a standard of conduct different from that which we use here; otherwise the dreamers of this world must have a fantastic reputation there.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. J. C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In reading your interesting review of Professor Huxley's life in the *Spectator* of November 10th, the quotation from his letter to Mr. Morley referring to his dislike of the idea of death reminded me of the lines engraved on his tomb, and as they are peculiarly appropriate I venture to send them. They were, I have always understood, written by his widow:—

"And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest.
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
For God still 'giveth His beloved sleep,'
And if an endless sleep He wills—so best."

—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. E. S. F.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the review of "The Life and Letters of T. H. Huxley" in the *Spectator* of November 10th occurs this startling passage:—"He passes from the vertebræ to the School Board, from the crayfish to Parnellism, from glaciers to original sin,—which he believed in." Now, as Professor Huxley laboured in season and out of season to free the mind of his fellow-man from the myths of Genesis, and as the unqualified expression "original sin" must still convey to the casual reader the doctrine which has been deduced from the story of the Fall, such an assertion stamps Professor Huxley as, to say the least of it, strangely inconsistent. If, however, the assertion is based upon his letter to Charles Kingsley at p. 276, Vol. I., in which he humorously says that "no doubt crib-biting, nurse-biting, and original sin in general, are all strictly deducible from Darwinian principles," and if it is supposed to be further supported by the passage: "The doctrines of predestination, of original sin, of the innate depravity of man, and the evil fate of the greater part of the race, of the primacy of Satan in this world, of the essential vileness of matter, of a malevolent Demiurgus subordinate to a benevolent Almighty who has only lately revealed himself, *faulty as they are*, appear to be vastly nearer the truth than the 'liberal' popular illusions that babies are all born good and that the example of a corrupt society is responsible for their failure to remain so,"—then Professor Huxley must be held to believe in predestination, the primacy of Satan, a malevolent Demiurgus, and a benevolent Almighty, while at the same time pronouncing these doctrines to be faulty, and notwithstanding that your reviewer says "his rigid agnosticism would not admit the idea of any God to whom Christ's word 'Father' might apply for he thought the whole Bible broke down as against criticism." Surely all this is incompatible with belief in the Biblical view of original sin, and such a mode of reasoning is but a repetition of the methods of theological argument against which his life was one long protest.—I am, Sir, &c.,

N. ALCOCK,

Lieut.-Col. Army Medical Staff.

Bellevue, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin.

[In our review we neither said nor implied that Professor Huxley believed in "the Biblical view of original sin." There is a broad difference between believing that evil is transmitted, becoming thus "original" in each person, and in believing the account of the origin of evil as given in Genesis.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE NUMBERS OF THE JEWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Is the apparently slow increase of the Jewish population of the world really so remarkable as your article in the *Spectator* of November 10th on "The Numbers and the Poverty of the Jews" would seem to imply? Measured by the increase of the population of the more advanced countries of Europe (France excepted) in recent times, a growth from four millions fifteen hundred years ago to eight millions at the present day would indeed appear slow; but (without going into the accuracy of these figures, as to which no trustworthy statistics are obtainable, and as to which three and ten millions respectively would probably be nearer the truth) is not this apparent slowness explicable without assuming "a leakage the extent of which they

[the Jews] are unwilling to acknowledge"? In the first place, in most countries, if not universally, the growth of population in the Middle Ages was nothing like what it has been in modern times. The causes of this need not here be inquired into, as they affected alike the Jews and the general population. But besides the causes which affected all alike, there were many others tending to check their increase which affected them alone. A growing population requires space for expansion. Strictly confined, in the countries which tolerated them, to their crowded Ghettos, subject to frequent attacks from the fanatical populace, attacks often attended by wholesale slaughter, and for which any pretext was sufficient, the wonder seems rather that their numbers are to-day as large, not as small, as they are. Think of the massacres in Germany at the time of the Crusades, of the destruction of life at and preceding the expulsions from Spain and from England. Add to the effects of these and other persecutions the constantly operating effect of oppression in its various forms, restricted residence, exclusion from almost every occupation by which a living could be made, special taxation, and not rarely confiscation of their property, and your question is, I submit, adequately answered without resorting to the assumption above referred to. Even at the present day, in Russia, which country alone contains one-third of the Jews of the world, they are restricted to certain crowded districts, known as the "Pale of Settlement." That there has, however, at all times been a leakage must be admitted. But the question is,—Is it, or has it ever been, on such a scale as materially to affect the numbers? So far as can be ascertained, such does not appear to have been the case. Nor does it seem that such leakage as goes on in England at the present day comes about in the way suggested in your article. Though religious ceremonial is undoubtedly much relaxed, and, as in the general community, agnosticism has made great strides, still the Jewish body does not cast off its agnostic members, and it is very doubtful whether the proportion of actual secessions is appreciably greater from the agnostic than from the so-called orthodox sections.—I am, Sir, &c.,

X. Y. Z.

"HOOLIGANISM."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The statistics suggested by Dean Gregory would, if they could be obtained, be of great interest, although it is quite possible that, if I read aright between the lines of his letter, they might not turn out quite as he imagines. I doubt, however, whether in any case they would get us nearer a solution of the difficulty. That is more likely to be reached by a suggestion at the end of your article in the *Spectator* of November 3rd, where you allude to teaching a handicraft as one way of diverting the "Hooligan" energy into a safe channel. I believe that the main source of the mischief is due to the fact that London contains a surplusage of unskilled labour, for which only casual employment can be found. Under present conditions it is impossible for most of these youths to learn a trade, because the rules of the Trade-Unions prevent it. As a result, there is in some trades more work than there are workmen to do it, while these boys are left to waste their energy in mischief, and to lapse gradually, it is to be feared, into habitual criminals. The remedy seems to be in a great extension of classes both in day-schools and in continuation schools for teaching the use of tools and the elements of various trades. It is work well worthy of the new London municipalities, and it is a recommendation that such classes could be worked at very small expense.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JAMES WENT.

The Wyggeston School, Leicester.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—By all means let the inquiry as to the educational antecedents of the "Hooligan" which the Dean of St. Paul's suggests be made. I shall, however, be very surprised if it does not result in the establishment of the fact that in the great majority of cases his educational antecedents have been practically *nil*. I believe that the "Hooligan" is what he is in spite of education, not because of any defect in it. I am very far from wishing to say that there are no defects in our present educational system, but I do not believe that the

"Hooligan" can in any sense be regarded as the product of it. Either he has not been educated at all, evasion of the School Board visitor being far more possible than is generally believed, or the influence and surroundings of his daily life have been such as more than to counterbalance the good influence of his school-life. As an example of the former alternative, I may mention an instance which came under my own notice a few days ago. I met four boys prowling about the streets whose ages ranged from eleven to thirteen; as it was the middle of the afternoon, when all well-conducted children should be in school, I asked them why they were not there. I found that they went to no school, they could neither read nor write, they were hardly clothed, they had no fixed home, and were in fact embryo "Hooligans." These are the Calibans in the cartoon in last week's *Punch* of whom Prospero, in the person of John Bull, is made to say,—

"On whose nature
Nurture can never stick: on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost."

What pains John Bull has humanely taken on the upbringing of these poor lads I fail to see; at least it cannot be said that in such cases as these, and I believe most "Hooligans" are such, education has been responsible for their present deplorable condition. There are instances doubtless, perhaps more than I am inclined to believe, in which "Hooligans" have been regular attendants at day-school and Sunday-school; if so, I am sure it is in spite of their school antecedents, and because of the counteracting influence of their life out of school. I believe that the two greatest and best influences on the lives of our children are the Board-school and the Church, but we shall still breed "Hooligans" in spite of the school and in spite of the Church unless John Bull will "humanely take pains" to combat the great counteracting influences of our daily life in East London—the overcrowding, and the bad housing, and the drink, and the betting and gambling—and to provide more of those influences which have surrounded most of us in our childhood and youth, and without which we too might have been "Hooligans,"—more outlets for those animal spirits which are probably much the same, only differing in their direction, whether in the brave and yet gentle soldier, and in our poor brother the "Hooligan." After all, is not "Hooliganism" a synonym for animal spirits misdirected?—I am, Sir, &c.,

St. Andrew's Vicarage, Bethnal Green. H. V. S. ECK.

[We have also received a letter from Mr. J. W. Bradley, of Wolverhampton, giving, but at greater length than we have room for, an interesting account of the system of "school workshops" which has been in vogue at Stockholm, and elsewhere in Sweden, for some fourteen years. The work carried on includes chip-work, raffia-work, fret-work, wire-work, wood carving, seam stitching, hand weaving, cleaning and repairing of wearing apparel, joinery, and bootmaking; and there is one workshop for light metal-work. The ages of the pupils in these institutions are from seven to fourteen years, and they are selected from the scholars at the primary schools by the schoolmasters, who choose "those who are neglected by their parents, or whose parents are too poor to give them proper attention." The time spent at the workshops ranges from two to six and a half hours per day, one or two meals being given to the pupils according to the length of their spell of occupation. At other times in the day they attend the primary schools. The managers of the workshops are women of leisure who give their services. Every effort is made to secure that the workshop time shall be as happy as possible, and the results are said to be very satisfactory in every way. The city of Stockholm pays £800 a year towards the expenses of twelve of these workshops, containing about fifteen hundred pupils, but all the rest of the charges—tuition, food, upkeep, and materials—are defrayed by voluntary gifts or bequests, and by the sale of work done. The only criticism that occurs to us is that it may seem to be rather an advantage in Stockholm to be the child of neglectful or very poor parents.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

LORD ROSEBERY'S "NAPOLEON."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the *Spectator* of November 10th your reviewer, quoting from the last page of Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon,"

says:—"Lord Dudley is not less lofty [than Madame d'Houdetot] in his praise. 'He has thrown a doubt,' said he, 'on all past glory; he has made all future renown impossible.'" I am the possessor of a sheet of paper upon which "ce grand homme" has written in his impetuous hand—somewhat less impetuous perhaps now that the stress of strenuous action has become a thing of the past—"Soldat, consul, empereur, je tiens tout de la France—dans la prospérité, dans l'adversité, au conseil, sur le champ de bataille, sur le throne, dans l'exil, la France a été l'objet instant et unique de mes pensées, de mes actions." Underneath this is written:—"Autographe de l'Empereur Napoleon que je donne à mon ami Gudin, sachant qu'il comprend, comme moi, que ce grand homme a rendu la Gloire passée douteuse et la renommée future impossible. ce 15 Aout 1851, C^e d'Orsay." Is D'Orsay here quoting Dudley, or was Dudley elsewhere quoting D'Orsay, or were both quoting from some previous pronouncement? Maybe some one of your erudite readers may be able to furnish the answer.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Larchfield, Bickley, Kent.

RICHARD JAKUES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I do not know whether any correspondence is permitted on the above, but in justice to the memory of Sir Hudson Lowe, who is described as "a martinet with an amazingly narrow mind," I should like to quote the following from "Sir Hudson Lowe and Napoleon," by R. C. Seaton:—

"One French writer—Lamartine—has had the good sense and moral courage to run counter to the prepossessions of his fellow-countrymen in the following remarkable words:—In reading with attention the correspondence and notes exchanged on every pretext between the attendants on Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe, one is confounded at the insults, the provocations, and the invectives with which the captive and his friends outraged the Governor at every turn. Napoleon at that time sought to excite by cries of pain the pity of the English Parliament, and to furnish a grievance to the speakers of the Opposition against the Ministry, in order to obtain a removal nearer to Europe. The desire of provoking insults by insult and of afterwards exhibiting these insults as crimes to the indignation of the Continent is plainly evident in all these letters."

The above is also somewhat inconsistent with your reviewer's statement that "in the midst of falsehood and intrigue Napoleon preserved his *dignity* and his *serenity*." The little book I have named will repay perusal by any of your readers interested in the "man of heart and virtue," as it contains extracts from official documents and letters in which this "ruthless militarist, cynic, and Machiavellian" and his "jailer" appear in a different light from that in which they are pictured by your reviewer.—I am, Sir, &c.,

T. E. H. CLAY.

THE MORALITY OF "EXPERTISING."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I wish to protest against your writer's argument in favour of "expertising" (*Spectator*, October 20th). The present world is carried on on the principle of giving in return for something received. Everything has its price, and we call that man dishonest who gives an unfair one. In money transactions there are, of course, many considerations to be taken into account, in this case the purchaser's superior knowledge, which, as your reviewer says, is his property just as plate might be, and he is no more bound to give away his intellectual property than any other kind of property. But, on the other hand, when he receives money by means of this property, he is surely bound to give something in return. A doctor or a teacher gives his hard-won knowledge, his patiently acquired skill, and his time in return for the money he receives. An expert buys a cabinet for £1 which he knows is worth £20; that is to say he practically receives £19 from the seller. What does he give in return? He has gained the £19 by means of his knowledge, just as the doctor gains his fee by means of his knowledge: but there is all the difference between them. The doctor gives his knowledge in return to his patient, the expert keeps his knowledge for himself. 'But,' he might say, 'my knowledge can be no good to the man who has sold me the cabinet.' True. But then he ought to give an equivalent in money; that is to say, he ought to offer a fair price in the first instance. This surely meets your writer's argument. I do not mean to say that the expert should give the full market price. He is, in such a case, in the position of a middleman, and should give a middleman's fair price.—I am, Sir, &c.,

X.

HEROD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the interesting article on Mr. Stephen Phillips's splendid drama of *Herod* in the *Spectator* of November 3rd your writer says: "It is strange indeed that from the day of Voltaire till our own so rich a theme should have lain untouched by a master-hand;" but I think your readers will be glad to be reminded of Lord Byron's poem "Mariamne," for although it is not the fashion to admire Byron now, this really is a powerfully pathetic poem, as is beautifully and touchingly brought out by Dean Stanley in his "Jewish Church," Part III., p. 432.—I am, Sir, &c.,

G. R. FLOWER.

24 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SPEED TO COMMERCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Being away from home, I have only just received my *Spectator* of November 3rd, and seen the letter from "A Tradesman," following up your most opportune article with the above title. If I were at home, I could send you an exact list which I have been compiling for some time with dates of despatch and receipt of packages conveyed by goods train, illustrating what "Tradesman" says, and showing that the railway companies of to-day, so far as the matter of *speed* in the transit of medium-sized consignments of merchandise is concerned, cannot show a better performance than the old-time "fish-waggons," and other primitive modes of conveyance that our fathers and grandfathers used to tell us about. When asked to send goods to a distant town to arrive by a specified date, we never dare estimate a greater rate than twenty miles a day, and the speed attained is often very much less. (Let it be understood that I am writing of packages of a few hundredweights, called by the railway companies "smalls"; truckloads go very much quicker.) It so happens that there arrives amongst my letters from home this morning (November 9th) a case in point, in the shape of a complaint—a specimen, I imagine, of what every merchant and manufacturer in the country must be constantly receiving—from a customer in Dundee that his goods, sent off on October 24th, had not arrived on November 7th. Now, granting that the packages do actually arrive on the 7th, here we have a journey of some two hundred and twenty miles that takes the great railway companies of the North fourteen days to accomplish, or at the alarming rate of sixteen miles or less per diem.—I am, Sir, &c.,

MANUFACTURER.

"RELIGIO LAICI."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondent in the *Spectator* of November 10th says: "A man may feel grave doubts about creeds and dogmas, and yet may lead a straight and honourable life, because his conduct is based on ideas and thoughts which cannot be rigidly defined or adequately expressed in words, and yet to him are powerful motives." For "because" it is obvious that one should read "in spite of," since it would be absurd to suppose that inadequacy of verbal expression could be the cause of a straight and honourable life. No doubt the statement, so corrected, is quite true; but what has it to do with religion? Nothing is leading educated men further astray nowadays than the habit of speaking of morality and humanitarianism by the name of religion. Religion means a standard of conduct that has an objective and a supernatural basis. Johnson, for instance, defines it to be "virtue, as founded on reverence of God, and expectation of future rewards and punishments." Bailey (1747) says it is "the worship of a Deity." Ogilvie (1884) calls it "the feeling of reverence entertained towards a Supreme Being possessing superhuman control over the destinies of man." And the late Dr. Max Müller speaks of it as "that faculty which, in spite of sense and reason, enables man to apprehend the Infinite under various disguises." Though the term "disguises" is objectionable, yet his general meaning is fair enough. In short, "religion" connotes two qualities in authority; the authority must come from outside, and it must be supernatural. But what the educated "man in the street" calls religion is neither objective nor supernatural. It rests upon his own private judgment, and upon his own understanding. It is not

necessary, nor even possible, that ethics should rest on a basis of dogma; and modern "religion" is exclusively ethical. But it is necessary that religion, properly so called, should rest upon dogma. And those who have grave doubts about creeds and dogmas, who lead straight and honourable lives, and whose conduct is based on ideas and thoughts that cannot be rigidly defined or adequately expressed in words, may be as highly moral and as sensitively humanitarian as Seneca or Epictetus, but "religion" is a word the meaning of which has not yet dawned upon them. And for this masquerading of morality and human sentiment in the garb of religion the "comprehensiveness" of the Anglican Establishment has much to answer.—I am, Sir, &c., W. D. GAINSFORD.

Skendleby Hall, Spilsby.

ENGLAND NOT A "GERMANIC" NATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It is rather surprising that none of your readers should have animadverted on Mr. J. M. Ludlow's letter in the *Spectator* of November 3rd. This gentleman is not pleased with the German Emperor for putting us English among the "Germanic" peoples. But the Emperor was quite right, and is not responsible for misapprehensions due to our faulty nomenclature. Mr. Ludlow and (now I see) Dean Stubbs must have forgotten that on the Continent, especially in what we call "Germany" (but the natives *Deutschland*), the term "German" and its derivations are understood in the wide racial sense in which Tacitus uses *Germani* and *Germania*. In employing his adjective, therefore, the Emperor was aware that it properly covered not only the constituent tribes of the Empire (*die Deutschen*), but Scandinavians, Austrians, Batavians, English, and even North Americans, Australians, and other Colonists. We have unhappily limited the scope of "German" to an equivalence with *Deutsch*; and it is apparently upon that limited sense that Mr. Ludlow's grievance is based. To match the wider sense of "German" English philologists have adopted "Teuton," "Teutonic," which, by a curious compensation, show the same root as *Deut-sch*.—I am, Sir, &c., T. LE MARCHANT DOUSE.

POETS AND THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In continuation of the interesting facts you have published concerning our poets' treatment of the songs of birds, I would draw attention to the following instances in which they have been admirably described by very recent American writers. The chirp of the sparrow has been rendered "Sweet, sweet, sweet, very merry cheer." The quail is declared to say "Bob White, Bob White, more wheat! more wheat!" The chaffinch has been described as God's little page, who asks the whole day long, "Your will? Your will?" And in "Penelope's Tour in Scotland" the wood-pigeon is said to murmur "Come, noo, coo-coo! Come noo!" because it used to build on the ground, till finding that cows trampled on its nest, it placed it higher up out of reach, and now softly utters "Come, noo, coo-coo, come noo!"—I am, Sir, &c.,

Alnwick.

SARAH WILSON.

"THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your generous review of Mr. Zangwill's "Mantle of Elijah" in the *Spectator* of November 10th you find two faults. (1) You find fault with Mr. Zangwill for referring to the "Fops' Gallery" instead of to the "Fops' Alley." This is the blunder of an over-clever printer. It was correctly printed in the serial in which the novel first appeared. I take this therefore entirely upon myself. (2) You correct Mr. Zangwill's supposed misquotation of Lord Palmerston in letting Lord Ruston ask "Are you better?" instead of "How's the old complaint?" May I ask what authority your reviewer has for assuming that Mr. Zangwill was drawing on any historical personage for Lord Ruston? Another critic has attempted to fit the cap on at least one contemporary politician in the latter part of Mr. Zangwill's novel. In reply, I beg to say that "The Mantle of Elijah" was conceived and mainly written before those events happened which could in the least justify such a parallel. It is true

that events appear to have plagiarised the author, or is it possible that prophecy has not died out in Israel?—I am, Sir, &c.,

WM. HEINEMANN.

21 Bedford Street, London, W.C.

[We are quite ready to accept Mr. Heinemann's statement, on behalf of Mr. Zangwill, that Lord Ruston was not expressly intended for Lord Palmerston. We may be allowed, however, to point out, in support of our reviewer's assumption, that, apart from the famous question mentioned above, the "bland and genial" Lord Ruston is described as the Whig Foreign Minister in a coalition Cabinet; also that it is mentioned that "political society was so small that Lady Ruston addressed her cards herself." This, on the authority of Sir Algernon West (*Recollections*, Vol. I., p. 77), was true of Lady Palmerston.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE "SWEET USES" OF PROSPERITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—An instance of the "sweet uses" of prosperity had just come under my notice when I read the article on that subject in the *Spectator* of October 27th. An old woman in our workhouse who had been in good service in her youth is allowed a small pension—a shilling a week—by her former employer. The Guardians permit her to receive it, and she greatly values it, as much for the slight importance and individuality it confers on her as for its purchasing power. The allowance was six months in arrears, and the poor old soul fretted sadly; she begged the chaplain to write about it, which he did, and after some delay received the amount due, which he at once took to her. The poor old woman's joy and gratitude were most touching, but the first thing she did was to insist on the chaplain (who is also the vicar of the parish) taking two shillings towards the building fund of his newly erected parish hall; and then she declared her intention of giving a tea with cake to all the women in her ward. All her best feelings of gratitude, hospitality, and kindness were called forth by this gleam of prosperity in her grey, monotonous life.—I am, Sir, &c., E. C. TAIT.

Castle View, Strood, Rochester.

THE "SONG OF KITSOS AND HIS MOTHER."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have not seen Mr. Abbott's "Songs of Modern Greece," reviewed in the *Spectator* of November 3rd, but it may be worth while to recall the fact that Fauriel's "Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne" (published 1825) gives in Vol. I., p. 98, a text of the song of "Kitsos and his mother" even briefer than that of Mr. Abbott (thirteen lines instead of fifteen), and in the translation the substance of three more lines supplied by a Greek friend (though without being able to give the exact wording), according to which the mother suddenly cuts with her knife the cords with which her son is bound, thus enabling him to escape. The song, M. Fauriel wrote, was more or less popular throughout nearly all Greece, and was even sung before great ladies of the Phanar.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. M. L.

A COINCIDENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your review of the Life of Huxley in the *Spectator* of November 10th you quote from a letter to Mr. John Morley:—"It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal,—at any rate in one of the upper circles where the climate and company are not too trying." I find in the "Biographie de M. de Genoude" (Paris, 1846), p. 7, a like avowal of the horror of annihilation, even when inclined to suicide. "J'ai éprouvé les tourments de l'enfer, j'ai senti ce que veut dire le mot de ténèbres visibles, l'horreur du désespoir. Personne ne savait la cause de mes angoisses: je me disais, quelquefois, que je préférerais une souffrance éternelle à l'anéantissement." It is singular to find such similar expressions of horror at annihilation in the case of men of such opposite temperament as were M. de Genoude and Professor Huxley.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. W.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your issue of July 14th arrived here last week, in which you relate the picturesque incident of the trooper and his horse at Germiston. A young fellow of nineteen, Frank Bird, who went out as trooper from Westport, the town next to this on the northward, with one of the New Zealand contingents, had in two or three months trained his horse to follow him, to lie down, and to kneel, and so aptly or completely was he trained that though Bird went away into the bush the horse would follow and find him. He would blindfold the horse and still he would go to Bird. Shortly before leaving, when the Westport squad had been paraded, Bird went off the ground and concealed himself, while another trooper went with a bowl of corn and tried to attract it. But the horse refused the seduction, and followed till it found its master. While no little trouble was experienced with other horses in getting them on board ship, Bird's horse followed him without hesitation into his stall on deck. Bird is quite a little, slim fellow, but an admirable horseman, taking after his mother, who was an accomplished rider.—I am, Sir, &c., R. S. H.

Greymouth, New Zealand, September 9th.

POETRY.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR OF
SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Not in the battle he fell, making story,
Dying as asketh the soldier to die,
Pain lightly felt in the hour of glory,
Joy of the onset undimmed in the eye.

He gave for nothing—another, no bolder,
Sells life for victory, splendidly dies,
Climbs to the Temple of Fame on Death's shoulder,
Soars on the black wing to snatch at the prize.

So think we, weeping, the cloud hanging nearer;
Ours so large the loss—his what the gain?
He, in some heaven unclouded, sees clearer,
Sees his soul's travail and knows it not vain.

Ever his best he gave, lightly, unthinking;
Royal he deemed to do royally well;
Took the high task or the humble, unshrinking;
Fearless the sickness faced, fearless the shell.

Aye, he rests well, soldier-Prince, simple-hearted,
Watched by the shining Cross, far over sea,
High 'mid the dead, who, from England departed,
Build from their graves greater England to be.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

A GOSPEL LEAF.

FRIEND, talk no more of whether death is so
Or otherwise:
Nor reason if the body lives or no
After it dies.
See, from this plane the dying leaf I tear—
Not nothing, friend, but next year's bud lies there.*

W. BEACH THOMAS.

BOOKS.

A STUDY OF DR. MARTINEAU.†

It is understood that what may be termed the official biography of Dr. Martineau has been entrusted to his colleagues, Professors Drummond and Upton. Meanwhile an American writer, Mr. Jackson, who apparently had much intercourse with Dr. Martineau, and who has evidently been profoundly influenced by him, has produced the present work, which is in part biographical, but far more critical and expository. We may say at once that the reader cannot extract from this work an adequate picture of one of the most striking personalities of our time; though, so far as Mr.

Jackson goes, he is accurate and truthful. One feels that the author has given his readers a little too much of his own views and not enough of Dr. Martineau. Still, the book as a whole is thoughtful and well written, and the author is evidently a diligent student of those profound themes to which Dr. Martineau dedicated his life. The mistake made, it seems to us, is in mixing a rather brief and imperfect biography with a somewhat elaborate treatise on the varied aspects of Dr. Martineau's philosophy. The biographical part might have been left to the forthcoming Life, and the critical exposition have been given by itself.

Those who had the honour of knowing Dr. Martineau were impressed by two things,—first, the absolute domination of the spiritual over the carnal in his nature; secondly, the immense weight of learning so easily borne, suggestive of a life in which not one minute had ever been wasted. Browning might have written his "Rabbi ben Ezra" with Martineau in his mind. The spare tenement of clay was for nearly ninety-five years the swift, obedient servant of the regnant soul. The eager mind drew in nourishment from every source of learning and culture. Mr. Jackson's biography, slight though it is, brings out these predominant aspects of Dr. Martineau's nature. Indeed, there is much clear insight as well as invariable good taste in what Mr. Jackson has to say. We agree with him too that the French element in Martineau's mind must never be overlooked. That element, says our author, proclaims the nationality which produced Bossuet,—and we should add, Pascal. Dr. Martineau's family was Huguenot, and it settled first in London, afterwards at Norwich, where he was born in 1805. Norwich had long been, and was at that time, one of those provincial literary centres whose decay, in our judgment, is a serious national loss. It is characteristic of the high ethical sense of the Martineau family that, after the ruin of the Norwich trade, in which the father was engaged, as the result of the French invasion of Spain, which was its chief market, the whole family combined to work and retrench until every penny of debt with interest was paid. The boy was sent to the old Grammar School which reposes under the shadow of the Cathedral, but his reserved, sensitive nature could not endure the rough play and bullying of the average boy, and he was sent to the private school at Bristol of Dr. Carpenter, father of the illustrious physiologist, whence he repaired to Glasgow University. His father designed him for an engineer, and for a twelvemonth he studied mechanics; but the call to a different life was too urgent, and he entered the ministry in Dublin. Nominally he was a Presbyterian, but in Ireland, as in England, the Presbyterian body had mainly passed over to the somewhat mechanical and formal Unitarianism of Priestley and Belsham. It is again characteristic of Martineau's high moral sense that he refused to accept any grant from the *Regium Donum*. From Dublin he went to Liverpool, and from thence to London, at the same time acting as Professor in the noted Unitarian College, which was located at different times at York, Manchester, and London, and which is now finally fixed at Oxford. The immense task involved in this double function of preacher and teacher can scarcely be realised by inferior and less diligent minds, especially when it is remembered that Martineau did nothing which was not in its way supremely excellent. Like a finished diamond-cutter, he worked away with the insight of genius until the stone shone with perfect splendour. Never did so great a man work with more modesty; yet even in the old-fashioned building in a dingy lane off Oxford Street Martineau drew an "audience fit though few":—

"Not unnaturally the students of the College came to hear their professors; in one part of the assembly sat Charles Dickens; in another Frances Power Cobbe, who found the place with all its baldness a fitting one 'for serious people to meet to think in'; in yet another Sir Charles Lyell, who spoke with bitterness of the place where England hid her greatest preacher; and withal there was a very plentiful sprinkling of those toiling at the higher tasks of thought and learning."

We may add that both Darwin and Tyndall were occasional listeners at those wonderful "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things." In 1872, on the urgent command of his doctor, Dr. Martineau laid down the pulpit burden.

Uneventful, in the ordinary sense, as his life was, yet on two occasions Dr. Martineau was destined to go through a painful experience *coram publico*. The first involved his relations with his sister Harriet, a remarkable and famous

* It is a peculiarity of the plane leaf that the old leaf acts as a sheath to the new.

† *James Martineau: a Biography and Study*. By A. W. Jackson, A.M. London: Longmans and Co. [12s. 6d.]

woman with great natural gifts, but who in her pursuit of mesmerism and clairvoyance had come under the influence of an impostor, H. G. Atkinson. Dr. Martineau was called upon in the course of his literary work to review a book written by this man. He undertook the painful task and simply annihilated Atkinson, but incurred the wrath of his sister and of the literary *clientèle* which took up her cause. The matter became public property, and the modest philosopher was dragged into a controversy he detested. The second incident was connected with the Professorship of Philosophy in University College, for which Martineau was a candidate. That he was far and away the best candidate is certain, and he was supported by Mr. Gladstone and others on that ground. But on the one hand, the fact that he was a Unitarian minister was used against him as a reproach; and on the other hand, the agnostic and Benthamite section, led by so distinguished a man as Grote, was opposed to one who would have taught a very different philosophy from that which afterwards came to be identified with University College. The incident shows once more the frequent bigotry of "free thought," and is a severe reflection on the boasted "Liberalism" of University College. Martineau felt the wound in spite of his philosophical serenity.

We pass over some other interesting incidents in his life, such as his membership of the famous Metaphysical Society of which Tennyson, Ruskin, Manning, Ward, Huxley, and others were also members, and which cultivated philosophy after dinner once a month at the Grosvenor Hotel; the fine address presented to him, signed by scholars and thinkers of every civilised nation, thanking him for his services to spiritual life and religious thought; and the money present given him by his English admirers and friends. His replies to these tributes are characteristic; as Mr. Jackson says, one can no more mistake the style of Martineau than that of Shakespeare. If at times it is too complex and brilliant, too much polished and refined, yet it is the outcome of the man, and it will perhaps rank with the styles of De Quincey, Arnold, Newman, and Ruskin as the finest English of our century. To our mind, this fine style reaches its height in some of the sermons; rarely, if ever, has the noblest spiritual thought found more apt, more chastened expression.

We have no space for any treatment of Mr. Jackson's exposition of Martineau's ethics or philosophy of religion. To those who only know the mature products of his mind, it will come as a singular revelation that Martineau started as a Necessarian. But this was the attitude of the old Priestleian Unitarianism in which Martineau was nurtured. The breath of a new life came from Channing, and we may add, from Carlyle, Emerson, Browning, and Tennyson. Martineau early drew in the influence, and his friend J. S. Mill was the first to detect the subtle change. It is a remarkable fact that while Martineau remained relatively orthodox as regards Biblical criticism, and even great points of doctrine, while he held the philosophy of necessity, he became more and more unorthodox as he developed his intuitional ethics and his noble spiritual idealism, until he may be said to have accepted the complete critical results of the advanced German school. His inner evolution, however, was steady; we see no break, nor did the keenest intellectual criticism ever rob the soul of deepest piety. With the neo-Kantian movement which has mainly captured England and Scotland during the last generation Dr. Martineau was in imperfect sympathy. He held so firmly in ethics by intuition, in psychology by free will, in metaphysics by divine personality, that it was impossible he should adopt a different attitude. We cannot classify him in any school; he is a solitary, majestic pillar in the temple of English thought.

GREAT BRITAIN IN DECLINE.*

THERE is much in Mr. Brooks Adams's striking, though in some respects sensational, argument to cause thought in an Englishman, but it is primarily intended to arouse his fellow-countrymen in America to a sense of their destiny as a world-Power and of the need of a sweeping reform of their political and administrative methods. He dwells impressively on the signs of the relative decline of England, political and economic, but it is with the object of preparing America to take up the

burden of supremacy. The seat of Empire, which has tarried for the three generations since Trafalgar in one city, is moving westwards, and the bond "which from beyond the limit of human memory has been the containing power of the world" is, he thinks, becoming loosened. The world, and Americans in particular, have relied upon England "to police the globe and keep distant markets open," and if she is weakening "America must in future fight her own battles whether she will or no," for her vital necessity in the future will be to secure a vent abroad for her surplus production. In our author's view, America will be forced to compete "for the seat of international exchanges, or in other words, for the seat of Empire," and the key of the situation he conceives to lie in China. Germany, France, and Russia are bending their energies to occupy and organise the interior of China, to control its trade, and discriminate against and exclude the exports of America and England; and the great struggle of the near future will be between this coalition and the maritime power, between land and sea transport, for the control of this market. America, lying on the Pacific in the path of the great maritime trade route, and holding in Manila the military and commercial key to Eastern Asia, must bear the brunt of such a struggle, and if she proves equal to her opportunity there is nothing to prevent her becoming a "greater seat of wealth and power than ever was England, Rome, or Constantinople."

Now in this view of the actual and potential greatness of the United States there is no exaggeration, nor can it be displeasing to an Englishman that his country should be passed in the race by one allied in speech, in blood, and in commercial interests. England, with her Navy, her Colonies, and her coaling stations, must at all events be the most important of all allies to a nation with the kind of future sketched out by Mr. Adams, and provided only that their democratic systems of government can create or maintain a reasonably efficient financial and military administration (without attaining German perfection), there would seem to be little reason to fear that the equilibrium of the world will be so upset as to enable the Continental coalition, or rather Germany and Russia, even if they succeed in this gigantic enterprise of absorbing China, to reduce the Anglo-Saxon communities to the "semi-stationary" condition redoubted by writers like Mr. Adams and the late Mr. Pearson.

Mr. Adams's contentions, indeed, are based on a singularly narrow and insufficient survey of the economic position of the modern world. Foreign trade, in his view, is a source of profit which is in some special way the prize of Empire, instead of being only the inevitable result of the principles of subdivision of labour and exchange of services and products. A community is at least as likely to increase its opportunities for exporting by freely importing the products of others as by struggling for the exclusive possession of new markets, for no fallacy has been more conclusively exploded by facts (such as the increase of German and American commerce) as that "trade follows the flag." It is useless to reiterate in these days the truth that new markets of greater value than any which can be wrung from yellow or black races lie at the very doors of civilised nations if they choose to remove instead of erecting barriers; but it is perhaps worth while to point out that, in spite of them, these nations do a far more profitable trade with each other than any which they do with semi-civilised foreign possessions. Our trade, for instance, with British India, with its free market and great population, amounts to something like sixty millions per annum, while that with protectionist France is seventy-five millions, and with Germany sixty-eight millions. Mr. Adams tells us that "no theory has ever proved more fallacious than the dogma that the cheapest goods command the world's markets," and "that the whole protective system of modern times demonstrates the contrary." But the remarkable thing is that the protective system so largely fails in its object, that it shows how limited is the power of tariffs to prevent civilised peoples from satisfying their desires by means of trading with each other. Bearing such considerations as these in mind, and remembering also that Sir Robert Giffen has recently pointed out that the mere increase of the white populations will afford the most important new markets of the future, we may ask if it is conceivable that the mere development of China would enable Europe to dispense with American (and English)

* *America's Economic Supremacy*. By Brooks Adams. London: Macmillan and Co. [3s.]

products, and whether such trade as America could hope to do with China, even under conditions as favourable as those existing between England and India, would amount to anything approaching that which she will inevitably do with England and Europe. The present Chinese trade is not at present so important in value even for this country that its loss could not be supplied in other quarters of the world; but it is pretended that if China is opened up and developed, no matter by whom, the increased exchanges resulting from that process will not benefit all, and that China, with an immense seaboard and great rivers, can be forced to confine her exchanges to what can be carried on by railways traversing the deserts of Central Asia? If not, must not the maritime Powers inevitably get their fair share, even without a death struggle for its possession? Is it likely that American capital can be dispensed with if China is to be opened up, even as English capital has hitherto proved necessary, and will not this fact alone secure Anglo-Saxondom against the dreaded exclusion?

But while we believe that economic forces are thus far more decidedly on the side of America, with her boundless resources, and England, with her widespread Empire (which being as free to the trade of every nation as it is to that of our own need not on economic grounds excite the jealousy of mankind), we would not wish to minimise the effect of the warning which Mr. Adams's impartial survey of our condition conveys. In spite of the fact that the British Empire is no longer alone or supreme as a naval, colonial, or manufacturing Power, we should face the future without misgivings if we felt that the dark picture he draws in no unfriendly spirit of the England of to-day were completely lacking in truth. For this alone his book deserves the most careful study in this country. The account he gives of diminishing prosperity, based largely on what we must describe as the bogey of the great preponderance of imports over exports, seems, indeed, to be overdrawn and quite insufficiently supported by knowledge and facts; but realised wealth is not everything to a nation, and in other respects it would be difficult to contest his inferences; for most men now reaching middle life could of their own experience point to various signs which seem to show a certain degeneracy in the national character. The pages in which the conduct of the present war is ruthlessly, we dare not add unfairly, described form at all events a useful corrective to the indiscriminate self-praise with which British politicians and generals conspire to mislead a public only too willing to be deceived; and they reflect an opinion universally held by sober judges outside these islands. We will not do more than draw attention to this portion of the book, and pass on to the following passage, which gives some general conclusions. It is not pleasant reading:—

"If it be true that a relative relaxation of vigour can be traced in Great Britain alike in private and public affairs; if a comparative subsidence of energy can be noted in the workshop and the counting house, in the university and Parliament; if it be established that after fifteen years of labour the army remains what it has proved itself this year; if the British attack of 1900 is to the British attack of 1800 as Buller's assault on Spion Kop is to Wellington's advance at Waterloo; if it be admitted that the Salisbury administration, though discredited at home and abroad . . . retains office because the nation lacks vitality to replace it,—the symptoms admit of but one explanation. Nature seldom retraces her steps. Great Britain must already lie in the wake of the social cyclone."

Much might doubtless be said in answer to some of the counts in this indictment. We are no alarmists, not believing that the social and material progress of other nations can be harmful, or indeed otherwise than beneficial, to our own. But if our relative decline is due, not merely to the natural growth of others, but partly, as there is too much reason to fear, to the inferiority of our system of education, beginning with the great public schools, and to a general increase of habits of idleness and self-indulgence, then there is at least serious ground for uneasiness. The most disheartening symptom is the indifference and apathy of all but a small independent instructed minority in presence of many patent signs of inefficiency. The best that can be said, and in this we owe much to the book before us, is that we are warned in time, for the power and wealth of Great Britain are still intact, if threatened; and the spirit of the people is high, if ignorantly over-confident.

CAPTAIN MAHAN ON THE WAR.*

It is not like Captain Mahan to risk premature judgment by hasty publication. We are accustomed to expect from him much deliberate weighing of evidence, and finish if not finality in the sentence. In his present work, however, he lays down his pen in July, when there was still much to be done before the campaign could be regarded as over. It is true, as he says, that since the British communications were opened between Pretoria and Durban, as well as Cape Town, "the actions of the Boers show that it is not in their power seriously to incommode" either route; and "the trivial raids performed by their mounted men under De Wet and Botha may protract the sufferings of the war, and add to the close of the struggle a certain lustre of persistent resistance; but, barring [*sic*] events now unforeseen and scarcely to be anticipated, they cannot change the issue, which has become simply a question of endurance between combatants immeasurably unequal in resources." But if the war was over in July, the information concerning its history was still far from complete; official statistics were not fully published, official inquiries remained to be made—as they remain still—and the historian admits that his conclusions are often based upon mere newspaper reports, and that he must suspend his judgment on various debated questions. A man who has studied documentary evidence with the minute care shown in Captain Mahan's earlier writings must be painfully aware of the inadequacy of his present materials, and we confess we are surprised that an historian of his reputation should have "rushed into print," like any popular novelist, just to catch the ball of public interest on the rise. Besides insufficiency of authentic materials, there are signs of haste and immaturity about the writing. We have still Captain Mahan's austere, calm, and philosophic exposition of general principles laid down *ex cathedra*, but the narration of events grows hurried to the end, and even the general principles are seldom expressed with the terse emphasis of Mr. Spenser Wilkinson.

Nevertheless, a survey of the war in South Africa, however incomplete, from so proved a student of strategy as the author of the famous *Influence of Sea Power* must necessarily be valuable. The fact that he belongs to the Service afloat in no degree lessens his authority; the naval men showed themselves to great advantage in the war, if not in the subsequent election, and Captain Mahan has evidently studied land wars as well as sea wars, and brings the same careful scrutiny of facts and weighing of chances and alternatives to each. His new book is not a "story" of the war in any picturesque sense; he seldom goes out of his way to indulge in raptures, and if he does he usually prefers to glow between inverted commas. There are, we need scarcely say, some animated passages in the volume, and we are glad to find them chiefly in connection with the courage of the British soldier. Contrasting the finest type of Boer courage, such as Joubert's—"courage of the highest proof as regards personal danger, but not the courage that throws away the scabbard, much less that which burns its ships"—with the soldierly devotion of our own troops, "counting life nought if only by its sacrifice the end may be attained or honour preserved," Captain Mahan remarks:—"That element of stupidity which has been somewhat lavishly attributed to the British officers' too simple-minded attention to their end, to the exclusion of care for their own persons and those of their men, has a military value not only great, but decisive. The quality needs direction and control, certainly; but, having been reproached for now two centuries, the question is apt,—Where has it placed Great Britain among the nations of the earth?" The author illustrates this contrast of national temperaments by the fight at Waggon Hill on January 6th:—

"Reluctant, therefore, though the Boers as a race have shown themselves to offensive tactics and to assault, the necessities of the case compelled them. In their plan, and in its execution, they showed all the courage, all the tenacity, heretofore displayed in their defensive operations, as well as in the peculiar stealthy rockcraft of a nation of hunters, which has equally characterised them. It is not, however, too much to add that at the supreme moment, when man stands foot to foot and eye to eye, and when the issue depends upon superior aggressive momentum of temperament, the national trait, whether original or acquired, asserted itself; and the heroes who had scaled the heights bare-

* *The Story of the War in South Africa, 1899-1900.* By Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N. Map and Portrait. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. [10s. 6d. net.]

foot and clung with undying resolution to their rocky cover, exchanging shots almost muzzle to muzzle, did not muster the resolution which might, or might not—the true soldier recked not which at such an hour—have carried them, more than decimated but triumphant, across the belt of withering fire to victory. The reply of the British Colonel on the other side of the sixty yards of plateau that separated the opponents, ‘We will try’—a phrase which Americans will remember fell in the same tongue from the lips of our own Colonel Miller at Lundy’s Lane—expressed just the difference. Of the three companies who then rose to their feet on Wagon Hill and rushed, every officer fell and fifty-five of the men; but the bayonets of the survivors reached the other side, and there followed the inevitable result—the men that would not charge fled.”

On the other hand, referring to Graspan, he comments on the Boers’ particular advantages for defence—

“their readiness in retreat, and, it must be added, the prompt facility with which they resorted to it. When the most that can be said has been said for their methods—and much can be said—it still remains that an eye ever to the rear, upon escape, is militarily a demoralising attitude upon which no sound system of warfare can be built up. The nervousness of the Boers at any seeming threat to their line of retreat has been so obvious as to elicit frequent comment. As a predominant motive it is ruinous.”

Apart from the characters of the combatants as fighting men, the book deals mainly with the strategy of the campaign, and it is on this subject that one specially looks to Captain Mahan for instruction. His narrative of the various operations is chiefly valuable for the clearness of the main outline, and the firm dismissal of all mere incidents—such as Stormberg—to an insignificant position. The Boer strategy is condemned from first to last; they began too late, they continued too leisurely, they divided their forces, and allowed them to be tied up, and thus turned what should have been a closely concentrated campaign into “a war of posts.” Whilst condemning the British holding of so advanced a post as Glencoe, Captain Mahan admits that “it is impossible to withhold admiration from the rapidity and energy of the measures taken in the first fortnight of the campaign.” In the defence of Ladysmith he rightly sees the key of the whole war. The holding of Ladysmith was no “unfortunate accident forced upon the British by the originally faulty dispositions of the campaign”; no event was “more determinative of the final issues” than this obstinate tenure of an advanced post by a large force quite able to embarrass seriously any onward movement of the Boers. It is well compared to Mantua in 1796 and Genoa in 1800, as a decisive factor in a campaign. As to whether Sir R. Buller should have diverted the main advance in order to relieve Ladysmith Captain Mahan is doubtful. “As an abstract military question” the advance through the Orange Free State “was in principle the correct plan, even under the existing conditions, as far as these are accurately known. But conditions are never accurately known to outsiders so immediately after a war.” Just so, and that is why we are surprised at Captain Mahan’s prematureness. The same cause, no doubt, accounts for the absence of any searching criticism of Lord Methuen’s much debated action at Magersfontein, though some of this reticence may be due to an officer’s reluctance to pass a strong condemnation upon another officer’s mistakes. He knows how easily mistakes may occur in action. This feeling, however, does not prevent the author from endorsing Lord Roberts’s censure of the whole conduct of the Spion Kop affair.

In spite of too much caution and reserve, and an obvious lack of mature consideration of authentic data—so far wanting—the book will be read with interest at the present moment as a criticism, however incomplete, of the subject most interesting to Englishmen by a singularly qualified and impartial judge. But it will not add to Captain Mahan’s fame.

AUTUMNS IN ARGYLL.*

MR. GATHORNE-HARDY has written a book which will be cherished by all lovers of Highland sport, and many who have never held a rod or rifle in their hand. For it is no mere sporting chronicle and dull record of successes and failures, but a genuine contribution to the literature of wild life in Scotland, where the naturalist’s interest is as strong as the sportsman’s, and the whole narrative is permeated with an honest affection for the people and the places among

which he has spent his autumns. It is done on a modest scale, without the gigantic wealth of observation which has made St. John and Colquhoun classics, but with something of their enthusiasm and love of the hills and waters. The studies are all concerned with one little part of Argyllshire, which lies around the beautiful estate of Poltalloch; but since the part contains within itself all varieties of landscape and is a veritable sportsman’s paradise, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has touched upon almost every side of Scottish sport. He makes no pretension to chronicle great records. “I have jotted down from time to time,” he says, “these personal reminiscences of various kinds of sport as typical, not of extraordinary successes, but of fairly normal experiences”; and he adds elsewhere: “Many deer are doubtless missed upon the hillside, but few indeed in the smoking-room or in the pages of sporting chronicles.” Few indeed; and this makes the dreariness of so many sportsmen’s note-books, where bird and beast are slain with monotonous regularity. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, to be sure, has some notable experiences to record, but they are told modestly and incidentally, and, as in St. John, it is the habits of the wild creatures, the glories of morning and evening in the hills, the mere remembrance of pleasant expeditions, which are the author’s chief interest. And it is an interest which his readers share, for to many of us, when other books become a weariness and fiction palls, there will always be a charm in the wholesome volumes which recall, however faintly, those holidayings and enterprises which lie like oases in the desert of a busy man’s life.

In the locality which the author describes every species of Highland game, except ptarmigan and capercailzie, can be found. The hills are, of course, too low for ptarmigan, but with the present extension of the capercailzie’s habitat, there is no reason why it should not again become plentiful in this neighbourhood. The rare pine-marten has been seen on the estate, and a wild cat was shot by the present owner. Rabbits, which were only introduced into Argyll in 1845, are now so numerous as to be a pest, and the keepers kill on an average six thousand couple in the winter months. The eagle-owl and the grey phalarope are occasional visitors, and two of the rarest of Scottish birds, the great snowy owl and the brown snipe, have been seen. Red-deer, roe and fallow deer among the wood and hills, a small salmon river, numerous hill-lochs, great stretches of moor and bog, and a curiously indented sea-coast fringed with islands make the place a happy hunting ground for the naturalist. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, who has had many years of experience in Scotland, contrasts the present ease of travel and the luxurious surroundings of sport with the old days when people were content to rough it in leaky shooting-lodges and comfortless inns. It would be vain to say that sport is bettered in our times, but it is easier to come by. “I remember,” he says, “the late laird of Poltalloch, who died in 1893, telling me how his father used to ride the whole way from London, purchasing his horse and having his saddle made before starting. . . . The journey then took three weeks. Now you may go to the theatre in London one evening, and arrive at Poltalloch in time for luncheon on the next day.” The attendant evil is that while the old traditions of Scottish sport were in favour of comparative cheapness, the new tradition is all the other way. We agree with Mr. Gathorne-Hardy in thinking that £2 for each brace of grouse as a rough estimate for the cost of sporting rights is nearer the mark than Mr. Aflalo’s £1. This is very different from the old days of Scrope and St. John, when “every casual visitor to the village inn or manse was free to range hill or riverside after stag, muirfowl, or salmon.”

The book consists of a series of essays, each an account of a day’s experience in some particular sport. In “Fallow-deer at Home” we have a spirited narrative of a day’s driving, with guns posted at different parts of the hill; where the keenest sportsman is torn betwixt a perpetual struggle with midges and the excitement of waiting for the deer. Sometimes to the seeing eye there come curious little glimpses of wild Nature, like the unforgettable incidents in the Sobieski Stuarts’ “Lays of the Deer Forests.” “In one single August morning,” says Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, “I have seen no less than eight woodcocks flushed, each carrying a young one curiously huddled up between its beak and feet; and, on another occasion, one ran up within a yard of me, snapping its bill and making a curious hissing noise when I picked up

* *Autumns in Argyllshire with Rod and Gun*. By the Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy. With illustrations by Archibald Thorburn. London: Longmans and Co. [10s. 6d.]

its half-grown baby." In the chapter on the "Roe" he believes very rightly in posting guns and drawing the cover with a scratch pack of hounds. He differs from Colquhoun and St. John in using ball instead of shot, "preferring not to pull the trigger of a shot-gun at an object like a calf." In "Deer-stalking," as in the second paper on "Seal-shooting," the venue is changed, and instead of Poltalloch, we have Lord Dalhousie's forest of Invermark and the late Sir John Fowler's forest of Braemore. Here we think the author least interesting, possibly because deer-stalking is a subject which of late years has been so over-written that it is almost impossible to say anything fresh. Perhaps the pleasantest chapters in the book are those called the "Herds of Proteus" and "Out of the Depths," narratives of seal-stalking and dredging in that wonderful Western sea which is so unlike any other sea we know. Here is Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's description of it:—

"A sea which, at the rise and fall of the tide, rushes and eddies round innumerable rocks and islands, whirling and roaring like a mill-race at the rate of eight or nine knots an hour—a sea as clear as a Hampshire trout-stream, the calm recesses of which the eye may penetrate to a depth that I am afraid to state in figures for fear I should be accused of exaggeration."

And there are other things to be seen besides rare crustacea, for you may notice "a herd of Highland cattle swimming across the half-mile of water which separates them from the mainland, a first stage on their journey to Falkirk Tryst." Now, alas! the cheap carriage of livestock has all but killed the Tryst, and this is a sight which will soon be unknown. But on the whole, if we had to give our vote for the best papers, it would be for the angling sketches, and perhaps for "Chill October." The Add is a remarkable stream, which "rises and falls with the swiftness of a speculative Stock Exchange security," and creeps to the sea through a flat bog. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy fishes with droppers, which would be possible only on a water of this kind. There is a most sensational account—the one piece of record-breaking in the book—of a dry week in the great drought of 1894, when he caught in five days thirty-five salmon ranging from five to seventeen pounds with a small ten-foot single-handed trout rod. In "Chill October," which recounts a day's rough-shooting, the bag is also a kind of record, being sixty-five head and ten varieties. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has the most catholic tastes, and no form of sport comes amiss which takes him out to the hills and gives him the pleasure of observation and pursuit. Shooting over dogs and driving, stalking and beating, salmon-fishing and loch-fishing, all are described with equal zest, but if we may risk a guess, we should say that salmon-fishing was his favourite. At any rate, it gives him occasion for a piece of sentimental reflection, which is only too common with those who can only spend short autumns in Argyll. He tells of the dreariness of a September Session in London, with the thermometer at 85°:—

"In fancy I am already plodding along the well-known banks, the whistle of the curlew and the plover sounding in my ears. The snipe startle me as they rise under my feet; the great herons flap lazily away as I turn a corner just above them; the merganser brings its numerous family up the stream between the high banks into the very pool I am fishing. . . . The grouse crow upon the oat-stubbles beside me, or the old black-cocks dash over my head in flocks of ten and fourteen. Perhaps there may be a hen harrier beating the moss beside me, with the regularity of a pointer, or a merlin hawking some lark or pipit; and whether the fish rise, as they do sometimes, or whether they decline, as they do more often, I shall return peaceful and contented to a well-earned dinner, and a sleep unbroken by dreams of political warfare."

One word must be said of the illustrations. Mr. Thorburn is easily our foremost drawer of sporting animals, and in the eight illustrations to this book he has reached his best. The drawings of "The Old River," "A Capital Point," and "An Improvised Drive" seem to us quite remarkable for their beauty and fidelity.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

THE scene of Mrs. Steel's new novel is laid in an Indian city, the centre of a dispossessed native dynasty, and is concerned

with what she calls "the greatest social problem the world has ever seen or is likely to see—the mutual assimilation of East and West without injury to either." With what tragic consequences the attempt to solve this problem must inevitably be fraught it is the aim of the novelist, drawing on her long and intimate observation of Anglo-Indian society and the life of the bazaar, to set forth in the romance to which she has given the title of *The Hosts of the Lord*. Of the English characters the most prominent is Captain Vincent Dering, a *beau sabreur* diverted from his attachment to the attractive wife of an absent-minded engineer by a genuine passion for an Italian girl, Laila Bonaventura, granddaughter of a soldier of fortune, the favourite of the last Nawab of Eshwara. Laila has Indian blood in her veins, for her grandmother was the Nawab's sister, and on the death of her parents she has lived on in the palace as the ward of an old Jesuit priest, who, on the downfall of the native sovereignty, secured to Bonaventura's heirs the confirmation of the Nawab's grants. By the convergence of destinies, a young Mahomedan *risaldar*, Roshan Khân, the nearest male descendant of the Nawab, is ordered to Eshwara with his regiment on the occasion of the Viceroy's visit, and being vain, turbulent, and ambitious, is gradually seduced from his allegiance to the British rule by the flattery of his female relations, and encouraged to assert his claim to the hand of his cousin, the Begum Laila. A variety of causes conspire to fan the embers of native discontent,—the drying up of a sacred pool by the new waterworks: the injudicious treatment by the military authorities of a *jogi*: the conflict of superstition and modern science over an outbreak of cholera. Roshan, possessed by the dream of recovering the throne of his ancestors, is marked out by his blood and ambition as the ringleader of revolt, and perishes in the attempt, but not before he has avenged himself on Laila for preferring his English rival by taking her life. On the other hand, Captain Dering redeems his fame by dying in the defence of the woman he had so nearly compromised. The common and just criticism of Mrs. Steel's novels—that she fails to enlist deep interest in her principal Anglo-Indian characters—applies less pointedly to *The Hosts of the Lord* than to her recent works. The slangy talk and reckless frivolity of the soldiers and officials—though explained by Mrs. Steel as a not unnatural recoil from the perpetual presence of the great social problem mentioned above—compare unfavourably with the dignified bearing and sententious dialogue of the natives. But Dering is a good deal more than a mere philanderer; Erda Shepherd, the devoted lady missionary, forfeits none of our respect by her ultimate surrender to her natural affections; the trials of Mrs. Eugene Smith, the engineer's wife, are handled so as to make just the right appeal to the reader's sympathies, and no more; while two admirably contrasted types of officials are given us in the Governor of the convict prison and the witty Irish Commissioner. But the semi-Oriental characters, Laila and her guardian, Father Ninian, are far more interesting, and the natives the most interesting and arresting of all. The two amphibious fishermen, Gu-gu and Am-ma, Gorakh-nâth the *jogi*, Roshan and his grandmother Mumtâza, these and half-a-dozen other characters are endowed with the magic of a distinct and interesting individuality. In regard to the presentation of her romance Mrs. Steel's workmanship is as usual very unequal. Her style, vigorous rather than distinguished, lacks lucidity and repose. The narrative is often hard to follow; Mrs. Steel's fondness for the figure of speech known as *aposiopesis* amounts to an affectation, and in her account of the revolt the effort to match the excitement of the moment by a spasmodic mode of description is not always successful. Nor can we acquit her of melodrama in the duel to the death between Roshan and the old priest. Men of eighty can hardly be expected to retain their skill with the rapier unimpaired. But these blemishes in presentation do not seriously detract from the remarkable psychological interest of a striking novel.

A novel from the pen of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick is always welcome; for while she steers a middle course between the rose-coloured optimism of the mid-Victorian novelists and the devotion to the doleful of their successors, the excellence of her matter is always enhanced by the alertness and vivacity of her style. *The Inner Shrine* may best be described as a

* (1.) *The Hosts of the Lord*. By Flora Annie Steel. London: W. Heinemann. [6s.]—(2.) *The Inner Shrine*. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick (Mrs. Andrew Dean). London: Harper and Brothers. [6s.]—(3.) *Love in a Mist*. By Olive Birrell. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. [6s.]—(4.) *The Journal of a Jealous Woman*. By Percy White. London: James Nisbet and Co. [6s.]—(5.) *The Monk Wins*. By Edward H. Cooper. London: Duckworth and Co. [6s.]—(6.) *Edward Barry: South Sea Pearl*. By Louis Becke. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [6s.]—(7.) *Joan Brotherhood*. By Bernard Capes. London: C. A. Pearson. [6s.]—(8.) *I'd Crown's Resign*. By J. Maclaren Cobban. London: John Long. [6s.]

modern version of the knight-errant and the distressed damsel. Celia Blake, the heroine, the sister of a poor parson, is taken abroad as their companion by a vulgar couple—Mrs. Sidgwick does not hold with the modern craze for glorifying caddishness—who, gratuitously reading evil into her innocent relations with an English officer, desert her at a moment's notice. Major Ascham, who is engaged to be married to his cousin, a beautiful, gracious invalid, behaves in the trying sequel with true chivalry, but the situation is naturally open to misconstruction. Accordingly, when his wife subsequently meets, takes a great fancy to Celia, and engages her as governess for her little niece, Celia and Major Ascham agree to say nothing about their former acquaintance. But the Clatworthys—the vulgar pair referred to—hunt down the innocent Celia; Mr. Clatworthy endeavours to blackmail Ascham, and, failing in that, tells his version of the story to Lady Helen. In the scenes which follow Lady Helen emerges as a true heroine by her exquisite loyalty to her friend and her husband. She knows him to be innocent and to have behaved like a chivalrous gentleman, but she receives her death-wound in the knowledge that his heart is given to Celia. Mrs. Sidgwick has never done anything better than the rout of the Clatworthys and its tragic sequel. The epilogue deals simply and naturally with the foregone conclusion of Celia's marriage to her rescuer.

Another novel in which the heroine needs to be rescued from her surroundings is Miss Birrell's *Love in a Mist*. Sibylla Lincoln is the daughter of a high-minded but impracticable Socialist, so deeply devoted to the regeneration of humanity that he is blind to the sufferings of his own wife and children. This fanatical devotee of the religion of poverty has sacrificed the happiness of his wife and the life of one of his children to the furtherance of his schemes. He has renounced his relations, abandoned his social status, and lives in miserable discomfort amid a menagerie of his protégés. The story traces the gradual growth in Sibylla of a spirit of revolt dating from the advent on the scene of a rich friend of her mother's. Keith Hamilton befriends the lonely, half-starved, neglected girl, but when he asks her hand in marriage, her father will only consent on the understanding that her brother shall stay with him. Realising only too clearly what this means, Sibylla resolves to stay with the boy until he can look after himself. The barrier between the lovers, aggravated by the theft of their letters, is removed by the death of Sibylla's father in circumstances which open her eyes to the nobility of his character; and their reunion is brought about by a heroic act of self-effacement on the part of Sibylla's humble admirer, a poor clerk named Hudson, of insignificant exterior but extraordinary unselfishness. The sadness of the story is relieved by a good deal of quiet humour. The strange and ill-assorted household of Socialists is vividly brought before us, and it is to Miss Birrell's credit that there is not the slightest trace of animosity in her portraiture. The novel is to be cordially recommended for its judicial yet sympathetic treatment of an interesting problem.

Mr. Arthur Thorold, the mercurial husband in *The Journal of a Jealous Woman*, really loved his wife better than any one else, but, unfortunately for her, there were many occasions on which his preference was not convincingly manifested. Hence the ravages of the green-eyed monster, portrayed with his familiar urbanity and vivacity by Mr. White. There is some excellent satire at the expense of the modern newspaper proprietor in the account of Thorold's journal, the *Drum*, while the ultimate reconciliation winds up the story with a graceful act of homage to sentiment and domesticity which the emancipated reader will regard as positively reactionary.

Another entertaining novel is *The Monk Wins*, in which Mr. Edward Cooper has worked out a fanciful notion with a good deal of ability and humour. His heroine, a young heiress with £40,000 a year, is obliged, under the terms of the will to which she owes her fortune, to maintain a stud of race-horses and run them in her own name. So far, however, from resenting these conditions, Margaret Branksome takes to the turf like a duck to water. It is only right to add that Mr. Cooper has no illusions about that institution, and is on the side of the angels, or at least of Lord Durham. Margaret is certainly not improved by contact with trainers and "bookies," and comes very near marrying a thoroughpaced scamp. In

the end, however, the scamp, by a heroic death, is the means of extricating Margaret out of a rut of self-indulgence and pleasure-seeking, and so bringing about her union with her solid and altogether eligible cousin, Hubert Douglas.

Mr. Louis Becke's intimate and exhaustive knowledge of the South Sea Islands is turned to excellent account in *Edward Barry*, a most exciting romance of the pearly trade in the "sixties." The hero, who finds himself associated with a gang of murderers and thieves, turns the tables on his villainous employers in the most handsome style, and wins the hand and shares the fortune of the widow of their victim. There is a good deal of savagery and brutality in the story, but the claims of poetic justice are amply recognised in the long run.

We can always rely upon Mr. Capes for ingenuity of plot and gallantry of style. The heroine in *Joan Brotherhood*, who contracts a clandestine marriage with a clergyman, is beguiled by her ambition to shine as an actress into surroundings where she is victimised by an unscrupulous man of business, a jealous rival, and a self-indulgent man of fashion. It is enough to say that the author's undeniable talent entirely fails to reconcile us to his choice or handling of an essentially displeasing theme.

Last on our list is Mr. Maclaren Cobban's genial comedy of courtship, *I'd Crowns Resign*, in which a susceptible German Prince, in spite of the indefatigable exertions of his Cancellarius, forfeits his succession in order to marry a charming Scottish lady. The episode of the Prince's rescue from drowning by his lady-love is delightfully told; indeed, the whole story is full of light-hearted and wholesome merriment.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. TREVES'S EXPERIENCES.

The Tale of a Field Hospital. By Frederick Treves. (Cassell and Co. 6s.)—The hospital in which Mr. Treves worked was called "stationary," not because it remained in one place, for it followed the column to which it was attached, but because it did not move about as much as what may be called the brigade hospital. What its work was may be gathered from the simple statement that nearly all the wounded in the Natal campaign passed through it. It began with a staff of three officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps; to these eight civil surgeons were added (of the eleven two died and the majority of the others were invalided, a testimony, at least, to their effort to do their work against which one can hardly cavil). The maximum of patients was reached after Spion Kop, when there were eight hundred under treatment. The first experience of actual war was at Colenso. We shall not attempt to reproduce the picture which Mr. Treves draws of the coming in of the ambulances with the wounded both here and at other places where the list of casualties was even larger. We will not say that these pages are too horrible to read; on the contrary, they ought to be read, and the simplicity and directness with which Mr. Treves tells his dismal story are worthy of all praise. But they must be read as they stand; as we cannot quote the whole, we will not quote a part. What we can give are some of the little traits of character and significant incidents with which Mr. Treves, an observer as sympathetic as he was experienced, diversifies and relieves the gloom of the picture. Almost all of these go, so to speak, one way, showing what a cheery, unselfish, helpful fellow the average soldier is. Here is one poor fellow who certainly had never heard of Sir Philip Sidney, but had the same spirit in him, and used almost the same words. He could hardly speak for dryness of the mouth, and an orderly was bringing him some water. "Take it to my pal first," he said, "he is worse hit than me." He died next morning, but the "pal" got through. Then another—our readers will excuse the realism of the anecdote—said, as he was being hoisted into the train, "Put me in the lower berth, because I keep throwing up." As Mr. Treves says, it is not every one who is so thoughtful, even when he has nothing worse the matter with him than the *mal de mer*. Then there is the story of the "restless man." He had been shot through the thigh, and was put into a bed, duly strapped and splinted. The next morning he was found out of bed lying on his face, with everything out of order. The same thing happened again, only this time he tumbled out to make room for a man shot through the chest, who was on a stretcher, beds being short. He wanted the bed more, thought the restless man, and got the

orderlies to make the change. The newcomer died and the R.M. was put back. Twice again he did the same thing, till at last he had to be seriously talked to and put under an absolute prohibition. But he had the last word. "You see, doctor, I am such a restless man." Then there was Private Goodman, of the King's Royal Rifles. We will not give the details of his hideous wound. Let it suffice to say that his mouth was shot away. Mr. Treves gives the notes the speechless man made in his memorandum book. The last is "Did my haversack come with me? If it did there is some tobacco in it, you can give it to them that smoke" (smoking is the panacea of sound and sick). We are glad to know that Goodman is well and as cheery as ever. We are told, too, about the dying. One officer was sinking into unconsciousness, but the boom of the 4.7 gun firing from the hill above roused him for a moment. Every time he smiled and said "They are getting it now." They were his last words. He was happy in his ignorance, for things were not going as he thought. Very likely it was his first battle, but we are reminded of the great soldier who had seen fights without number and seemed to be watching one as he murmured "Tête de l'armée." Few, we should say, can read this book with dry eyes, but every one should read it.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Random Recollections of an Old Publisher. By William Tinsley. 2 vols. (Simpkin and Marshall. 21s.)—Mr. Tinsley, after giving some reminiscences of childhood and boyhood—he began life at nine by "bird-keeping" at half-a-crown a week—devotes his first volume to literature and things more or less connected with it, as circulating libraries and the like. In his second he has much to say about the drama and its exponents, whether actors or playwrights. Then he goes back to literature, in the journalistic and other forms. He has seen many men, if not many cities, for, indeed, he was faithful to London as long as London was faithful to him. To literary men of every kind, to the reviewer who, as is the case with the writer of this notice, has had a long-standing acquaintance with books, and to the playgoer, old or young, these volumes should be full of interest. And the general public ought to find them well worth reading. Mr. Tinsley speaks his mind with much frankness. We see no trace of malice; on the contrary, he is commonly full of kindness and forbearance. But when he feels himself to have been injured he says so, and, it must be confessed, he has sometimes had good reason. The old idea that the publisher is an ogre who lures into his den the guileless author, and makes a feast off his flesh and bones, has passed into the realm of fiction. The author is often a good man of business, sometimes not very scrupulous, and sometimes positively a rogue. He who sells an old book as a new one; he who undertakes a collaboration, leaves the whole of the work to his partner, but lets his sole name appear on the title-page; and he who takes money for work that he never performs are "rogues in grain." We do not mean to quote any of Mr. Tinsley's stories, whether they be to the advantage or disadvantage of the people with whom he has had dealings. Our readers must go to the volumes themselves. There they will find recollections of scores, we might say of hundreds, of persons whose names have been more or less known during the last forty years.

St. Kilda. By Norman Heathcote. (Longmans and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)—We may divide Mr. Heathcote's account of St. Kilda by the familiar division of past, present, and future. The most notable event in the past is the imprisonment on the island of Lady Grange. Commonly, the place has enjoyed the happiness of having no history. A change of minister is, perhaps, the most important event in the island chronicles, and this does not happen often. The physical changes are interesting, the force of the Atlantic waves having altered the coast-line greatly even in the short time for which we have had the means of making a comparison. The present condition of the island and its people is described with considerable fulness. It would not be fair to pick out details, favourable or unfavourable. A man should see the whole and judge by it. Anyhow, the illustrations, giving the outward aspect of place and people, are excellent. The future suggests not a few problems which are by no means easy of solution. The primitive ways of the island, the conducting of business by barter, for instance, it will hardly be possible to keep to, as it becomes more and more part of the great world. There was a time, we believe, when the visit of a stranger gave the whole population a cold, such influence had the unfamiliar *aura*

upon them. Now there is a service of steamers, and the liability to cold-catching has presumably passed away,—at least Mr. Heathcote says nothing about it; and with it probably many other things have disappeared. One thing seems tolerably plain. The trawlers ought to be compelled to observe the legal three-milo limit. It is all nonsense to say that they do not harm the inshore fishing. Every one with any experience of sea-fishing knows better than that.

Adam Duncan. By H. W. Wilson. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 2s. net.)—Doubtless Mr. Wilson is right in putting Duncan in the second rank. He was a great commander, but not of the greatest. It is true that he fell upon evil times. When he was at his best—between the ages of thirty-three and forty-seven—he was not employed. And the British seaman was at his worst, thanks to an incompetent Administration. Still, he had not Nelson's genius. But he had everything short of this; in fact, he only missed genius by a little. His great victory (Camperdown) was won when he was in his sixty-seventh year. His plans there were not wholly unlike Nelson's grand idea of hurling an overpowering force on one point. But he did not quite realise the idea, though he came near it. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the volume (which belongs to the series of "Westminster Biographies") is the account of the mutinies of the year 1797. Duncan behaved with consummate courage, discretion, and humanity, and largely helped to save England in one of the very worst perils in which she ever stood.

Miscellanies. By Edward FitzGerald. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)—Perhaps the most interesting thing in this volume is the memoir of Bernard Barton. He was one of the happy men who get their bread from business and their butter from literature. At one time he thought of cutting himself adrift from the bank; Charles Lamb dissuaded him in one of the most admirable letters ever written. The result was that he stuck to his desk. The first day of his absence was the day of his death. No one reads Bernard Barton now, but a pretty little volume might be made of his good things. He had plenty of humour—he said of himself that for forty years he had "taken almost as little exercise as a millstone and far less fresh air"—and he could, on rare occasions, strike hard. Of some dogmatic, uncharitable Churchman he said that it was no wonder that he thought the voluntary system was absurd:—

"He well may say so; for 'twere hard to tell
Who would support him, did not law compel."

The other contents of the volume are "Euphranor," a dialogue on ethics and other matters, set in Cambridge surroundings, and some criticisms of Shakespeare and Crabbe (with a notice of Crabbe's eldest son, one of FitzGerald's dearest friends).

Romeo and Juliet. Edited by Edward Dowden. (Methuen and Co. 3s. 6d.)—Professor Dowden's knowledge and tact as an editor are too well known to need our commendation. He thinks the play an early one, on account of the character of the versification, as well as of the inferiority of some of the writing. In dealing with the text he is commonly conservative. The appendix exhibits some serious variations between the accepted text and that of the quarto of 1597.

Eros and Psyche. Retold after Apuleius by Paul Carus. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 6s. net.)—This is a pleasing adaptation of the Roman romance, though told without any special distinction of style. The writer in his preface expresses an opinion that the tale "bears all the marks of a genuine Märchen." Here we differ from him. To us it has a most distinct appearance of a latter-day romance. The personification of the soul in the lovely Psyche is as unlike as possible to all that we know or can conjecture about the conceptions of the prehistoric ages. The illustrations, by Paul Thumann, are curiously unequal. The frontispiece is charming, even striking, but we should not recognise the same figure on p. 23.

Government in Switzerland. By John Martin Vincent, Ph.D. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)—Dr. Vincent, after tracing the political history of Switzerland, discusses the details of the cantonal and federal government. The judicial system, the finance, the great machinery of the referendum, practically peculiar to Switzerland, and other matters are discussed. The military system of the Swiss is not forgotten. Some tables illustrating the working of "Progressive Taxation" are given. All cantons, it must be remembered, have not the same system. In Glarus, a rural canton, there are three forms of taxation,—Property-tax, Poll-tax, Inheritance-tax. Property-tax on 75,000 fr. would be 65 fr. The first 25,000 fr. is assessed at 60 per cent.; after that all is assessed at its full value. So we get 65,000 fr. at 1 in the 1,000,

65 fr. A property of 600,000 fr. pays 640 fr. An increased rate is paid on 25,000 fr.,—10,000 fr. is allowed; the next 75,000 fr. is assessed in full; then 300,000 fr. at 330,000 fr.; then 200,000 fr. at 220,000 fr. The Inheritance-tax varies according to both relationship and amount. A stranger in blood pays 10 per cent., and a further 1 per cent. if the legacy exceeds 500,000 fr.

The Slavery of Our Time. By Leo Tolstoy. (Free Age Press. 1s.)—It would not be easy for the most docile statesman to please Count Tolstoy. His leading principle may be described as a combination of non-resistance and Anarchism, not the Anarchism of the revolver and dynamite, it must be understood, but of passive resistance and endurance. Socialism he does not like; economic science he abhors; in the communalisation of property, &c., he does not believe. If a factory worker gets more wages it is not of real benefit to him. Labour is slavery. You do not enslave the man, but the five shillings which he needs enslave him. These are crude statements of Tolstoy's thought, but they are, we think, substantially correct. There is no need of commenting on them.

SCHOOL-BOOKS.—In "Blackwood's Classical Texts," general editor, H. W. Auden, M.A. (W. Blackwood and Sons, 1s. 6d.), *The Olynthiacs, I.-III., of Demosthenes*, edited by H. Sharpley, M.A., well furnished with introduction, notes, illustrative passages from other authors, and having that useful item a full index of Greek names.—*Model and Black-board Drawing.* By F. F. Lydon. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 3s. 6d.)—"Arnold's Continuous Story Readers," Grades I.-IV., containing *Granny's Coach-and-Four*, by Elinor Davenport Adams; *Four Playmates*, by Richard Wilson; *Forester's Farm*, by Ismay Thorn; and *The 'Polly's' Apprentice*, by Tom Bevan (E. Arnold, 10d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d.)—*Introduction to Modern Scientific Chemistry.* By Dr. Lassar Cohn. Translated by M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. (H. Grevel and Co. 6s.)—*French Commercial Correspondence.* By Alfred Starek. (Blackie and Son. 1s. 6d.)—*Key to Lessons in French.* By Louis Fasquelle, LL.D. Revised by James Boëlle, B.A. (Cassell and Co. 1s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS.—We have received "Part III." of *Lectures on Theoretical and Physical Chemistry*, by Dr. J. H. Van 'T. Hoff, translated by Dr. R. A. Lehfeldt (E. Arnold, 7s. 6d. net).—In the series of the "Sir Walter Scott's Continuous Readers" (A. and C. Black, 1s. net) we have received *Woodstock*, edited by H. Corstorphine.—*Association Football.* By Ernest Needham. (Skeffington and Son. 1s. net).—Mr. Needham, who is a well-known exponent of the game, gives in this volume a variety of information about it, its rules, the practice of playing it, its recent history, and the personalities of some leading players.—*A Handy Book of Agriculture.* By F. C. Hayes, M.A. (John Murray. 2s. 6d. net).—Mr. Hayes, who has the advantage of being located in the amateur gardener's paradise, a country rectory, writes with enthusiasm and out of a full mind. Part I. he devotes to general principles, describing what should be the gardener's aims, what means are at his disposal, what methods he may follow, with what enemies he has to contend. In Part II. he descends upon particulars, divides flowers by the seasons to which they belong, and speaks of various departments of the garden, rockeries, ferneries, lawns, shrubberies, and the kitchen and fruit garden. The third part is entitled "Types of Hardy Flowers," and the fourth is a "Gardener's Calendar," detailing the operations that are called for by each successive month. It seems to us a well-arranged and instructive book.—*A Route Book for the Midland District.* Routes and Route Notes by Harold Freeman. (Littlebury and Co. 1s. net).—*New House of Commons.* (Macmillan and Co. 1s.)—Reprints from the *Times*.

NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS.—In the "Temple Classics" (J. M. Dent and Co., 1s. 6d. net per vol.), *Critical and Historical Essays*, by T. B. Macaulay, Vol. III., containing "Lord Bacon," "Sir William Temple," and "Gladstone on Church and State." The editor gives a useful appendix, containing the "Chief Dates in Macaulay's Life" with a list of "Books of Reference," with the same helps for the essays on Bacon and Temple, and interesting paragraphs about "Church and State." A "Glossary of Allusions" follows. Macaulay is full of allusions which even his omniscient "fifth-form boys" cannot always follow without help.—Also in the same series, *Lives of the Painters*, by Giorgio Vasari, Vol. III., coming down as far as Correggio, who was born in 1494 and died in 1534.—*Madame: Memoirs of the Princess Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans (1644-1670).* By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). (Seeley and Co. 7s. 6d.)—*Love Poems of Robert Browning* (John Lane, 1s. 6d. net), in the series of "The Lovers' Library."—*Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights.* (J. M. Dent and Co. 1s. 6d. net).—*In a Conning Tower.* By H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P. (Cassell and Co. 6d.)

(For Publications of the Week see next page.)

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Agnus (Orme), Love in Our Village, cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	6/0
Alchin (W. H.), A Manual of Medicine, Vol. II., cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	7/6
Ashton (M. E.), Wings: a Book of Verses, 12mo	(K. Paul)	3/6
Bacon (B. W.), An Introduction to the New Testament, cr 8vo ..	(Macmillan)	3/6
Bennett (W. H.), On the Use of Massage, cr 8vo	(Longmans)	4/6
Chandler (A.), Tom Andrews: a Story of Board School Life, cr 8vo (E. Stock)		5/0
Coate (H. E. A.), Allens Afloat, cr 8vo	(E. Stock)	6/0
Collins (W. E. W.), A Scholar of His College, cr 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	6/0
Compton (H.), The Immutable Mrs. Massingham, cr 8vo ..	(Chatto & Windus)	6/0
Conder (Mrs. E. R.), In the Beginning, cr 8vo	(E. Stock)	3/6
Corbould Sporting Almanack (The), oblong 4to	(Bradbury Agnew)	25/0
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Creagh (Capt.), Sparks from Camp Fires, cr 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	6/0
Cule (W. E.), Barfield's Blazer, and other School Stories, cr 8vo ..	(S.S.U.)	2/6
Davidson (J. P. F.), Letters of Spiritual Council, cr 8vo ..	(Gardner & Darton)	6/0
Dowden (E.), Puritan and Anglican Studies in Literature, cr 8vo ..	(K. Paul)	7/6
Farrow (P. R.), Stresses and Strains, cr 8vo	(Whittaker)	5/0
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Freuch (J. Lewis), Christ in Sacred Art, cr 8vo	(Jarrold)	6/0
Gallon (Tom), A Rogue in Love, cr 8vo	(Hutchinson)	6/0
Galt (H.), Microscopy of the More Commonly Occurring Starches (Baillière)		3/6
Gardens Old and New, folio	(Newnes)	42/0
Goodenough (G.), The Handy Man Afloat and Ashore, cr 8vo ..	(Unwin)	6/0
Gould (E. M. E. B.), With Note-Book and Camera, 4to	(Church Miss. Soc.)	2/6
Gray (Thomas), Letters, edited by D. C. Tovey, Vol. 1., cr 8vo ..	(Bell)	3/6
Guyot (Yves), Boer Politics, cr 8vo	(J. Murray)	2/0
Halifax (S.), Annals of a Doss House, cr 8vo	(G. Allen)	2/6
Harris (J. C.), On the Wing of Occasion, cr 8vo	(J. Murray)	6/0
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Herbert (G. W.), Notes of Sermons, cr 8vo	(Skeffington)	5/0
Hopwood (A.), The Bunkum Book, 4to	(Warne)	6/0
Hudson (W. H.), Sir Walter Scott, cr 8vo	(Sands)	6/0
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WE hold the life of the Czar in the present conjuncture of affairs to be of the highest importance to Europe, and the latest telegrams do not, we regret to say, entirely remove apprehension. The doctors report that the disease pursues its normal course, and the temperatures recorded are not alarming, but we think it is intended to suggest that his Majesty is not an entirely tractable patient, and that his attendants suspect weakness of the heart. The action of the Holy Synod in ordering prayers throughout Russia must have been sanctioned by very high authority, the rumour about a Regency must have passed the censor, and altogether we see reason to believe that the great persons round the throne do not feel perfectly reassured. The truth must be known in a few days, and we can only hope that Nicholas II. may not only live, but regain such a measure of strength that to speak of a Regency would in Russia be an act of disloyalty, if not treason. The world wishes the present Czar to reign as well as to survive.

The German Reichstag, it seems evident, intends to approve the expedition to China. A vote was asked for on Monday during the discussion on the Estimates, and the new Chancellor, Count von Bülow, made a most effective speech. He at once conciliated the regular supporters of the Government by agreeing to call the Bill a Bill of Indemnity; he denied that any quixotry entered into the expedition, which was entirely dictated by German interests; he quoted the Anglo-German agreement as securing to Germany free trade with the whole of China, and especially with the Yangtse Valley; and he explained away the Emperor's threat of "no quarter" as made in a speech uttered under the belief that the whole of the Legations had been massacred. He did not, it should be noted, deny the excessive "severity" exercised towards Chinamen, which, indeed, was admitted by the Minister of War, and justified as "retribution" for the cruelties of the Huns. But the Deputies seem not to have been seriously interested in that subject, and the general impression in the House was that Count von Bülow had achieved a wonderful success. This impression, moreover, is general throughout Europe. We give elsewhere some reasons for distrusting its accuracy, but it is quite clear that the Emperor will be allowed for the present a free hand. As to his intentions there is not a hint either in the Chancellor's speech or in those of his opponents.

M. Delcassé also has made his statement on Chinese affairs. It appears that the expedition is most unpopular in France, as causing expenditure and involving indefinite risks, and the

French Premier in his speech to the Chamber on Tuesday was almost humbly apologetic. He had, he said, sent out twenty thousand men, but it was indispensable to rescue the Legations, and assist in garrisoning Shanghai. There were now only twelve hundred French soldiers in Pekin, and the Government was acting in full accord with that of Russia. He had himself laid down bases for a treaty which had received the approbation of the Powers, and "hoped that they were nearing the threshold of negotiations," — a carefully worded phrase which does not suggest their rapid termination. He entirely objected to fix a date when the national sacrifices would end, and was evidently not quite satisfied that every Power was disinterested. In the event, however, of anybody snatching anything, "France would continue to watch over her equilibrium." M. Delcassé took much credit for saving M. François in Yunnan by his threat to the Viceroy, and, indeed, considered that he had saved the Legations by his correspondence with Prince Ching and Yung Lu, but the general tone of his speech suggests a man who is dragged into a great enterprise which he secretly distrusts.

The attitude of the United States in China has become almost unintelligible. The Government, according to the usual exponents of its views, is unwilling to quit the Concert, but considers that the terms demanded by that Concert are preposterous. Indeed, it is by no means satisfied that they are not intended to be rejected, and so to afford an excuse to Germany, and possibly to Great Britain, for seizing provinces. Washington even objects to the indemnity, declaring that China cannot pay it, and suspecting that it is only asked for in order that territory may be offered in exchange. The American statesmen would, it appears, leave the Government of China to punish the authors of the outrages, ask an almost nominal indemnity, and then as far as possible restore the *status quo*, especially not asking any demolition of forts, or fortified residences for the Legations. It is possible that some of these views are exaggerated in repetition, but it seems certain that a deep suspicion of Germany prevails in America, that the conduct of the German troops in Chih-li has greatly wounded American feeling, and that the Executive would like to retire from China in order to concentrate energy on the conquest of the Philippines, where affairs are not going well.

The reception of Mr. Kruger at Marseilles, so long and assiduously prepared by the Clericals and Reactionaries of France, came off, after several disappointments caused by weather, at 11.30 on Thursday. A vast crowd assembled and heartily cheered the old man, and the officials called on him, but the disturbances expected did not occur. Mr. Kruger, who does not know any language but his own, responded through an interpreter to addresses praising his struggle against misguided England, in a short speech consisting practically of the assertions that the British were barbarians, that they had refused arbitration, that they burned houses, and that though human justice, might fail he counted on the justice of God. A Zulu would reply that the ex-President is now witnessing proof of that justice. The reception showed the considerable feeling which exists in France against Great Britain, but we see in it no ground for national complaint. Our demonstration against Austria during the reception of Kossuth was at least as violent. Mr. Kruger, however, has still to be received in Paris, and Paris, though not less excitable than Marseilles, is a weightier city.

The situation in the theatre of war is practically unchanged. The Boers still show great activity in the South and East of the Orange River Colony, where four commandos varying from five hundred to a thousand men are said to be in

the field under Generals Botha, De Wet, and others; but it is evident that the burghers and townspeople are growing sick of the war, and have begun to regard De Wet's tactics as not merely useless, but criminal. Lord Roberts, whose recent riding accident has not kept him from his work, writes that Generals Barton and Douglas were most cordially welcomed by the inhabitants on entering Klerksdorp on the 16th inst. This town, which is an important telegraphic and commercial centre, was occupied without opposition, the English columns, which converged from Potchefstroom and Ventersdorp, capturing a good many cattle and prisoners on their way. On the 18th the Boers under Commandant George Brand were shelled out of the hills at Baberspan and cut up by the Lancers with heavy loss. As a set-off, two "regrettable incidents" are reported, thirteen men of the York and Lancaster Regiment being ambushed south of Utrecht, and an outpost of the Buffs being surprised southwest of Balmoral, with a loss of six killed, five wounded, and thirty-one prisoners. The railway and telegraph have also been repeatedly cut in the South of the Orange River Colony, and De Wet is credited with having once more slipped through our lines in company with Mr. Steyn.

The passages from a diary found on a dead Boer near Thabanchu, published in Thursday's papers, are full of interest. There is a good picture of De Wet, as a man of medium height, with a reddish beard, and little fiery eyes. "When you hear him speak, you know him to be a man from head to foot,—no talker, but what he says you feel. One could go through thick and thin with him." For the other leaders, however, the writer entertains widely different sentiments:—"Our motto is 'Unity makes strong,' but in reality there are constant dissensions instead of brotherly love." The writer speaks bitterly of the circulation of false news, regards the continual trekking as useless, and asserts that all the best men are being killed or taken prisoners while only the cowards are left. "The whole object of our cause is lost sight of. No one talks of it. There is nothing but eating and drinking." He mentions a curious point in De Wet's speech. The Boer general, addressing the laager, said he believed the British would not be killed by the Mauser, but would be slain by lice,—doubtless a view suggested by his recollection of the plagues of Egypt.

Mr. Morley forwards to the *Times* (November 17th) a very sad letter from the seat of war. It is signed Ellie Cronje, and describes in strangely temperate words the destruction of her farmhouse by a British Colonel whose name is suppressed. The inmates were, apparently, accused of favouring Boers who passed the house on their way to attack the British, and accordingly the house was burned, all furniture destroyed, the animals taken away, and the women and children forced to seek a refuge in the stables. The writer adds that on the same day seventeen other families were made homeless. The explanation offered is that the soldiers found rifles and powder hidden in the house, but we do not know that it greatly affects the question, which is whether this is the wise way of suppressing guerilla war. We doubt it greatly, and that not out of sentimentality. As the Transvaal and Orange Colony have been annexed, we would, after granting an amnesty, treat all attacks on her Majesty's troops as rebellion, and punish the rebels when caught with severe sentences, including, when necessary, death. But we see neither sense nor justice in burning houses and worrying women and children. A letter quoted in Thursday's *Westminster Gazette* from a sympathiser with the policy of Sir Alfred Milner declares that nearly all the land-owning Boers are in favour of peace, and that 90 per cent. of the rebels now in arms are the riff-raff of Boerdom. Men who join the guerillas take their lives in their hands, they mean killing, and they have no right to complain if they are shot when caught; but their families have done nothing. It is said the houses are theirs, and that is true; but do we burn burglars' houses whenever the police fail to catch them? It is still worse when it turns out that the houses may not belong to the burglars after all.

A terrible railway accident took place on Thursday week on the Southern Railway of France close to St. Geours, near Dax, between Bayonne and Bordeaux. The express from Madrid, the fastest long-distance train

in the world, was derailed while travelling down a gradient where the train is officially authorised to run at the speed of seventy-four and a half miles an hour. On the engine and tender leaving the rails the couplings of the carriages behind broke, and the restaurant car, rearing itself endwise, fell forward, wheels in air, on the luggage van, which it smashed to matchwood. The engine-driver and stoker, though badly bruised, escaped, but of the twenty-seven occupants of the restaurant car only four escaped without serious injury, the Duke Canevaro di Zoagli, the Peruvian Minister at the Quirinal and at Paris, being among the killed. Mr. Rous-Marten, who has had special opportunities for inspecting the working of this particular express since its acceleration, maintains in his interesting letter to the *Times* of Tuesday that the speed at which the train was travelling was not excessive *per se*, but admits that "a speed which may be and is perfectly safe on a sound road easily becomes highly dangerous on a bad one, or on any portion of even a good road which may have been rendered temporarily unsound," and adds that the section of the Midi line running through the Landes is apt to be made unsafe by continued wet weather. In other words, the higher the speed adopted, the greater the necessity for a good permanent way and constant inspection of those portions liable to be affected by climatic conditions. But is there any infallible means of testing the soundness of a line besides running over it at full speed?

Lord Rosebery delivered on Friday week, as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, a brilliant speech, which has subsequently been distributed as a pamphlet. As a literary effort it was fully worthy of his reputation, and it will, we doubt not, convince a great many persons that a politician who can perceive so accurately and describe his perceptions so eloquently would, if accepted by all Liberals, make an effective ruler. For reasons stated elsewhere, we do not agree. If the ruler is but fit, we do not care much to what party he belongs, believing that he must always move along fixed lines, but every word Lord Rosebery utters convinces us more and more that he is the "able editor," and not the daring pilot. The vague and often erroneous impression of the people would be the guiding star of his policy. Every one, however, should read his speech in pamphlet form, as it was undoubtedly uttered to smooth his path to power, and will assist all who study it to weigh his qualifications. To us there seems to be in all its splendid sentences but one piece of advice, and that is to enter your children on the "modern" instead of the "classical" side of the public schools, and that we hold to be wrong. The main product of much that is called technical education is a fidgety conceit.

Lord Rosebery, we see, is strongly impressed with the belief that rival nations are outstripping us in commerce mainly because they are educated in more modern fashion. That more care, harder work, and more pliability of the American sort would make our commercial classes even more successful, we believe; but we do not believe that education, old or modern, always increases force for the business of life. We should like to ask Lord Rosebery where, if we are falling behind, he supposes that the ever-increasing yield of the Income-tax comes from. It certainly does not come out of the land.

Mr. Munro-Ferguson, who recently resigned the post of Liberal Whip, made a rather remarkable speech at Leith last Saturday night. The pith of his address, in which the difficulties of Parliamentary life were set forth with the utmost candour, lay in the declaration that it was futile to keep up the appearance of cohesion in the Liberal party when there was no real unity of purpose. Personally he saw no ground for alarm in the tendency of the various sections to act independently. On the contrary, he believed that course offered the surest hope of ultimate success, "for the strongest group would attract support, it would come to represent the party, and so an Opposition would be formed which would eventually make a Government." It remained to be seen whether those who believed in the Empire and in the placing of its affairs on a business footing could exercise their influence over Liberal policy or not. "If those who supported Sir Edward Grey could not succeed in carrying their point, then he agreed that they had better retire, though it would probably be into private life

rather than, as had been suggested, into Unionist pay." In concluding a very frank and manly speech Mr. Munro-Ferguson bade his hearers remember that neither election addresses, nor programmes, nor reconciliations, nor appearances of unity would restore Liberalism to its position until it could first regain the public confidence which it had temporarily lost.

At the complimentary public banquet to Mr. Horace Plunkett held in the Rotunda, Dublin, on Tuesday, Lord Dufferin, who presided, paid an eloquent tribute to the services of the guest of the evening. Mr. Plunkett, he said, had indisputably done more than any one else to advance by practical measures, well thought out and carefully elaborated, the material prosperity of Ireland. The leading principle of his organisation was "co-operation and self-help, in contradistinction to isolated effort and perennial appeals to the Government for assistance." In Lord Dufferin's opinion, the man who started a small village industry probably conferred greater benefit on his country than the maker of dozens of eloquent speeches in Parliament. The address presented to Mr. Plunkett by Lord Dufferin was signed by twenty thousand names, representative of all shades of political opinion and religious conviction and every material interest in the country, and the banquet was attended by nearly three hundred guests, including the Lord Mayors of Dublin and Belfast.

The Victoria University, which comprises the Owens College, Manchester, University College, Liverpool, and the Yorkshire College, Leeds, has taken the first step towards a very important development of its work. At a meeting of its Court, held last week, it was resolved:—“(a) That it is desirable that degrees or other distinctions in theology should be instituted as soon as practicable. (b) That it be referred to the Council (after consulting with the Board of Studies) to report as to the examinations and courses of study which should be required for such degrees or other distinctions.” Ten years ago resolutions to the same effect were brought forward and rejected by a narrow majority, but as Principal Hopkinson, of Owens, who moved them on the present occasion, observed, public opinion in the interval has advanced in the direction of recognising theological degrees. The importance of having a learned ministry, in the Church of England and in the Nonconformist Churches, is increasingly recognised; and as was well asked by Dr. Ward, “what reason is there that a University like Victoria, which is in the most immediate contact with great centres of national life, should refuse to contribute its share to the required supply?” The proposed change is strongly supported by educational authorities like Sir Henry Roscoe and Sir Richard Jebb, by the Bishops of Manchester and Chester, and by Nonconformist leaders like Dr. McLaren and Dr. Mackennal. We understand, and to a considerable extent sympathise with, the anxiety of Principal Bodington and others that there should not be too much delegation of the teaching required by candidates for theological degrees to theological Colleges outside the University. But the co-operation of such institutions is essential, and it would have been a serious error to delay further the practical commencement of arrangements for an academic development, without which University life must remain truncated, and University duties but partially fulfilled.

An important judgment was delivered on Wednesday in the Court of Appeal, overruling Mr. Justice Farwell's decision in the Taff Valley Railway case. The Judge in vacation was asked for an interim injunction against the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, and, contrary to general opinion, he held that an action might be maintained against a Trade-Union, and that, therefore, the injunction applied for might be granted. The learned Judge argued from the general intention of the Legislature, and the inferences to be drawn from a Trade-Union's statutory capacity for owning property and acting by agents. The Court of Appeal decided that such analogies could not be relied upon, and that, in the face of the deliberate omissions in the statutes, the right to sue and be sued must be limited to the three classes established by common law,—corporations, partnerships, and individuals. It is unlikely that the House of Lords will upset the decision, which is clearly in accordance with the law as it stands at present. Whether or not that law ought

to be amended is really a question for the Trade-Unions to decide. Their present anomalous position has its drawbacks as well as its advantages, for, though their funds cannot be made responsible for judgment-debts, and they themselves are not liable to restraint by injunction, yet their finances are not protected, like the funds of corporate bodies, from maladministration and fraud. We have always upheld the value of such Unions, and we admit that a certain elasticity is necessary to their effectiveness, but it seems to us an open question whether a more recognised legal status would not be for their own interest.

Sir H. Fowler on Wednesday delivered a most solid speech to his constituents. We cannot agree, as we have said elsewhere, with his praise of Lord Rosebery's speech at Glasgow, except as a splendid literary effort; or wish, as he does, that the speaker should be the accepted leader of Opposition; but everything else he says is sensible and acute. He accepts the South African War as justifiable and inevitable, but condemns its management as cumbrous, costly, and inefficient, and as showing that the lavish expenditure authorised by Parliament for the improvement of the Army had been foolishly employed. He advised the Liberal party, which had rid itself in this election of many faddists, to make the Empire strong not only by remedying these evils, but by devoting itself to the improvement of the condition of the people. They had never as a party accepted the political views of the Manchester School, and though they were doubtless divided now, he believed that they were tired of divisions which implied political suicide, and ready to reunite. It was a most encouraging speech to the Liberal side, though it lacked the programme which, next to a leader, is the necessity for any party which, not being led by a personality so great that the leader is the programme, still aspires to rule.

Sir Frederick Bramwell's scheme of Metropolitan street improvement, modelled on the construction of the “rows” in Chester, has naturally attracted a good deal of attention. In this scheme the ordinary street footway and shops would remain, but on the top of the ground-floor shops there would be an elevated footway 10 ft. or 15 ft. wide, with a second row of shops on the first-floor level, sheltered by the projecting stories above, connected by staircases with the ground floor, and by foot-bridges with the corresponding footways on the other side of the street. Sir Frederick Bramwell claims for his scheme that it would give a double row of shops, that it would afford protection from the weather, safety from the dangers now attendant on crossing the streets, and lastly, that it would lend itself to varied and picturesque architectural treatment. The scheme has been subjected to a good deal of friendly criticism in the columns of the *Times*, where it was originally propounded, the most serious objections being those connected with cleansing, police supervision, and the height of the foot-bridges; and a controversy has arisen between Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. Emerson, the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, as to the competence of the London County Council to impose on purchasers or lessees of sites elaborate conditions of design. Mr. Harrison would have us call the new street “The Council Broadway.” Surely “Broadway” by itself would be infinitely preferable.

We have to record with sincere regret the death, at the age of fifty-eight, of Sir Arthur Sullivan, the most popular British composer of the century. Years before the Savoy triumvirate was formed we ventured to predict in these columns that a great fortune was in store for the composer who could set good comic verse to good music. Sir Arthur Sullivan realised this prediction and thoroughly deserved his popularity. He was almost as great a coiner of tunes as Offenbach, with a far greater command of technique and with none of Offenbach's *canaille*. If his more serious compositions hardly fulfilled the brilliant promise of his youth, it must be remembered that he was an almost lifelong victim to ill-health. But at least it can be said of him that his most characteristic work gave wholesome pleasure to the million: *neminem tristem fecit*.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

New Consols (2½) were on Friday 98½.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

LORD ROSEBERY'S GREAT SPEECH.

THERE are two minds in Lord Rosebery, the one which governs his action and the other which generates his thoughts, and it is as difficult to regard the latter without admiration as to feel for the former anything but a pity not always untinged with scorn. There is so much literary power in the man and so little real grit. He seldom misapprehends a situation, and almost never misdescribes one, but his method of dealing with that situation inspires, in us at least, no particle of confidence. Either his brilliant ideas never solidify into convictions, or, which is much more probable, he has imbibed the idea, so common in America, that in a democracy leadership is impossible, that the governing mass must be managed till it goes right, cajoled into wisdom, startled into action, bantered into common-sense. There is not a great journal in the world which would not be wise to give him five thousand a year as editor, and not a public man who would not doubt in his heart, if he ruled England, whether England were safe. He said Home-rule must wait until England was convinced; but the Irish Members rebelled at the saying, and now who knows what Lord Rosebery's policy about Home-rule is? He says, almost daily, that he is an Imperialist, and describes that creed with all the force of his glowing imagination; but who is certain, if the Little Englanders numbered a hundred and fifty before a crucial division, that he would not explain that he admired the builders of Rome but his ideal Emperor was Hadrian. Just read his speech as Rector of the University of Glasgow, and ask yourself how many men in this country, or for that matter in the world, could have delivered so eloquent a speech, so felicitous in phrase, so full of insight, so deficient in anything which would help those who heard it on to a conclusion. It is absolutely charming unless you want to be guided. He exults with almost poetic fervour over the fact of Empire, and never tells us why he thinks it more valuable than limited dominion, why he considers rule over a fifth of the world so much more desirable than rule over a tenth. He paints with the brush of a Rembrandt the gloomy, or rather the deeply shadowed, times which are coming; the fierce rivalry of the peoples which will mark the twentieth century, a rivalry which will extend to commerce as well as dominion, the ravening desire of all nations to become "nations of shopkeepers"; the wonderful, almost terrible, change which has passed upon the world since Europe lay inert, and the kingdoms had comparatively few soldiers, and the present time, when the nations have become "passive armies," and inertness has roused itself to trained, eager, and scientific rivalry. And therefore, in words that burn, he bids his country "prepare"; but how she is to prepare or what is her weakness he gives no hint, unless, indeed, we take it to be one that the Universities still teach Greek instead of German,—which is a purely literary hint. He says, and we are genuinely grateful to him for saying it, that there is a visible deficiency of first-rate men adequate to the heavy tasks that are now before us, and asks us to use to more purpose the large reserves of good material we possess. There could not be better or more urgently needed advice; but then how are we to use them? Will Lord Rosebery, as Premier, let into office any but the hundred or so to whom on each side office is now restricted, or give the million equal chances with the ten thousand, or sweep away that strange barrier which confines all State employment to the studious boys who at twenty can best answer difficult questions put to them on paper? To kill patronage—which is nevertheless not dead—we have dammed up all the sources that supply ability save one; ought we to break the dam? Lord Rosebery is silent, or rather he hints that if we examined in German instead of Greek things would be a little better. He declares, quite truly and in perfect sentences, that the nation is deficient in the habit of self-examination, does not sufficiently inquire into its own alertness, efficiency, thoroughness, and foresight, and he bids us correct this dangerous want; but as to the method he gives no sign, for we will not do him the injustice to

suppose that his suggestion of a decennial Royal Commission to investigate such failures is anything but a bit of rather grotesque jocularly. And then he winds up with a splendidly eloquent peroration, which, if it means anything at all—and we have no intention of accusing Lord Rosebery of insincerity—means that we have built up a glorious dominion and have earned the favour of the Almighty without making the continuous but vague "preparations" he so ardently desires, or remedying the deficiencies he so eloquently points out. "How marvellous it all is! Built not by saints and angels, but the work of men's hands; cemented with men's honest blood and with a world of tears, welded by the best brains of centuries past; not without the taint and reproach incidental to all human work, but constructed on the whole with pure and splendid purpose. Human, and yet not wholly human, for the most heedless and the most cynical must see the finger of the divine. Growing as trees grow, while others slept; fed by the faults of others as well as by the character of our fathers; reaching with the ripple of a resistless tide over tracts and islands and continents, until our little Britain woke up to find herself the foster-mother of nations and the source of united Empires. Do we not hail in this less the energy and fortune of a race than the supreme direction of the Almighty?"

Lord Rosebery will think these remarks bitter, and they are bitter, but it is because we see cause for bitterness. Nothing will ever be done in politics to advance any cause without leadership, and year by year the very idea of leadership is dying out of the men who should lead. They are all listening, all afraid of their own thoughts, all seeking a refuge from the imaginary dulness, or suspicion, or wrath of the democracy in a kind of polished silence. They will not speak lest they should perchance offend, or be misunderstood, or stir up feelings of which they were not aware. The ignorant speak out, but those who know say nothing, more especially if they are aristocrats, for every aristocrat has lurking somewhere in his brain the belief that democracy is really a wolf to be held by the ears. Even Mr. Labouchere has that, though, unlike most of his order, he would like to let the wolf go. The democracy all the while is merely a mass of individuals, most of them dully respectable and sensible persons, all pining for the lead which nobody will give them. Among these offenders we count Lord Rosebery first, because of the contrast between his silence and his intellectual powers. He is bound to be silent, he will say, until he is in office; but in truth he is like the regular American politician, who maintains silence as to his real thoughts lest they should keep him out of office. It is fear, not etiquette, that moves him, and induces him, and those like him, to keep back real instruction lest in the flood of criticism their chances should be damaged. There are others, many, who defend silence, as some writers defend their abstinence from conversation, because they fear to waste useful material; but we do not impute that meanness to Lord Rosebery. That is the excuse of men who know that the light they can give is only that of a candle which must be spared or it may burn out, and Lord Rosebery is among those who could turn on an electric flame, but will not, lest enemies should see as well as friends. He aspires to rule England, and in his own mind is conscious of the power to do it, but thinks the legal right must be won by dodgeries, and cajoleries, and concealments, ending at last in prostrations before "opinion." We do not say he is alone in his vicious habit. The country at this moment is distressed by the Boer War, alarmed, as Lord Rosebery is, by its new relation to the Continent, bewildered by its own incapacity to arrive at a purpose in China, and paying in millions upon millions for all those perplexities, and on none of them will any leader say one illuminating word. They all shrink more or less, lest, as they say, they should say too much; and none worse than Lord Rosebery, of whom half the world believes—even we, who distrust him, believe—that to him the faculty of clear perception, of wide outlook, of just discrimination between the essential and the accidental, has most certainly been given in large measure. If he does not change his way quickly he is lost, for upon this one truth at least he may rely. It is the merit, or the fault, of Englishmen in politics that they will grant to the *littérateur* everything excepting power. Lord Rosebery is neither counsellor nor man of action: he is the brilliant man who comments,

COUNT VON BÜLOW ON CHINA.

THE German Emperor has evidently obtained in Count von Bülow the Chancellor he desired. Adroit, obedient, and, we fear we must add, a little unscrupulous, with a full command of words, and perfect control of his temper, with a thorough knowledge of his countrymen's foibles, and a humour which keeps the Deputies in kindly mood, the Count is a perfect interpreter between his impulsive master and the German Parliament. Has the Emperor spent seven millions on an expedition to China, and so broken through the Constitution?—well, the Chancellor admits the fact, declares that the orders were given against his own advice, and professes entire readiness to turn his Bill for the expenditure into a Bill of Indemnity. There are ringing cheers, the honour of the Reichstag is saved, the Constitutionists are pacified, a majority is secured, the Count himself is accepted as a good Constitutionalist, and the Emperor will send another expedition whenever and wherever it seems good to him. He is not in the least fettered by being pardoned; rather he is better assured than ever that in acting at once without consulting the representatives of the people he is only anticipating their most earnest wishes. Then the Emperor is a little ashamed of his speech at Wilhelms-haven ordering that quarter should be refused to Chinamen, Germany being flooded with letters from her own soldiers describing the consequent massacres. The War Minister, General von Gossler, defends them because they are retribution for the atrocities committed by the Huns in Germany only fourteen hundred and fifty years ago; but Count von Bülow is wiser than the General, and suavely explains that a speech by the Emperor is not an official act, and that his master made this one while he believed in the barbarous massacre of all the European Legations. It was natural, therefore, that his Majesty should threaten a severe retribution. The excuse is considered in Germany excellent, though its consequences to Chinamen have been so terrible, and though a speech by a Commander-in-Chief to soldiers about their conduct as soldiers is usually considered an official act. The Chancellor himself, again, though he probably smiled at the awkward attempt of the Minister of War to repeat the Emperor's allusion to Huns, is himself quite capable of relating history—shall we say in a somewhat haphazard way? He wanted to repudiate the charge that the seizure of Kiao-chow had put the match to the China magazine, and asked fairly enough why that seizure was more provoking, sanctioned as it was by a treaty, than Russian, or French, or British acquisitions. That was reasonable rhetoric; but Germans like to ascribe, not only the bluebottle flies, but the earthquakes, to the British, and the Chancellor therefore declared that the Chinese had been forced to cede not only Hong-kong, which he acknowledged was only a barren rock, to the British, but also Burmah. He is a man of unusual cultivation, even among Germans, and must have known perfectly well that Burmah was no more Chinese than Bengal; that the effort of China to conquer it in 1765 was defeated with awful slaughter; that Alompra, the Sovereign who founded the dynasty which we subverted, was as independent as William II.; and that neither Lord Dalhousie nor Lord Dufferin ever thought of China as having even remote suzerain rights in the delta of the Irrawaddy. The remark was convenient, however, because though Hong-kong and Weihai-wei are not bigger than Kiao-chow, Burmah is, and accordingly it was made. And lastly, there is a sort of suspicion among quiet Germans, especially in the non-industrial provinces, that the Emperor's expedition is a little Quixotic, and that he wishes to pose as a Barbarossa, or redresser of the world's wrongs, a suspicion which we entirely believe to be unjust. Therefore Count von Bülow strongly affirms that the Hohenzollerns are not Bonapartes, that the Emperor has no intention of righting the wrongs of other peoples, or of making of his Empire a lightning-conductor for the rest of the world. He is moved only by his perception of German interests, and to them only in the most direct sense is he devoted. And so opposition melts away into a rebuke from Dr. Lieber, the leader of the Centre, and a diatribe from Herr Bebel, the leader of the Socialists, the leader of the Liberals, Herr Richter, having been smashed *en passant* by proof that he once as

editor wrote something which does not agree with his present attitude as Deputy; and the Emperor, as we predicted, will easily get his vote.

Count von Bülow is obviously, from his master's point of view, the right man in the right place; but we do not quite perceive in his speech the reassuring quality read into it by some of our contemporaries. He repeats, indeed, the statement that unless forced, Germany will not consent to any plan of partition, but says nothing as to the contingencies which would leave her no alternative. He claims for Germany right of trading with the whole of China, especially the Yangtse Valley, and is highly content with the Anglo-German agreement because in his judgment it secures to Germany new rights which he does not define. He is supposed to favour Free-trade with China for all the world, but as we read his speech, he is rather seeking for Germany the treatment known in diplomacy as that of the "most favoured nation." He gives no pledge that the Emperor will restrain the violence of the German soldiery, which, be it remembered, he excuses without denying, and which was energetically condemned both by the Centre and the Socialists. Above all, he gives no light on the dark subject which interests every British and German taxpayer, —namely, the means by which it is proposed to arrive at peace. He reads aloud with approval the proposals already settled by the diplomatists in Peking as bases for negotiation, but has as little idea as Lord Salisbury or M. Delcassé how the Empress-Regent is to be persuaded to accept them. This silence is the more remarkable because the Concert, which, it is assumed, will be the instrument of Europe, is dropping to pieces under our eyes. America may be considered to have retired, Mr. McKinley suspecting Germany of territorial longings; Russia declares that the terms suggested are impossible, and even absurd; and France feels no real interest in the matter, except so far as Russia is contented or the reverse. M. Delcassé, in fact, apologises to the Chambers for spending more money. The Powers left are Germany and Great Britain, and what they intend to do no one, Count von Bülow included, even pretends to know. It is believed in America that the terms are intended to prevent submission on the part of the Court, and that the Powers have devised a plan for marching on Sian; but though this may have been attentively considered by the different Governments, there is no evidence that such a plan has been definitively adopted. It would be extremely disliked by Russia, and although Russia could be conciliated by negotiation and concessions as to Manchuria, all arrangements must be perforce suspended until there is again a responsible ruler in St. Petersburg. We have no means of penetrating the secret counsels of Berlin, where the Emperor revolves very large plans, but we should say, judging from the debate in the Reichstag, from Count von Waldersee's abstinence from action, and from the necessity of awaiting a vote in our own Parliament, that Germany and England had resolved to mark time by making what must be a final appeal to the Empress-Regent. If she refuses the punishment of the guilty, or dare not concede it, and no force can be discovered in China competent to remove her, the Chinese question will enter on a new phase, the character of which, we suspect, Count von Bülow no more perceives than do the remainder of mankind. There is always one end to discussions on China. We must wait. That is always easy to us; but as waiting involves spending, it may not prove quite so easy to the remaining Powers.

NEW PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

POSSIBLY half-conscious that, as regards the personal impressiveness of its leadership, Irish Nationalism in him touches bottom, Mr. William O'Brien appears desirous of cutting something of a dash at the outset of his tenure of the position he has clutched. Accordingly, within the last few days it has become known that, so far as his influence goes, Irish M.P.'s will ignore the December Session of Parliament at Westminster, and occupy themselves exclusively with the work of a "National Convention," the assembling of which in Dublin, on the 11th of next month, had been previously arranged. To that end the "provisional directory" of the United Irish

League had a special meeting on Tuesday, and unanimously adopted, on Mr. O'Brien's motion, a lengthy resolution which, from the quality of its language, was plainly of his devising, in form as well as in substance. Its concluding passage presses upon the newly elected Nationalist Members the view that "abstention from any participation in the proceedings of the British criminals would best befit the dignity of our own country, and would best express our abhorrence of England's guilt" (in the South African War), "while leaving the representatives of Ireland at leisure to complete the work of united and disciplined national organisation which alone can extort England's respect in the future, and enable Ireland to be effectively represented when the real work of Parliament commences next February." This language, we notice, raises the gorge of the *Westminster Gazette*, and is indeed regarded by that paper as illustrating the impossibility, as things are, of an alliance between the Irish Nationalists and the British Liberals; but would Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman say so? Would he deem it more than a distressing symptom of the temper naturally induced by Mr. Chamberlain's methods of diplomacy and of electioneering, coupled with the obstinacy of Unionist resistance to Irish Nationalist aspirations? If he would, some early opportunity of criticism may doubtless present itself. That, however, is by the way. We have no criticisms for Mr. O'Brien's style. *C'est l'homme*. But what is involved in that completion "of the work of united and disciplined national organisation," from which Irish M.P.'s are not to be diverted by the comparatively unimportant functions which they could be discharging in December at Westminster? Principally, as we gather, the annihilation of Mr. Healy. Some ten days ago, in a speech at Westport, Mr. O'Brien called upon Mr. Redmond, as chairman of the approaching Nationalist Convention, to accept a resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Healy from the Irish party. This puts Mr. Redmond in a somewhat difficult position. He has swallowed the programme and policy of Mr. O'Brien's United Irish League, and a few days ago was engaged with Mr. Dillon in dodging the police round some villages in Wicklow, in order to hold a meeting which Mr. Gerald Balfour had very properly proclaimed, as being intended to promote the intimidation of certain individuals. But, on the other hand, he must know perfectly well, no one better, that in the field of Parliamentary work Mr. Healy, on a moderate computation, is worth ten of Mr. O'Brien, and that to drive him out of the Nationalist party would be to deprive that party of the most efficient exponent of its point of view in connection with Irish legislation. That being so, Mr. Redmond must quite fully recognise the force of the objection raised by Mr. Timothy Harrington and Mr. Patrick O'Brien at a meeting in Dublin last week to his giving any countenance from the chair of the Nationalist Convention to an attempt to ostracise Mr. Healy. When, moreover, that objection is enforced, as it was in Mr. Harrington's case, by a threat that if it were disregarded he would appeal to his constituents, and go into opposition to Mr. Redmond, that politician cannot help seeing that, even from the point of view of outward harmony, the excommunication of Mr. Healy is likely to prove a costly and dangerous measure. Mr. Harrington was one of those most actively concerned a year ago in bringing about the temporary success of the "Unity" Conferences, and the strong line he is now taking is, therefore, the more significant as to the distrust and resentment excited in independent quarters by Mr. William O'Brien's attempt to establish a boss-ship.

In any case, whether or not Mr. Redmond is weak enough to put, and whether or not the Nationalist Convention is subservient enough to pass, a resolution casting him out of the Nationalist party, we may be pretty well assured that Mr. Healy himself will not accept his own extinction. Not impossibly, even while Mr. William O'Brien is engaged in elaborate attempts to crush him in Dublin, Mr. Healy may be found availing himself of some opportunity at Westminster to illustrate those remarkable Parliamentary gifts of his to which Mr. Patrick O'Brien referred in his protest against the exclusionist policy advocated by Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Dillon. Such an opportunity may, perhaps, present itself in connection with Mr. T. W. Russell's new propa-

ganda for the compulsory expropriation of all the landlords of Ireland. Mr. Russell, in announcing his retirement from the post which he held as Parliamentary Secretary of the Local Government Board, by reason of the Prime Minister's inability "in present circumstances" to give countenance to his expropriation project, intimated that he should use his independence in and out of Parliament to render the continuance of the present land system "impossible," and to "fight to the death" against landlordism. We wish to render all respect to the disregard of selfish considerations which Mr. Russell has shown in giving up his position and prospects as a member of the Government, and to give full recognition to the strength of his convictions as to the necessity for a termination of the system of dual ownership. Nevertheless, we cannot but regret the course which he has thought it his duty to take, both for itself and for the influence which it is likely to exercise upon the general tone of agrarian agitation in Ireland. Until the other day there was no reason to regard the general agrarian situation in Ireland as of an anxious character. The United Irish League has grown to its present strength by exploiting the hardships of the small tenants of the more crowded tracts in the West. Those hardships are undeniable and deeply to be regretted, but they are being dealt with, gradually indeed, but on sound and safe lines, by the Congested Districts Board, to the investigation of whose work Mr. George Wyndham has wisely given his immediate personal attention, on his appointment to succeed Mr. Gerald Balfour as Chief Secretary. It has hardly been alleged that the great body of Irish tenant-farmers, enjoying as they do perfect security of tenure at rents fixed by the Land Courts, and having lately gathered in a good harvest, were in a condition of privation or were suffering from injustice. If there had been any pretext for such a contention, it would, we may be sure, have been trumpeted up and down the country. Nothing of the kind was generally done, but this time the initiative towards a national agitation has come from Ulster, and it has been led, if not inspired, by Mr. T. W. Russell. He has taken up the question mainly on the ground that the Land Courts are distrusted, and, as he appears to maintain, rightly distrusted, by the tenants, although it is notorious that the landlords generally have never resented more bitterly than at present what they regard as the injustice done to their interests by the same tribunals. The plain man would be apt to regard these opposing allegations of inequitable working on the part of the Courts as going far to neutralise one another. They may, indeed, also be considered as affording evidence of the essentially unsatisfactory character of any legal machinery for determining justice as between landlord and tenant, and possibly as a discouragement to all legislative interference in the domain of free contract between man and man. But the Ulster tenant-farmers may fairly be reminded that it was very largely in deference to their views that the Land Act of 1881, embodying the "Three F.'s," was framed and passed, and has by later legislation been extended in the scope of its operations. Surely it seems rather early days for them to be coming to Parliament already, long before the lapse of a generation, to condemn as hopelessly unworkable the great economic and legislative experiment which was undertaken at their instance. In theory, we are a good deal inclined to agree with them, and to hold that in the long-run dual ownership of land is unlikely to work altogether well under any system of Courts; but, as it seems to us, very much more proof will be required of that fact than the prevalence among the tenant-farmers of one province of the feeling that they have been less liberally dealt with by the Land Commissioners for a year or so than they used to be.

Of course, it is open to the Ulster tenant-farmers to organise themselves, and to take all constitutional measures to persuade the Government and the British public that the view put forward by Mr. Russell is correct. But we feel bound to press upon them and on him that the somewhat fierce modes of expression which he has employed are liable to be, and indeed have already been, misinterpreted by Nationalist speakers and writers as holding out anticipations of co-operation, and even leadership, from Ulster in an agitation akin to that of the old Land League, with which the law-abiding and sober inhabitants of the Northern province could never have

any sympathy. Ulster has worthily supported Mr. Gerald Balfour, notwithstanding the misconstruction and prejudice which he has met from some sections of Loyalist opinion, in his resolute endeavour to rule Ireland with perfect impartiality as among adherents of divers parties and creeds. Only by the pursuit of that excellent policy can lasting harmony and prosperity be secured to Ireland. Only so can those who have been long divided be brought together in healthy co-operation for the common good. It is the cardinal merit of Mr. Horace Plunkett's admirable work, to which so eloquent a tribute was paid by Lord Dufferin at the banquet in his honour held in Dublin on Tuesday, that he has promoted such co-operation, and we earnestly hope, with his entertainers and the twenty thousand signatories of the address presented to him on that occasion, that he will be willing and will be enabled to carry forward the enterprise in which he has already achieved so much for the material and the moral advantage of Ireland. But to her progress on those lines order is essential. If the United Irish League, as seems by no means impossible, should develop a policy of actual intimidation, to say nothing of outrage, the Government will be reluctantly compelled to avail itself of the powers afforded by the Crimes Act for the protection of liberty. It is essential that there should be no misunderstanding as to the attitude of the Ulster tenant-farmers, if any such necessity should arise, and Mr. T. W. Russell and their other spokesmen should take every care to make it clear that, whatever their aspirations for changes in the law, they are sternly hostile to all unconstitutional methods of attacking rights which are now legal.

THE PUNISHMENT OF FINANCIAL FRAUDS.

THE trial of the Dumbell's Bank case came to an end on Monday, when the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty" against the director Nelson and the manager Shimmon on the charge of misappropriating the bank moneys, and against the same two defendants along with the auditors Rogers and William and Harold Aldred on the charge of issuing false balance-sheets. There seems to have been an unaccountable reluctance on the jury's part to come to a decision, and we are at a loss to understand the meaning of their recommendation of the criminals to mercy. There was practically no defence. The director and manager had been proved guilty of reckless dishonesty, and the auditors had shown the most scandalous negligence, not to say fraud, in duties where the obligation of honesty and circumspection should be peculiarly binding. The failure of the bank has caused widespread misery in the Isle of Man, and has brought ruin, as is usual in such cases, on hundreds of innocent families who are incapable of understanding commercial transactions. It is unfortunately not the shrewd man of business who suffers most in such affairs; it is the widow, the half-pay officer, the country parson, and, generally, the class which seeks a safe investment for its small savings, and places implicit confidence in respected names. The largest sentence given has been five years' penal servitude, and the smallest six months' hard labour. Certainly the Court did not err on the side of severity, and the recommendation of the jury to mercy seems to us as misplaced a piece of sentiment as was ever witnessed in a Court of Law. The one possible excuse is that the other officials of the bank played into the hands of the culprits and made the chances of roguery fatally easy. The whole affair seems to have been conducted in the most unbusinesslike manner. The chairman, who is the largest shareholder, had for years, as appeared from the evidence, been quietly receiving dividends from his own capital. None of the overdrawn accounts had ever come to his knowledge; indeed he confessed himself incapable of understanding the books even if he had examined them. In the face of such negligence the famous saying of the Claimant seems to have occurred to Nelson and Shimmon, with the miserable result which we have stated. It is not at all clear that the guileless chairman is not morally responsible for a share in the result, for what business has a man to take the position of chairman of a bank unless he has some rudimentary knowledge of its affairs? But of the legal and moral guilt of the others there was never any question, and the false balance-sheet, wherein the capital of the bank was overestimated to the extent

of something like £80,000, was passed by the local auditor, who must have known all about it, and by a firm, late auditors for the city of Manchester, who never troubled to inquire. Then came the crash, and, happily for the public, the guilty have been brought to book. But the punishment of offenders is no cure for the misery caused by the offence, and the effect of the crime will continue to be felt long after the criminals have been forgotten.

Such is a statement of the facts, and on these facts we wish to make two comments. The first is concerned with the liability of auditors. This case shows, as fifty other cases have shown, that the auditors are responsible for the accuracy of the balance-sheets they sign, and yet the idea has somehow got abroad that auditors merely witness to the fact of the correctness of the various sums in addition and multiplication, and, having certified that two and two make four, have no call to consider whether the two and two may exist only in the fertile imaginations of the managers and directors. Many auditors themselves seem imbued with this idea, and if the opinions of any dozen men were taken at random it would be found that the majority believed that it was not the auditor's duty to go behind the figures presented to him. We hardly need to repeat how false is this conception. An auditor is there to protect the interests of the shareholders or depositors from any risk of deception by the bank officials. He has to see that the balance-sheet is so drawn up as to exhibit a correct view of the state of the bank's affairs as shown by its books, and he has to see that the books themselves are fully and accurately entered. It is true that there is always an ultimate risk of deception. There may be forgery or so cunning a manipulation of figures that the most skilled auditor cannot detect the fraud. But while the task of audit has its limits, these limits are wide ones, and if an auditor acts up to the proper conception of his duties the risk of fraud will be reduced to a minimum. In the present case, had the auditors examined the securities on the overdrafts and advances, the game of the manager and director would have been speedily put a stop to. And the duty is the more binding when, as in the case of the Aldreds, the firm has a name, as the trusted auditors of a great city; and doubtless many investors on this assurance slept easily in their beds when otherwise they might have been more critical. Reasonable care and skill,—such are the modest demands which the public make of this profession, and they are entitled to satisfaction. In the case "*In re London and General Bank*" Lord Lindley stated the auditor's duty so clearly that his words are worth quotation. "His business is to ascertain and state the true financial position of the company at the time of the audit, and his duty is confined to that. But then comes the question: How is he to ascertain that position? The answer is, by examining the books of the company. But he does not discharge his duty by doing this without inquiry and without taking any trouble to see that the books themselves show the company's true position. He must take reasonable care to ascertain that they do so. Unless he does this his audit would be worse than an idle farce."

Our second comment is on the general question of the punishment of financial frauds. The disinclination of the jury in the Dumbell's case to bring in a verdict of guilty seems to point to a laxity of feeling on this subject as compared with other criminal offences. For ourselves, we find it difficult to imagine an offence which contains more of the attributes of crime. A man, or a body of men, in cold blood, and in a series of acts spread probably over many years, with no other aim than private enrichment, carry on a course of swindling which inevitably results in a ruin compared with which the march of an invading army may be trivial. It is useless to say that such commercial swindlers hope to pay back the money they have taken, that they are only speculating unwisely and illegally with capital not their own, and that it is merely an accident of luck which makes them defaulters. The man who enters upon such a course has the probable consequences clear before him from the first, he has the example of many tragedies to give him pause, and he must from the outset compass a thousand little acts of deceit to preserve appearances. It would be hard to find a more glaring example of the *mens rea*. Punishment, it appears to us, is based upon three grounds,—the moral

turpitude of the offender, the social consequences of his act, and the chance of deterring others from a like offence. In fraudulent commercial dealings every element is present which makes severe penalties desirable. The act is done with calculation and leisure; not in a sudden passion or a momentary temptation. Its impudent deliberation gives it far-reaching results, for whereas a common murderer may slay a man, the sedentary swindler may slay his thousands. He sits among his schemes like some sordid Napoleon, and by his designs people suffer who scarcely know of his existence. If the essence of guilt be the harm it inflicts on society, here is the most unsocial and misanthropic of all crimes. And, finally, this class of criminal is not like the common thief of our pavements. He has been used, as a rule, to comfort, it may be luxury, and when the terrors of the law are rigorously dealt out to him, his fellows may hesitate, and terror be successful when all appeals to honour or religion fail. We earnestly desire to see this particular crime of commercial wrongdoing, when by its very nature it affects so many innocent people, punished unsparingly and unceasingly. In our complex civilisation, where men no longer wage private war and our very vices are sedentary and civilised, there is the most pressing need to hold the gate against civilisation's peculiar enemy. There is unfortunately a habit abroad among people who have not suffered of talking mildly of this species of crime, and deprecating severe penalties. We must be careful not to do anything in restraint of trade, they say; as if trade could suffer from the summary punishment of rogues. The vigorous enforcement of the law and the extension by statutes of the scope of that law may in time inspire a salutary fear in this, the most dangerous of all species of wrongdoers. Meantime, by greater caution and the demand of a more rigorous audit in certain commercial affairs, we can lessen the chances of temptation.

LONDON STREETS AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has decidedly the best of the argument in the correspondence about the new street which is to connect Holborn with the Strand. It has often been said that architects think more of the appearance of their buildings than of less visible but not less important details. We find no fault with them on this account. There must be a division of labour among the designers of buildings, and the architect may very well leave such matters as drainage and ventilation to be dealt with by experts in those special lines. But the only condition on which he can do this with safety is that he shall modify any feature in his design which conflicts with these less showy needs. The Law Courts are a melancholy example of the injury which the fame of a great artist may suffer from the neglect of arrangements which do not come strictly within his province. Sir Frederick Bramwell may be quite right in thinking that the new street would look best with a covered walk below, a second foot-path on what may be called the first floor, and frequent foot-bridges carried across the street at the higher level. Possibly Sir Frederick thinks the railway-bridge at the bottom of Ludgate Hill a fine architectural feature. But to our mind he is clearly wrong in making this suggestion for a city where every breath of air and every ray of sunlight has a value of its own. A pavement covered by a projecting upper story might be a convenient resort in rain, or in an exceptionally hot summer. But the rooms looking out upon it would be neither so light nor so airy as if they came out to the street line, and some consideration is due to the health and comfort of their inmates. The utility of the proposed foot-bridges is beyond dispute, but, all things considered, we are inclined to prefer the policeman's interposing arm as an expedient for crossing the road in safety.

We agree, too, with Mr. Harrison that the County Council has been unjustly accused of indifference to the architectural beauty of London. It would, as it seems to us, be going altogether outside its province if it undertook to determine how London shall gradually be rebuilt. The public taste changes, and if the County Council were to stereotype a particular kind of architecture it might by and by come in for as much abuse for doing too much as it now receives for doing too little.

The liberty—the anarchy, if you like to call it so—which characterises London building does at times give us some very monstrous results. But we also owe to it the general improvement which the aspect of the streets has undergone in so many cases. If the Council had had a veto upon every design it might have saved us from the failures. But it might equally have deprived us of the successes; and remembering what public bodies can be in the way of taste, we are disposed to think the latter result quite as probable as the former. It is very proper that the Council should “impose conditions.” We do not want to see the new street—“Broadway,” as we hope it will be called, without the addition of any other word—disfigured by sheets of corrugated iron. But subject to these general conditions, we have more faith in the rivalry of architects than in the development of an autocratic school of County Council art.

We may go a good deal further than this. We do indeed distrust the ability of any public body to undertake the rebuilding of London with any satisfactory architectural result. But even if we were at ease upon this point, we should still hold that the London Council has other and more pressing duties to discharge as regards the streets within its jurisdiction than securing a high level of architectural merit. Before all things London is a place to be lived in, and a place to be got about in. Whatever merits it may possess in the former of these respects, and we have not the slightest wish to underrate them, it leaves much to be desired in the latter respect. The congestion of the streets grows worse every year. There are points at which at certain hours of the day vehicles can move only at a foot's pace, and may think themselves happy if this rate of progress is not interrupted every two minutes. The loss of time, of money, of temper, which these delays involve is incalculable, and as yet such street improvements as have been made seem only to add to the evil. They do but serve to send more traffic into channels too small for it to pass through. Notwithstanding this, it is to the multiplication of alternative routes that we must look for such amendment as is possible. There is the traffic and there is the area over which this traffic has to be distributed. We cannot wish to lessen the one, and we cannot, if we would, enlarge the other. But we can do something to distribute the traffic, and the money of the ratepayers might be more usefully employed on a variety of small schemes having this for their object than on any one scheme involving very great cost. We have nothing to say against the new street out of which the recent correspondence has arisen. It answers to a real need, and no one who has not gone minutely into the details of the scheme can be in a position to say that this need could have been met at any less cost. But when suggestions are made which would involve the spending of large sums on the adornment of the new street, we cannot but remember how little one additional thoroughfare will do to make movement in London easier. In all parts of the town there are “narrows” which destroy all the advantage to be gained from the wider streets between which they form the connecting links. It is upon these points that we should like to see money laid out. We have many broad streets in London,—but almost invariably they begin and end in narrow streets, or have a narrow street interposed in the middle. The reason why all our improvements seem to effect so little is that they disregard—inevitably, it may be—the great law that, as the strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link, so the width of a channel is the width of its narrowest part.

Hitherto, perhaps, too much attention has been paid to the provision of new routes from north to south. Necessary as these may be in themselves, they do but feed the traffic which is already too much for the streets that run east and west. The only conspicuous attempt that has been made to add to this latter class is the Thames Embankment, and this, though magnificent as a London feature, has not relieved the traffic to anything like the extent which was expected. The absence of shops makes it nearly valueless for business purposes, while the steepness of the streets that lead up from it, except at the two ends, prevents any interchange of traffic between it and the higher route along the Strand and Fleet Street. What we should like to see is not so much another great artery running from west to east, as a widening of the various

streets which already run in that direction in roughly parallel lines. There is a series of streets, for example, connecting Piccadilly with Lincoln's Inn Fields. But every now and then there comes a narrow bit which would speedily be blocked by any appreciable increase of traffic, and at the Lincoln's Inn end the only exit is northwards into the already overcrowded Holborn. The widening of the narrowest parts of this chain of streets and the opening up of a new street between Regent Street and Charing Cross Road would provide a third alternative route between West London and the City, into which, either by natural selection or by police regulation, a part of the present traffic might be diverted.

One exception, however, must be made to the general rule that what London most wants is more streets running east and west. There is a real and urgent need of another bridge across the Thames. The growth of South London and the development of suburban traffic on the South-Western Railway have rendered Waterloo Bridge altogether inadequate to the work it has to do. The concurrence of two slow-moving waggons will impose a foot's-pace upon every vehicle crossing at the time, and in this and other ways the process of catching a train at Waterloo becomes surrounded with an atmosphere of chilling doubt. We remember a plan which once appeared in some newspaper for building a replica of Waterloo Bridge at the other end of Somerset House,—thus adding to the architectural splendour of one of our finest public buildings, and enabling one bridge to be used for traffic passing from north to south and the other for traffic going the reverse way. It is such a scheme as this that we should like to see taken in hand by the County Council.

THE LIMITATIONS OF FANCY.

WE are all accustomed to think that there are no limits to the realm of fancy, but, in truth, there is no dominion which is more strictly limited. Even the poets and the novelists seldom overpass boundaries which are in reality demarcated by their experience. The combinations are endless, but the excursions marked by complete originality singularly few. An entertaining writer in the *Manchester Guardian* points out that as regards passing over vast distances scientific romancers seem to be held in fetters, and the remark is even more true about other flights. Lucian, Cyrano de Bergerac, M. Jules Verne, or Edgar Allan Poe fly no farther than the moon, and none of them suggest any more original way of getting there than to be blown, like Lucian's hero, in a storm, or to be carried, like Poe's, in a balloon, or, like M. Verne's, to be shot out of a big gun. Percy Greg was a trifle more original than these, the Bashibazouk of "Across the Zodiac" having discovered the converse force to gravitation, and used it to repel, rather than propel, an aluminium vessel from the earth to Mars; but even his creation irresistibly and fatally suggests a kind of submarine torpedo-boat with the ether for its element instead of water. This is only a new motor, the secret of which the Emperor of Mars tries hard to buy. The imagination seems in such cases to be fettered by observed conditions, and confines itself to enlarging or diminishing them to the convenient extent. They coerce the poet—Milton makes Satan float on "sail-broad wings" like a smoke-coloured albatross—or the novelist as they coerce the day-dreamer, who cannot even think of the things he would do with money without fixing upon the sum. If he does not, and imagines himself a second Fortunatus or de Léon who can create wealth at will, he soon finds that his reverie is tiresome. No one, we think, not even Swedenborg, who had probably the great advantage of semi-lunacy, has ever travelled in fancy beyond our universe, which is, some astronomers suggest, a contemptibly little one; or has imagined a world in which the conditions are not variations upon those observable in this remote little planet. No one, for instance—we offer the suggestion with meekness to Mr. Wells, who in his new novel seems about to use a power like that of the loadstone, which overcomes or screens off gravitation—has expanded the fine idea of Homer, and described a hero who, by living the life of a Sunyasee, has developed volition of such intensity that it enables him at once to annihilate distance as the gods of the *Iliad* do, and to project his body through the awful inter-

stellar spaces just as light, and possibly sound, are projected without injury or ascertainable waning. Nor has any one that we know of—though that may be an error from too limited reading—imagined a world in which physical conditions were subject to the thoughts of conscious beings, and war and peace were perpetually generated by such thoughts—one's house, for example, melting like a bubble at an enemy's will—and all law had for its object the severe regulation of thought, which otherwise might be too destructive. Conceive, for example, Nietzsche in such a world, and how from childhood upwards he would have had to be spanked and whipped, and finally put to death as too inconvenient. The conception, we fear, would be too difficult to manage, but still it would be outside known conditions, and not a mere recombination of them, and might, therefore, be useful to some dreamer with a greater faculty of imagination than the present writer possesses.

As regards time the limits of fancy are even stricter than those which make of distance such an obstacle to the law-defying mind. So far as we can remember, no device has been suggested for annihilating time except sleep, which only seems to do it, man growing older in his sleeping as much as in his waking hours. An arrest of the action of time has of course often been imagined, as in instances so well known as those of the Wandering Jew, or Mrs. Oliphant's curiously imperfect or lazily worked-out conception of the Warlock Lord; but the actual melting away of time itself has never been asserted by poet or dreamer. We are not sure, indeed, that the thought is not beyond the compass of the imagination, which is strangely perplexed, almost frightened, by its consciousness of the reality of time. We can all think of eternity forwards—it is only like thinking of a motor which in exerting itself for ever renews its own power—but the most earnest believer among us fails to conceive of the Being without beginning. De Quincey, in that marvellous dissertation on Lord Rosse's telescope—he who has not read it fails to recognise the full majesty of expression that lurks unused in the English language—wisely made of this idea of being without beginning the climax-mystery of the universe; but even to him it can only have been an idea expressible in words but incapable of realisation in thought. (There are such ideas, O realist, or how did you come by the word "nothing"?) And yet we all know that time, which seems so concrete, is all the while unreal, or how could years unroll themselves, and protracted adventures be gone through in five minutes' sleep? The writer declares, and but that the story would take too long in telling could prove on evidence other than his own, that he once read carefully an imaginary proof of a paper equal to a page of this journal in the space of time occupied by the falling of a proof from his hand and slowly picking it up again, during which time it is a certainty either that he slept, or—which is inconceivable—that his mind had devised and remembered all the words of a long proof, which words never had any existence. Poets and novelists alike accept time as we know it, with the funny exception that the latter usually forget the intervention of Sundays.

There is almost the same failure, though it is not quite so complete, in the novelist's use of supernatural or semi-supernatural beings. One would suppose that the idea of the hero who was half divine which was so familiar to the Greek, or of the Troll who was half diabolic which was so familiar to the Scandinavian—he probably got it from his contact with the Lapps, whom he still believes make the best wizards—would greatly attract writers weary of ordinary men and their vulgar passions; but it has seldom been used, and still more seldom wisely. Lord Lytton probably used it best, though it is now unpopular to say so, for though he muddled Margrave in the "Strange Story," having, we fancy, two incompatible ideas of his subject's nature, "Zanoni" still stands out in the mind of any one who has read that remarkable novel as a perfectly separate and ideal figure. (It is curious to note how complete a failure Meijnour is, who is intended to be Zanoni's complement.) William Howitt, in that utterly forgotten book "Pantika," which some one should republish, for it would attract this jaded generation, made a similar effort; but his sons of the angels by the daughters of man are, except as regards their physical beauty and valour, rather a tame lot. They ought to have inherited something of their fathers' minds; but then William Howitt,

who was an inferior man with a thin ray of genius flickering in his brain, had not got it to give them. Perhaps no one has, for certainly Southey, who tried the experiment so often, had it not. He once approached success, for Maimuna, who is demon yet woman, who uses her poetic power as her instrument of magic, and is baffled in her evil design by possessing alone among her sisterhood a conscience, is a perfectly original figure, who might have been developed into something great; but Thalaba is only a good young officer with a Calvinistic mind, and the Glendoveer is an energetic curate who can fly. Kehama, it is true, is rather a striking devil, and had what devils so seldom have, an adequate motive for his devilry,—namely, to wring from Fate, which is above all gods, the sovereignty of the universe. But Southey when he wrote “The Curse of Kehama” had immersed his mind in the Hindoo confusion between multiplication and mystery, magnitude and majesty, till true poetry went out of him. Still, there must be an unworked field in the supernatural, for if there is one thing certain amidst the perplexities in which thought lands us, it is that, granted a Creator, man cannot be the highest sentient being whom He has created; and to depict the motives and ideas of beings well raised above ourselves must be a grand exercise of imagination. Are we asking too much of literature? Well, perhaps so, for Milton failed, and so did a greater than Milton, the greatest poet-philosopher Asia has produced. There is but one blot upon the work of the Arab Ayoub, whom we vulgarise into Job, and the blot occurs when he introduces supernatural machinery. It is hard to believe that he who wrote the thirty-eighth chapter of Job wrote also the first.

SHOULD HISTORY BE ALSO LITERATURE?

IT is a century since Macaulay was born, and nearly forty years since he died. Sir Richard Jebb's estimate, so eloquent and yet discriminating, so warm in feeling and yet critical in power, is therefore quite *à propos*. With that estimate in the main we are inclined to agree. Macaulay's character is easy to read, and his intellect, though powerful, was by no means subtle. His merits have been discussed over and over again. Mr. J. Cotter Morison said with much skill, but also perhaps with a little ill-nature, what was to be said against Macaulay; while such writers as Carlyle and Emerson have hinted that his philosophy of life did not suit them. Taine has done justice to his style and historical learning; Freeman, though of a somewhat different historical school, never omitted an opportunity of paying a tribute to Macaulay. Of the man as distinct from the writer, Sir George Trevelyan has drawn a truthful and attractive portrait in one of the best biographies in the language. On all these points there is nothing more to say. What Sir Richard Jebb's excellent lecture does suggest may be resolved into two questions.

First, was Macaulay justified in writing what has been called a great Whig pamphlet under the guise of a history? The phenomenon is not by any means unique. Grote, it has been said, produced the most gigantic party pamphlet on record, one long glorification of the Athenian democracy. Louis Blanc gave the world a history of the French Revolution which is largely an *apologia* for the doctrines of Rousseau. Burnet wrote, like Macaulay, a Whig account of the Revolution, while Mitford produced a now forgotten Tory history of Greece. The phenomenon is not confined to the modern world. Tacitus wrote his history, we might almost say, for the express purpose of impeaching Roman Imperialism. We do not believe in whitewashing the early Emperors as some contemporary writers have done; but it is clear that Tacitus had his point of view, and that his pen was directed by personal and political feeling in those wonderful, mordant studies of the Empire. We might cite many other instances of what may be called personal views of great historic periods, such as those of Thiers, Froude, Carlyle. But what is clear is that some of the most powerful historic works ever produced are characterised by this note—the author is, that is to say, no chronicler, no judge summing up—he has written out of his own heart. Macaulay, therefore, if he errs, errs in good company.

But does he err? Can history be written by a cold, entirely even, impartial mind? Could we have had a real glimpse into the Athens of Pericles without the glowing eulogy of the brilliant life of the Athenians which

Thucydides puts into the mouth of Pericles? Could we know, as we do, the real Rome of the earlier Empire were it not for the exaggerated truths of Tacitus, we might add, of Juvenal? Does not the zeal of Thiers enable us to understand better how it was that Napoleon attained his domination over France? From one point of view we think Froude's account of the Tudors the grossest piece of inaccuracy; but while there is much that is wrong, what insight there is! How it explains the spirit and genius of the England of that age! The strictly impartial and entirely judicial writer would see that there was a Spanish side even to the story of the Netherlands revolt; but would he enable us to pierce into the heart of that great episode as Motley in his brilliant pictures animated by intensest sympathy has done? Mr. Morley has shown that Carlyle's estimate of Cromwell must not be accepted whole; but, after all, it is to Carlyle that we owe our first gleam of insight into the essential truth of Cromwell's character and ideas. In a word, we suggest, in opposition, it may be, to the historical school now in the ascendant, that historical truth is not a mere question of correct narrative, fortified by appalling notes referring us to original authorities. We do not wish by any means to disparage the excellent work done in the domain of original research during the past generation. Many obscure problems have been solved, much light has been thrown on dark corners of history. Many historical periods have been rewritten,—that with which Macaulay deals, among others. But has history as a veritable revelation of the growth of society and institutions been aided in any proportion to the labour expended? The treatment of a great historic period by a sympathetic mind may furnish the critic with a few errors to correct, a few judgments to modify, but it gives to the reader an intelligent presentation of the past while it enables him to live in it over again, to understand as he never did before its problems, and to perceive how it has affected our life of to-day. The powerful and sympathetic point of view, in short, may contain deeper truth than the history informed by strict accuracy.

The second point suggested by Macaulay is whether he was right in conceiving that history should be written in a good literary style. How he altered, revised, polished, might not be inferred from his easy style; but it is manifest to the observer of his manuscript as contained in the British Museum. Our contemporary writers on the whole do not seem to think that the writing of history is or ought in any way to be a part of literature, or to be informed with the literary spirit. We have been so dominated by German methods that we have forgotten that great historical works existed before the German mind began its historical inquiries. In the ancient world the “Dryasdust” view was certainly not held. Herodotus, Thucydides, Plutarch, Xenophon, were all writers of literary power and charm, as also in Rome were Livy, Cæsar, and Tacitus. In the modern world consider the extraordinary literary grace of such a work as Voltaire's “Charles XII.” Guicciardini we throw to the literary lions, but one feels the literary power of Machiavelli and the singular charm of Villani's Chronicles. The majesty of Gibbon's form is not only appropriate to, but is an essential part of, his theme. Michelet has not only knowledge and insight, but he expresses himself so that one reads him with pleasure. We must say that we see no particular virtue in a learned work of erabbed style crowded with footnotes. In the great world of history there are doubtless many mansions. We do not doubt that “Dryasdust” has his place, and we know what excellent work has been done by him. But his work is or should be for scholars, for the higher students in our Universities, not for the public. To the latter the historian should, like Macaulay, speak not only from his heart, but with the finest literary grace he can command. His work, on one side a science, is also an art, and he must never forget it. Without “word-painting,” or “fine writing,” or romantic effects (which are abhorrent), let him yet remember that a historian must at least learn the art of narrative. Whatever Macaulay's failings, he did not fail there.

HEALTH IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

MEMBERS of the C.I.V. who did not suffer by the change from town life to the open air and hardships of the campaign complain that the return to London has

already reduced the sense of physical vigour acquired by the most comfortless country life in the world. As London is the healthiest of all cities as well as the largest, the cause must be sought in some general conditions which make for health in a greater degree outside urban areas. The life tables and statistics last published by the Registrar-General are so enormously in favour of the country as against the towns that the depopulation of the former might seem evidence to some future historian that life for its own sake was undervalued in the Victorian era.

The most healthy occupations and the most healthy areas are shown in the returns. In both the country is first, and the other parts of England not exactly "nowhere," but very far behind. As a national industry, agriculture employs more labour than any other. Consequently the returns are exceptionally trustworthy. There is no room for accidental disturbance of the percentages. More than a million men over fifteen years of age are employed as farmers, labourers, graziers, and gardeners in agricultural districts. These men spend more time in the open air than any class in England, except, perhaps, the fishermen. They are the product of the country life, and the heirs of the constitutions so developed. Their death-rate is low at all ages. From fifteen till fifty-five it is, on an average, 35 per cent. less than that of all the other male workers of Great Britain, and lower than that of all other workers in the country districts,—than shopkeepers, for example, or the smiths or wheelwrights. Farmers and cattle owners have a lower death-rate than that of the clergy, the gardeners and nurserymen come next, and the entire class of farm labourers follows. If the cause of this is sought "medically," it will be found in the freedom of the countrymen from induced diseases and from consumption. Their partial exemption from both must be largely credited to the country life and to the open air. Drink and consumption are the great destroyers in the towns. In the country the deaths due to intemperance are few throughout the whole agricultural class. The open-air life tires the body, but does not exhaust the nerves; and the place of stimulants is largely taken by sleep. Sunlight kills the bacillus of tubercle. Half-an-hour's exposure destroys it, and a population whose life is spent in the open air to some extent disinfects itself as it earns its daily bread. Gamekeepers, who are out not only by day, but by night, longer even than the agricultural labourer, and earn a higher wage, do not appear in the returns. But we believe them to be the longest lived even of countrymen, while gunsmiths, curiously enough, have a very high rate of mortality at all ages of the main working period of life.

The selected healthy districts are entirely rural, or around small country towns. It is remarkable that of two hundred and sixty-three specially healthy districts only two are in Lancashire, and those two are in the wild country round Garstang, where red-deer are now being let loose on the fells, and Lunesdale. Happiness and health are commonly supposed to be inseparable. We hear much of the chronic discontent and dullness which force the rural population into the towns, and might reasonably assume that those who remain behind fell a prey to dejection and acquired a predisposition to disease. But though there is no doubt that the infant mortality in the country is lower than in towns, the figures show that the health of the adolescent and adult is vigorous and enduring.

The physical factors of health are so all-pervading in the country that it is matter of surprise that the difference did not occur to those "in cities pent" earlier than it did. There is very little reference in books to this form of satisfaction before the Victorian era, though the absence of complexity in country life and its moral aspect were part of the stock-in-trade of essayists. It is quite possible that even now the classes who work with their hands do not share the wish for an open-air life, and feel more "alive" when in town. Some emigrants come back again, protesting that they cannot live on air "all of which has been used by some one else." But the majority who move to the cities stay there, and do not complain. Being mostly occupied in bodily labour, they are probably exempt from the loss of tone which affects the commercial and professional class. This is the general complaint of nearly all sedentary citizens. They are not ill in town, and take a keen interest and enjoyment in the more or less strenuous life.

They do not mind the "pace," in moderation, but feel the better for living under fairly high pressure, without which they are apt to be bored and suffer from lassitude. But the universal complaint is that they never feel brisk or "above themselves." The actual joy of life never comes to them from within. All their moments of satisfaction or triumphs are from without, bringing mental, not physical, exhilaration in their train. Habits and hours being what they are, and not likely to be modified in the complex machinery of a town, where an alteration of the time of beginning business or of taking breakfast, or a general resolve to take mid-day exercise, would mean the disorganisation and revision of the time-tables of twenty railway companies and twenty thousand places of business, it is useless to speculate whether the surplus health which the country engenders could be acquired by more exercise and early rising in London or Liverpool. But in the former there is ground for believing that the actual quality of the air is inferior. It does not seem probable that several vertical miles of life-sustaining atmosphere in more or less constant movement can be used up over an area like that of inner London. But there is no doubt that in long calms of mild weather the Londoners suffer from "slackness" in a far greater measure than country people are known to do, even when engaged in sedentary work, and that there is a universal complaint that sleep does not refresh. The same people will, after a short journey into the country, sleep through the night without a break, and awake with a sense of vigour and freshness to which they have been strangers for months. The reason is that the carbonic acid gas, and other impurities, being heavier than the air, sink down on to the ground-level where the London millions crowd and breathe it, just as the same destroying gas sinks to the bottom of a brewer's vat. Animals fresh from the country actually die from the bad air. At one of the fat stock shows before last Christmas, in a period of calm and heavy fog, numbers of the over-fed animals were killed "by the fog" as it was thought, but more probably by the foulness of the air they breathed. It is not easy to distinguish the benefits of the fresh-air cure from those derived from the exercise which is part of the natural suggestion of the country life. But many of those who have just returned from South Africa say that in parts of the campaign, when food and drink were so scarce that they starved all day and made the poorest of bad meals at night, the exhilaration caused by the splendid air, taken "neat" as they slept out on the veldt, was such that though they were wakened every morning before dawn by the freezing cold, they often did not feel inclined to sleep when they turned in, but kept awake "telling stories" in sheer lightness and vivacity of spirit as they lay under the stars. If the open air of South Africa did this for the ill-fed, overworked troops, steady outdoor life supplemented by adequate indoor comfort in England cannot fail to produce something of the same exhilaration. People who in London regard the phrase "enjoying the fresh air" as another name for catching cold, and do not take exercise even in the country, are sensible of the energy and enjoy the benefits which air *plus* exercise confer on more robust subjects. Genuine early rising, which means being up and about by daybreak, is never likely to be popular even in the country. The climate does not prompt it. But there are thousands of the well-to-do classes living in the country whose surplus of physical energy, due entirely to the country life and habits, keeps them actively engaged in the open air from 7 a.m. till dinner or darkness closes the day. To such every action of life gains an added zest. The brain is not less, but more, sensitive to enjoyment, especially of the objective kind. High spirits are to temporary visitors the first and most obvious result of change to country air. If the stay be prolonged, they merge into a general rise of level in all forms of bodily energy. The senses quicken to all the moods of natural beauty, whether in tears or smiles; an extraordinary appreciation of the broader and simpler satisfactions of life, and a healthy blunting of nervous or morbid sensitiveness to small evils, follow. A higher standard of normal health could have no better foundations than such a life. It is one not lightly disturbed, but more blessed in its exemption from the common and lighter troubles of mind and body than equipped to resist the greater. A shattering blow to mental serenity may develop consequences fatal to health in the country life, because, though it has many occupations, it has few distractions.

tions. As against the more severe mental shocks which shorten life, the town life is both a protection and an anodyne.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"HOOLIGANISM."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The Dean of St. Paul's inquiry in the *Spectator* of November 10th is trenchant and good. But if it be carried out it will simply show how many boys escape school altogether, or if they do attend, do so intermittently and when they like. But what of deeper considerations? Is "Hooliganism" altogether bad? "It is always better," says a living novelist, "to get the full flavour out of anything,—even in cases where the flavour may be somewhat bitter." Personally, I feel more pity for the people who have waited on the bank and caught cold in their hearts and souls through standing still too long, than with those who have been bruised and buffeted by the full force of the stream. At any rate, the latter have lived, and the former have only existed. The "Hooligan" is at least alive; and that in places, and under circumstances, where many less strenuous souls are smitten with apathy and laziness and despair. Surely he is higher in the social scale than the countless "Weary Williams" and "Tired Tims" who infest our Metropolis? You may threaten to flog his liveliness (misplaced often, I admit) out of him, but does the threat speak specially well for yourself and your capacity of educating and governing? And is it not all a matter of class distinction? With the better classes, it is all "youthful indiscretion" to be condoned and outgrown. There was once at Cambridge a Prince (not of English Royal blood) who used to throw his dinner-plates out of his windows at passing people; it cost him ten or twelve pounds a time for this amusement, besides compensation to the living targets. But he is now all that he should be. There was once at Oxford a Lord who did things too purely "Hooligan" to tell of; he was "sent down"; but he now holds high office and respect under the Crown. But for the poor there is no condonation, and apparently but little reasonable consideration. My contention, Sir, is this. Reform the "Hooligan" if you can; give him education, clubs, or any other means of grace; but do not, from your false pinnacle of pride, altogether condemn him or try to think he is of different clay from yourself. In his place and with his drawbacks, what would you be?—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. OSBORNE JAY.

Holy Trinity Vicarage, Shoreditch, E.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Bradley tells us of the remarkable success of educational workshops in Sweden in enabling and inducing boys to live healthy and useful lives. I think it may be useful to point out that England supplies absolutely convincing evidence that the supply of "Hooligans" could be almost completely stopped if English Governments would apply common-sense to our system of education. You have allowed me to call attention to the wretched physical and moral condition of a large proportion of the inhabitants of our large towns, and especially of Manchester, where in certain districts "Hooligans"—called there "Scuttlers"—abound, and the average physique is so poor that of eleven thousand men who wished to enlist last year eight thousand were rejected on account of physical defects. Well, in that town, which is doing so much to ruin our English race, the Ardwick Industrial School receives a large number of the boys who of all Manchester boys have, but for the school, the greatest chance of becoming stunted "Hooligans," and, later in life, confirmed criminals,—boys found in brothels or in the company of thieves, and boys whom, but for the existence of industrial schools, Magistrates would have to send to prison. These boys the school feeds simply but abundantly; it gives them military drill and much carefully chosen gymnastic training; it gives them sensible religious instruction, and brings them under the influence of the churches of which their parents are, or are supposed to be, members; it teaches them to read, write, and do sums; and it trains them to do carpentering, shoe-making, to bake, and to do several other kinds of industrial work. Under this widely chosen system of training, which

includes instruction in the production of excellent military music, the boys thrive in body, heart, and mind; and in spite of the bad influence of their early surroundings more than ninety per cent. of them turn out well. I have no hesitation in saying that if our elementary schools, Board and denominational, were managed by men knowing as much about the proper objects of education as do the Committee of Management of the Ardwick Industrial School, there would be a great diminution in the number of our criminals and paupers. The condition of our Army is a striking proof of Parliament's willingness to tolerate dangerous inefficiency, but the condition of our educational system is a still more striking example of the results of Governmental inefficiency, and is, in its turn, a most fruitful cause of inefficiency in all parts of the national life.—I am, Sir, &c.,

T. C. HORSFALL.

Aix-les-Bains.

[We have also received very interesting letters on this subject from Mr. F. Scott and Mr. C. B. Simpson, showing the good work done in Manchester by the formation of lads' clubs and the exertions of the Open Spaces Committee in providing means of open-air recreation. Accepting Mr. Eck's definition of "Hooliganism" as "animal spirits misdirected," they show the notable results obtained by the effort to institute a counter-attraction to the life of the streets, and by means of gymnasiums and football and boating clubs to form some sort of *esprit de corps* among boys who, if left alone, become a danger to the public peace. A small subscription is exacted, and contributions to the penny bank are expended on clothing; or if they reach the sum of 8s. 6d. they entitle the subscriber to eight days under canvas on the Welsh coast at Whitsuntide. The Rev. Bernard Wilson, of the Oxford House, has also written to us describing similar institutions in Bethnal Green, and appealing to those interested in the work to help in the completion of the fund to purchase the property on which the gymnasium and baths are situated. The Oxford House clubs contain at the present moment about eleven hundred men and boys. We may notice finally the admirable work which is done by the various semi-official boys' cadet companies in London, which supply the basis of military training and give boys in the most awkward stage of life some ambition and self-respect. The animal spirits are there, and we should be thankful for them; it is our business to see that they are directed to the proper channels. We regret that we can print no more letters on this subject.—ED. *Spectator*.]

HELL RATHER THAN ANNIHILATION?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your interesting remarks in the *Spectator* of November 10th about Huxley's preference of hell (in moderation) to utter extinction very forcibly bring out how much we still seem to have to learn concerning men's real feelings towards the prospect of a future life. For, psychologically, of course, such a sentiment appears at first sight a complete paradox. Yet I have no doubt that in Huxley's case it was entirely genuine, and that an appreciable number of persons actually entertain it. On the other hand, I should think, judging by what one hears, that a very considerable number of persons do not want to go on living, and even have a strong emotional horror of the prospect of a future life. They would, consequently, welcome any assurance that exempted them from this doom. This variety of sentiment appears to be very common among the old and weary and unenergetic. It exists quite apart from religious beliefs and scientific convictions, and often indeed runs counter to them. Similarly, a large proportion of sincere Christians regard the prospect of "heaven" without the slightest enthusiasm, and even with secret aversion. I suspect that what the generality of men would really like would be a (somewhat improved) continuation of their earthly existence. It would be very interesting, therefore, to determine in what proportions these various sentiments actually occur in cultivated persons of the day, and such an inquiry could not fail to throw much light on the emotional foundations of belief and on the strange inefficaciousness all the world over of the traditional doctrines concerning "the things beyond death." For whatever these doctrines are, the actual conduct of men is pretty much the same everywhere, and pays but little heed to any eschatology. Can the reason be that all the religions have failed to reach a

complete understanding of human feeling on the subject, and so to get a real grip on human motives? The point seems deserving of exact investigation. When, recently, a statistical inquiry into men's actual sentiments with regard to a future life was suggested as an appropriate matter for the Society for Psychical Research to undertake, the late Professor Sidgwick held, I believe, that such inquiry would be useless, on the ground that every rational being *must prefer* heaven to annihilation, and annihilation to hell. Huxley's avowal is sufficient to dispose of this contention, and shows that either men are not rational, or that the subtleties and profundities of human psychology cannot be adequately explored by the narrow categories of an abstract logic.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F. C. S. SCHILLER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I add to "W. W.'s" parallel to Professor Huxley's expressed horror of annihilation the following lines from my old friend Thomas Cooper's not-yet-forgotten poem, the "Purgatory of Suicides"?—

"Oh! I could brook
The dungeon, though eterne!—the Priests' own hell,
Ay, or a thousand hells, in thought, unshook,
Rather than Nothingness! and yet the knell,
I fear, is near that sounds—To consciousness farewell!"
(Book III., stanza 24.)

They were written in 1843 in Stafford gaol. But in 1872 he wrote ("Life of Thomas Cooper, Written by Himself") with equal intensity and sincerity: "I have no doubt, while I write this, that I shall be with my Saviour in heaven. I never harbour the fear for a moment that I shall not be with Him" (p. 397).—I am, Sir, &c.,

ANOTHER W. W.

RITUALISM AND PROSECUTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I should like to emphasise one or two of your arguments (*Spectator*, November 17th) in favour of supporting the Archdeacons' memorial. First, because there can be no *finality* in legislation, which takes no cognisance of the growth of sacred knowledge. The Prayer-book was compiled before the age of Galileo, Darwin, Colenso, Huxley, and Mr. Kidd. All legislative changes must take account of a healthy expansion in the governing body. The Bishops are the constitutional judges of congregational freedom, subject to the control of the national Synod. The Church of England should master the thought that, to preserve her catholicity, she must accept the decisions of the four Councils, but she is at liberty to reject all other judgments of inferior tribunals. The one she *must* accept, the others she *may*. The above considerations go to support the arguments which you have urged in your admirable article. You use, indeed, the disparaging term of "millinery." As a matter of private taste, I should be disposed to join issue, but few, I suppose, would make it penal to adopt St. John the Divine's Ritual, found in the Book of the Revelation.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. H. BROMBY, Bishop.

All Saints Vicarage, Clifton, Bristol.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your leader on "Ritualism and Prosecution" (November 17th) you say, "The question whether or not the Bishop possesses a veto under the Act of 1840 . . . is not perfectly clear." Surely this is a mistake. In the year 1879 an attempt was made to institute proceedings under that Act against Canon Carter of Clewer. The promoters had previously attempted to proceed under the Public Worship Regulation Act, but had found themselves barred by the veto of the Bishop. Then they attempted to proceed under the Act of 1840, and being again met by the Bishop's veto, went to the Queen's Bench for a mandamus. They achieved a temporary success; the Court granted a mandamus. But upon appeal, the Court of Appeal, and ultimately the House of Lords, overruled the judgment of the Queen's Bench; and it is now settled that, whether proceedings be taken under either Act, the Bishop's discretion is equally available. No doubt this greatly increases the Bishop's responsibility, but it is a responsibility inherent in the Episcopate. If the rumours afloat as to intended proceedings now have any foundation, it will be necessary for the promoters to secure the acquiescence of the Bishop, under whichever Act they proceed.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ARCHDEACON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I appeal to your well-known fairness with regard to some expressions in your article on "Ritualism and Prosecution"? (1) There are no doubt foolish clergymen as well as foolish laymen, but is the epithet a fair one to attach to men who have given many years of their life to work in such parishes as those now threatened with prosecution? They are men of long experience, who have accepted work of a most difficult kind,—who have faced most difficult problems presented by such work, and have dealt with them steadily, courageously, and, on the whole, as far as their very limited means have allowed, successfully, or at least as successfully as any other agency. They have been willing to live year after year in places and under conditions in which no other laymen of their education and social position, except doctors, would live. They know their people, and are loved and trusted by them. You may no doubt take many views of their present action, but is it fair to hold them up to the general public, who know nothing of their character and work, as "fools"? (2) We are being continually told that we are exasperating and alienating the laity. But what sort of laity? Lord Portsmouth and the comfortable West End laity, or the costermongers, dock labourers, clerks, &c., among whom the three clergymen in question work? How many of the attempts at prosecution, not only in London, but elsewhere, have been made by *bonâ-fide* and earnest worshippers of the churches attacked? We may disagree with the views and the line taken by some clergymen, but do let us at least be just.—I am, Sir, &c.,

G. L.

"RELIGIO LAICI."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you allow me a small space for comment on Mr. Gainsford's letter in the *Spectator* of November 17th? I shall not trouble you further, disliking controversy. By wresting a sentence in my letter of November 10th out of its context, and by substituting one word for another, he has certainly succeeded in making it meaningless,—fair enough perhaps as sarcasm, but not as argument. May I remind him that my original letter was only occasioned by a portion of your article of November 3rd, the text of which was that the laity, as a body, have lost touch of the truth that ethics (or conduct) are based upon dogma? This, he declares, is impossible. But "right conduct" must be based upon *something*. If not dogma, is it utility? I presume so; as he says that religion rests on dogma, while ethics do not, and ridicules the idea of "conduct being based on thoughts which cannot be rigidly defined." But I believe that vast numbers of English laymen would wholly repudiate the idea of utility being the source of right conduct, and would say that ethics do not rest upon dogma indeed, but only because human language is inadequate to express fully the contents of religious ideas, widened and deepened as they are by the sidelights of modern science and modern thought. Christian conduct is still based upon Christian beliefs; but men's grasp and understanding of these beliefs grow with the growth of knowledge. I may add that Mr. Gainsford's own letter supplies a curious comment on my remark that definitions are too often inadequate; for he quotes five definitions (his own included) of what religion is, each one of which rests on a different point of view, and, while possibly true enough for a working theory, fails manifestly to exhaust the subject. In conclusion, I would put it to Mr. Gainsford whether he conceives it possible for a finite being like man fully to grasp the infinite, much more to express it in the terms of a creed; and I should like to refer him to a sermon preached before the University of Glasgow by the late Principal Caird on this very subject, "What is Religion?"—I am, Sir, &c.,

Hythe.

A. M. CURTEIS.

THE CALLOUSNESS OF CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your interesting article in the *Spectator* of November 17th under the above heading you observe, and I think very justly, that "cruelty is not an idea which many young children can conceive." So far as my experience extends, children often inflict considerable pain, without at all advert- ing to the fact. I have known a little Italian boy quietly trim a butterfly's wings with a pair of scissors as uncon-

cernedly as if it had been a thing of paper; and attach a tuft of thistle-down to a bluebottle's leg, and then stand and watch *la carrozzinetta da viaggio* borne along through the sunlit air like the fiery chariot of Elias, his dark eyes sparkling meanwhile with delight, but with no expression of malice or ill-nature,—though it generally ended by the insect getting entrapped and entangled the first time it ventured to alight. A Belgian once informed me that he had known youngsters in Flanders sew frogs together by the legs in pairs, to prepare them to take part in a miniature three-legged race, "such as they had seen run by boys at the village sports." There is no doubt but that children are by nature imitative, and very much inclined—in their own crude and inconsiderate way—to apply to the lower animals the lessons taught them by their parents and masters. Well do I remember a certain Archbishop, now dead, describing the unconscious cruelty he practised when a mere child, under the impression that he was really exercising virtue,—apparently on the principle of doing to others not exactly "as he *would have others do to him*," but "as others *did to him*." His father, it seems, was a great disciplinarian. Among other useful lessons, he was careful to teach his little son, when at table, to wait patiently till his elders were served, and on no account to clamour for his food. It was, he reminded him, so vulgar and a mark of ill-breeding. If "young hopeful" sometimes forgot the precepts of maturer wisdom, if he thoughtlessly thrust out his plate for more before the rest of the company were done, his lapse of memory was generally assisted by a sharp reprimand; and instead of the savoury ragout or juicy tippy-cake, upon which he had so greedily set his heart, he was presented with a piece of dry bread, and told to eat that. In this way the lesson sank deep. But the little urchin was evidently of opinion that others besides himself should profit by it. So he applied it, in his own childish way, to his friends the birds and the beasts. On visiting the nest of thrush or blackbird in the early spring his indignation was aroused beyond words by the quite too scandalously greedy behaviour of the noisy young broods. Each time he approached four or five bright yellow throats were stretched to their uttermost, and such a gobble, gobble, gobble filled the air that he felt he must really make an example of them and punish such intolerable greediness. With his own personal experience to suggest the most approved of methods, he deliberately picked up a number of pebbles from the gravel pathway, and calmly proceeded to feed the irrepressible fledglings with morsels of flint, sandstone, and grit. So long as the young birds continued to open their mouths, so long did he continue to drop down pebbles, feeling all the time (he assured me) quite satisfied that he was simply handing on to them the lesson that his parents had instilled into him at home. When a week or more had elapsed, and chance led him once again to the same spot, the silence of death lay around. In place of four or five vociferous fledglings struggling in the nest, with open mouths and protruding necks, he beheld naught but four or five small fleshy bags of undigested stones. Then? Well, then he wept. Tableau! Yes, for not till then did he realise the full import of his act. In spite of his cruelty, he was surely not really a cruel child?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Westminster.

JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

THE EYESIGHT OF SAVAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your article on "The Eyesight of Savages" (*Spectator*, November 17th), which takes as its text Sir Redvers Buller's statement that the Boer sees two miles further than the Englishman, deals with but the fringe of the subject, and takes too complacent a view of such a serious and increasingly important defect in the physical standard of the English adult population. You conclude, furthermore, with a test proposition which, as a means of comparing vision, is as illogical as it would be unconvincing if carried out. The proper test question would be to take a city-bred and city-reared youth of eighteen from any of our large towns (with "normal" sight, such as the War Office passes), and compare his vision with a Boer or Zulu of the same age. Objects familiar to both, and the same conditions of light and air, would be essential factors in the test. Statistics taken in recent years in large towns—*e.g.*, London, Liverpool, Bradford, and Leicester—show a defective condition of eyesight existent among our school population of nearly 33 per cent.

Of this percentage, the larger proportion can be nearly, if not quite, brought up to a "normal standard" by the use of spectacles; the rest, alas! failing in what is called "visual acuity." The normal standard chosen as a test is not a high one, and the distance selected of twenty feet at which to read a certain size of type is often surpassed by so-called long-sighted people, who can read a type of half the size at that distance. To support Sir Redvers Buller's contention, I should choose a city lad to compare with the Boer, for in the Army our rank-and-file are mainly recruited from town denizens. As a recruiting sergeant said to me,—“We like them much better than the yokels; they are much smarter over their drill and learn it more quickly.” Their lower "visual acuity" and lessened power of resistance to enteric or exposure generally do not trouble the recruiting sergeant's mind. In the first-named defect, too, the War Office tests are manifestly inadequate. By "visual acuity" is meant the power which an eye, or rather the most central area of the retina at the posterior pole of the eye, has of distinguishing form. And here the city child fails. Nor is it difficult to point out the causes. The two essential factors for the development of the eye are light and range. In the matter of range the town children look at nothing further than thirty feet across the street, ten feet across the room, and ten inches from a book or slate. As regards light, I admit that our School Boards are doing their utmost, by erecting buildings with larger window space, to improve matters, but the best result is often an illumination from a wrong quarter through a "steamy" window and an impure atmosphere. The limits of a letter will not allow me to deal with more than suggestions for treatment, but we must have longer intervals of rest, larger playgrounds, and more country excursions if we would improve the physical standard, and with that the eyesight, of our town children.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Liverpool.

R. J. HAMILTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In what has been written on this question (*Spectator*, November 17th) is there not some confusion between vision and interpretation? It is probable that the average British soldier in South Africa *sees* the tiny specks on the far horizon or hillside,—*i.e.*, receives as complete an image on the retina of his eye as the Boer does. But the telegram "antelopes" or "cavalry" does not flash to his brain, because he has not been trained to interpret. A lad possessed of all his senses may *hear* all the sounds in a wood, but has no notion to what creatures they belong. I look through a microscope and see a meaningless film of jelly; an expert microscopist sees the same film and simultaneously recognises a special form of cell-tissue. For nearly twenty years I have been raising seedlings of a certain genus of plants, and find that my eye instinctively picks out at a great distance a flower differing from thousands of its fellows by only slight gradations of shape or colour. The ordinary visitor to my garden probably *sees* this flower, but does not single it out from the rest and walk up to it.—I am, Sir, &c.,

GEORGE ENGLEHEART.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The article on "The Eyesight of Savages" in your issue of the 17th inst. recalled to my mind the following extract from Darwin's "Naturalist's Voyage Round the World." He is referring to two Fuegians on board H.M.S. 'Beagle':—

"Their sight was remarkably acute. It is well-known that sailors, from long practice, can make out a distant object much better than a landsman. But both York and Jemmy were much superior to any sailor on board: several times they have declared what some distant object has been, and though doubted by every one, they have proved right when it has been examined through a telescope. They were quite conscious of this power: and Jemmy, when he had any little quarrel with the officer on watch would say 'Me see ship, me no tell.'"

In this instance you have the test of two savages—York, a full-grown man, and Jemmy Button, a boy—against a whole crew of English sailors.—I am, Sir, &c.,

73 Park Drive South, Victoria Park.

THE POLITICS OF GREATER BRITAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I was discussing the future of the Liberal party with a distinguished Colonial visitor not long ago, and my friend

said: "Probably we in the Colonies are even now creating the future policy of that party, and quite as rapidly as is at all safe." He added that the distinction between Liberal and Conservative had been in times past a difference of temperament, but that to-day the vast area within the Empire is giving a rational or philosophic basis to the politics of its citizens; that, in fact, we are likely to discover the cause of our political attitude not in our temperament, but in our environment. If this is the case, the present subsidence of Liberalism might have been anticipated during a period such as this when the Constitution itself is in the crucible. Where vast areas come together in a political combination, the national cleavage is in the demand for, and the opposition to, the "State right" (the Home-rule limitation) as opposed to centralised legislation. In the United States, for example, the aristocratic party—the Republican party—would allow as little State right as is permissible under the Constitution, whereas the Democrats believe in the efficacy of the forty-five local Parliaments within forty-five "sovereign" States. And I think, as a general statement, it is increasingly true that the tendency is for districts near the centre (Washington) to go Republican, while those nearer the circumference are the more determined to assert the principle of the State right, in order to clip the Federal prerogative. If this is the case, we may discover a little later that in the British Empire the terms "Liberal" or "Conservative" have lost all significance, and that we are grouped as Imperialists or Democrats. If the House of Lords reformed itself, and the Peers selected a number of their own body to sit in the new Second Chamber, their representatives would probably be Imperialists, whereas the score of Colonial Legislatures, if these bodies selected Senators to sit in the new Second Chamber, would probably send Democrats to Westminster. In these days when the future of what has been the Liberal party is matter for interesting speculation, it may be worth while, perhaps, to consider whether its present conditions are not now what we should anticipate during a period of transition and evolution.—I am, Sir, &c.,

MORETON FREWEN.

LORD ROSEBERY'S "NAPOLEON."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Surely the explanation of the ill-feeling between Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe is to be found in the fact that neither of them was a gentleman. The writer of the review of Lord Rosebery's book in the *Spectator* of November 10th admits that Sir Hudson was not what we should call a gentleman. Has Napoleon, judged by his behaviour towards the unfortunate Queen of Prussia (to take one instance only), any better claim to be so called? It has always seemed to me that here is the key to the unfortunate state of affairs between jailor and prisoner at St. Helena.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JOHN H. LONSDALE.

Shroton, Dorset.

MR. MORLEY AND OLIVER CROMWELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I wonder if many readers were struck, as I was, by the following passage in Mr. Morley's "Oliver Cromwell." Mr. Morley, after saying that friars were promiscuously massacred and that Cromwell (1649) admitted a massacre of friars at Drogheda, grimly asks, "What is the significance of Cromwell's challenge to produce 'an instance of one man since my coming to Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed, or banished'?" (p. 304). My impression was that Cromwell must have told a stupid, deliberate, and transparent lie. As I had hitherto believed that Cromwell was "one who can rule and dare not lie," I thought it wiser when I had time to test Mr. Morley's quotations before altering my opinion about the very essence of Cromwell's character. What was my amazement when I found that Mr. Morley had only quoted the first half of Cromwell's sentence; the second half runs thus: "concerning the massacre or destruction of whom justice hath not been done or endeavoured to be done" (Carlyle, ed. 1870, II., 254; Gardiner, Hist., 1649-60, I., 138n., &c.) Mr. Morley makes Cromwell say, 'I only slew armed men'; whereas Cromwell said, 'If I slew unarmed men, I did, or tried to do, justice in slaying them.' By quoting a half-sentence, Mr. Morley perverts Cromwell's meaning, and for two days

shook my faith in Cromwell's veracity and common-sense. I wonder if Mr. Morley's misquotation has jarred on others as harshly as it jarred on me! If so this letter may be of use.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. D. R.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Am I right in suggesting that it was Professor Huxley, and not Mr. Jesse Collings, as stated in your admirable review of "Professor Huxley's Life" (*Spectator*, November 10th), who stole a glance at the Queen while her Majesty was availing herself of a similar action towards Mr. Collings?—Under correction, I am, Sir, &c.,

R. W.

GREEK OR ITALIAN?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Whatever was the tongue in which Mr. Gladstone addressed the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands, I know that my friend, the late E. A. Freeman, made a speech to them in modern Greek, and that he was vastly delighted by his reception. How much his hearers understood of it I never felt sure, but they shouted *Ζήτω ὁ φιλέλλην Φρήμαννος*, and no doubt they "thought he said what he ought to have said."—I am, Sir, &c.,

R. E. BARTLETT.

Chelmsford.

THE PRESS AND CRIMINAL TRIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I through the medium of your columns call attention to a practice which, to my mind, tends to subvert the fine justice which has so long characterised criminal trials in this country? Of late it has become customary for a certain section of the Press, in order to satisfy the thirst for sensational "copy," to inquire minutely into every criminal charge which is likely to produce morbid interest among its readers. This has been especially noticeable in several recent cases of suspected murder. In the Great Yarmouth case one London morning paper has employed its columns for the purpose of indiscreet comment on the chain of evidence which the police authorities are engaged in unravelling. Again, in the Newlyn case a great deal of feeling against the prisoner was not unnaturally aroused through the sensational manner in which information about it was circulated. A North Country paper, however, must be said to have gone further than any of its contemporaries, for it has allowed an alleged interview with a man at present under a capital charge to appear in its columns as authentic. In the course of the interview the prisoner is related to have confessed the murder, and also to have made statements which, if true, would go a very long way towards establishing a guilty intention. Statements such as these, circulating among that very class from which our criminal juries are drawn, cannot be without some effect upon the position of the prisoner when he comes to stand upon his deliverance. Reports of preliminary proceedings and coroners' inquests are an inevitable result of a free Press, and if there were nothing more than accurate reports, no fault could be found with them. But it is the distortion of these accounts by striking headlines, and comments scattered here and there in the report, which makes them so harmful. Moreover, the system of inquiries by anonymous correspondents and interviewers, who are mainly irresponsible "penny-a-liners," is one which tends to subordinate the proper functions of a newspaper to the production of "yellow" sensationalism. The fundamental maxim of English criminal law is that every man should be considered innocent until, in the opinion of a jury, he is proved to be guilty, and the Press is failing in its duty to the community if it does anything which is calculated to encroach upon this principle.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Liverpool.

CIRCUITEER.

THE LATE DR. MARTINEAU.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will permit me to correct one or two inaccuracies in the review of Mr. Jackson's "Study of Dr. Martineau." It is not the fact that Dr. Martineau studied at Glasgow University; he took his College course at Manchester College, which was then established at York. Possibly the erroneous statement may be due to the reference to Glasgow University (on p. 13), which, however, it will be

seen, relates not to him, but to Dr. Lant Carpenter. I must make a passing protest against the designation of Manchester College as "Unitarian," as my father was never tired of explaining and vindicating its undoctinal basis, which is also well set forth by Mr. Jackson. As regards the change in his philosophical views, my father repeatedly said, and has himself explained (in the preface to his "Types of Ethical Theory," quoted by Mr. Jackson), that it was the result of his attending Professor Trendelenburg's lectures in Berlin (in company with the late Mr. R. H. Hutton) in the winter of 1848-49, which was long before he could have been influenced in that respect by either Browning or Tennyson.—I am, Sir,
&c.,
BASIL MARTINEAU.

3 Eldon Road, Hampstead.

POETRY.

A MEADOW.

THERE is a meadow in the West,
Green, open to the sun and air:
A thrill of joy, a throbbing breast,
I could not cross it but in prayer.

It glittered like a fleece of gold,
And every blade of grass was bright:
Each drooping bud was aureoled,
And every blossom crowned with light.

And leaning from their leafy nook
Moon-daisies, in the crimson glow,
Would gaze upon the gliding brook
And watch the star of love below.

I drank of that love-haunted stream
Whose water hath no bitter lees,
And walked with God as in a dream
Beneath the dark, melodious trees.

And, thronging through the twilight air,
The dead, the living, e'en as one,
Would gather round me wandering there
Beside the rivulet alone.

They sang of legends dim and old
Ere this mysterious world began,
Of earthquake, storm, and fire they told,
And of the still small voice in man.

They sang me songs of love: they sang
Of broken hearts and wild farewells:
And every note of anguish rang
Like the deep sob of distant bells.

Then floated a triumphant strain
From highest heaven,—now soft, now loud—
Sweeter than skylarks after rain
That sing above an April cloud.

And soaring to'ard the distant gleam,
And singing as they passed from sight:
The rack and rainbow of my dream
Dissolved and faded into light:

Faded: and fainter one by one
Their voices reached me from afar:
Till, over the green meadow shone
Only the shepherd's evening star.

GASCOIGNE MACKIE.

MUSIC.

THE "AGAMEMNON" AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE Greek Play Committee at Cambridge are to be congratulated alike on their choice and their achievement. The amount of energy, patience, intelligence, and talent involved in the series of performances which began at the New Theatre yesterday week is in itself worthy of admiration. Nor should one fail to note at the outset that these Greek plays at both the Universities have always proved a most happy means for promoting the solidarity of undergraduate society. They have appealed with equal force to the representatives of

γυμναστική as well as of μουσική. When the memorable Oxford performance of the *Agamemnon* was given some twenty years ago, the three leading parts—those of Agamemnon, Clytæmnestra, and Cassandra—were played by three of the most distinguished athletes of the time. This excellent tradition has been maintained in the cast at Cambridge this year; Clytæmnestra has won a "Blue" for long jumping, Agamemnon is rowing in the trial eights, and the ranks of the Argive elders were largely recruited from amongst the athletic element. This attitude of the undergraduate world towards the Greek play may no doubt be accounted for to a certain extent by the irresistible attraction of the footlights, the desire to shine in public, but much must be ascribed to the energy, the tact, and the infectious enthusiasm of the Committee. They have converted the Greek play into a potent engine of culture, which brings home the nobility of the classical drama to the average undergraduate in a way which powerfully supplements the influence of lectures and examinations. As far as the performers are concerned, there are no small parts, no opportunities for ministering to vanity at a small expenditure of time and trouble. The double tax on the memory of the chorus, when music as well as words have to be learnt by heart, is very considerable, and the finish of the performance has been an eloquent testimony to the exertions of stage-managers and the goodwill of their company. The insight into the humanities conferred by participation in such a representation as that given at Cambridge will be a κέρμα ἐς αἰεὶ to all concerned. The actors, in virtue of their more intimate study of the text, enjoy special advantages, but no one could attend the performances last week without being struck by the numbers and intelligent interest of the undergraduate audience,—male and female. The Greek play, in a word, combines educational with social functions more attractively than any other University institution.

The music has always been an important feature of these revivals, and in the present instance contributed powerfully to the impressiveness of the representation. Sir Hubert Parry, who had already lent lustre to the revivals of *The Birds* at Cambridge and *The Frogs* at Oxford, readily accepted the invitation of the Committee, and it is not too much to say that he proved himself as ingenious in his vocal and instrumental commentary on the Æschylean drama as in his musical illustrations of the Aristophanic comedies. The method he has adopted is entirely in keeping with the general attitude of the Cambridge Committee in staging the play,—an attitude which may be described as one of judicious compromise. Antiquarian accuracy is mainly confined to the employment of the Greek text, the exclusion of female performers, the use of classical costumes, and a regard for the traditions as to the grouping of the chorus. For the rest, scenic accessories are employed, and freedom of gesture is permitted to the actors. This partial modernisation, rendered inevitable by the conditions of indoor performance in a modern theatre, is faithfully reflected in Sir Hubert Parry's score. That is to say, he has not been at pains to write archaic music for archaic instruments, but makes a judicious use of the resources of the modern orchestra. The emotional advantages of this method are too obvious to be insisted on. A composer who is confined to the harp and flute can never infuse into his music the poignant accents commanded by violins, clarinets, and oboes, or the mystery and awe which reside in the tones of the basses. At the same time Sir Hubert has refrained from importing the element of complexity, of *enchevêtrement*, of feverishness, into his music. The outlines are broad, the colouring restrained, the melody simple. The composer has not tried to paint with all the pigments in his palette. He has resisted the temptation to handle his share in the work in anything approaching the spirit of the modern music-drama. Loyally accepting the limitations of the situation—in which the speeches of the principal *dramatis personæ* are all spoken, not sung, and vocal utterance is confined to the chorus—he has composed, not an opera, but a number of illuminative pieces of incidental music, in which the point of the spoken word is emphasised and its suggestiveness coloured without any obtrusive, perturbing, or inflaming use of the sonorities at the disposal of the modern composer. The great opening chorus, which succeeds the Watchman's monologue, is a really masterly effort of descriptive writing, the harmonised monotone of the opening passages exactly

fitting the weariness of the ten years' waiting for Agamemnon's return. One may note, again, the happy imitative touches in the woodwind where the chorus speak of the breezes from the Strymon and the impressive *ritornello* to which the burden "αἴλιον αἴλιον εἶπέ, τὸ δ' εἰς νικάτω" is wedded. Sir Hubert Parry has throughout closely followed the metrical structure of the choruses, fitting sharply defined phrases to what may be called the marching rhythms, and treating the more exalted and rhapsodical passages with an elasticity befitting their quasi-improvised character. Unison is freely used, but variety is lent to the music by antiphonal treatment and the alternations of tone-colour between the basses and tenors. It may be added that in regard to musical prosody Sir Hubert adheres entirely to the common English usage, by which quantity and not accent is made the basis of pronunciation. It would be curious to know how the performance would have sounded to an Athenian citizen of to-day. If the positions were reversed, we should probably regard the English method as the most colossal instance of insular prejudice. For we must never forget that modern Greek differs no more from that of Pericles than modern English from that of Chaucer. There is, therefore, at least presumptive evidence in favour of the view that the Greeks know how to pronounce their language better than we do. On the other hand, our method of pronunciation, though in the main arbitrary, and in many particulars admittedly incorrect, has the unquestioned advantage, where poetry is concerned, of giving oral effect to the metrical rules. It is almost impossible for an English scholar to reconcile himself to the sound of Homer read accentually: the long roll of the hexameter is disintegrated; indeed, the present writer once met a Greek lady who was so unpatriotic as to say that she greatly preferred the English method of pronouncing classical Greek. To return, however, to the music. Besides the choruses, Sir Hubert Parry has written a brief but strenuous introduction, a triumphal march, and a short intermezzo, played between the second and third acts.

We can only dwell briefly on the performance, in which, alike on its histrionic, scenic, and musical sides, a very high level of excellence was attained. If in regard to gesture the principal actors left something to be desired, their enunciation was singularly articulate, and their accuracy most commendable, while in the trying rôle of Cassandra Mr. Grace showed dramatic insight of no common order. The opening scene, representing the city of Argos as seen from the palace roof by night, with the hills in the background, was singularly picturesque; the costumes worn, faithfully copied from figures on Greek vases, harmonised with the scenic surroundings; and the singing of the chorus was remarkable not merely for its precision, but for the fresh and excellent quality of the tenors. As for the drama itself, the effect of such a performance is only to heighten one's admiration for the grandeur of the theme and the magnificence of the literary texture. Nor could one fail to notice, as a distinguished war-correspondent, Mr. J. B. Atkins, has so happily brought out in a brilliant descriptive article in the *Manchester Guardian* of Monday, how topical a great deal of the play is in its reference to the privations of campaigners, failure of transport, inadequate commissariat, &c. To many of those present there must have been a peculiar appropriateness in the lines:—

"Τὸ πᾶν δ' ἄφ' Ἑλλανος αἶας συνορμμένοις
πένθεια τηλεκάρδιος
δόμων ἐκάστου πρέπει."

With all respect for Lord Rosebery, we trust that it may be long ere the Greek Play Committee is disestablished in deference to the needs of a businesslike Imperialism. C. L. G.

BOOKS.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN ON UTILITARIANISM.*

UTILITARIANISM was essentially an English product. The English interest in philosophy is not speculative, but practical, as was the Roman. The English mind seeks to extract from it a groundwork for conduct, either individual or social. It has been jestingly observed that Hegel's philosophy of history led up to the conclusion that the Prussian State embodied

the final result of political wisdom. But it would be impossible for a German thinker to write from such a purely practical and actual point of view. It was reserved for a small group of English writers to elaborate a system of thought which was deliberately intended to provide an intellectual basis for the reformation of public life. That group was the Utilitarians. Mr. Stephen has furnished us in these volumes with an admirable conspectus of the work and aims of this school. Himself imbued largely with Utilitarian philosophy, Mr. Stephen writes with a certain deep sympathy, yet he is so far detached in thought and imagination that he can stand aside and view the school and its creed as a whole in a fairly impartial spirit, so that we have from him no mere eulogy, but a critical estimate clothed, it need hardly be said, in excellent literary form. We have had much fragmentary treatment of Utilitarianism, but this is the first complete exposition yet given to the student of modern thought, and we feel grateful to Mr. Stephen for so comprehensive a work.

Mr. Stephen divides his work into three parts. The first volume treats of the father of the school, Jeremy Bentham; the second of James Mill, the most zealous of Bentham's disciples; and the third of John Stuart Mill, in whom the Benthamite doctrine is modified and expanded, so that in his later thinking it almost at times disappears, or at least is difficult to recognise. The biography of each of these famous persons is sketched, and the social environment of the time is portrayed, so that we may know the general influences operating on the mind of each. The discussions arising out of the doctrine, political, economic, moral, and social, are considered, as is also, although to an insufficient degree, the reaction against the general set of ideas which formed the basis of the Utilitarian creed. The whole work, therefore, may be said to be a review of half a century or more of English thought, especially as it has to do with the formation of a body of doctrine relating to the structure of society, the functions and sphere of government, and the aims to be realised in social life. Much of the criticism is acute, though perhaps not original, while the exposition is always admirable. The survey, not only of Bentham's own work and that of J. S. Mill, but of the ideas of Malthus and Ricardo, and the treatment of the Scottish "Common Sense" school, are excellent. Mr. Stephen proclaims himself an agnostic as well as in substantial accord with the aims of the Utilitarians, and we cannot expect from him a sympathetic view of the religious reaction. But, as we have said, he is so far able to detach himself as to see that there is another side, and in his glance at the Lake poetry which made so deep an impression on the mind of J. S. Mill at a critical period of his life we find a sympathetic imagination which we should indeed expect from one of the best living critics of English literature. Altogether, then, we may say that, though Mr. Stephen writes with a frank bias, yet his instincts are so good and his critical judgment is so luminous that we find his survey wide and satisfactory.

The case for Bentham is this. He found English thought and English society alike in a corrupt and chaotic condition. The country gentleman, heavy with October ale and with insular prejudices, was the dominant political factor. The two parties, originally representing clear principles, had, as Carlyle would have said, become succedaneum for salt. The representative system, the penal system, the tariff, local government, pauperism,—all showed signs of a decadence in national life. At the same time no help was to be found in the barren philosophic discussions which we are unable to read now. To link thought and action, to prepare a system of thought which would provide an intellectual basis for legislation and for social reform,—that was Bentham's leading idea, and it certainly was a noble one. Bentham intended to effect a social regeneration by means of the application of a new idea to public action. It was characteristic of him that he should attempt to formulate this idea in a sentence—"The greatest happiness of the greatest number"—that was to be the motive power of the new methods of government and reform which were to transform England, and, indeed, the world. It is not an easy task to regenerate our case-hardened old planet, but if ever single-minded devotion to principle and the patient tracing out of what were thought to be inevitable deductions from that principle could have accomplished it, transformation would have come from Bentham.

* *The English Utilitarians.* By Leslie Stephen. 3 vols. London: Duckworth and Co. [30s. net.]

As a matter of fact, Benthamism failed. We mean it failed as a system. In a sense it lives still as a motive power, and no student of history will deny the deep effect it has had on English reforms during the century. To Bentham belongs especially the honour of being the pioneer in penal and judicial reform. He first roused the country to a sense of its utterly irrational penal laws and its dangerous "Judge-made" law. It was he who sketched for us a rational jurisprudence, and who did most in forming the minds of our later jurists. But Benthamism as a philosophy was doomed to failure. It was not merely, as Mr. Stephen says, and as J. S. Mill found out, that it ignored the emotional and imaginative aspects of life (both Bentham and James Mill despised poetry, logically from their point of view), but it was based on a false principle, that of atomism and hedonism. Bentham starts, as Professor Höffding says, "from the conception that the race consists of isolated individuals, every one of whom is eagerly striving to get the greatest possible number of goods at the least possible cost." From a doctrine of atomism you can never extract any social creed. If men were the reasoning machines imagined by Bentham, each bent on enlightened self-interest, each arguing out by the analytic understanding how he may balance the social and human accounts as between him and his fellow, if passion, tradition, custom, heredity, could all be eliminated, Benthamism might have produced a new sort of world, perfect in its kind, and the rapid transformation which he saw as in prophetic vision might perchance have even now been accomplished. Whether we should have cared to live in such a world is another question. But when the self-interest of the individual unrelated organically to other individuals, whose "goods" are purely external and are measured by the balance of "pleasures and pains," is presented to us as an ethical basis for the superstructure of the social edifice, we can but reply that this is not ethics at all, and that, therefore, such a doctrine cannot answer the end it is designed to fill.

Can all the philosophers and statesmen of Europe, asked Carlyle, "make one shoeblack happy"? If Bentham thought that this could be done, James Mill was even more satisfied that it was possible, and in him we see a narrower but more typical representative of Utilitarianism than in Bentham himself. J. S. Mill tells us that his father's *Analysis of the Human Mind* was the philosophic gospel of the school. It was pure, undiluted atomism. The mind is in no contact with reality, it knows but its own sensations, it is in no organic relation with other minds. In a word, it provides no psychology which explains to us the simple facts of mental and moral life. In political economy James Mill swallowed Malthus and Ricardo whole, and so helped to perpetuate that rather barren political economy which has fallen into a somewhat ruinous condition, and from which, as Mr. Stephen points out, as Laveleye had pointed out before him, the Socialist party in Germany has developed its inevitable inferences. In politics the influence of James Mill has clung in no small measure to Radicalism until Radicalism began to lose its body of doctrine and became a mere appeal to special interests and feelings. He made of Radicalism a narrow, acrid creed, again founded entirely on pure individualism, absolutely devoid of organic union and historic feeling. It was inevitable that such a philosophy had no future, and accordingly we see it first decline in Parliament on the death of the so-called Philosophical Radical party, and next we see it so modified as to become an almost different creed in the hands of J. S. Mill. As a personality John Mill attains to high interest just because he is so eminently transitional. Starting in the strictest sect of the Utilitarians, we see him broadening out, while yet retaining that spirit of his early creed—its most valuable element—the persistent faith in a better social ordering of things, and an equally persistent labour at the great task. Even in a scientific work like the *Logic*, as Mr. Stephen shows in a very able analysis, the social instinct was uppermost; *i.e.*, the *Logic* was written to furnish a groundwork of thought for a social creed. But "the spirit of the years to come" was exerting its influence on Mill from about 1830 onwards, and had he not been so intellectually moulded by his father, it is impossible to say to what heights he might not have climbed. As it was, he gained on every side of his nature.

While we cannot get from Utilitarianism, with its sensa-

tional philosophy derived from Hobbes and Locke, its economics (which are a mere abstract generalisation of a passing phase of English industrial conditions), and its politics (which resolve themselves into mere egoism), any fruitful social creed, we cannot help paying a tribute to the Utilitarians from two points of view. First, as regards their personal excellence. More devoted, simple, hard-working men never lived. They denied themselves every luxury, and toiled all their days. Second, they had, if narrow methods and beliefs, yet noble ends. Like their great French contemporaries, Turgot and Condorcet, they held a fervent faith in human progress, and no cynical or unworthy element entered into their creed or their life. As a system their creed has failed, and is dead or dying, but their example, their zeal, their loyalty to truth and to humanity, will, we may hope, long animate social reformers, and abide as a fruitful influence in public life.

THE BARONESS DE BODE.*

THE Life of the Baroness de Bode, which Mr. Childe-Pemberton gives us as far as possible from the lady's own letters, was well worth writing. Doubtless many a country house in England may boast letters better written and more wittily inspired. But Mary Kinnersley, who in 1775 married the Baron de Bode, suffered a fate which fell to few of her contemporaries. She knew many Courts and many cities. Though she lived through the terror of the French Revolution, though she lost her treasure and her hopes, she never surrendered her courage, and she faced the world until the end with a quiet, indomitable cheerfulness. It is, indeed, the spirit of such people as Baron de Bode and his wife which redeems a little the history of the Terror, and though the Patriots were bold to threaten them with death and ruin, they could not strike fear into their souls, nor smirch their fame with treachery.

Mary Kinnersley, then, came of an excellent Staffordshire family, and might have lived the quiet life of English country folk had she not in 1775 crossed the Channel to Dunkirk. The company on board was distinguished enough, and the mere recital of her companions' names suggests a corner of a famous portrait gallery. There was Lord Ferrers, whose brother had recently been hanged at Tyburn on a silken cord; there were Lord Byron, whom his peers had convicted of manslaughter, and Lord Bristol; and there was Miss Horneck, Goldsmith's friend. But the winds were unfavourable, and the Jessamy Bride and others, not daring to face the gale, landed at Margate. Miss Kinnersley, however, braved the sea as she afterwards braved the National Guard, and went on her way to Dunkirk, where she met the Baron de Bode, whom she presently married. At the first her marriage was happy enough despite their poverty. Her husband was highly placed, and she herself soon became lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Saarbrück-Nassau. Of the small State, and its life and its masquerades, she draws a pretty picture, and the pathos of the Princess's death loses nothing in the telling. Minuets were in fashion, and "dressing-up" was a favourite pastime. At one fête, after a dozen minuets, "the Prince disappeared, and in a short time he re-entered as a dwarf woman with a head-dress at least ten feet high, with two men with poles to support his tuppée, and a hairdresser following him with a ladder, which he mounted every now and then to powder the curls." But disaster was already dogging the Baroness's steps. The Prince married a lady with his left hand, and the Princess died in a year of a broken heart.

Madame de Bode, however, easily found new patrons, for she knew that the future of her rapidly increasing family must depend on favour, and the charm of her manner opened all hearts. Before all things she was shrewd and worldly-wise. When her sons were children, she was already scheming for their future advancement, and since in those days patronage was more necessary to a career than merit, she was determined to gratify her ambition, and force her family into success. "I have always found," she wrote to her sister, "that good and great company is less expensive than your trumpery people, and certainly more agreeable." There is a spice of sound philosophy in this discovery, and Madame de Bode was wise in her generation. But she did not foresee the French Revolution any more clearly than her fellows. In 1788 her husband purchased a fief in Alsace, and became

* *The Baroness de Bode, 1775-1893.* By W. S. Childe-Pemberton. London: Longmans and Co. [12s. 6d.]

a feudal lord, with his capitol at Sulz. He purchased the fief of the Archduke Elector-Bishop, the jovial brother of Marie Antoinette, whose hospitality was notorious, and whose prodigious size was in itself a guarantee of good cheer. At that moment the fortunes of the de Bodes were high indeed. Sulz was an exceedingly rich fief. Salt and coal were found within its borders, and Madame de Bode was soon immersed in the details of business. But the prosperity lasted only for a few months. The Revolution broke out, the Baron de Bode narrowly escaped death, and found himself after the Terror a ruined man.

And it is the sketches of the Revolution which give to this book its real value. The story has been told a hundred times before, but each new account corroborates the tale of cruelty and injustice. How sudden was the change from the ceremony of induction at Sulz, which made the English lady smile, and reminded her of the *Castle of Otranto*, and the miserable bloodthirstiness of the next few years. In 1788 the Baron de Bode was master of Sulz and the friend of his subjects. In 1790 the friends of justice and liberty were determined to strip him naked. "They count all the Noblesse below the poorest Country man," wrote Madame de Bode. "Nothing can equal the execrable things that happen—roasting people alive—a thousand infernal deaths for the only fault of being noble." Moreover, no cruelty nor injustice could be imputed to the lord of Sulz. The Baron was a generous and amiable man, and he had not had time to indulge in oppression even had he wished. "Our case is a very particular one," wrote the lady, with perfect truth. "The uncommon difficulties we surmounted to get possession,—and hardly in possession three months were we before all these troubles began." But all the same she kept up her spirits, and wrote to her sister of the Revolution, as though it were far away. "Read Mr. Burke's book on the Revolution," she says; "'tis exceedingly well written,—a very true picture of what has really happened." In a year, however, her feeling was excited to horror. "Good God! My dear sister, in what a time do we live," so she writes in September, 1792:—

"What scenes of horror, of iniquity, of cruelty! When public laws authorise murder, when, in the middle of the day, publicly in the streets of the great towns in France (authorised by their infernal laws) Waggons with Machines upon them for cutting off of heads parade through the streets, and the passengers, if tolerably dressed, without it being known who they are, are adjudged aristocrats, thrown upon the machine, and without any form or process, instantly beheaded, and those of the rabble that choose it allowed to wash their hands in the blood! But the French at this time are like or even worse than mad dogs."

But nearer and nearer came the Terror. Baron de Bode was attacked by the National Guard, and only saved his life by a marvellous *sang-froid*. Then for days he lay hid in the hay, while his wife confronted those who would have murdered him, until at last he escaped over the frontier. And as by a sudden reaction they regained their equanimity. Safe at Altenburg, they danced and sang. "Last week we kept carnival. We danced three days the week before, and danced three days together last week—masked balls—we amused ourselves much; but admitted no strangers, which made it more agreeable." The forced gaiety was less remarkable than Madame de Bode's determined cheerfulness. After months of suffering and danger, with all lost, she could still declare: "The Israelites became richer after all their hardships than they were before." Again, she quotes Job for her own encouragement, adding: "The world is large enough; if we lose our land in one country perhaps we may find a better in another. These sort of undertakings only require resolution to succeed and to bring to perfection."

And upon this conviction she acted. Nothing can be finer than the spectacle of this ruined lady setting forth with her young children to seek another fortune in Russia. And how she found it, and with what splendid endurance she faced disappointments, is clearly told in the last chapters of an interesting book. That her sons died in poverty was not her fault; the eldest, a British subject, had a right to compensation from the British Government. The right was admitted, but the Treasury was obdurate, and it is something of a disgrace to us that Clement de Bode died with his claims unsatisfied.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SETTLEMENT.*

A YEAR ago, when the country was awakening to the seriousness of the war in South Africa, there was urgent demand for books about the Boers. Several books of great interest appeared opportunely, and were followed by a host of catch-penny compilations. We believe that booksellers now say that the public is surfeited with the subject. If this is so, it is a pity that the two books whose titles stand at the foot of this article were not sooner published, for each of them deserves to be widely read. Mr. Buttery, a journalist formerly on the staff of the *Standard and Diggers' News*, seems to have remained in the Transvaal during several months of the war. He is familiar with the record of the Boer leaders, and appears to know the inmost recesses of Pretoria. His book is mere journalism as regards its manner, but it is quite unpretentious, and it reveals a great deal that has not hitherto been known in England. Dr. Farrelly's treatise is much more elaborate, and his purpose of advising the nation is pursued with an earnestness that is at times almost pompous. His touch is perhaps a trifle heavy, and he yields to the temptation of saying "I could have told you so" when reviewing the events of the past year. Unhappily, Dr. Farrelly's services as legal adviser were retained by the South African Republic, and he, foreseeing the coming disaster, was powerless to convince the clique at Pretoria that their policy meant destruction. His position in 1898 was interesting. He had a perfect right to "advise" the Republic, and he says that Sir Conyngham Greene saw no objection to his acceptance of the post. But it is intelligible that a loyal British subject who was in Mr. Secretary Reitz's confidence should be anxious at the present moment to dissociate himself from some of Mr. Reitz's actions and despatches. On the technical point of suzerainty Dr. Farrelly says frankly that the Boers were right and the Colonial Office wrong, and a great many people who are not in the least "Pro-Boers" agree with him. But on the wider questions involved he is convinced that the Empire has, in the war, only defended itself against deliberate aggression. The most novel portion of his book is the demonstration that the war policy was that of the "Young Afrikaner Party" rather than of the Hollanders. In 1898 three Hollanders (Messrs. Leyds, Van Leeuwen, and Van Boeschoten) were succeeded by three Afrikaners (Messrs. Reitz, Smuts, and Grobler):—

"Changes were also made in their respective offices; but what really made the alteration of the *personnel* important was that the conduct of the negotiations with the Imperial Government—and necessarily, therefore, the policy to be adopted towards the Uitlander cause in the hands of the Imperial Government—fell to the militant Afrikaners instead of to the trained Europeans who had preceded them."

The new men were expected to adopt a more friendly attitude towards England, and the removal of the Hollanders was decidedly popular in Johannesburg. Mr. Smuts certainly set himself to work in the interests of administrative efficiency, but the dominant motive with these Afrikaanders was a fanatical "patriotism" far transcending the passionless diplomacy of the Hollanders. Many of them had been educated in England; they were supposed by the Boers to understand English feeling, and they were accepted as safe guides. Colonial Englishmen, on the other hand, imagined in the usual English way that any man who had lived at home must wish well to England. It is a curious thought that Cambridge University is the *alma mater* of Charles Stewart Parnell and Mr. Smuts.

On the beginning of the war both these books contain comments of great value. Mr. Buttery explains that the Boers counted on dissensions and cowardice in England, on our military inefficiency, and on the prospect of foreign intervention. Further, there is absolutely no doubt of the sincerity of the conviction felt by most that the Lord would finally deliver them from the Power that had vexed them for a century. We see no reason to doubt that Mr. Reitz held such views; to Dr. Leyds they would seem absurd. Mr. Buttery's brief sketches of the Boer notabilities are very vivid pieces of portraiture. He can admire a worthy foe, and his account of Louis Botha is admirable in temper:—

"I never met a man with a sweeter temper or more modest

* (1.) *The Settlement after the War in South Africa*. By M. J. Farrelly, LL.D. London: Macmillan and Co. [10s.]—(2.) *Why Kruger Made War; or, Behind the Boer Scenes*. By John A. Buttery. With Two Chapters on the Rand by A. Cooper Key. London: W. Heinemann. [3s. 6d.]

mien. He reminded me of the old British yeomen farmers chivalrous and simple-hearted, and it is quite certain that none of the cruelties . . . none of the dishonouring dodges of which we hear so much would have happened had it been possible for Louis Botha to have kept an eye on every part of the field of operations."

Men like Botha could have no sympathy for the Pretoria misgovernment, but they took up arms resolutely when the national independence was (no matter by whose fault) imperilled, just as Stonewall Jackson answered the call of his own State and fought, not for the triumph of slavery which a Confederate victory would have involved, but for the threatened autonomy of Virginia. The sons of such men will add strength to the British Empire. As Mr. Buttery says, "there is something in the breed and character of the Briton and the better-class Boer which ensure [*sic*] mutual respect, and though the affinity may now be shrouded by the pall of death, it is certain to come to the front again."

But it is not easy to forecast the probable course of events during the next ten years. Dr. Farrelly, who has studied constitutional law and history, and can apply with effect the comparative method to the facts at his feet, agrees that a period of Crown Colony government in the Republican territories is absolutely necessary:—

"Any immediate institution of representative government, in which the Boer inhabitants were admitted to the suffrage, would mean transferring the fight from the kopjes to the ballot-box. An electoral system in which the Boer had no vote would mean erecting an Uitlander oligarchy; and there is reason to fear an ideal kind of government would not be the result, besides the inevitable consequence of perpetuating race feeling."

But, looking further ahead, he thinks that for South Africa a Constitution closely modelled on that of the Indian Empire is advisable. He would have a Viceroy and Council at the Cape; a certain proportion of members might be from lists of alternative names submitted by local Governors. Now if one thing is certain about the English (and Dutch) colonists of South Africa, it is their insistence on representative institutions, their distrust of an official paternal Government. They will for a time acknowledge the necessity of waiving popular government in the territories disturbed by the war. But even Natal, with its fifty thousand Europeans living among half a million coloured people, was not satisfied until it obtained responsible government. We can hardly believe that Dr. Farrelly can seriously maintain a policy of superimposing in perpetuity an autocratic Council over the people of Cape Colony (who have enjoyed responsible government for twenty-eight years), Natal, the two Boer territories (which have possessed electoral institutions for nearly forty years), and Rhodesia, which is already beginning to desire a larger popular voice in its own affairs.

The value of the book, however, does not stand or fall by this tentative scheme of construction. It must be said that it is not very well balanced, that it is at times more eager to prove that Dr. Farrelly is a sound Imperialist, or that on such an occasion Dr. Farrelly saw clearly amidst the blind, than to state facts simply, and eliminate the personal element. For all that, it is a careful and thoughtful study of the present situation, based on very full knowledge. As a political critic Dr. Farrelly appears to us to possess high qualifications. His ideas of constructive policy are another matter.

FRENCH HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.*

MR. HENRY JAMES has a good deal of the French touch and the French spirit. He loves Italy better than France, it is true, and one of the best things he can find to say of a French town—La Rochelle, for instance—is that its arcades and its square remind him of the South. But though he tells himself and us often enough that he is American and Anglo-Saxon, and though he goes so far in the latter direction as to call the Black Prince a "rapacious Frenchman," and almost to reproach himself because the thought of the battle of Poitiers gives him a little thrill; yet he knows the French, their history, their mind, and their customs, considerably better than most travellers do. It does not occur to him to reproach them for not being Anglo-Saxon. To a great extent he takes them as they are, giving

his impressions frankly, but not for more than they are worth. With his cultivation, they are naturally worth a good deal. He is too wise to enter on politics, but a hint here and there, given with his own attractive vagueness, shows that he can see the world which lies behind the French Government, its schools and its administration generally. Not that even he quite understands that world; for this it does not suffice, seemingly, to be literary and impressionist. Making his way one evening into an old church at Toulouse, "I perceived," he says—

"That it consisted mainly of a large square, beneath a dome, in the centre of which a single person—a lady—was praying with the utmost absorption. The manner of access to the church interposed such an obstacle to the outer profanities that I had a sense of intruding, and presently withdrew, carrying with me a picture of the vast, still interior, the gilded roof gleaming in the twilight, and the solitary worshipper. What was she praying for, and was she not almost afraid to remain there alone?"

But to compare the general information of travellers—and this brings us to the other delightful French picture-book at the foot of our page—Mr. Henry James would never, we think, suggest that the basket of blessed bread, handed round occasionally during Mass (by no means "all over France" or "every Sunday"), had anything to do with the Sacrament itself! But, then, he would have been too cautious to risk a dozen mistakes and lapses by rushing into France in the heroic style of Mr. Clifton Johnson, ignorant even of the language, much more of the people's character, manners, and religion. Mr. Henry James's insight and historical sense, if nothing better, would damp his rejoicing in a State education which ignores the name and existence of God, preparing a future that lovers of France are afraid to contemplate, however satisfactory present results may appear. Neither can we quite imagine Mr. Henry James visiting Falaise (which he does not, by the by, his "little tour" not including Normandy) without a thought of William the Conqueror; Mr. Johnson's only interest in the castle being that Arthur of Brittany may, perhaps, have been shut up there before his uncle John murdered him! On the other hand, Mr. Johnson gives himself vain and endless trouble at Poitiers to find the battlefield, while Mr. Henry James contents himself with the knowledge that it is not far off, and gives his time, very wisely, to such ancient marvels as Notre Dame la Grande. It seems a pity that Mr. Johnson could not find something more to tell his readers about Poitiers, failing the battle, than the story of St. Hilary in serio-comic style.

With all its defects, however—and for those who know France it must have many—*Along French Byways* has a real attractiveness. The illustrations, from the author's own photographs and sketches, are charming; here, indeed, if not in the letterpress, we meet many old friends and recognise the true French character. And the author's own impressions, as impressions, are honest and interesting, though they are not always worthy of being treated as serious information. But a Frenchman, wandering about in England or America with a few words of English and the thinnest ideas of Protestantism, would no doubt be misled, and in publishing his acquired knowledge would mislead his readers, very considerably further than Mr. Johnson. He has the eye of an artist; his word-pictures are often delightful; he can sketch a French landscape with anybody, and has a sincere devotion to Millet and to Joan of Arc. A true sympathy with the people led him to live in the villages, to travel third class, in France a really unnecessary heroism, and to avoid ordinary sight-seeing. He lost a good deal in this way, perhaps. For instance, he allowed the train to carry him past such a gem as old Carcassonne, that relic of the Middle Ages, and it was hardly a compensation that he had two monks in the carriage with him. Let any one who cares for antiquity cleverly mixed with modernism read Mr. Henry James's sketch of Carcassonne. Another defect in Mr. Clifton Johnson's method is that it made him acquainted with the peasantry and *bourgeois* alone, and their amiable materialism, so much in evidence, is yet not the only ruling spirit in France to-day.

To return to *A Little Tour in France*,—the title is modest and pretty, if not original, and errs on the side of modesty. We learn from the interesting preface that the book is not altogether new, having been published in America some time ago, but without the illustrations, in view to which its short

* (1.) *A Little Tour in France*. By Henry James. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. London: W. Heinemann. [10s. net.]—(2.) *Along French Byways*. Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. London: Macmillan and Co. [8s. 6d. net.]

chapters were originally written. They now appear as they ought, and the drawings are Mr. Pennell at his best, so that one could hardly have a more charming picture-book of France. The word-sketches are up to date, except in a few points connected with the old historic châteaux near the Loire. Chenonceaux and Azay-le-Rideau have had their adventures since Mr. Henry James saw them, and the pathetic melancholy of Chambord is deepened. With a wish to prove to himself that Paris was not France—which he must have known already, and the tour needed no excuse—Mr. James first visited Tours and its neighbourhood, then went to Bourges, Le Mans, Angers, and so to La Rochelle and Poitiers. One cannot help regretting that such an observer could not be whisked away from the railway, say somewhere in that “hilly and bosky” country between Tours and Le Mans, from the stillness of some little roadside station where the trees rustle, and the birds sing, and a poplar-shaded stream creeps under a white bridge, along smooth gravel roads, to some château of the old time hidden among its woods, where, if he had the faculty of seeing ghosts, he might come upon a whole company of peasants in large hats dancing on the green. But these things, perhaps, are beyond even the superior kind of tourist. One little incident of the kind, however (p. 181), was by no means thrown away on this traveller.

Angoulême, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Carcassonne; so he went down into his beloved South; and then, of course, Narbonne, Nîmes, Arles, and the Romans; Tarascon, for Tartarin's sake; Les Baux, which ought to have reminded him of *Mirèio*; Avignon, Vaucluse, for which he was not in the right frame of mind; and so by Orange, Lyons, and Dijon, back to Paris. By this time he must have sufficiently refreshed his knowledge of a great and varied country to perceive that Paris is not France, and neither is France Paris.

Both these books are very attractively got up; the print and appearance of *Along French Byways* being such as to catch the affections of a reader at the outset, though *A Little Tour in France*, both as art and as literature, is of considerably greater value.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

It may be that amongst the hundred and twenty-five novels still awaiting notice on our shelves some work of uncommon talent may reveal itself to gladden the heart of the reviewer; in the meantime, we have no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Conrad's *Lord Jim* to be the most original, remarkable, and engrossing novel of a season by no means unfruitful of excellent fiction. That it may not strike all readers in this light we readily concede. Mr. Conrad's matter is too detached from “actuality” to please the great and influential section of readers who like their fiction to be spiced with topical allusions, political personalities, or the mundanities of Mayfair,—just now the swing of the pendulum is entirely away from the slums, and almost altogether in the direction of sumptuous interiors. Mr. Conrad, in a word, takes no heed of the vagaries of fashion or of pseudo-culture—he only once mentions an author and only once makes a quotation—he eschews epigrams, avoids politics, and keeps aloof from great cities. His scenes are laid in unfamiliar regions, amid outlandish surroundings. But if you once succumb to the sombre fascination of his narrative—as the present writer did years ago on reading *An Outcast of the Islands*—your thralldom is complete. Several writers have derived literary inspiration from their sojourn in the Malay Archipelago; but Mr. Conrad, beyond all others, has identified himself with the standpoint of the natives, has interpreted their aspirations, illumined their motives, and translated into glowing words the strange glamour of their landscape. Such an achievement, though remarkable in itself, seems to indicate a denationalisation that might inspire a certain amount of distrust. But in the volume before us, though the “noble savage” is once more prominent, the story is half finished before we reach Malaya, and the central figure who rivets our interest throughout, though intensely romantic

by temperament, is the son of an English country parson, and throughout all his long exile never loses touch with the sentiment, the ideals, the essential *ethos*, of his race. Jim—“Lord Jim” is merely the translation of the title “Tuan Jim,” by which he is known amongst the Malays—is a mate in the merchant service, an engaging, handsome lad, full of confidence in his ability to cope with any emergency, whose career is wrecked at the outset by a sudden act of futile cowardice, unless, indeed, we are to regard it as the result of a temporary mental paralysis. Along with his skipper and the engineers, he deserts what he imagines to be a sinking ship with a freight of eight hundred pilgrims; the derelict is subsequently brought into port, and as a result of the inquiry Jim's certificate is cancelled. A kindly ship's captain at Aden—the narrator of the story—attracted by Jim's frank and engaging personality, bestirs himself in his behalf and procures him a fresh start. But wherever he goes Jim is dogged by the rumour of his past, and he throws up post after post until at last Captain Marlow introduces him to Stein, a trader in the Archipelago, who appoints him his agent at Patusan, an inland village in one of the native States. Here, beyond the ken of civilisation, Jim at last finds the occasion for rehabilitating himself in his own self-esteem. Here, bearing a charmed life, he baffles the plots of the Rajah, overthrows a raiding Arab chieftain, the terror of the neighbourhood, and wins fame by his valour and sagacity. Here also he wins the devoted love of the only white woman in Patusan, the stepdaughter of a Portuguese half-caste, and here, in the words of the narrator, “an obscure conqueror of fame, tearing himself out of the arms of a jealous love at the sign, at the call of his exalted egoism, he passes away under a cloud, inscrutable at heart, forgotten, unforgotten, and excessively romantic.” We despair within the limited space at our disposal of conveying any adequate notion of the poignant interest of this strange narrative, the restrained yet fervid eloquence of the style, the vividness of the portraiture, the subtlety of psychological analysis, which are united in Mr. Conrad's latest and greatest work. The wizardry of the Orient is over it all. We can only congratulate him on an achievement at once superlatively artistic in treatment and entirely original in its subject.

No sympathetic reader of Mr. W. S. Lilly's novel, *A Year of Life*, could think of mending, much less of ending, the House of Lords. The good genius of the plot is a Duke of such transcendental probity, such unmixed unselfishness, such adorable benevolence, that the simple reviewer nearly faints from the contemplation of such immaculate perfection. Breathing an almost equally rarefied atmosphere of integrity are a noble doctor and a heroic German Baron, linked by the bond of their common affection for a surpassingly attractive but deplorably susceptible Baronet, Sir Philip Savile. The story is mainly concerned with the efforts of the Duke, the Baron, and the doctor to extricate Sir Philip from the silken fetters of his attachment to Lady Mary Silverton, a magnificent but entirely unscrupulous society siren, with a view to his marrying a high-minded and altogether eligible orphan. These efforts are ultimately crowned with complete success, and by an opportune bequest of £90,000 from the doctor, who dies from overwork in the prime of life, Sir Philip is (presumably) freed from the degrading necessity of denying himself those gastronomic pleasures on which such insistent stress is laid throughout these pages. This novel cannot be read with perfect equanimity by any one with an income of less than £5,000 a year. The spectacle of such unmitigated magnificence cannot fail to breed in persons less amply endowed cravings comparable to those of the impecunious urchin who stands outside a pastrycook's shop hungrily sniffing the odours of unpurchaseable dainties.

Another novel of high life, animated, however, not by serious respect for our “old nobility,” but rather by a spirit of audacious and irreverent mockery, is *The Slaves of Society*. The portraits of the mundane Marchioness, her extremely emancipated daughter, and their tame cat, Mr. Despencer, are excellently done. The dialogue bristles with smart things, as, for example, the description of the Marchioness's husband as belonging “to the solid-tyre period”; or her daughter's remark that her mother liked to have the higher clergy at her parties because she thought their costume lent variety; and the author's “asides” are often extremely diverting, e.g.: “The

* (1.) *Lord Jim*. By Joseph Conrad. London: William Blackwood and Sons. [6s.]—(2.) *A Year of Life*. By W. S. Lilly. London: John Lane. [6s.]—(3.) *The Slaves of Society: a Comedy in Covers*. By the Man who Heard Something. London: Harper and Brothers. [6s.]—(4.) *Parson Peter: a Tale of the Dart*. By Arthur H. Norway. London: John Murray. [6s.]—(5.) *The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay*. By Maurice Hewlett. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(6.) “As a Watch in the Night”: a Drama of Waking and Dream in Five Acts. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. London: Chatto and Windus. [6s.]—(7.) *The Yellow Man*. By Carlton Dawe. London: Hutchinson and Co. [6s.]—(8.) *Farthest South*. By Harold E. Gorst. London: Greening and Co. [2s. 6d.]

Marchioness considered herself a politician. Her husband had once been a Master of the Deerhounds." But in blending a vein of sentiment with his rather acid irony the author is less successful. The discomfiture of the Marchioness is well merited, but the plain person will probably resent that no summary punishment is dealt out to the odious Mr. Despencer, "the typical specimen of that class of men who are black-balled in the best clubs and invited to all the best country houses; who have no male friends, and are on intimate terms with half our peeresses."

Mr. Norway, to whom we already owe a charming work on Cornwall and Devon, has turned his intimate local knowledge to excellent purpose in *Parson Peter*, a smuggling romance of a hundred years ago. The central figure of the story, an old clergyman, whose hold on his flock is due in no small measure to his clandestine participation in their illicit enterprise, is a picturesque and even dignified personage. Mr. Norway traces with no little skill and no lack of exciting incident the course of his strange dual life, culminating in the tragic scene in which he sacrifices his life to extricate the heroine from the embarrassment in which she has been involved by his indiscretion.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett has set himself an arduous task in *The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay*. The novelist must himself be lion-hearted who challenges inevitable comparisons with the author of *The Talisman* and *Ivanhoe*. However, *vixere fortes post Agamemnona*. Mr. Hewlett has courage, animal spirits, a vivid sense of the picturesque, and a gallant, or as he would say a "galliard," style. As a delineator of the amenities of fabulous knight-errantry he has achieved distinction; in dealing with historical personages and the storm and stress of mediæval intrigue his luscious imagination leads him into sheer extravagance. Whether as amorist, pietist, or fighter, his Richard repels us by his undisciplined violence. Before Mr. Hewlett undertakes to write another historical romance we venture to prescribe a course of, say, Stubbs and Freeman, by way of chastening the exuberances of his literary method.

Mrs. Campbell Praed's new novel is probably her most ambitious work. We cannot honestly say, however, that we find it anywhere near as attractive as her vivacious stories of life in Australia. "*As a Watch in the Night*" is a long and elaborate story of reincarnation, Dorothea Queste, the heroine, leading a dual existence, in which she alternates between the waking life of a lady of fashion with a keen interest in politics, and occasional recurrences in a state of trance to her previous incarnation as a Roman matron in the time of Domitian. Personally, we have found these backward flights down Time's gulf rather exhausting. To jump from Progressive politics to the Temple of Demeter, or from a London drawing-room to the gladiatorial amphitheatre of Imperial Rome, requires an amount of mental agility denied to the present reviewer. We await with impatience Mrs. Campbell Praed's relapse to her earlier manner. This blend of politics and theosophy is but a poor substitute for the exhilarating company of squatters and bushrangers.

Mr. Carlton Dawe relates in *The Yellow Man* the disastrous results which befel an English sailor in consequence of his having joined a Chinese secret society. Having been told off to assassinate a *taotai*, Captain Kingston, drawing the line at murder, turned informer, and saved his destined victim's life. From that hour he and his family became the objects of the unrelenting vengeance of the "Society of the Hidden Meaning," and in turn he and his wife are struck down by their emissaries. It remains for his son, assisted by a genial uncle, to turn the tables on their deadly enemies, and in the long run the Englishmen, more by luck than skill, prove the survivors. The story is exciting rather than agreeable, and is disfigured by the fierce animus of the writer against the Chinese.

Mr. Wise, the hero and narrator of *Farthest South*, is a millionaire who conceives the brilliant idea of getting to the South Pole in a motor-car. Ultimately, he and his three companions employ a quadricycle. The recital of their experiences is suggestive of Mr. J. K. Jerome in his least inspired mood.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE THIRD SALISBURY GOVERNMENT.

The Third Salisbury Administration, 1895-1900. By H. Whates. (Vacher and Sons. 15s. net.)—We expect a compilation of this sort to be a storehouse of accurate facts, and we are content if it expresses the ordinary party opinions and criticisms. Consequently we are pleasantly surprised to find that Mr. Whates has in addition the merits of a clear and dignified style, an eminently sane and independent judgment, and a power of grouping details so as to form a striking picture. We have no hesitation in saying that this is the best book of its kind that we have yet seen. Mr. Whates writes as a Conservative and a strong admirer of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, but he can take a line of his own, and his estimate of the Jameson Raid and the events which followed is perfectly impartial and free from any party bias. In such parts as we have tested his facts we have found them thoroughly reliable. Mr. Whates's account of the Venezuela affair is a model of a clear and judicious statement, and the same is true of his summary of events in China. The last hundred and fifty pages contain a short history of the recent war and the events which led up to it, and for those who wish to refresh their memory, and have no time to delve in the wastes of printed matter on the subject, we cannot imagine a better sketch than this. It is impossible for the most industrious newspaper reader to retain a clear memory of recent events, and he has to wait long to read a dispassionate history of them. But it is just the truth about recent events which is most forgotten, for it is a dreary business to recover it from newspapers and year-books. For this purpose a book such as this is eminently useful, and since Mr. Whates is full of references and prints at length all important treaties and diplomatic papers, it should take its place as the material of futuro history.

The Tale of Chloe, The Story of Bhanavar the Beautiful, and Selected Poems. By George Meredith. (A. Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net each volume.)—It was well to publish in pocket editions two of Mr. Meredith's most charming short stories, and to republish at a cheaper price the *Selected Poems*. The last volume contains among others the beautiful "Love in the Valley" and "Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt," which admirers of Mr. Meredith's poetry will be glad to have in such a dainty form. The ever-delightful *Chloe* is also a desirable pocket volume; and as for the tale of Bhanavar, which is new to us, in it Mr. Meredith has made incursions upon the "Arabian Nights" with much success. The luxuriant style, the imagery, the daring fancy, are all of the East; only the little snatches of song which are scattered throughout the narrative bear Mr. Meredith's own impress. It is a quaint conceit, skilfully wrought, and slight enough to suit its present form.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Statistical Returns of the Egyptian Government, 1880-1899. (National Printing Department, Cairo.)—Some of the figures may be conveniently exhibited side by side:—

	Census of 1882.		Census of 1897.
Population	6,813,919	9,734,403
	1880.		1899.
Revenue	£9,584,430	£12,674,901
Expenditure	7,691,424	9,929,442
(Surplus.....)	1,893,006	2,745,459)
Imports (value)	6,549,933	11,441,800
Exports (value)	12,983,203	15,350,908
Total Debt	98,685,940	103,049,040

(We may remark that the last item is stated in pounds sterling, the other in Egyptian pounds.) The proportion of Debt to population has diminished from £14 10s. (nearly) to a little over £10. The imports are not far from being doubled; the exports, though much larger in bulk, have been affected by the fall of prices, and show, therefore, a smaller proportional increase. Sugar has increased from 33 to 64 millions (kilos), and cotton from 2,276,679 to 6,001,222. The Civil List, we may observe, has been diminished from £E355,907 to £E256,177.

The Story of My Captivity During the Boer War. By Adrian Hofmeyr. (E. Arnold. 6s.)—Mr. Hofmeyr tells us that the greater part of this story was written in prison, and that this fact accounts for many "seemingly hard words." It might have

been better to rewrite it, and give deliberate conclusions, and not impressions of the moment. Certainly the book is now and then somewhat wanting in dignity. A few well-considered sentences in which the writer might have summed up his experiences and opinions would have been more effective than these complaints, however great the justification for them. And then the figure of speech of which "honourable (?) " is a specimen, and the emphasising of irony by italics, do not add to the force of the narrative. Nevertheless, it is well worth reading, and weighing,—especially by politicians and journalists who greedily seize hold of any story that tells against the British, and if they cannot get facts in streams, or even dribblets, are quite willing to put up with hearsay. And what Mr. Hofmeyr has to say about the relations, past and present, of the two white races in South Africa is of great importance. It is useless in this place to repeat what has been said over and over again. But that the Boers, deceived by a Hollander clique, forced the war upon us, is abundantly clear. It is pleasant to read that Mr. Hofmeyr, who has great opportunities for judging, has good hopes for the future.

The Holy Year of Jubilee. By Herbert Thurston, S.J. (Sands and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)—The first Jubilee was proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII. in 1300 A.D.; perhaps we should say the first on record, for there are hints of an earlier celebration of the same kind. The original idea was that it should be celebrated every hundredth year, but the period has been shortened to fifty, and even to thirty-three, years. (A certain parallel is to be found in the celebration of the *Ludi Seculares*.) Father Thurston gives an elaborate account of the ceremonies of the Jubilee—there is an interesting discussion about the opening of the *Porta Santa*—of the Basilicas which it is the duty of the pilgrim to visit, and of other cognate matters. And of course there is a carefully studied *apologia* for indulgences. This was a necessary task, but we cannot help thinking that Father Thurston would have been happier if he had not had to discharge it. But a Church that cannot acknowledge an error must sometimes put its apologists into awkward places. The one thing to which such an apologist is bound is modesty and courtesy, and when our author describes an antagonist as "one of those gentlemen whose principle of historical investigation is to devise a theory first and to make the facts fit in with it afterwards," we can but wonder. If there is any writer in the world whose conclusions are fixed beforehand and who must reach them at any cost, it is the defender of the Papacy. But the strategy of defence sometimes demands attack, and there is always the maxim, *toujours de l'audace*. As for the real force of indulgence, we cannot discuss it. One thing is evident, that whatever theologians may say, the words of Boniface's Bull, that all who should fulfil the conditions of the Jubilee should receive "not only a full and copious but the most full pardon of all their sins," are not a little liable to misunderstanding. And to think that the infallible teacher of Christendom, speaking on a subject in which self-deception is most common and most fatal, should so express himself is indeed strange. What did the ignorant multitudes who flocked to Rome know of the distinctions of *poena* and *culpa*? Would Leo XIII. use the same language now?

Doctrine and Principles. By C. E. Beeby, B.D. (Williams and Norgate. 4s. 6d.)—Mr. Beeby, who is a beneficed clergyman, and, it may be remembered, the cause of a little difficulty between the Bishop of Worcester and Lord Beauchamp, pleads for a very large liberty in the interpretation of the creeds. "Born of the Virgin Mary" does not imply, he urges, a belief in the Miraculous Birth. And the clause "He rose again the third day" is not inconsistent with thinking that the third-day Resurrection was "the after-thought of a later generation of disciples." Mr. Beeby holds, it would seem, the belief that Joseph of Arimathea removed the body of Christ. "It seemed to me at one time, I must confess," he writes, "that the system of interpretation of the ancient formula savoured of dishonesty." Whether his earlier or his later thoughts are the better we shall leave our readers to judge. One criticism we will make, and it refers to the sub-title of his volume, "Popular Lectures on Primary Questions." A stranger notion of what a popular lecture should be cannot be found than Mr. Beeby's treatment in chaps. 13-14 of the doctrine of the Conception. Such lectures might possibly be given *ad clerum*, but for a general audience they are impossible. Imagine any one discussing before a mixed audience the notion of a *conceptio per aurem*!

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Roman Emperor: his Meditations. Translated by Meric Casaubon. Edited, with Introduction, Appendix, and Glossary, by W. H. D. Rouse (J. M. Dent. 7s. 6d.)—This is a handsome volume, not unworthy of its subject matter.

There is not room for saying much that is new about the *Meditations*; nevertheless, Mr. Rouse's introduction is well worth reading. The comparison which he draws between Marcus Aurelius and Thomas à Kempis is particularly interesting and suggestive. One would give much to know whether this righteous, self-disciplined man had any thoughts of the faith which he persecuted other than as the *exitiabilis superstitio* which Tacitus supposed it to be. An appendix contains a *précis* of the correspondence between Aurelius and his tutor, M. Cornelius Fronto, with notes. The "glossary" is an explanatory index of names and places.

Greek History. Translated from the German of Professor Heinrich Swoboda by Lionel D. Barnett, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Co. 1s. 6d.)—This is one of the series of "Temple Primers," and seems admirably adapted for its purpose. More could not have been put within the narrow compass of a small volume. The English is somewhat clumsy in parts, and expressions are found scarcely suited to a "primer" presumably intended for the first book of a learner. "Democratic institutions were replaced by timocratic arrangements," will not convey a clear idea of the political change described. Nor is the system of transliteration adopted by the translator suited to a beginner. Scholars may do as they please in the matter, but it seems a pity to give names which might be familiar a strange appearance. The translator makes far too much fuss over it, talking of the "old mumpsimus," which will not stand long before the progress of human knowledge. And he is not even consistent. Why employ the non-Greek "y"? Why Heracleia and Apamea? And why "ei" for the second syllable of Potidaea?

The Public School Speaker. Compiled by F. Warre Cornish. (John Murray. 7s. 6d.)—Mr. Cornish has made a large selection from many quarters. He begins with the Iliad, giving the great debate in Assembly in I., the *δαριστεύς* of Andromache and Hector in VI., Andromache's lament over her husband in XXII., and the dialogue between Priam and Hector in XXIV. The Greek tragedians follow. The passages from Latin authors occupy more space. After these come English dramatists, tragic and comic; and after these, again, "Political and Miscellaneous," the authors being arranged in alphabetical order. We are glad to see Walt Whitman represented, for his saner utterances are well worthy of honour. "Orations" occupy the next place. Finally, we have represented on a smaller scale the French and German literatures. A few pages are also given to the Italian. It is not easy to judge quickly a work so extensive, but at first sight Mr. Cornish's book seems well adapted for its purpose.—*The Troubadour*, edited by Philip Gibbs (Cassell and Co., 1s. 6d.), is the name, not very happily devised, for "selections from English verse." The selection itself appears to be reasonable and good.

In *The Manual of Medicine*, edited by W. H. Allchin, M.D. (Macmillan and Co., 7s. 6d.), we have the second volume, treating of "Diseases Caused by Parasites," "Diseases Determined by Poisons," "Primary Perversions of Nutrition," and "Diseases of the Blood." We have no pretensions to criticise such a book, but we may remark that gout, which is now almost as common as death, belongs to the third class, and that it is treated by Dr. Arthur P. Luff.

The Law Relating to Schools and Teachers. By T. A. Organ, B.A. (E. J. Arnold and Son, Leeds. 8s. 6d. net.)—It will be sufficient to quote the sub-title of this volume, "A Manual for the Use of Members of School Boards, School Attendance Committees, County and Borough Councils, the Governing Bodies of Secondary Schools and Voluntary Schools, also for the Use of School Board Clerks and Teachers in all Grades of Schools," and to remark that the author is one of the standing counsel of the National Union of Teachers.

Girls' Christian Names. By Helena Swan. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)—This is a very interesting little volume, containing a great amount of information, collected, it is clear, with no small pains and research. Miss Swan gives often an illustrative passage. When she comes to Eva and its congeners, Evelyn and the like, Browning's "Evelyn Hope" is quoted. The etymology of the name, its variants and derivatives, sometimes not a little remote, its use, historical associations, &c., make up an interesting account under each item.

Mrs. Booth of the Salvation Army. By W. T. Stead. (Nisbet and Co. 2s. 6d.)—We are accustomed to take a liberal discount off what Mr. Stead says, and the rate is not likely to be diminished when his subject is Mrs. Booth. "Some preach,

ritual; others dogma. She preached righteousness." And dogma too, "assurance," for instance, which Mr. Stead cannot accept. It is too "psychic" for him, though he rejoices in Mrs. Booth's conversion, in her latter days, to the psychical belief in spiritualism. But we do not want to carp at Mr. Stead's appreciation of a remarkable woman. Very likely she was one in a million; if there were many of her sort in the million the world would not be big enough for them.—Another type of the spiritual character may be found in the *Life of Phillis Seymour*, by H. C. N. (Marshall Brothers.)

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The *Characteristics* is his permanent contribution, for the *Philosophical Regimen* is little more than his note-book, the raw stuff of the essays, the commonplace-book of a diligent student. Mr. Robertson, in an introduction which is an excellent piece of criticism, has analysed the temper of the inquirer, and pointed out the inevitable flaws in his theories. The "Letter Concerning Enthusiasm" with which the *Characteristics* begins is a plea for toleration, and for an amused attitude towards the fervours of the fanatic and propagandist. He was himself a Moderate Whig, one of the "gentle warblers of the grove" whom Chatham detested, and in religion a Deist with a kindly interest in Christianity. It was the first Lord Shaftesbury who said that "all wise men were of one religion the nature of which wise men never told," and the grandson has the same easy creed. He advocates a Church Establishment on Voltaire's ground, that "a people should have a public leading in religion." It was a common attitude in his day, found in Pascal when he spoke of the value of custom as custom apart from any moral quality, as well as in the devout Berkeley, in Montesquieu, in Bolingbroke, and in whole schools of French theists and atheists. "Such theological utilitarianism," says Mr. Robertson, "dignified by Butler, and confused by Paley, became the ruling English orthodoxy." It would have been well had Shaftesbury been content to abide in the statement of this creed

as a law of practical wisdom. But, unfortunately, he had a genuine speculative instinct, and he sought a justification of his attitude in an inquiry into the origin of evil, which has the usual defect of such speculations in beginning and ending with presuppositions. The universe is beneficently ruled in all things for the right, man is by nature virtuous, yet man must strive to virtue; and on the other hand, whatever is, is for the best and cannot be bettered, so his striving cannot matter seriously,—such is the old circle which he borrowed from Spinoza, and which answers the problem by omitting it altogether. If evil is only an odd form of infinite goodness, then infinite goodness is a term which can have small meaning for men. It is a bad creed for a strenuous man, for if consistently followed it would annul all attempts at progress; but it has been the belief in its day of strenuous men, and Mr. Robertson points out how something very similar is found throughout the works of Mr. Browning. It is no genuine optimism, but a form of pessimism, for by obliterating the reality of evil from the world, it sinks the good to the same meaningless formula. In Shaftesbury, who was no strenuous nature, the doctrine was in its proper place. He called himself a Whig, but had he been consistent he would have been a quietist in politics, as he certainly was in religion, with a quietism compared to which the creed of Little Gidding was revolutionary.

The gist of his contribution to philosophy lay in the foundation which he laid for morality, in the plain needs of human life, social and individual. He did not base his ethics on the ordinary political and social contract which had been fashionable before his time, nor did he assume the primitive divine command, which had been the ecclesiastical solution throughout the Middle Ages, and which was a begging of the question so far as secular philosophy was concerned. It is his distinction to be one of the fathers of the scientific school of moralists, who find the root of morality in the nature of the world around them; and at the same time he avoided their error of reducing the moral life to one of the common processes of Nature by an idealism which, in spite of its logical gaps, insisted rightly upon the spiritual nature of man and the ultimate moral order of the universe. In addition he has made many incidental contributions to sociology and æsthetics, and even to the science of politics, which he forswore; and scattered throughout his works there are many excellent critical notes, chiefly on the classics. He invented an English prose style of his own, limpid, dignified, perhaps somewhat nerveless, which is only a little behind Addison. He is not so quotable as his great counterpart, Bolingbroke, for he does not make epigrams, and prefers expounding his thought in many deft and pleasing sentences to crystallising it into one memorable apophthegm; but he is for this reason all the more lucid in argument, and certainly a fairer reasoner. Above all, his books are permeated with a genuine and unobtrusive humanity. He does not cry his love for his fellows in the market-place, but underlying his good-humoured philosophy there is a real affection for mankind. He practised what he taught, for he had many poor friends whom he assisted, and he could spare the time to write long letters of advice and encouragement to the son of his butler, whom he had sent to University College, Oxford. It was a saying of his own, that the "wisdom of the heart should be added to the task and exercise of the brain"; and in its quaint mixture of intellectual energy, worldly wisdom, and kindness, his character was not far from realising the maxim.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA.*

MR. CORBETT has now completed the admirable history of the rise of England as a maritime Power which he began with the volumes on *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, published two years ago. His third volume takes up the story at the close of Drake's life in 1596, and brings it down to the end of the great war with Spain at the accession of the peace-loving James I. The growth of the Navy was then at an end for a time: a period of decline followed, during which the Dutch went ahead of us, and it was only the genius of Blake—as we pointed out some time ago—that restored the maritime supremacy which Drake gave us, but which had well-nigh slipped out of our hands again for want of

* (1.) *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, &c.* By the Rt. Hon. Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by John M. Robertson. 2 vols. London: Grant Richards. [10s. 6d. net each.]—(2.) *The Life, Unpublished Letters, and Philosophical Regimen of Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury.* Edited by Benjamin Rand, Ph.D., Harvard University. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co. [15s.]

* *The Successors of Drake.* By Julian S. Corbett. London: Longmans and Co. [21s.]

attention. In this, as in his preceding volumes, Mr. Corbett emphasises the very interesting fact that the rise of England to the first place among sea-Powers was coincident with the second period in the history of the world's naval warfare. From the earliest times there were two distinct types of ship on the waters: the long-ship and the round-ship. The former was, in classic and mediæval times, the man-of-war, the latter the merchantman. As long as sea-fights were chiefly confined to the Mediterranean, the trireme or galley remained the tactical unit. From the battle of Salamis to the battle of Lepanto naval tactics were dependent on the use of the oar, which gave the galley free movement almost comparable to that of the modern steamship, but deprived it of the power of keeping the sea for any length of time. The Norse rovers, indeed, had shown how a modified long-ship could dare the winds and waves as well as fight, but it was the galley pure and simple that counted in civilised naval warfare. English seamen never shone in this period, partly by reason of the lack of slaves for motive-power, and partly because the English genius was always at its best in bad weather, when the galleys were snug in harbour. With the age of the great discoveries the field of battle was transferred to the Atlantic, where the galley was useless. The second era in naval warfare came in when the round-ship, or merchantman, depending wholly on its sails for propulsion and manœuvring power, was developed into the heavily armed galleon, which Drake's genius proved to be a more perfect engine of war than the galley, even on the chosen waters of the latter. The ship was then first regarded as a gun-platform, and modern naval tactics were devised on lines that they kept almost unchanged till the introduction of steam brought in the third era, and gave us a battleship which combined the free movement of the galley with the sea endurance of the galleon. Our Fleet has had no chance of showing its true fighting powers since this third era has come in. It is all the more interesting to read Mr. Corbett's account, now completed, of the way in which the Elizabethan sea-dogs grasped the new order of things, and gave England that predominance on the sea which she still retains.

This is the main feature of Mr. Corbett's admirable history. In the present volume he describes the very last appearance of the galleys, handled in most brilliant fashion by Frederico Spinola, the brother of the famous Marquis, whose valour and genius only served to illustrate what Drake had proved when he dashed into Cadiz and gave the venomous Spanish galleys a taste of English gunnery that sickened them for good. It is impossible to do more than glance at the numerous minor subjects of interest that are here treated. The volume contains, for instance, the story of Essex's meteoric career and his dashing attack on Cadiz, of the Islands Voyage in 1597, of Cumberland's raid on Puerto Rico, of the three Armadas which the obstinate Philip II. insisted on fitting out for "the adventure of England," even after the terrible lesson of 1588, and of the effect that the new sea-power had on the invasion of Ireland and the progress of the war on the Continent. Among the chief lessons of this interesting and little-known chapter of our naval history we may draw special attention to three,—the moral effect of sea-power, the need of taking the offensive in order to defend our shores, and the importance of an adequate army in order to derive the full benefit from the most overwhelmingly powerful fleet. Many instances of all these are to be read in Mr. Corbett's pages, which we commend heartily to all who care about our Fleet and our fame. As to the first, we need only quote a suggestive remark on Mountjoy's Irish campaign:—"It is perhaps impossible for those who sit at home at ease to realise what it means to troops, as they are plunged further and further into what for them is a savage and untrodden country, to see the familiar flag still floating at their elbow, and to find, however far they move, the tapering spars and the trim rows of guns still linking them with home." As to the second point, that was the great lesson of the war with Spain, as it was of the Napoleonic Wars. Coast defence is very well for the weaker party to consider; but the command of the sea is the best, if not the only, security for us against invasion. The modern doctrine of the "fleet in being" was slowly hammered out by the Government; to Drake and his mighty compeers it came by intuition. When Leveson returned to London in 1602, after his brilliant Irish victory, he found the old panic of invasion

still in force. He had no doubt as to the plan of defence. Then, as now, the sole defensible frontier of England was the enemy's coast. "It is," he said, "more honourable for the Queen and safe for the State to maintain a fleet upon the coast of Spain than to stand upon the defensive at home." This maxim, which has been that of all our great Admirals from Drake to Nelson, is not always so well remembered as it should be by the theorists and panic-mongers who deplore our lack of submarine boats and complain that in case of war the Channel Squadron will not lurk off the mouth of the Thames to intercept raiders. Lastly, we may quote Mr. Corbett's remarks on the still prevalent fallacy that a navy can win campaigns without the aid of an adequate army. Again and again Mr. Corbett shows how the triumphs of the Elizabethan Navy, which scarcely ever met with a reverse, were nullified by the lack of troops to back them up. The following passage sums up the general principles of the Spanish War so well that we must give it at some length:—

"What was wanting was an army, and England had none fit for the work. The strength which the command of the sea gave was fully understood. They knew the power of offence which it meant. But they had not yet advanced to the knowledge that to enjoy the vantage ground of the sea you must have an army as mobile, as well organised, and as highly trained as your navy. Without a mobile military force capable of seconding the navy, it was impossible to carry the war further. Indeed, for the past ten years England had been losing ground. The struggle degenerated into that most hopeless of hostilities, an inadequate commercial blockade, and a war on sea-borne trade. How vicious is such a form of warfare was one of the first lessons the war should have taught us. The attempt to destroy Spanish commerce was an undoubted failure. True, she was greatly hampered by its interruption, and crippled beyond hope of successfully resuming the offensive. But the interruption was never complete enough to bring her to her knees. As it was, the end of the war saw Spain far more powerful on the sea than when she began. We had taught her the lesson of naval power, and she had learnt it according to her lights. We had not learnt ours. It is doubtful whether we have learnt it yet. We know what Nelson did at Trafalgar, and forget that its real importance was what it afterwards enabled Wellington to do. We speak glibly of 'sea-power,' and forget that its true value lies in its influence on the operations of armies. For a defensive war a navy may suffice alone; but how fruitless, how costly and long drawn out a war must be, that for want of an adequate army is condemned to the defensive, is the great lesson we have to learn in the failure of Drake's successors."

We need hardly point out the direct bearing of this on the most modern military and national problems. Mr. Corbett has conceived his book in a philosophic spirit, which makes it a worthy shelf-mate to the works of Captain Mahan, who practically takes up the story of our Navy where Mr. Corbett pauses; for the first half of the seventeenth century was a barren period, which hardly furnishes material for more than such an introductory chapter as William James prefixed to his well-known annals of the Navy. We are sure that all true Englishmen will be grateful to Mr. Corbett for the work which he has completed with so masterly a touch and so enthusiastic a pen.

MR. JESSE'S WORKS.*

WE must own to a certain feeling of surprise at this formidable undertaking of a new edition of Mr. J. H. Jesse's works. The present instalment contains fourteen volumes; there is to be a second of sixteen next year. We fancy that the world has been fairly well content for some years with a moderate supply of these writings. One book only seems to have reached a third edition, and two others a second. All Mr. Jesse's works occupy less than a single page of the British Museum catalogue. Mr. Jesse was an industrious writer; very careful, as we learn from Mr. Tinsley's newly published *Recollections*, about the correction of his proofs. But we should not have put him in the rank of authors who attain, a quarter of a century after death, to the honour of a library edition. But if there is anything to be certainly learnt from a long acquaintance with books, it is that the ways of the reading public are absolutely inscrutable. The edition now before us is not introduced by any prefatory note, and has not, we imagine, been subjected to any editorial revision. Some brief notice of the author and a chronology of his books might surely have been given. As for editing, we can easily

* *English Historical Memoirs*. By John Heneage Jesse. Vols. I.-XIV. London: John C. Nimmo. [£6 6s. net.]

understand why that has not been attempted. An editor who should take his office seriously would find himself overwhelmed with work in dealing with these books. Mr. Jesse, whatever his qualifications, had little of the historical temper. His collecting net was widely cast and had a small mesh, and gathered in a great quantity of objects, some of which were of doubtful value. The task of sorting them would have been a very serious matter. Still, something might have been done. There is a note, for instance, in the "Memorials of London," p. 295, which called for correction, perhaps we should say erasure. Mr. Jesse has been commenting on the paucity of Eton poets. He can remember but three,—Waller, Gray, and Shelley. But, he adds in a note, "when the above was written, the author had forgotten the name of Alfred Tennyson, who was his schoolfellow at Eton." Of what mistakes, one cannot but think, may not the man have been capable who could make so amazing a statement!

The fourteen volumes now published are made up of "Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate," in six volumes; a continuation carrying on the narrative "from the Revolution of 1688 to the death of George II.," in four; "Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents," in three; and a volume of "Literary and Historical Memorials of London." We shall begin by frankly stating our opinion that much of the very miscellaneous matter here collected might have been omitted with advantage. The memoirs of a Court are not likely to be edifying reading, and we must expect a considerable amount of offence when the central figures of the scene are the Stuarts and the first two Georges. But Mr. Jesse might have drawn the line short of much that he puts into his pages. He details at length scandals for which there is no evidence. There is a foolish tale, for instance, about Prince Henry (eldest son of James I.) having entertained a passion for the notorious Lady Essex. Mr. Jesse begins by quoting from Sir Charles Cornwallis (the Prince's attendant) that "he never could discover the slightest inclination on the Prince's part to any particular beauty." That should have been enough. Cornwallis says, indeed, that there were reports—it would have been a miracle if there had not been—and on the strength of the anonymous *Aulicus Coquinarius* we are told that "there is good reason to believe that he was an unsuccessful rival, &c." Then the hideous scandals which implicated the King in the death of his son are dwelt upon, and we are left with a half-impression that the writer believes them. The chief argument seems to be that the King forbade the wearing of mourning. That is sufficiently accounted for by the morbid dread which James felt for anything that reminded him of death. Another offence is the printing of revolting epigrams by Lord Dorset. In fact, a necessary evil has been unnecessarily aggravated. The qualities of the historian we do not expect to find in Mr. Jesse's work. He often writes as a partisan, but he is not a thoroughgoing partisan. He seems to write on the impulse of the time. He inveighs, for instance, against the barbarities exercised in putting down and punishing the Jacobite rising of 1745, without remembering, it would seem, the atrocities committed by the dominant party in the days of Claverhouse, and that not in dealing with armed rebels, but with helpless women and children. He repeats the foolish charges made against James II.'s daughters, and talks as if he had inherited the creed of the Nonjurors. James, we take it, had no rights after he was dispossessed of the throne by the decision of the nation, though many good people believed that he had. As for Mary, it is difficult to say how she could have acted otherwise than she did. But, of course, for any really philosophical estimate of character and motive we must look elsewhere.

That there is plenty of entertaining reading in these volumes need hardly be said. Of their absolute value, apart from any qualities brought to his work by their author, it is difficult to judge. Much has been done in bringing the reader in contact with original authorities during the years that have passed since these books were first published. Still, the function of the *raconteur* is not abolished, and Mr. Jesse had many of the qualities which enable a man to fulfil it with success. And he sometimes, also, supplies the student with materials which he might otherwise have missed. In the third volume of the "Pretenders," for instance, he gives a

number of original letters from adherents of the Government in the '45. They throw a good deal of light on the situation. Here is an interesting little passage which reminds us of recent events. "I have the pleasure to tell you," writes Mr. Gabriel Napier to the Lord Advocate, "that the hundred men that I promised arms and ammunition for are of more service to the Government in keeping guard at proper places, and seizing suspected persons, than as many foot of the regular troops, for they know the country passes and fords, &c." That is a thing about which the authorities seem always to need a reminder.

GIFT-BOOKS.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.*

IN *Chapel Street Children* Mrs. Farmiloe has given us some clever sketches, both with pen and pencil, of life in a London street. The children are merry little people and enter into their adventures with spirit. The story of "naughty Lily" and the tin of condensed milk is very amusing. Lily was sent by her mother to get the milk for the baby's tea with these injunctions:—

"Jest listen to me, Lily Smith. If I find *one* finger mark in that milk, or any of the edges licked off, I'll tell your father when he comes in to-night, and give you a beating besides. You hear?" Lily nodded sullenly, and then suddenly put one red knuckle in her eye and began to sniff. 'You never says such fings to Aggie,' she whimpered. 'Aggie's never given me any occasion to,' was the tart reply. 'No, no, madam, I ain't *quite* forgot those two oranges I sent you out to get for gran'ma, and was sucked dry as a bone and then filled out again with water. Oh, you dirty gel, that you could do such a thing!'"

But temptation was again too strong, the baby never got that tin of milk, and Lily went through much tribulation in consequence. The drawback to this book is the Cockney dialect in which most of it is written, but let us hope that the children who read it and like it will not insist upon imitating the language.

Mr. Gelett Burgess in *The Lively City o' Ligg* gives us a very different picture of "town life." Here the inanimate objects have things their own way, except on certain occasions when Yak (the little boy of the book) and the Mayor of the City intervene to keep order. One night all the tables and chairs in the town went on strike and took up their abode in a neighbouring wood, from which they were cleverly brought back by the boy and the Mayor. The story of how the Very Grand Piano won the heart of the Windmill is told with considerable humour, and so is that of "the house who walked in her sleep." The pictures, also by Mr. Burgess, are more imaginative than the average illustrations to children's books.

There is a touch of that rare quality, charm, in Miss Hayward's (Mrs. F. W. Crampton's) story called *The Other One*. An old cat tells the story of his wild youth, when he and his brother and sister disported themselves under the floors of an old house. Their mother was a wise and beautiful Persian. Only one of the three kittens took after her, 'Cosette,' a fascinating but rather deceitful little creature, who led her brothers, 'Blackie' and 'The Other One,' by the nose. The whole family were under the protection of a little girl, Pauline, but she was not always able to save them from her cousin Conan and his dog 'Nipper.' The climax is reached by Conan accidentally setting the house on fire, and his dramatic rescue by the kitten and Pauline, and it all ends happily. Mr. Cecil Aldin's illustrations are disappointing; his posters, particularly that of the little Dutch boy in the wintry landscape, led us to expect better work from him.

* (1.) *Chapel Street Children*. By Edith Farmiloe. London: Grant Richards. [5s.]—(2.) *The Lively City o' Ligg*. By Gelett Burgess. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *The Other One*. By Gertrude M. Hayward (Mrs. F. W. Crampton). London: C. A. Pearson. [5s.]—(4.) *The Bountiful Lady*. By Thomas Cobb. London: Grant Richards. [1s. 6d.]—(5.) *A Cat Book*. By H. Officer Smith and E. V. Lucas. London: Grant Richards. [1s. 6d.]—(6.) *In the Deep Woods*. By Albert Bigelow Paine. London: W. Heinemann. [3s. 6d.]—(7.) *Bubbles: his Book*. By R. F. Irvine. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [3s. 6d.]—(8.) *The Child's Picture Grammar*. By S. Rosamond Praeger. London: George Allen. [3s. 6d.]—(9.) *The Tale of the Little Twin Dragons*. By S. Rosamond Praeger. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(10.) *Droll Doings*. Illustrated by Harry Neilson. Verses by the Cockliolly Bird. London: Blackie and Son. [6s.]—(11.) *Four and Twenty Toilers*. Pictures by F. D. Bedford. Verses by E. V. Lucas. London: Grant Richards. [6s.]—(12.) *The Tremendous Twins*. Pictures by Mrs. E. Ames. Verses by Ernest Ames. London: Grant Richards. [3s. 6d.]—(13.) *Fiddlesticks*. By Hilda Cowham. London: C. A. Pearson. [3s. 6d.]—(14.) *Our Darling's First Book*. London: Blackie and Son. [1s.]—(15.) *Grey Beards at Play*. By Gilbert Chesterton. London: Brimley Johnson. [2s. 6d.]

The two last volumes of "The Dumpy Books," *The Bountiful Lady* and *A Cat Book*, do not come up to the high standard reached by some of the others of the series, of which *Little Black Sambo* is a bright example. *The Bountiful Lady* may be described as a "pretty" story. Mary Brown, a little slum child, is driven over and badly hurt by a young lady, who takes her home and has her nursed and generally well cared for. The drawings of cats in *A Cat Book* are not very interesting. They are neither accurate studies nor decorative renderings of the animal. The artist has not penetrated deeply into cat form and movement. However, here is a good sample of the verses called "A Cat's Conscience":—

"A dog will often steal a bone,
But conscience lets him not alone,
And by his tail his guilt is known.

But cats consider theft a game,
And howsoever you may blame,
Refuse the slightest sign of shame.

When food mysteriously goes,
The chances are that Pussy knows
More than she leads you to suppose.

And hence no need there is for you,
If Puss should lose a meal or two,
To feel her pulse and make ado."

In the Deep Woods reminds one of *Uncle Remus*. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to equal that delightful book, but these stories may well take their place on a rather lower shelf in the nursery bookcase. The story of Mr. Crow's April fool party, when the pies got mixed, is one that we feel sure the readers will long to enact for themselves. Mr. Rabbit's explanation of why Easter eggs are coloured shows us a rabbit *ménage* of long ago, "as much as twenty grandmothers back." The illustrations are full-page, and are rather unequal in their merit. One of the best is of Mr. Crow stirring the contents of a saucepan, and called "Went right to cooking and baking."

Bubbles: his Book is a variation of the old story of the boy who was kind to an ugly stray cat which turned into a Princess, and who then gave him the needful directions for finding the Sleeping Beauty.

Grammar ought to be a joy to the children who have *The Child's Picture Grammar* instead of being the incomprehensible horror that it is sometimes. After an amusing little introduction in verse about Bobby, his schoolmaster, and his kind grand-aunt, we come to a picture of the noun, a stout and pompous gentleman in a fine red cloak. This is how he is described:—"This is a noun,—and a Proper Noun too. He thinks himself a very fine fellow because he may write himself with a capital letter. He says, 'Pooh!' to the Common Nouns, and as for the Abstract Nouns—he does not think them worth mentioning at all. 'Why,' says he, 'one can hardly even see them! Now, anybody can see ME!'" The parts of speech are all described in this sort of way, and there is a slight thread of story connecting the pictures.

Miss Praeger's other book, *The Tale of the Little Twin Dragons*, takes us into the land of enchantment. The hero and heroine, Dragonet and Dragonetta, are most engaging young monsters who go to seek a missing Prince, and who get into difficulties from kindness of heart and conscientiousness. However, they finally restore the young Prince to his grateful mother, and are created Sir Dragonet and Lady Dragonetta amid universal rejoicings.

Droll Doings really deserves its name. It is one of those books where a variety of young animals are described as playing the same sort of pranks as children. There is a fascination about bears dressed in knickerbockers and pinafores, and going to bed in a nursery the walls of which are hung with texts such as "Bear and Forbear." Here is one of the verses from the story of the little elephant and the black-currant jam:—

"Now bad little Sue with a smile of delight
Sits down with her prize on the ground,
A spoon in her trunk, what a comical sight!
Enjoying the jam she has found."

The *Four and Twenty Toilers* are a very different set of people. The children are neat and "pretty behaved" when they go to see the shipbuilder at work, or help the gardener to mow the lawn, or pay a visit to the bird-stuffer:—

"It's a terrible thing when a cockatoo dies,
But less I've discovered you suffer,
If you bear it away without any delay
To old Mr. Piper the stuffer,"—

and there is a picture of Mr. Piper in his den surrounded by birds and beasts.

Mr. and Mrs. Ames in *The Tremendous Twins* are not witty enough in their verses and pictures to make this book a really good skit on the Boer War, and there are so many political and social allusions that we think children will find it rather hard to understand.

It is a pleasure to turn to Miss Cowham's *Fiddlesticks*, where we meet a number of agreeable old friends, such as the little pigs who went to market, Dame Trot, and Goosie Goosie Gander. But why does this "elegant fowl" wander into the cornfields instead of into "my lady's chamber"? The second verse, too, is missing, but we will give it:—

"There you'll see an old man,
Wouldn't say his prayers,
Take him by the left leg,
And fling him downstairs."

Our Darling's First Book is founded upon Miss Jennett Humphrey's *Laugh and Learn*. It begins with the alphabet, "A stands for Archer," and so on. After following the tedious road of learning to read, we at last come to the delectable land inhabited by the Ten Little Nigger Boys, Baa-baa Black Sheep, and Jack and Nory (we used to know her as Minory), and many other interesting people, not forgetting Goldilocks and the Three Bears.

There is nothing much to be said about *Grey Beards at Play* except that it is a little book of mildly amusing verses and pictures.

PENELOPE'S EXPERIENCES.*

THESE are not new books. The first appeared seven years ago, and has reached an eighth edition; the second, more fortunate than continuations are commonly reputed to be, has far outstripped its predecessor, and has counted *nine* editions in the course of little more than two years. The *Spectator* has somehow missed the opportunity of doing them justice. Anyhow, the two volumes now before us appear with the added attraction of some admirable illustrations by Mr. Charles E. Brock.

Penelope is one of a trio of American ladies who are visiting the Old Country, an artist by profession and the chronicler of the party. The scene opens at a London hotel, and the action continues at the same place, with an occasional change to Hyde Park and other localities of the Metropolis, till it is transferred to "Belvern," one village with many differentiating names, Old and New, East and West, Great and Little, which no one will have any difficulty in identifying with its original. The best of the London portion is the "Ball on the Opposite Side." An empty house that faces the hotel has been taken for a week by some great society people who are giving a ball, and the three with their friends exercise a lively imagination in fitting the party with a family history, and each member of it—there are, besides the father and mother and the dowager, three daughters and two nieces—with a romantic little story of her own. It is an admirable sample of literary "trifle," the slightest materials whipped up, so to speak, into a very pretty and tasty dish. In the "Belvern" portion we should like to give half a column to 'Jane,' the donkey, a delightful specimen of the creature which discerns with lightning-like rapidity its driver's purpose and does the opposite, and another to Penelope's stupendous commercial success in providing for Belvern tea-parties; but we must hasten on to the Scottish experiences. These are so good as fully to justify the more liberal appreciation which the public has manifested for them. Scottish people are credited, whether rightly or wrongly we do not venture to say, with an indifferent sense of humour. But it can hardly be doubted but that their speech and ways in general lend themselves with much readiness to the making of humour in others. Penelope keeps us continuously amused with little things which somehow when out of their context seem to lose as much as beach pebbles lose when they are dry. Our readers must go

* *Penelope's English Experiences*. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. London: Gay and Bird. [6s.]—*Penelope's Experiences in Scotland*. Same Author and Publishers. [6s.]

and look at them in their proper place. They must make acquaintance, for instance, with Susanna Crum, the cautious handmaiden, with her everlasting "I cudna say, Mam," once, and once only, varied by the admission, "It depends," an effort of confident assertion so exhausting that she was of no use for the rest of the day. Then there are the townfolk of Pettybaw (*Petitbois*, as Penelope, with a remembrance of the old French connection, learnedly suggests), with their intense interest, only limited by their native politeness, in the ways of their visitors. There is also Jane Grieve, sister's husband's niece to the trio's Edinburgh landlady, whom they engage by telegraph, and picture to themselves as a young lass with rosy cheeks and yellow hair, and who turns out to be—but our readers must see her as Mr. Brock shows her toiling up from the station with the decrepit step of age. And there is the weather, inexhaustible source of amusement when one is away, but not, perhaps, quite so amusing on the spot. "Wonderful blest in weather, we are, Ma'am," observes the grocer to Penelope, because though the rain was falling in torrents, there was not wind enough to turn an umbrella inside out. If we are asked whether there is anything more solid, more of the substance that goes to make up a tale, we may answer that there are two love stories. Penelope has her own, and she tells it very nicely, and Francesca, who is at once the beauty and the heiress of the party, has hers. Her lover is a Scottish minister, and their courtship is carried on, to quote what Linnaeus said of the cats, *clamando et rixando*. A battle-royal about the comparative merits of the United States and Scotland brings things to a crisis. She taunts him with the fact that though there are hundreds of Browning Clubs in America, there is not one in Scotland. He retorts by saying that there is "a good deal in belonging to a people who can understand him without clubs." That drives her to her last entrenchments, and she cries. "What did he do then?" asks her sympathising companion. "Why do you say 'do'?" she replies. Mr. Brock's humour is, of course, more impossible to transfer than Mrs. Wiggins's. This, too, our readers must go and see.

THREE FAIR MAIDS.*

THE "paying guest" is a recent development of which little use has yet been made in the tale of social life. Anything like a novelty in this department of literature opened up a pleasant prospect, and we hoped much from what Miss Katharine Tynan would do with it. The situation seemed to promise well. An ancient Irish family, much reduced in circumstances, determines—or rather an energetic daughter of the family determines—to turn an honest penny by receiving paying guests in the ancestral mansion. It seemed an unnecessary complication when the manager of the affair resolves to conceal the family name. To create a secret which could not possibly be kept was a mistake. Still, this also might be made useful in thickening the perplexities of a plot. In due course the guests arrive, and one of them makes himself disagreeable, somewhat in the fashion of the hero in Goldsmith's famous comedy. But after this the idea is virtually dropped. The author seems to find it not to her taste. It favours comedy rather than sentiment, and it is to sentiment that she inclines. What we actually get, therefore, is a love story in three parts. There are "three fair maids," and therefore, for in this province of "fiction-land" all things go well, there must be three good matches. It is true that the paying guests supply one of the three, and would willingly supply another. But the "Ould Country," we are glad to say, does not suffer the Saxon to carry off more than one of such prizes as the Burkes of Derrymore. There are still Irish Peers and squires who possess a decent rent-roll. But the three marriages of the three maids do not satisfy the requirements of the occasion. There is a love affair in humble life which ends with the worsting of a villainous "Auld Robin Gray" by the apposite return of the true lover from Klondike with £2,000 in his pocket. This is one of the best things in the book. The description of the negotiations, in which every item of the bride's outfit is fiercely disputed between the father and the bridegroom, with the matchmaker to see fair play, is an admirable scene. And so is the abrupt turning of the tables:—

"Two thousand pounds! D'ye hear that, Paddy O'Keefe? What's your dirty little shop and your common little jaunting car to that, hey? That's the soort o' man I want for a son-in-law; not you, you dried-up little carcase of a man, wid your ugly yellow face. You'd take the calf off me, would you? an' the couple o' boneens an' the woman's flock o' geese? Och, you'd strip me, or you wouldn't take my little fair, soft, innocent girl? Now, I tell you plainly, she isn't for you, Paddy O'Keefe, nor for any of your mane sort."

But do Irish peasants sell their daughters in quite so shameless a fashion?

Then there are other matches, so many in all that there positively ought to be a table of them. One brings with it a little touch of tragedy,—the only one that the author permits herself. Indeed, there is no room for tragedy in such a tale. For if some one should ask, Is not this a novel in disguise? we should certainly say "No." The differences are many and great, but perhaps the most important of them all is the absence of that artistically doleful ending which turns the novel reading which was once so pleasant into a mere penance. By the way, what does Miss Katharine Tynan mean by "*sorra the collop* he'll get here"? "Collops" are not "chops" but "mince." The word has no singular.

The Silver Axe. By Evelyn Everett-Green. (Hutchinson and Co. 5s.)—This tale, which has already appeared in serial form, begins with the days of King James, and is carried on to the death of his son. The "silver axe" is a mysterious weapon which presages death to those to whom its edge is turned, Prince Charles, of course, among them. There are those who will relish this element in the story, and indeed it pervades the whole. When we get to the siege of Herondale Castle, the actual warfare is touched in the vaguest way, and the mysterious predominates. We must frankly confess that Miss Everett-Green's careful historical studies please us more than this "Castle of Otranto" business.—One of these said studies, indeed, she gives us in *After Worcester* (T. Nelson and Sons, 5s.) The story of Charles's escape is one which never grows stale. The King, for whom, unscrupulous as he was, one can hardly help feeling a certain liking, showed himself at his best, and he was served with a fidelity which it is not easy to match elsewhere. The whole affair is curiously picturesque, and we happen to have abundant details of it. This is exactly the subject for Miss Everett-Green. She spares no pains to make herself acquainted with all that can be learnt about the subject which she takes up.—*Red, White, and Green*, by Herbert Hayens (same publishers, 5s.), is a story of the great struggle between Austria and Hungary, begun in the year of revolution, 1848. The situation, as it affected a Hungarian patriot, was complicated. He had to be in arms against the very man to whom he professed, and honestly professed, allegiance. He was in revolt against the Emperor of Austria, but he was loyal to the King of Hungary. It is on this double relation that, in a great measure, the story turns. When we add that the Hungarian hero rescues, falls in love with, and is loved by the Austrian high-born maiden, Theresa von Arnstein, the reader will see that the materials of a pretty story have been provided. Mr. Hayens is an excellent hand at describing a fight, and does not neglect to use his power. This is a very spirited story.—*Out with Garibaldi.* By G. A. Henty. (Blackie and Son. 5s.)—Frank Percival, the hero of this tale, is the son of an English officer and an Italian lady who has been brought up to believe in the freedom of Italy. The early chapters relate the events which culminated in the siege and capture of Rome by the French. The tale itself opens in 1860, when Frank has his life-work set to him. His father has disappeared, his mother's father has been kidnapped, and it becomes his duty, on both public and private grounds, to help in the liberation of Italy. It is a good subject, which appeals with both traditionary and actual force to English readers. We helped Italy in the past, and Italy is not ungrateful for the services which we rendered her. Mr. Henty, always welcome as a teller of historical tales, will come on this occasion with a special recommendation.—*A Trek and a Laager*, by Jane Spettigue (same publishers, 2s. 6d.), takes us back to a time when the trouble of South Africa was not the conflict of Boer and Briton, but of white man and coloured. That is trouble which we cannot suppose to be done away for good and all, and the present is not a bad time for remembering it. It is not exactly an attractive picture that Miss Spettigue draws of frontier life in Cape Colony, but it is full of novelty and excitement.—*The Three Scouts*, by Fred. Whishaw (Griffith, Farran, and Co., 3s. 6d.), is a "Story of the Boer War," the war, that is, that is still dragging on. Of course there are plenty of adventures in it, as, for instance, when one of the

* *Three Fair Maids*; or, *The Burkes of Derrymore*. By Katharine Tynan. London: Blackie and Son. [6s.]

scouts gets a Boer to hold his horses while he does considerable mischief to the man's comrades. They learn from the man about the purposed mounting of a gun and bring about its destruction. Naturally war is mixed up with love, and there is an English *mauvais sujet*, we are sorry to say, who does his best to make mischief. We must own that we do not care to meet the war, except where it is inevitable, in newspapers and magazines, but this is a very good tale of its sort, as, indeed, we expect Mr. Whishaw to give us. —The reader of short stories has a great choice before him. Three volumes of them, all made up to the same magic number, according to what has become a regular custom, appear under the auspices of Mr. Alfred H. Miles. First we have *Fifty-two Stories of the British Empire* (Hutchinson and Co., 5s.) These begin with London, which suggests the familiar tale of how Edward Osborne saved his master's daughter from drowning, and go in succession to Australia, Canada, India, and South Africa. Some are fiction and some are fact, not that the fiction, written by those who know the place and the people, may not be every bit as true as the fact. If any one, however, wants fact pure and simple, for him are provided narratives of how each part of the Empire came to be what it is. These are the "Stories of the Colonies." Then we have *Fifty-two Stories for Boys* and *Fifty-two Stories for Girls* (same publishers, 5s. each), each volume with a goodly list of contributors, and giving plenty of excellent reading. In each volume the stories are divided according to their character,—“Home and School,” “Boyhood (or Girlhood) and Youth,” “Life and Adventure,” or “Adventure at Home and Abroad,” &c.—*Venture and Valour* (W. and R. Chambers, 5s.) contains fifteen stories, new and old, for we see the name of James Payn among the authors, and a very funny story his “Hunting Extraordinary” is. James Payn did not love sport—did not some one say of him, “The labour we delight in physics Payn”?—and having been compelled to hunt in his youth, he takes a gentle revenge for what he endured.—*Hero Patriots of the Nineteenth Century*. By Edgar Sanderson, M.A. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)—Some of the heroes whom Mr. Sanderson celebrates are, we imagine, but little known among average readers. Martin Diaz, for instance, is an unfamiliar name. Yet he helped with his guerillas the work which Wellington was doing with his regular troops. (Mr. Sanderson very properly puts his foot on the ridiculous fiction that the guerillas actually liberated Spain.) Unhappily, he attempted to overthrow the despotism of Ferdinand VII., and was put to death. Ferdinand, who had never struck a blow for his throne, had no gratitude for those, whether English or Spanish, who had brought him back. After Spain, the Tyrol. Andreas Hofer most of us know, but we are glad to hear of some of his associates. The Greek War of Independence also introduces to us some little-known heroes; so does the South American Revolution, in which others besides Bolivar played a part worthy of commemoration. After these we have the stories of Abd-el-Kader, Schamyl of the Caucasus, Manin, and Garibaldi. This is a book which we should choose out of many for a boy. He must be a dullard indeed in whom it would not rouse some unselfish emotion.

Good Words. Edited by the Very Rev. Donald Macleod. (Isbister and Co. 7s. 6d.)—South Africa naturally has its share in the contents of this 1900 volume. Ten out of the twenty-four “Travel and Descriptive” papers belong to it. Most of them, of course, as Sir Charles Warren's, belong to a past time. Even Mr. George Rallings's “The Cape in Time of War” deals largely with things that have been, though he has something very interesting to tell us about the present. Much English money must have been spent during the past twelve months at the Cape, but Mr. Rallings speaks of a complete stagnation of business (the paper must have been written early in the year, shortly after the relief of Ladysmith). Curiously enough, crime has stagnated along with other things. The very burglars do not seem to care for their occupation. The biographical papers are as interesting as usual. Among them is one on Leo XIII., by Signor Giovanni Della Vecchia. The writer is convinced that the Pope has been in favour of conciliation, and that he has been overborne by influences which it is needless to name. The next Council will have to proclaim the infallibility of the General of the Jesuits. The Czar, the Kaiser, Lord Roberts, and the King and Queen of Italy (written before the assassination) may be mentioned. In the “Science Papers” we may mention Lord Lister, Lord Kelvin, and Professors Perkin and W. Ramsay. It is a noticeable fact that in the consideration of Professor Ramsay's claims when he was a candidate for the Chair of Chemistry at University College it was mooted whether he was not too much of a physicist. It was a happy thing for the College that this was not permitted to weigh against him, considering the reputation that he has since achieved.

In the miscellaneous division we may mention “The Credit v. the Debit Side of Europe,” by Mr. Harold Macfarlane. Great Britain comes first in wealth, with France second, and Germany third. In indebtedness Portugal holds the first place—the proportion between wealth and debt is considered—and the United Kingdom comes eighth. The three Scandinavian nations owe nothing but what is represented by the State railways. From another point of view, that of population, in France the Debt is £31 per head, in the United Kingdom £16, while in Germany it is as low as £2 4s. The serial tale is “The Half-Hearted,” by John Buchan.—*The Sunday Magazine*. (Same publishers. 7s. 6d.)—Mr. H. Macfarlane gives us two of his somewhat startling statistical papers. He uses various pictorial or material illustrations to set forth his contention. Here we must be content with using figures. We spend £10 on drink to the 1s. 9½d. that we spend on missions. The charity v. tobacco account is not so formidable. It is only £3 11s. for tobacco to £1 9s. for charity. It must be remembered, however, that out of the £2 3s. 3d. which every *smoker* (as distinguished from the general average of the population) spends on his tobacco, more than half goes to the Revenue. If smokers were unanimously to abandon the habit, there would have to be a 2s. Income-tax. Tobacco, too, has been greatly rehabilitated during the present year. It is a marvellous stay against hunger and fatigue. Perhaps the reformers had better leave it alone. The “Religious Papers” are a large element in the magazine. One of them is from the pen of the late Harry Jones. Another that bears his name has a pathetic interest to all who knew him. “How Well You Look” is the title. In the letter to the editor which accompanied it he wrote: “I have been ill, and, recovering, men have said: ‘How well you look!’ for, unluckily in my case, looks don't pity me.” This paper must have been one of the last things he wrote. We are glad to see that the series of “Sunday Evenings with the Children,” of which we have several times had occasion to speak with praise, is continued. We have noticed the serial tale, “The Heiress of the Forest,” by Miss Eleanor C. Price, elsewhere, and can only mention the number of short stories with which the public taste has to be gratified. We must own to a certain weariness of these little snippets of fiction.

The April Baby's Book of Tunes. By the Author of “Elizabeth and her German Garden.” (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)—The rhymes are our old friends “Mary, Mary, quite contrary,” and the like; as to the tunes, we do not know whether they are old or new. But certainly the setting, that is, the little story of the three girls and their mother in their German home, is pretty, and Miss Kate Greenaway's drawings are as charming as we are accustomed to find them.—Something of the same kind is *Old English Singing Games* (George Allen, 5s.) Miss A. B. Gomme tells us that these games—there are ten of them—are selections from a great number which she has collected. Some of the names are strange. In fact, there is no quite familiar title among them, except “Oranges and Lemons.” But as games they do not vary much from our old friends. “Three Knights from Spain,” for instance, is not very different from “I See Three Dukes A-riding.” “Isabella,” again, may be described as a combination of “Kiss-in-the-Ring” and a country dance. The words are given and the music, with a description of how the game should be played.—From the same publisher we have also *Barbara's Song-Book*, by Cécile Hartog (5s.), a pleasing little collection of songs and tunes.—*Christmas Eve at Romney Hall*. Written and illustrated by Jessie Macgregor. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)—The verses, telling about the old pictures in the Hall and the knights and beauties represented, are fairly good; the drawings of the children whose delight it is to fancy themselves the same knights and beauties are a success.—In *Red, White, and Blue* (T. Nelson and Sons) we have represented pictures, together with a description in words, of British ships, past and present, of their armament, and of the crews by whom they are manned. Nor are the great fishing fleets and the mercantile marine forgotten. The frontispiece gives us a view of the fleet reviewed by the Queen at the Diamond Jubilee.—From the same publishers we have also picture-books which are sufficiently described by their titles, and of which we may say generally that they are creditably executed. These are:—*A Week at the Farm* (2s. 6d.), with excellent pictures of animals (possibly the pigs opposite p. 8 are just a little too human, and the bull on p. 15 is hardly as good as some); *By Rail: a Picture Book about Trains* (2s. 6d.); and *Dear Old Fairy-Tales* (2s. 6d.) (the bears were “fairy” bears, and we must not quarrel with their colour).—*The Rabbit Book*, by Charles Pettafor (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d.), containing comic extravagances which show the hand of a clever draughtsman.—Two other picture-books for young people may be mentioned, *Days Out of Doors: Pictures, Tales, and Poetry*

(S.S.U., 1s.), showing how town children enjoy the sights of the country; the pictures of animals, &c., are really excellent; and *Tea-Table Stories for Little People*, by Marianne Westrup and Gertrude E. Vaughan (same publishers, 1s.)

Through a Needle's Eye. By Hesba Stretton. (R.T.S. 3s. 6d.)—Miss Stretton tells her story with a full share of her accustomed force. The hero's stepfather on his deathbed bids him destroy the will which would disinherit his half-brother; and he finds that the old man has made a mistake, and that the document still exists. Such mistakes are familiar "properties" in fiction, and may be accepted without demur. Anyhow, an interesting story is constructed out of the situation. We do not like all the details. The scene between Richard and Leah Dart is neither natural nor pleasing, and it is not improved by that which follows it. For what readers is this tale written? But the story of the problem which Justin Webb has to solve is conceived in a finer spirit, and we can speak of it with high praise.—*Between Two Opinions*. By Mary E. Palgrave. (Same publishers. 2s.)—Miss Palgrave uses a curious method of story-telling. In Scene I. Frank Elliston makes the acquaintance of Alethea Mordaunt. In Scene II. they are engaged. In Scene III. she breaks off the engagement on account of incompatibility of views. In Scene IV. they are reconciled. Is not this somewhat disjointed? And why the unnecessary pain inflicted by killing the helpful friend? This is a clumsy way of attaining the pathetic.—*A Wilful Ward*. By Ruth Lamb. (Same publishers. 2s. 6d.)—There is little to be said about this story, which is constructed on familiar lines. Kathleen Mountford seems to have good sense and high principle, even to be ruled by religious motives, but she cannot resist the fascinations of the worthless "Captain Jack." That is not unlikely, and Miss Lamb has devised an attraction in the person of an affectionate boy, the Captain's son. Kathleen's interest in him gradually is extended to the father. How it all ends our readers may discover for themselves.—*The House that Grew*. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. 6d.)—It seems to be Mrs. Molesworth's special delight to see how small a piece of material she can work out into a fair-sized volume. Mr. and Mrs. Lanark lose some money, and have to give up their house; two of their children—one of them is supposed to tell this story—have the idea that the family might live in the hut that they have for a playing place. This is "the house that grew," and is practically the story, filled in with details as Mrs. Molesworth knows how to fill it. It is prettily done, and there is an excellent dog-story at the end which goes to make up the somewhat scanty weight.—*No. 6, Victoria Ward*. By Jessie Armstrong. (R.T.S. 1s. 6d.)—This is a very pretty story of a lost child. There has, of course, to be a coincidence—stories can hardly be told without coincidences—but no one, we venture to say, will quarrel with it. The tale is well constructed; and all the characters in it are cleverly drawn, with a very lifelike look. Altogether the book is one of the best of its class. And we may say that it is "up to date." For are not the Röntgen rays cleverly introduced?

The Wind Fairies, and other Tales. By Mary de Morgan. (Seeley and Co. 5s.)—There is a businesslike air in the telling of these stories which is decidedly attractive. There is no fine writing, no ornaments of speech; the tales are told as if they were true, and there could not be a better way of telling them. We hardly know how to express a preference for any one of these nine stories; perhaps "Dumb Othmar" is the best. The illustrations by Olive Cockerell have no small amount of graceful fancy.—*Fairy Tales from Afar*. Translated from the Danish Popular Tales of Svend Grundtvig by Jane Mulley. (Hutchinson and Co. 3s. 6d.)—Here we have the genuine old folk-lore stories, gathered together by one who is an expert in these matters, and put into easy English of a suitable kind. We never tire of these things. They are curiously alike, but the likeness does not seem monotonous.—*The Ruby Fairy Book*. (Same publishers. 6s.)—Whether these are old or new it would be hard to say; probably there are some of both kinds. The first, "Cinderella's Daughter," is surely new, and we are inclined to resent it. It is quite enough to be told of the Prince and his bride that they lived happily ever after. We do not want to hear anything more about them. But there are pretty stories here, whatever they are and whencesoever they came. No little pains have been spent in collecting them, and the illustrations have much merit.—*Glimpses from Wonderland*, by John Ingold (John Lane), is unquestionably modern, with its touches of satire against the arrangements of life. There is some cleverness in it, but it is not wholly to our taste.—*Granny's Wonderful Chair*, by Frances Browne (Griffith, Farran, and Co., 3s. 6d.), is the reprint of a book which first appeared in 1856. Seven new editions appeared between 1881-

1889. And then, as we read in the publishers' note, "a very curious circumstance" occurred. In a popular American magazine appeared a series of "Stories from the Lost Fairy Book," which were, in fact, the stories of *Granny's Wonderful Chair*. A "Lost Fairy Book" is pretty good, considering that it had been republished four times in the six years before. "I tried repeatedly," wrote the popular author, who contributes to the American magazine, "both in England and America to find a copy." A friend "whose knowledge of books was almost unlimited" tried also in vain. Had they ever heard, we wonder, of the "Publishers' Circular"?—*Gunpowder Treason and Plot*, by H. Avery, F. Whishaw, and R. B. Townshend (T. Nelson and Sons, 2s.), is a collection of short stories, that which gives a title to the book being one of school life, and a good specimen of the kind.—*The Angel and the Demon, and other Stories*, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (S. W. Partridge and Co., 1s. 6d.), is a collection, Miss Fowler tells us, of her earliest efforts at fiction, published originally in the *British Workman*. Naturally they are of the didactic kind, but why should they be the less liked for that? Certainly they were worth preserving.

Seven Maids. By L. T. Meade. (W. and R. Chambers. 6s.)—For a change we are not sorry to have a tale with no love-making in it. Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard, having lost money, determine to take girls to educate with their own daughter, and she, dispossessed of her solitary dignity as daughter of the house, does not like it at all. Then there is another money complication, which does not, in our judgment, improve the story. It is extremely improbable that Marjorie Hilliard should take her brother's money to pay the rent of her humble friend's father, or that she should have taken the way suggested to get out of her difficulties. The jealousy, properly worked out, would have made trouble enough. But then there had to be a hundred thousand words in the story.—*Celia's Conquest*, by L. E. Tiddeman (same publishers, 2s. 6d.), is a story of much the same kind. Celia does not like the life in which she finds herself, makes herself very disagreeable, and then thinks better of it. The moral is excellent, and not too much obtruded.—*The Wooing of Val*. By Evelyn Everett-Green. (Hutchinson and Co. 3s. 6d.)—This is a very old-fashioned plot. The hated young man who has supplanted the heroine and her brother in an expected inheritance comes in disguise and wins her heart. The disguise is extravagantly improbable—imagine a whole household of people keeping such a secret!—but who cares? The story is pleasant enough.—From the same author and publishers we have also *The Fiery Chariot* (2s. 6d.), a not very comprehensible title. A heartless but enchanting young woman finds both the strings of her bow break in her hands and everybody is glad. *Voilà tout!*—*A Sister of the Red Cross*. By L. T. Meade. (T. Nelson and Sons. 3s. 6d.)—It is to be hoped that the nursing in South African hospitals was not so complicated with sentiment as it seems to have been in the sphere of action occupied by Mollie Hopworth, her sister Kitty, and Katharine Hunt. We must frankly say that we do not care for this sort of story. That women are the best nurses certainly is beyond question; but it is better to say and write as little as possible about the particular difficulty that women have to nurse men.—*Little Lady Prim*. By E. M. Waterworth and Jennie Chappell. (Nimmo, Hay, and Mitchell, Edinburgh. 1s.)—A slight story, but well told; it might be described as an instance of the "open-air cure." A little girl is being killed by kindness, and has to be saved by force. Not a few mothers may well take note.—*Cecily Frome*. By Bessie Marchant. (Same publishers. 2s. 6d.)—A tale full of action and of incident, but a little too full of horrors for our taste. It is, perhaps, convenient to dispose of an inconvenient person by the agency of a crocodile, but we must own not to like such things in a book meant for very young readers.—*Lina's Fortune*. By Emma Leslie. (Same publishers. 1s.)—There are no horrors here; it is a quiet story, gently suggesting an excellent moral.

The Leisure Hour (R.T.S., 7s. 6d.) contains as much good reading as one is likely to find in a single volume. The mere quantity—eleven hundred pages—is in excess of most competing magazines. The quality admits less easily of comparison. We have seen the *Leisure Hour*, however, for not a few years, and our experience of it has been uniformly favourable. This volume opens with a tale by Sir Walter Besant, "The Alabaster Box," a story dealing with the "condition of the people" question. It will be useful to read along with it a striking paper, "Housing the Poor," by the Rev. C. Fleming Williams, one of the Aldermen of the London County Council. The situation is formidable, not to say alarming, and the problem cannot be solved, any more than the rural housing problem can, on the supply and demand principles. Among the other stories is "Tom Wallis," by Mr. Louis Becke, of which we have spoken elsewhere. But fiction does not preponderate in the

Leisure Hour. "Science and Discovery" occupy a considerable part of the magazine. There must be about a hundred papers, of course short. "Oversea Notes," dealing with our Colonies and with foreign countries, must not be forgotten. They are a valuable element in the composition of the magazine.—*The Sunday at Home* (same publishers, 7s. 6d.) has its own place and sphere of interest, and continues to fill it with success. A very reasonable, and, we may say, truly and practically religious, conception of Sunday observance may be formed out of the contents of this volume. No one not given up to frivolity could complain of any want of variety or narrowness of limitation in the subject to which the attention of the Sunday reader is invited in this volume. The biography and biographical sketches, with the names among others of Archbishop Benson, Mr. Moody (the Evangelist), the Rev. F. Paton Spurgeon, and Bishop Whipple, to speak only of moderns, may be mentioned. There is a section of "Sermons and Devotional Papers," in which we notice a contribution by the Rev. Harry Jones, and a series of "Meditations for Sunday Mornings," by that eminently suggestive writer, Dr. Hugh Macmillan. "Far and Near," with the sub-title of "Notes of the Month," supplies items of missionary and other enterprise. The illustrations are plentiful and good.—*Sunday Reading for the Young* (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., 3s.) is another volume which will be found useful by those who have to deal practically with the difficult Sunday problem. Possibly the limits are a little wide, but that is a matter on which we have neither the inclination nor the ability to lay down any rule. There are "Stories of King Arthur," and a military tale, "With Wellington to Waterloo," and a story of daily life, "The Two Christophers." Among Biblical and like articles we may mention "The Story of Abraham."

Some school stories may be mentioned together:—*Jones the Mysterious*, by Charles Edwards (Blackie and Son, 2s.), and *Every Inch a Briton*, by Meredith Fletcher (same publishers, 3s. 6d.)—The first is something of a new departure. It is a comic extravaganza, and fairly successful. It may be imagined that a boy endowed with what Homer calls the "Helmet of Hades" (making him invisible at pleasure) could create some strange situations, and this is what Jones does. We are really obliged to Mr. Edwards for giving us this variety; what his boy clients, who have a way of being matter-of-fact, may think about it is another matter. *Every Inch a Briton* is a story of a more familiar kind. School concerts, games, friendships, bullyings, quarrels, jealousies, lessons—which are not more introduced than they should be—of such things is the *farrago libelli*. Mr. Fletcher has plenty of excitement and novelty for his readers.—*That Scholar-ship Boy*, by Emma Leslie (R.T.S., 1s.), is yet another variety. Climbing the educational ladder may quite conceivably be at times an unpleasant task. We hope and believe that a boy from a Board-school who could win his way into a first-grade school would have no reason to complain of his schoolfellows' behaviour. Still, the disagreeables which Horace Howard has to encounter at "Torrington's"—we cannot make out whether this was a public school or no, for the name is ambiguous—are not impossible. Miss Leslie makes a good story out of them, but she is not quite at home in her subject, and if she could have worked out the end without changing Howard's social status we should have liked it better.—*Tom Andrews*, by Arthur Chandler (Elliot Stock, 5s.), is a "Story of Board-school Life," told by the author with much liveliness and vigour. The football match has the look of an expert's work. Then various familiar difficulties of school-life are dealt with, and that in a rational and manly way. It is good to hear that some at least of the East-Enders are being trained to be what English boys should be.—*Heads or Tails?* By Harold Avery. (T. Nelson and Sons. 5s.)—This book is in two parts. The "friendship" of which it is a tale began at school, and was carried on in the world. And the "world" part of it is, to our mind, considerably better than the school. Anyhow, there is nothing in it but what is sound and wholesome.

The Princess's Story-Book. Collected and edited, with an Introduction, by George Laurence Gomme. (A. Constable and Co. 6s.)—This, happily, is a volume that does not call for any criticism. The stories are taken from masters, more or less eminent, of the art of fiction, and are so chosen as to illustrate the course of English history from the days of Harold the Saxon down to Queen Victoria. Lord Lytton, for instance, in the first describes the scenes at Westminster before the English King marched southward to meet the invader. The battle of Senlac itself is described by Sir W. Napier. We should have preferred to have had Lord Lytton's picture of the fight, which is one of the finest things he ever did. The romance in the other somewhat spoils it. The "Death of Becket" comes from a story of Mr. T. Miller. Why not go to a chronicler? Walter Scott

furnishes the picture of Richard in Palestine, and Jane Porter that of Edward I. at Falkirk. The next three stories come from Froissart. Lord Lytton, Scott, W. H. Ainsworth, Fenimore Cooper (who may be safely utilised for anything before the Declaration of Independence), Samuel Lover, and finally Disraeli in "Coningsby," are put under contribution. The selection is good, though probably copyright considerations have hindered here and there.

The Girl's Realm Annual, 1900. (S. I. Bousfield and Co. 8s.)—This is the second yearly issue of this magazine, but the first, we think, that has come under our notice. The most obvious remark to make about it is that the managers give their readers full measure and weight. It is one of the most massive volumes of the year. It is presumption, possibly, to give advice on a non-literary matter. Nevertheless, might not a biennial volume, after the manner of the *Century* and *St. Nicholas*, be an improvement? To hold this book is a feat of strength. But it is ungracious to say anything that looks like disparagement. In the essentials of literary merit, brightness, and judicious admixture of the serious and the gay, the *Girl's Realm* is all that could be desired. There are stories, long ("The Silver Axe," by E. Everett-Green, and "The Simpsons and We," by Alice Jackson) and short, too many to mention; articles on employment for girls, a welcome and interesting subject, and likely to be so till it shall be as much a matter of course for girls to be employed as boys; literary matters; and, of course, dress. We may mention a particularly interesting paper on Mr. Herkomer's School of Art at Bushey.

Ye Mariners of England. By Herbert Hayens. (T. Nelson and Sons. 6s.)—This "Boys' Book of the Navy" is a very seasonable publication. Mr. Hayens begins with King Alfred, to whom we owe the foundation of the Navy, as we owe many other things that have gone to the making of the nation. He passes rapidly over the older history, though he does not forget the victory of Sluys and the less-known battle of Les Espagnols sur Mer. Then comes Drake, and with Drake the story of the Armada, and after these, again, the chequered story of the Dutch Wars. It will be understood that Mr. Hayens has to exercise a very severe repression. As he puts it himself, he has to omit twenty gallant deeds for one that he relates. Even all the great battles cannot be related in detail, much less the numberless actions fought by frigates and cruisers. It is unfair, therefore, to criticise omissions. Still, when the Mutinies of the North Sea and the Nore are described, the great share which Duncan had in bringing the rebels back to a sound mind might well have been recognised. He deserved as much credit, to say the least, as Lord Bridport. But this is an excellent book.

Three Little Great Ladies. By W. Percy Smith. (R.T.S. 1s.)—This story enforces in a very pleasant and natural way the excellent moral that the best opportunities of self-denying work often lie close at home, that we may busy ourselves with good works and neglect duties which are more urgent, though they have a less attractive appearance. The "little ladies," who have suddenly come into great wealth, wake up to the knowledge that they are leading selfish lives, but do not go the best way to amend. They visit the poor, for instance, and neglect home duties. The artist who supplies a frontispiece can hardly have read the text. The young lady on the right has a very short frock for fifteen.—*Daniel's Fallen Dagon*. By H. Louisa Bedford. (Same publishers. 1s. 6d.)—A pretty little story this, scarcely represented by its figurative title. Daniel is a hair-dresser, enthusiastic about his occupation, and the Dagon is a block, of which he is quite legitimately proud. The interest of the tale lies in the two love stories, both good in their way. Lily, of the auburn hair, is a particularly well-drawn figure.

Tom's Boy. By the Author of "Laddie," &c. (W. and R. Chambers. 5s.)—We feel somewhat doubtful about the public for whom this story is intended. Is it meant for a novel or a gift-book? Tom Bannister marries a music-hall singer and is disinherited. That is the situation with which we begin. The "boy," a child of three, now becomes the principal character. Here the gift-book element prevails. Then we have a novel-like plot, for the wife disappears; coming back to be a spectator at what she supposes to be her husband's second marriage. Here is the novel, and not of the best kind. If all this disappearance business had been retrenched, and we had only the very pleasing reconciliation of Tom and his father, it would have been much better. The author of "Laddie" writes well, but this is not on the whole a good example of his powers.

Shakespeare's Country. By John Leyland. (G. Newnes. 10s. 6d. net.)—Here we have, accompanied by a pleasant, readable letter-press, a full collection of Shakespeare localities. The frontis-

piece gives the bust on the Shakespeare monument, while the title-page represents what is probably a highly idealised head of the poet. Then we come to Stratford Church on one side, and a view of the town and river of Stratford on the other. The birthplace, with its various localities, the grave and monument, the bridge over the Avon (erected by Sir Hugh Clopton), Anne Hathaway's cottage, the seat of the Lucys, Charlecote Hall, Compton Wingate, Warwick Castle, &c., are represented in admirable photographs, numbering about a hundred and fifty.

Short Studies in Holiness. By John W. Diggle, M.A., Archdeacon of Westmoreland. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)—The keynote of these "studies" is given in the introduction. Holiness is not to be regarded as a gift reserved for specially great saints. All Christians are holy; or, in other words, not to be holy at all is not to be a Christian at all. But there are degrees in holiness, and the several sections of the book treat of these degrees and of the ways in which they may be ascended. The vein of thought is both devout and reasonable, and some of the commonplaces of the religious life are stated in ways calculated to strike and impress.

The Boy Crusoes. Adapted from the Russian by Léon Golschmann. (Blackie and Son. 3s. 6d.)—This book is certainly a novelty in the Crusoe line. It is no desert island, with a wreck conveniently full of stores at hand to supply what may be wanted, that is the scene of the tale. It is in a Russian forest that our Crusoes make their venture, and in a Russian forest the struggle for existence, what with the climate, the wolves, and other hostile influences, is very severe. This is an excellent tale of its sort, and it is told in a way that makes it seem very real.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ART-BOOKS.

Perugino. By G. C. Williamson. "Great Masters of Painting and Sculpture Series." (G. Bell and Sons. 5s.)—The author gives all that is known of the facts of the painter's life. These cannot be said to amount to anything very much, but the continuity of Perugino's work is traced both in the text and in the excellent illustrations. Perugino was one of those artists who had one thing to say, and this thing was well worth saying, but when he had said it fully he seemed only capable of repetition in a diluted form. Vasari says that "all the new artists" complained of his repetition, and that Perugino's reply was "I have painted in this work the figures that you formerly commended, and which then pleased you greatly; if they now displease you and you no longer extol them, what can I do?" There is something pathetic in this answer, which shows that the painter, wrapped up in his one idea, could not see the need of a fresh point of view to keep his art a living force. But what was this special point of view to which he adhered so tenaciously? The author indicates with what impressive power Perugino can represent and symbolise illimitable space. The deep-domed blue skies, full of infinite peace, with the white light on the horizon, and the lovely landscapes, with their peaceful hills and lakes, have a quality of far-away solemnity which only one other painter has equalled, and he was the great pupil who enlarged the boundaries of art in a way undreamt of by the master. The Pavia altar-piece in the National Gallery is a splendid example of Perugino's power of playing upon mystical feeling by means of sky and horizon. The composition of this picture is, however, not as imposing as that of the fresco of the Crucifixion at Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi in Florence. The grandeur of the dispositions of this work Perugino never excelled. The aloofness of the figures from one another, which Dr. Williamson points out truly as a characteristic of Perugino, here adds greatly to the harmony of the work, and never did the painter exceed the tenderness and grandeur of the figure of St. John. In the present work there is a most interesting chapter on the mediums used by Perugino. Dr. Williamson, after making experiments, concludes that Perugino did not use oil paint, but rather egg tempera, and, in places, colour mixed with Venice turpentine. The great beauty of the colour and the exquisite "quality" of the painting of Perugino make the study of his technique of much interest. The chapter called "The Story of the Pillage" is most curious. Perugia, rich in the works of the master, who bore the name of the city of his adoption, was mercilessly plundered by the French. The Perugians loved their pictures, and delayed giving them up as long as possible, and the pictures, by a strange irony, only arrived in Paris with the Allies in 1812. It seems that the time for making the Louvre disgorge was short, and many of the

pictures were overlooked. Some of the Peruginos were sent back to Rome, and were there impounded by the Vatican. The Pope was desirous of creating a picture gallery, and seems to have adopted Napoleon's method, for, in spite of the prayers of the people of Perugia, the pictures remained in Rome. One of the master's pictures had been given by the French Government to Lyons, the people of which place petitioned the Pope to let them keep it. The Pope determined to gratify the French city by making them a present of the property of the people of Perugia.

Americans. Drawn by C. D. Gibson. (J. Lane. 20s.)—Mr. Gibson's American young ladies have lost nothing in size and hardness of outline since his last volume. When we open the book we cannot help being delighted by the vigour and beauty of these commanding young people; by the time we have got to the middle of the book we begin to wish for a little variety of face and figure; and before we reach the end we long for some one old and ugly. With the young men it is much the same, though relief is found in the character studies of elderly husbands. Mr. Gibson's satire is good-humoured, and though humour is not so prominent in this volume as it was in that devoted to Mr. Pipp, it is none the less present. Stevenson, in describing one of the characters in his inimitable "Wrong Box," says of him that he "was usually attired in the height of fashion, with a certain mercantile brilliancy, best described perhaps as stylish; nor could anything be said against him, as a rule, but that he looked a trifle too like a wedding guest to be quite a gentleman." This description applies admirably to the people drawn by Mr. Gibson. From the purely artistic point of view the best drawings are those which have the least attempt at completeness. The single figures without backgrounds are much pleasanter to look at than the compositions where the surrounding objects are drawn as well as the people. The reason is that the artist, although he has a very keen sense of line, has little faculty for representing the relative values of light and dark which different things have to each other. To realise this we have only to turn to a volume of *Punch* and look at any drawing by Charles Keene. This great artist had a never-failing sense of the relation of one object to another; hence the roundness and solidity of his scratchiest figures. It is perhaps unfair to compare these spirited American drawings with the work of a great master, especially after having been amused by their prettiness and vitality.

Landscape Painting in Water Colours. By J. MacWhirter, R.A. (Cassell and Co. 5s.)—In this book is to be found a series of colour reproductions of sketches by the author, together with his notes on the subject, execution, and colours used. Some of the rapid notes of transient effects in Switzerland are distinctly interesting, and the memoranda valuable to the student. We have one fault to find, and it is this. What is the use of the Academy electing an eminent chemist, Professor Church, to lecture on colours so that an artist may avoid those which are fugitive, if one of the Academicians advises the use of such unpermanent paints as "lake," "vandyke brown," and "Indian yellow"? If a buyer of water-colours were to take the trouble to make a wash of one of these colours on a piece of paper, and cut the paper in half, keeping one half in darkness while the other was exposed to light, and after a year compared the pieces, he would probably the next time he was going to buy a water-colour drawing inquire what colours its author was in the habit of using.

Fifty Masterpieces of Van Dyck. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. £3 13s. 6d.)—These reproductions, well executed in photogravure, are of pictures which formed part of the Van Dyck Exhibition held at Antwerp in 1899. M. Max Rooses has written a sketch of the painter's life, and each picture is accompanied by an historical notice from the same pen. While differing from M. Rooses as to the high estimate he has of Van Dyck's powers as a religious painter, we have read with interest his sympathetic sketch of the painter's life. The selection of pictures has been well made as regards the portraits, though we could have wished for fewer religious pictures. Van Dyck seems to be straining too much after melodramatic effect for these pictures to be impressive.

The Origins of Art: a Psychological and Sociological Inquiry. By Yrjö Hirn. (Macmillan and Co. 10s.)—The conclusion arrived at by the author is that art is the outcome of man's desire to manifest and perpetuate the moods of his mind. This somewhat obvious result is arrived at after three hundred pages of investigation, mostly of the customs of savages, and the citation of some five hundred authorities. As is to be expected in writing of this sort, there are many allusions to such things as "pantomimic ideograms," "motor discharges," and "Bacchantic manifestations," and there is a discussion of the physiological theories of the origin of art.

The Architectural Annual, published under the auspices of the Architectural League of America (12s. 7d.), reaches us from Philadelphia. In a country where so much building is going on as in the United States, it is to be hoped that something great and original may be evolved. According to the criticisms in the work before us, American architects at present cling too much to a meretricious French style. Considerable space is devoted to the work of a young man, Wilson Eyre, whose originality is great and variety quite remarkable. As far as it is possible to judge from these small architectural drawings, their author should do great things.

FOUR THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Christianity as an Ideal. By Rev. P. Hately Waddell. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 3s. 6d.)—There is a want of crispness about Mr. Waddell's style which makes the effect produced by his book rather vague. He gives the impression of a man who has something to say, but never quite arrives at saying it, though he goes round and round his subject with patient reiteration. Nevertheless, we find a good deal of interesting thought in *Christianity as an Ideal*, thought which we should think would come with helpful light to some who find their way through the world dark and difficult. It is cheering to be shown that our very discontent with things as they are is a sign of capacity for their improvement,—that the ideal is within us, at least in desire, and that we may individually, as well as corporately, do something to further its attainment. When we come to Mr. Waddell's application of his views to daily life in the final chapters on "The Ideal in the Church" and "The Return of the Ideal," we must allow that it is difficult to get hold of any definite point to act as guide, or even suggestion, as to how such application is to be worked out. But in his appeal to men to *think* Mr. Waddell strikes at one of the real needs of our day, and by his lofty tone and strong sense of the high possibilities which lie within the powers of development of each one of us, he makes his appeal at once inspiring and attractive.

Outlines of Christian Dogma. By Darwell Stone, M.A. (Longmans and Co. 7s. 6d.)—Mr. Stone is certainly right when he says that "one of the great needs of the present time is accurate knowledge, on the part of those who have not opportunity for deep study, of what historical Christianity really is," and his book will be useful to any such who will take the trouble to refer to it. It contains a clear and, as nearly as possible, colourless summary of the teaching of the Church on all the chief tenets of her faith, gathered from the Bible, the writings of the early Fathers and later theologians, and the declarations of the various Councils. At the same time Mr. Stone summarises some of the principal heresies and errors which have been taught by different schools within and without the Church. He gives ample references to his authorities, so that it would be easy for any one who had time or opportunity to pursue the subject to know where he could find fuller information. But very many would probably feel that Mr. Stone gives them the essential facts, and accept gratefully from him the results of the immense labour he must have given to preparing his outlines.

Theism in the Light of Present Science and Philosophy. By James Iverach, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)—Here we have the inaugural series of lectures delivered on the Charles F. Deems Foundation, in the University of New York, by Professor Iverach, of the Free Church College, Aberdeen. The University is to be congratulated on the choice of the first Deems Lecturer. Professor Iverach is well equipped by scientific and philosophical reading for dealing with his great theme, and he has an intellectual grasp and a faculty of exposition which give not only connection, but something of cumulative force, to the several stages of his reasoning, as he passes successively from "the inorganic world a preparation for life" to "life: its genesis, growth, and meaning," and so to "rational life and its implications," "the making of man," personality, and religion. He firmly claims, as against Mr. Kidd and Mr. Arthur Balfour, that religion need not be relegated to the support of "ultra-rational" sanctions, and contends with much ingenuity that the latter author's antithesis between "authority" and "reason" is misleading, and no more in accordance with reality than an antithesis between, say, language and reason. The keynote of this powerful series of lectures is, perhaps, given in the sentence which speaks of religion as "looking back on the history of the past as a story of divine toil and striving toward the making of a world to which God could communicate Himself, and which would have the capacity of receiving Him." That is a synthesis full of inspiration, and it is maintained by Professor Iverach with remarkable force and argumentative skill.

Evolution and Theology, and other Essays. By Otto Pfeiderer, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Edited by Orello Cone. (A. and C. Black. 6s.)—It is not, perhaps, quite fully realised here that the central citadel of theological learning and teaching in the German Empire is held by a pronounced and somewhat militant Unitarianism. In the paper which gives its title to the volume before us Professor Pfeiderer pours contempt on certain theologians who, while accepting in other respects the results of scientific research, in the realm of Biblical history as well as in that of Nature, yet cling to a belief in the divinity of Christ. The nature of the Founder of our religion, as conceived by them, is put down as "the product of a subtilizing scholasticism, that is too clarified for a naïve faith and too feeble for rational thinking. How much more rational in comparison with him is the Christ of the faith of the Church, the incarnation of the divine Logos!" Relatively indulgent, however, as is Professor Pfeiderer's attitude towards that ancient faith, he considers it a "holy mission" to strip off the "mythological disguises" in the shape of Catholic dogma by which the "true essence of Christianity" is veiled. The "essence of Christianity," according to his view expressed in a paper so entitled, is "in the universal human sonship of God, the ethico-religious ideal of humanity which" Jesus Christ "typically represented for all of us by the original power of genius in his person, and thereby established its realisation and rendered it feasible for all men." On those lines Professor Pfeiderer has much that is devout and impressive to say, and it is interesting to observe that away from Christianity, as he understands it, he has practically no hope of morality. What does not seem to strike him is the fact that the divine Incarnation, in which as against him the vast majority of persons professing and calling themselves Christians believe, is unquestionably held by them to be essential to the provision of that motive force for righteous living which he deems it the great office of religion to furnish.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (John Murray. 5s. net.)—These charming letters profess to be genuine, and to have been published after the death of the writer in accordance with "a request made under circumstances which the writer herself would have regarded as all-commanding." The letters partially reveal a tragedy which the reader is warned cannot be fully indicated "while the feelings of some who are still living have to be consulted." The book falls into three parts. There are letters written by the author to her lover—and never despatched—before she knew him well enough for there to be a question of marriage between them; letters written during her engagement, many of which describe a tour in Italy; and letters written after he had broken off the engagement and refused to see her again. These last, we are told in a note, were sent to him after her death. The book forms a complete novel in spite of an incomplete plot, and it is this very completeness which makes us doubt if any of the letters ever really went through the post. There is nothing sufficiently strange in the sentiments or facts here recorded to shake the reader's faith, but a whole tragedy comprising the heights of joy and sorrow—sorrow ending in death—is seldom run through in a few months. Real life is more apt, as Browning says, to "hang patchy and scrappy." The self-analysis of a lover belongs, perhaps, to the region of poetry rather than that of prose, but this author's prose is very good. It is polished, but not too polished to be passionate, nor too passionate to overstep natural reticence. She is sure—evidently too sure—of her lover's affection. No agonies of doubt about his feeling to her, or hers to him, ever molest her. "You have become King so quietly," she writes in one of the earlier letters intended only for herself. The portraits she gives from time to time of people she meets, of her relations, or those who are to become her relations, are clever and full of insight. Writing of his mother, who dislikes her, and would willingly break off the match, she says: "I believe she could have a great charity, that no evil doing would dismay her. 'Staunch' sums her up, but I have done nothing wrong enough to bring me into her good graces." Of the new rector's sermon she writes with somewhat studied wit: "His shepherd's crook is one long note of interrogation with which he tries to hook down the heavens to the understanding of his hearers." Some of the letters have singularly graceful and pretty endings. In one the writer signs herself "Your most contented and happy-go-loving."

AN ECCLESIASTICAL A.B.C.

The Churchman's A.B.C.: a Guide to Church Doctrine and Ritual. Drawn mainly from Authorised Sources. (James Nisbet and Co. 2s. 6d.)—This is a handy little book, of distinct usefulness

within certain limits. It gives, in alphabetical order, short and lucid explanations of the principal terms used in the Roman and Anglican Communions, from the point of view of the Anglican Settlement of 1552. The position of the compilers is that which Sir William Harcourt champions. The Catholic Church was full of abuses in the sixteenth century, and reformation, being needed, came in the way of return to the simpler usages of earlier times. But no allowance is to be made for the cropping up since the sixteenth century of good reasons for new developments, modifications, and returns. The book takes no account of the widespread desire for some new catholic agreement as to the forms of worship which shall include in one Sacramental Church the Roman, the Anglican, and the Greek Communions, and make it easier for the convert from agnosticism to return to the fold. It is, of course, impossible to make a book of this sort without some definite denominational bias. But it is a pity not to have avoided such a beg-the-question definition of Ritualism as this: "A system which so exaggerates the externals of religion, that instead of being helpful to true devotion they become a substitute for it." That is a very good account of Ritualism as it appears to the Protestant critic, but it is not a fair account of what it means—and is—to a great many devout and reasonable High Churchmen.

DESIGN IN NATURE'S STORY.

Design in Nature's Story. By Walter Kidd, M.D. (Nisbet and Co. 3s. 6d.)—Dr. Kidd's view of design is what King James would have called a counterblast to the Spencer doctrine of a something unknowable and the "appropriate conditions" with which Mr. Spencer would brush aside the great argument of design. After discussing the adaptation of environment to organisms and the adaptations of animals to meet their environment, absolutely dependent as they are on that environment, and what it supplies them with, Dr. Kidd selects various species and the special provision for them, such as the oil-sac with which a duck waterproofs his feathers, the extraordinary weapon of the swordfish, and the lines on which a fish is built. In concluding his short sketch on design and the position of the scientific and teleological parties, Dr. Kidd wants to know by what right the evolutionists demand that we show a single adaptive structure for the benefit of other species. Are the terms of controversy to be confined to species? Why not a whole kingdom? says Dr. Kidd. Certainly the evolutionists have no right to lay down the terms. With a few exceptions Creation depends, he says, on the past and present life of plants, and we need not discuss aphides and oak-galls. Men like Haeckel thought a crystal growing in a solution had as much claim to be considered alive as any organism. The great secret of life meant nothing to him, "that mystery and miracle of the creation of living creatures" before which, says Lord Kelvin, "we must pause face to face." We heartily recommend this thoughtful little book, which is as moderate in tone as it is earnest in endeavour.

BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM.

Buddha and Buddhism. By A. Lillie, M.A. (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh. 3s.)—Mr. Lillie is very industrious in putting Buddha and Jesus side by side, and in his conclusion says "that from Buddha came the main elements that changed Mosaism into the leading creed of Europe." That is to say, Buddha anticipated Christ's teaching. For our part, the imperfections of Buddhism are apparent enough, and Dr. Crozier's objections to it are hardly disposed of by Mr. Lillie. Asceticism is a cardinal feature of Buddhism, and it condemns the creed. None of the answers to Dr. Crozier's arguments are satisfactory. But Buddhism has one great element of nobility, it has never been a coercive religion; this and its enormous share in the world's religions we must never forget. But Mr. Lillie is wise in saying it does little good to compare Buddhism and Christianity under their modern aspects. But why not? All religions must stand their trial, and if the thousand years of Buddhist rule and religious toleration did not do more for India than history tells us they did, Buddhism was found wanting. *Buddha and Buddhism* lacks coherence and arrangement, with its miscellaneous paragraphs and headlines and isolated comparisons. If Mr. Lillie had adopted a more orderly arrangement he could have brought many remarkable parallels into prominence. And in comparing the rather hazy definition of Buddha with the more defined ideas of a Christian he makes use of an expression which we trust he overlooked, for it is in uncommonly bad taste.

TENNYSONIANA.—*Alfred Tennyson: a Saintly Life.* By Robert F. Horton. (J. M. Dent and Co. 4s. 6d.)—We do not think that it

is judicious to attempt any change in the established connotation of the word "saint." In common use, which differs considerably from that of the New Testament, it means a person of strongly religious temperament, in whom the devotional, and, we might add, the ascetic, life is largely developed. So much we feel bound to say, but we have no fault to find with the general tone and temper of Dr. Horton's book. It is a very able criticism of the poet's life and work, and sets forth appreciatively, but without exaggeration, his great service to human faith and morals. Not the least valuable part is to be found in the particular instances in which Tennyson's utterances touched some individual heart. He relates, for example, that curious story of the American minister who, on entering his pulpit one Sunday morning, felt constrained to repeat "The Charge of the Light Brigade." His people were not a little scandalised, but after the service one of his audience came in and said that he had been in the Charge, had fallen into evil ways, but had been so moved by the poem that he would leave them. We strongly commend this volume to our readers. It is a valuable contribution to the Tennyson literature.—*Memories of the Tennysons.* By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. (MacLehose and Sons, Glasgow. 5s.)—Mr. Rawnsley devotes himself, in the main, to dealing with the personal side of the Tennyson family, Dr. Tennyson the father—in this case, the inheritance of mental power seems to have come from the paternal side—and the wonderful group of sons. The home at Somersby is described in much detail. The writer has studied the surroundings of the place with more than common care. He has taken great pains, also, in gathering such traditions as still survive from aged inhabitants who lately remembered the family. The father seems to have left a greater impression than his sons, but that is hardly to be wondered at. (Mr. Rawnsley is, we think, in error when he supposes that Alfred was baptised three days after his birth because he was not expected to live. It was the practice in the Tennyson family, and Alfred was an unusually robust infant.) Farringford and Aldworth are also described, and there is a peculiarly interesting account of Charles Tennyson Turner, with an excellent appreciation of his poetry, poetry which is not so much admired as it deserves. What a picture—a favourite, we understand, with the poet himself—is "Letty and her Globe":—

"But when we turned her sweet unlearned eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,
'Oh! yes, I see it; Letty's home is there!'
And, while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair."

English Drama. By J. Logie Robertson. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 2s. 6d.)—We may wonder that English drama at schools has been so long confined to Shakespeare, for it is a hard task for boys to grasp the meaning of many lines. That they still retain an admiration for the dramatist while learning whole pages by heart is a triumph for Shakespeare. The idea of Mr. Robertson to provide specimens of good plays from Marlowe to Sir Henry Taylor is admirable, and doubtless he will come to be regarded as the benefactor of all schoolboys. We can even foresee an improvement in a boy's English prose and in his conversation. What has the schoolboy now as a polite education between Shakespeare's comedies and the comic operettas and topical songs of the day. Once or twice a year perhaps a play of Sheridan is acted by the sixth form. This capital selection of scenes from famous plays should remove the reproach. Not only is it a text-book with excellent notes, but a neat and handy collection of English dramatic masterpieces.

We are glad to record the appearance of Vol. XIX. of *The Church Worker* (Sunday School Institute, 2s. 4d.), "A Magazine for Sunday-School Teachers, and Church-Workers Generally," and full of suggestive hints and thoughts for the readers for whom it is intended.—Teachers may find a use for *Lessons on Israel in Egypt and the Wilderness*, by the late S. G. Stock, revised by the Rev. T. Turner and T. Rutt, with Notes by J. Pollard (same publisher, 2s.) The book has been before the public for many years and is now revised.—With this we may mention *In the Beginning: Stories from Genesis for Children*, by Mrs. E. R. Conder (Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.) The difficulties are great, and Mrs. Conder at least introduces the idea which must be presented sooner or later, that the Creation narrative is not to be taken literally.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1900.

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NOTICE.—With this week's "SPECTATOR" is issued, gratis, a LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE reception of Mr. Kruger in France is an excellent omen for the future of Europe. There was every reason to expect an explosion of unreason. The French people as a body are boiling with envy at British successes and irritation at British pretensions, the Nationalist minority is anxious to stir up disturbances, the Clericals detest all Protestant Powers, and the Government, though unwilling to offend Great Britain, is also unwilling to affront any popular feeling not directed against itself. Nevertheless the reception of the ex-President has been absolutely correct, and this not only among the officials. M. Loubet has called upon Mr. Kruger, the Ministry have waited on him, the Municipality of Paris has effusively welcomed him, crowds have cheered him wherever he went, and in all speeches, addresses, and interviews warm wishes have been expressed for the success of his "mission." There has not, however, throughout been one word used to which reasonable Englishmen could take objection. England has not even been "spewed out." The unanimous vote of sympathy passed in the Chamber on Thursday was moderately worded, and the whole temper of the Deputies showed that they wished to guard themselves against any expression of anti-British feeling. This extraordinary degree of self-control may have been the result of a hint from the Government, but if an excited people can accept and act upon such hints it is a reasonable people. And it is the unreasonableness of the peoples, not of the Governments, which, as Lord Salisbury recently said, the nations have now to fear.

It may be taken as certain that the Germans, who always look up to the throne for their cue, will be equally reasonable, and the Russians, though more impulsive, are not accustomed to great popular demonstrations. Mr. Kruger has already, it is said, given up his project of visiting America, believing that it is only in the anti-British feeling of the Continent that he can find a sufficient leverage. It is only, therefore, in Holland that there is any danger of an explosion of hatred towards this country, and we must, we think, make up our minds to pardon that. The Dutch have been disappointed in a great hope which appealed both to their imaginations and their strong commercial instincts. They thought they were about to obtain room to expand in a country full of gold and diamonds, and ruled by men of their own race, and they find

themselves thrown back once more upon a country too small for their energies, and some tropical possessions in which they cannot live and which show no disposition to grow. It is natural, therefore, that they should be in an irritated mood, and an irritated Dutchman swears with considerable energy. We must expect, then, some furious speeches, and make up our minds to bear them as Frederick the Great bore caricatures. If we can keep our tempers they will not injure us much.

The stories of a possible rising in Cape Colony, provoked by Boer prisoners on parole, do not strike us as true. It is the object of the fiercer loyalists in Africa to have the Press suppressed and the whole Colony placed under martial law before the troops return, and it is the object of the more extreme friends of the Boers to describe the entire Dutch population as driven into frenzy by British severities. There have probably been some "regrettable incidents," as there are in all wars, and even the best soldiers cannot be employed in destroying houses and property without risk of some bad men getting "out of hand," and we can readily believe that stories of such incidents grossly exaggerated would greatly excite the more ignorant Afrikaners. But the distance between excitement and rebellion is considerable. Thousands of the Afrikaners are loyal, and to suppress their newspapers and frighten them with threats of Courts-Martial would be most unwise. If the Afrikaners had really entertained the idea of flinging off British rule, they would have made the attempt just after our disasters, when they could look not only for sympathy but for protection from their kinsmen in the two Republics.

It is fortunate in the present state of public feeling that the ten persons accused by Lord Roberts—doubtless on good evidence—of plotting his assassination by blowing up the church which he attends are not Boers, but Italians and Greeks, with one Frenchman. We incline to believe, with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that they will be found to belong to the great army of cosmopolitan Anarchists, which has been irritated, not by Lord Roberts's victories, but by the suppression of two Republics, and their conversion into two provinces of a Monarchy. They strike at Lord Roberts, not for anything he has done, but as the most conspicuous and accessible representative of the throne. Had Boers arranged the attempt, or rather the plot, or had they found the money for it, they would have directed it against Lord Kitchener, not Lord Roberts. The habitual lenity of the latter is acknowledged even by those he has defeated, but they have an idea that Lord Kitchener has no human sympathies. There must have been a marvellous gathering of the *detritus* of Western humanity both in Pretoria and Johannesburg. Gold and diamonds attract the adventurous,—and also the burglars.

According to telegrams received on Friday, Lord Roberts has left Johannesburg for Durban, and Lord Kitchener has now taken over the chief command of the forces in South Africa. The despatches of the week chronicle a number of minor successes and one serious disaster; the garrison at Dewetsdorp, consisting of about 400 of the Gloucestershires, Highland Light Infantry, and Irish Rifles, with 2 guns, having surrendered to De Wet after three days' siege on the 24th. The British losses are stated to have been 15 killed and 42 wounded. A column of 1,400 strong had been despatched from Edenburg to relieve Dewetsdorp, but on reaching the town on the 26th General Charles Knox found it evacuated. Starting early next morning, General Knox surprised the Boers under De Wet near Vaalbank, breaking up his commando into three columns, and capturing 300 horses, and on the following day by a forced march of twenty-six miles to Smithfield has

got to the southward of De Wet and headed off his intended raid on the Colony. In these operations valuable assistance was given by Colonel Pilcher, who distinguished himself early in the campaign by the capture of Sunnyside.

From other quarters of the theatre of war come reports of numerous skirmishes and large captures of stock. General Clements has dispersed Delarey's commando near Rietfontein; an attack on Brakpan was beaten off by a handful of railway pioneers and mounted infantry, who captured a Transvaal flag; General Bruce Hamilton has cleared the country between Wilge and Vaal Rivers; and successful actions have been fought at De Wagen Drift and Tiger Kloof. Lord Roberts also reports the "brutal murder" of Lieutenant Neumeyer, commanding the Orange River Police at Smithfield, who was "held up" by Boers whilst driving in a Cape cart to Aliwal North, handcuffed, and shot in the back. The prisoners taken by General Bruce's column give a curious account of the message sent to the Heilbron commando, when at Thabanchu early in the month, in order to keep up their spirits. According to De Wet, the Queen was in Cape Town, whither she had fled to escape the Chinese, who had captured half of England, Lord Roberts had been buried under the Town Hall at Heilbron, and the British had left Africa, as the Volunteers refused to fight any longer. Not the least important news from South Africa is the announcement that Sir Alfred Milner will take up his permanent residence at Johannesburg at the end of the month, Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson succeeding him as Governor of Cape Colony. This announcement, if officially confirmed, probably foreshadows the transference of the seat of government from Pretoria to Johannesburg.

Good news rarely comes from Africa. This week the newest incident is that the Somalis in Jubaland, the most northerly of the four provinces of the East Africa Protectorate, have risen against the British, have killed the Sub-Commissioner, Mr. A. C. W. Jenner, a son of the great physician, and require a force for their repression. The reason of the rising seems to be a fine inflicted on the tribe for some misconduct. The entire Protectorate is just five times the size of France, and has at least two millions of people in it, but as usual we refuse to maintain any adequate garrison. A force of five hundred men has been gathered together somehow, and is marching on the rebel Somalis, who are some four thousand in number, but if it should meet with a check there will be nothing for it but to indent upon Bombay for a small expedition. Most likely there will be no check, but this trick of ours of annexing vast areas of tropical country, and trying to tax their people without providing any new force to hold the new territory, will some day result in a lamentable catastrophe. Great sections of our Empire float on air. The force required is not enormous, but still there should always be a force thoroughly organised and provided with light artillery. The expense should be advanced by the Treasury, but charged to the Colony, and repaid as soon as the revenue from trade will justify a small loan.

A rift has manifested itself in the Chinese lute. The Americans have forwarded to Europe a despatch which has not been published, but is described as a protest against making demands on China which China cannot grant, the special demand being the one for the execution of the guilty Princes and Mandarins. Washington also objects to an indemnity of any magnitude. It is believed that Russia virtually, if not formally, is expressing the same view, which is also supported by Japan, and with more reserves by both Austria and France. There remain Germany and Great Britain, and we give elsewhere reasons for doubting whether either will be willing to incur the expenditure and risks which may be involved in persisting in their demands. There are rumours, indeed, that a modification of the demands, rendering their acceptance less "impossible," has already been accepted in principle, and that China will ultimately escape with the payment of a small indemnity and the making of many promises on paper. This is, as we have shown elsewhere, equivalent to victory for China. Of course, nothing will be settled yet with the Czar so ill, and the debate

in our own Parliament may have some effect; but the trend of European opinion at this moment is towards retreat.

One cause of danger to the peace of Europe seems to be disappearing. It is declared, we are happy to see, that the Czar is out of danger from typhoid, though it may be many weeks before he recovers his ordinary strength. We are the more inclined to believe this because it is now admitted that his Majesty was on November 10th and 11th in such imminent danger that the Ministers never left the Palace. It was at this time that the rumours of a Regency under the Grand Duke Vladimir began to be circulated, and excited some fears in those who know Russia that there might be a struggle for the supreme power. It is now stated that if the Czar is compelled to seek a milder climate, or is disabled from work for any length of time, a Council of Regency may be appointed with his uncle, the Grand Duke Michael, as its head. This Prince has presided for many years over the Council of the Empire, and has always been represented as a man of sound judgment and high character. All questions of the first importance, such as peace and war, would of course still be referred to the Sovereign, who while alive can hardly divest himself of his almost mystical authority.

M. D'Estournelles, a retired diplomatist, made on Monday a remarkable speech in the Chamber of Deputies. He deprecated the extension of the Colonial Empire of France. France had enough territory, and her steps forward in the Soudan, on the Niger, in Siam, and even in Madagascar, only involved her in international complications. She should remain a great European Power, develop her transmarine possessions, and cultivate the regard of their peoples so that in the event of European complications the natives might help her to defend them. Above all, France should not extend herself into Yunan, which was not a rich province, but which was protected by Chinese susceptibilities. M. François, in his recent exploring mission on behalf of a railway project, only just missed exciting a popular insurrection. M. D'Estournelles further observed that the French taxpayer would not pay for the colonies, and hinted that in the effort to make them pay for themselves the taxes had been raised to a point which was politically dangerous. The speech was received with great respect by the Chamber, and expresses, we believe, the opinions of many French statesmen. Indeed, only a few months ago the Ministry positively prohibited all Governors of colonies from sending out expeditions without previous sanction, and intimated that they did not want such expeditions suggested.

It is quite certain that there will be a fierce debate in the winter Session on the policy of burning Boer homesteads, and it is most important that such a debate should not degenerate into a party quarrel, or a mere slinging of charges between the Army and the apologists of the Boers. Mr. Charles Trevelyan, Member for the Elland district of Yorkshire, therefore suggests in a most temperate letter to the *Times* that the Government should first of all give us authentic statistics as to the number of farms burned. He evidently fears that it is very great, and asks what will be the feeling of the next generation, whose earliest recollection will be of homes in flames, or of the prisoners when they return to find their houses destroyed, though they cannot by physical possibility have been guilty of treachery towards the troops. That ten such cases have occurred seems clear from the petition of the Boer officers confined at Green Point, Cape Town. We do not suppose the Government either can or will furnish the statistics required, and would rather suggest a debate upon the question whether, the Transvaal and the Orange Colony having been annexed, law has ended in them. That in an enemy's country the will of the occupying generals is the supreme law is admitted, but is a province belonging to her Majesty, though in a state of rebellion, an enemy's country? If it is not, surely any settlers whose homesteads have been burned must have some means of obtaining a legal decision as to the justice of such burning, which will vary in each instance. Houses full of munitions, or houses whose existence favours the enemy's attacks, must, of course, be destroyed, but destruction merely as a punishment for suspected treason is, we imagine, illegal, as it is certainly unjust. We have, it must not be forgotten, to live with these people for the next few hundred years.

Lord Selborne, the newly appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, presided last Sunday night at the annual meeting of the St. Andrew's Home and Club for Working Boys, Great Peter Street, Westminster, no fewer than thirty old members of which had served with the troops in South Africa. In the course of a stirring address, Lord Selborne, after congratulating the club on their fine record—they had won the challenge trophy presented to the best all-round club—laid stress on the value of solid as opposed to sensational effort. It was not only the skill of the generals and the courage of the soldiers that had brought them within measurable distance of the end of the war. That result was also due to the fact that thousands and thousands of men whose work and whose names they never would hear of had been doing soldiers' drudgery on the lines of communication. Lord Selborne has entered upon office under good auspices, and we are glad to see that, by resigning his directorship of the P. and O. Company, he has shown his sense of the duty which Ministers owe to public opinion.

Mr. Hanbury, having been admitted to the Cabinet as Minister for Agriculture, is bound by an antiquated law to seek re-election at the hands of his constituents. He accordingly on Monday night addressed the Conservative Association in a speech on which we have elsewhere commented at length. It was an able exposure of the absurdity of the system under which a Member already freely elected is punished for having found favour in the eyes of the chief of his party. Mr. Hanbury, who says frankly that his "satisfaction" at his promotion is not "exuberant," will not be punished much; but when there is opposition, the custom inflicts on the promoted one a rather sharp fine. A case might occur, no doubt, in which a constituency objected to be represented by a Minister, but as a rule, as Mr. Hanbury pointed out, electors are delighted to have their judgment so confirmed by the Premier. He uttered a sharp protest, too, against the rather silly fancy that every Department should be presided over by an expert. There are plenty of experts in each Department, and the business of the chief is to use them for efficient administration. He might have added that it was his business also to correct their necessarily narrow views by the broader experience gained in other fields.

Mr. Wanklyn, the Unionist Member for Central Bradford, in reply to one of his constituents, has published, by authority of Mr. Chamberlain, a statement in regard to the Colonial Secretary's interest in the "Birmingham Trust." Mr. Chamberlain says that he holds a very small portion of the capital of this Company; that he does not know, and never has known, anything whatever about its investments; that he did not know the "Birmingham Trust" had any investment in "Tubes, Limited," or that "Tubes, Limited," were interested to any extent in Government business. He adds:—"I have never concerned myself with any Government contract since I have been in public life; and, although it would appear that to the infinitesimal extent named I am interested in the transactions of 'Tubes,' I was not myself aware of the fact at the time when I said that I had no direct or indirect interest in any firm supplying the Government with military stores." Mr. Wanklyn, commenting on the above, observes that Mr. Chamberlain can claim to be a poorer man now than when he entered Parliament twenty-six years ago. We think Mr. Chamberlain's reply to the charges brought against him perfectly adequate, so far as it goes, and we are glad to note that he is credited with the intention of making a further and fuller statement before the House of Commons.

The somewhat sensational accounts of an epidemic of arsenical poisoning in Manchester published last week have been in great measure justified by the spread of the malady throughout that district, numerous cases of "peripheral neuritis" having been reported from Liverpool, Chester, Heywood, and other large towns, and no fewer than sixty deaths from first to last being assigned to this cause. The epidemic is now generally believed to be due to the use of impure sulphuric acid in the chemical treatment of "invert sugar" and "glucose" employed in brewing beer. Dr. Reynolds, a Manchester doctor, to whom the credit of tracing the epidemic to beer-poisoning is due, has publicly

stated at an inquest that he had purchased some beer in Hulme in which analysis revealed the presence of "any amount of arsenic"; and the Manchester Brewers' Association have promptly appointed a committee of scientific men, including Sir Thomas Lauder Brunton and Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., M.P., to inquire into the whole matter.

The Rev. Roland Allen, a missionary who has lived for upwards of five years in Peking, and was present throughout the recent siege of the Legations, has given to the Press through Reuter's Agency a remarkable account of the heroism shown by the Chinese Christians. They built all the barricades—a task the foreigners could not have done, as every European was on duty at some point or other—and cheerfully undertook the most dangerous duties,—e.g., one native Christian went out under a heavy fire and cut down a number of trees in order to clear the line of fire of the Nordenfolt gun. In short, "it is not too much to say that their efforts saved the situation, and that, humanly speaking, had it not been for them, we should all have been swept off the face of the earth." Apart from this, Mr. Allen seems to think that there was some mysterious restraining influence behind the Chinese to which the Europeans owed their lives, and is personally inclined to think that Prince Ching gave to some of the attacking leaders orders countermanding those given by Prince Tuan. In any case, it is one of the most remarkable features of the siege that Christianity would seem to have acted as a solvent of the anti-foreign prejudice of the Chinese.

That enterprising despot, the Emperor Menelek, in many ways the African counterpart to the Ameer of Afghanistan, is fully alive to the material advantages to be derived from the adoption of European mechanical appliances. The *Daily News* of Wednesday contains an interesting account from a Zürich correspondent of the schemes entrusted to his European adviser and Foreign Secretary, Herr Ilg, the Swiss engineer, who is now on his way back to Abyssinia after a long holiday. His principal work for the next few years is the construction of the Abyssinian State Railway, and he is accompanied on his journey by a large number of Swiss artisans. Another scheme is that of the introduction of journalism into the Emperor's dominions, where a native Abyssinian newspaper is to be started early next year. Abyssinia bids fair to become the Japan of Africa, though she can never hope to enjoy the peculiar advantages of an island Empire. In Coleridge's vision the Abyssinian maid played on the dulcimer. As a matter of fact, she is already provided with grand pianos.

The detachments of the Guards and the Canadian troops, which reached Southampton on Thursday, were welcomed with great cordiality on their arrival in London in the afternoon. A section of the Guards which went to Windsor were received by the Queen, who addressed the men and expressed her thankfulness at their return. An incident which happened at Liverpool on Thursday, when a detachment of Canadian troops were welcomed on their way home, is characteristic of the temper of these gallant soldiers. Private Mulloy, whom a Mauser bullet had made totally blind, in a short speech declared that Canada had given her best gladly for the Empire, and that it was not for a soldier to complain of any vicissitude of fortune in a great cause.

Lord Wolseley retired yesterday from the post of Commander-in-Chief, having consented some time ago at the request of the Government to remain in office till the end of November. His career has been long and honourable, and if the reforming activity of his earlier years seemed to fail of late perhaps the fault lay less in himself than in circumstances. It is further announced that until Lord Roberts's return at or about the New Year, Sir Evelyn Wood, without changing either his quarters or his title, will become acting Commander-in-Chief by virtue of an Order in Council. The suggestion of some newspapers that Lord Wolseley's retirement will be followed by momentous disclosures is hardly likely to be fulfilled. Great officials do not make great revelations.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

New Consols (2 $\frac{3}{4}$) were on Friday 98 $\frac{1}{4}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

WILL CHINA DEFEAT EUROPE?

IT is assumed always in all discussions that Europe will beat China, but it seems possible as things are going that China may defeat Europe. The quarrel between them has been brought to the test of force, and the force on the civilised side is proving insufficient. The Concert, to begin with, has obviously broken to pieces. The Americans object formally and altogether to compel the Chinese Government to execute the guilty Mandarins. They are probably influenced partly by suspicion of European designs, partly by an extreme desire to avoid further exertion, and partly by the idea, so strongly maintained by Captain Mahan in his recent book upon the subject, that China must be persuaded rather than terrorised into entering the comity of civilised nations. In any case, it is their decision that a milder sentence will suffice, and that the indemnity ought to be so moderate that it can be paid in a few instalments, and ought not to be raised by loan. It is certain that the Russian Government is substantially of the same opinion. Her statesmen, owing to the illness of the Czar, have recovered their grip of the Asiatic question, and they have no desire to substitute the control of Europe for the control of St. Petersburg, or to lose the advantages they may gain by appearing to the Manchu nobles the least implacable of their foes. They will steadily rivet their hold on Manchuria, which is their road to the Pacific, but that secured they had rather the destiny of China were settled without the interference of the whole world. France hesitates, being, we fancy, greatly urged by the Vatican, which sincerely desires the protection of Catholic converts; but the alliance of France with Russia is, as Captain Mahan oddly describes it, a "subsidiary," that is, a subordinate, alliance, and in action she will accept the lead of St. Petersburg. Indeed, M. Delcassé boasts in the Chamber of the reduction of the French force in Peking to the precise number which Russia is maintaining there. Japan also throws her weight into the same scale, possibly because she has not at heart the European horror of massacre; possibly, also, because the Marquis Ito, who now again guides her policy, thinks that the time may come when the entire yellow race must stand together to resist the tyranny of the white men. There remain Germany and Great Britain, and it is more than questionable whether, if the Concert breaks up, both or either will make the immense exertion involved in coercing the Chinese Court to execute its principal supporters. It is of no use shutting our eyes to facts, and it is exceedingly doubtful if the German Emperor *can* spend the very large sums which would be involved in an effective campaign, or if Great Britain, though she can bear the expense, is willing to incur it. The Germans are tired of paying taxes, and our people, as a people, do not take China seriously. They are not in the least degree afraid of her, they regard her recent action as a natural explosion of the savagery inherent in pagan peoples, and they do not believe that if by an enormous effort they conquered China they would be permitted to reap the advantage of the conquest. They have already a great war on their hands, they are disgusted by the German slaughter of men who strike them as being evil children, and they would, if they could, end the matter somehow at once. If they saw their way to Sian, or if they felt their honour concerned in reaching Sian, they would fight till they got there; but their peculiar stubbornness has not been awakened by recent events in China. They do not like differing from America, they distrust the intentions of Germany, and they will, we are convinced, after a certain period of delay, accept the argument, now becoming popular with the Cabinets, that diplomacy must consider facts, and that even justice must occasionally give way to national expediency. They would have fought the Sultan for the Armenians, but they did not resent, or even remember, the decision that as ships cannot sail over mountains the Armenians must be deserted.

This means, of course, that China wins the game. Nothing whatever has occurred which will convince the Chinese that their mighty Empress has been defeated, or

that Europe not only will but can avenge any future massacre. They do not care, if the foreigners retreat from Peking, that Peking was temporarily occupied. They will hardly know that their troops were scattered; indeed, except as instruments, they care nothing about those troops. They feel the loss of some thousands of their countrymen no more than a shoal of herrings feels a haul, and will only believe that the foreigners, after all, found it impossible in the face of their resources to remain. The European notion of the sanctity of Peking in Chinese eyes is an illusion, as great as the notion that they will regard the indemnity as anything but a big "squeeze," to be paid if it is unavoidable, and recouped if the chance should ever present itself unaccompanied by too much danger. Even the Mandarins, though better informed, will believe that their original opinion was accurate, and that China is too large and too populous to be conquered. They will go back to their old methods in calm contempt for the West, and whenever they move again will make better preparations. As for the Treaty, if the Princes are spared, and the indemnity is nominal, the Court will sign it with alacrity. Why not? They baffle the clauses about dismantling forts by removing the capital, and the remaining clauses are but a collection of promises which they will whenever convenient smilingly evade.

We should believe that Europe, bewildered by the absence of an objective, weary of expenditure without result, and at heart ashamed of a slaughter which advances her nowhither, would acquiesce in this result, accepting the *status quo ante* without demur, but for one serious doubt. Will William II. endure such a frustration of his hopes? That Monarch has for years past intended to acquire an India in China. He has boasted that he would be to the Chinese what Attila was to the Germans. He has seized the opportunity, the perfectly fair opportunity, afforded him by the deliberate murder of his Ambassador to form a volunteer army of trained soldiers for Asiatic work, and he has convinced his people that their honour and interest are bound up in a forward policy in China. Will he consent to retire with nothing but a million or two of indemnity and a pocketful of promises from chuckling Mandarins? He may, because his people greatly dislike the notion of more taxes, because events at Livadia may alter the position of Germany in relation to Russia, and because he may think that with the army he has transported to China he may secure prizes in a different direction; but it is much more probable that he will not. Men of his character, really lofty yet inclined to self-advertisement, do not like to be baffled in their first great enterprises. He may declare that he has a right to justice, which is true; that the means adopted in concert with Europe for securing that justice have failed, which is true also; and that as justice must be secured he shall hold Shantung as a material guarantee that his demands will one day be complied with. What is to prevent him? He will not in so doing break any pledge, for he only pledged himself, if the contingency occurred, to consult England, and he will consult her, probably rejecting her advice. No Great Power will go to war with him for taking a Chinese province which immediately threatens nobody. The Chinese armies as at present organised cannot drive him out. The revenue of Shantung, which is full of minerals, will pay all expenses. His own people will believe that he has opened to them an immensely large market, which may be indefinitely extended, and he himself will exult that he has laid the foundation of a Colonial Empire without disturbing too much the equilibrium of Europe. It seems to us that this is at least a possible result of the failure to coerce the Empress-Regent, and it is one which Englishmen should consider before they abandon that at present unpromising attempt. We are as weary of the war as our countrymen can be, for we see in it as at present waged no prospect of a beneficial result; but human vision is strangely limited, our claim to justice for a murderous outrage is a righteous one, and in pursuing it we can, if we please, afford to wait. We understand the American position and the weariness of Europe; but we are not content to take a little blood-money as compensation for the murder of our missionaries and their converts and the attempted murder of our Ambassador. Our counsel, therefore, would be to wait

on, even through years, till the opportunity arrived for hunting the guilty down; but that is not the policy of the Continent, and we greatly doubt if it will be the one on which Parliament will decide.

SEVERITY AND LENITY.

WE publish elsewhere, on account of its ability, a letter on the right way to deal with the Boers with which we heartily disagree. We do not believe that the alternatives lie between great severity of repression and a policy like that of Bismarck in Bavaria, which amounted to granting Home-rule on all but military and Imperial questions. Great severity with white men whom you have to govern afterwards never succeeds. It failed in Brittany, now one of the most faithful provinces in France; it failed in Ireland, and had the Irish been Boers would when they were seven millions have cost us the country; it has failed in Poland, where after a hundred years of domination a people of twenty-five millions, without organisation and without the plant of an armed revolution, still make of themselves a subject of anxious thought to three great military Empires. The single instance in modern times of successful severity is Sherman's devastation of the Shenandoah Valley; that was followed by submission; but was the submission due to the devastation? We doubt it greatly, believing that the South yielded because its leaders, who, being slave-owners, were soldiers from their birth upwards, felt that their resources were exhausted, and accepted the fall of Richmond, as France accepted the fall of Paris, as the unmistakable signal that it was time to terminate the war. On the other hand, the policy adopted by Prince Bismarck in Bavaria, though attractive, is inapplicable to the Transvaal,—first, because the Boers are not, as the Bavarians were, of the same race as their rulers; secondly, because the Boers of the Cape Colony agree at heart with the Boers of the Transvaal, and would not, therefore, work the Bismarck policy; and thirdly, because the Boers have not learned, as all Germans have learned, that agreements in the nature of paroles ought to be invariably kept. They do not keep them, or at all events do not keep them so strictly that we can let them go free upon a promise of obedience. They must, therefore, for a time be governed, and directly governed; but we see no reason, either in justice or in the situation, why that Government should be based on principles other than those which dictate our action in other conquered lands, say the Punjab, or Burmah, or New Zealand.

First as to justice; for if we do visible injustice, we shall in the end produce a reaction in this country fatal to either energetic or consistent policy. It is just that the Boers should be ruled because they invited war. The belief, universal on the Continent, that they are patriots battling fiercely for "their country" unjustly invaded by the British, is for the most part an illusion. They conquered the country from its savage owners, and becoming very rich, and having accumulated a great store of arms, they thought the time had arrived to assert their ascendancy throughout their division of the African Continent. They despised the natives, they knew their kinsfolk in the Colony would be friendly, and they made the natural blunder committed at intervals by every other enemy of Great Britain. They fancied that the British Colossus had feet of clay. It has feet of tempered steel, but we all in our self-depreciation bespatter them so persistently with mud that till the Colossus is in motion and the dirt falls off they look as if they were only clay. It was a huge blunder, and the Boers must take the consequences, as the Sikhs took them in 1848, in the loss of an independence which had become threatening; but we see nothing in the blunder calling for cruel repression. The Boers have not behaved like the Sepoys or the Chinese,—have not massacred women, have not poisoned wells, have not, in fact, departed in any general way from the ordinary usages of war. They have not, we fear, when liberated on a promise not to fight again, kept their promise; but have German or French prisoners always kept theirs? Certainly generals do not think so, or they would after every battle release the captured, and so relieve themselves of a most serious nuisance and embarrassment. The Boers, in fact, should be treated, from the point of view of justice, as civilised

nations generally treat defeated peoples,—that is, through a severe and persistent exertion of the civil power as it is usually employed in a disaffected province. Sir Alfred Milner, supported by a strong body of armed police and as many soldiers as are deemed necessary, should be invested with absolute authority, extending, of course, to the right of proclaiming martial law, and left to tranquillise his province as best he can. If recalcitrant Boers plot against him, they must be arrested. If they take to the bush as irregular combatants, they must be shot. If they assassinate, or attempt to assassinate, or terrorise individuals, whether soldiers or civilians, they must be hanged; and if they fly, the pursuit must go on, if necessary, like the pursuit of Nana Sahib, inflexibly and unfalteringly for twenty years. But for the rest they should be governed for the time just as English women are governed; that is, invested with every legal right except the vote. Such measures will not at once secure peace any more than they did in La Vendée or Burmah, but they will secure in a short time that sullen acquiescence in an alien rule which is all that this generation has now to hope for. The great mass of mankind, Boers included, are ordinary, self-seeking, and rather stupid people. When they find by experience that if they will stay quiet, and only curse below their breath, they will be let alone, that they are free to cultivate and trade and make money in any way they like, they will pursue those interesting occupations, and regard flight to the veldt, with its accompanying exposures and dangers, as at best a counsel of perfection, to be talked about after supper, as Jacobites talked about Legitimacy, but not followed. There should be but one exception to the rule in quiet districts of the ordinary civil laws. The instruments of civilisation, railways, telegraphs, and the Queen's mails, must be specially protected, and though we would not destroy neighbouring villages, we would decree that if such villages did not arrest or denounce the men guilty of interrupting communications, all real property within the area in question should pass *ipso facto* to the Crown.

But these Boers, we shall be told, hate us so hard. Grant it, and what have their un-Christian feelings to do with the matter? When they have done hating they will leave off. Our own Highland clans used to hate each other very hard, and now support one another in battle whenever the descendant of Marjorie Bruce asks them to do it. Is it really imagined that the Celtic Bretons, who held their Revolutionary conquerors to be atheistic blood-suckers, ever loved them, or that the Southerners are devoted to the Yankees, or that the Poles reverence and admire the Prussians? They hate them hard, and would expel them if they could, not without kickings; but as they cannot they trade with them, and marry with them, and dine with them, pending the day when the tables shall be turned. If experience teaches anything, it is that there is not in average mankind the power to resist the atmospheric pressure of laws severe but just, and justly administered, unless those who obey them are suffering for the sake of a creed, or are liable to insult, or are tortured with the thought that but for the conquerors' confiscations they would be well-off folk. Expulsion, confiscation, burnings, unjust judgments, religious insults, these are the things that linger in men's minds for generations, not the deaths, which must have happened in any case, perhaps in more painful ways. The Irish Celts still remember the transfer of property that followed the battle of the Boyne, and still curse the memory of the house of Orange. It was William who sanctioned the massacre of Glencoe; but if Queen Wilhelmina stood in the Pass which witnessed that atrocious scene, is there a Highlander alive who would cast a stone at her? Capital punishment for brigandage, not devastation, is, we feel convinced, the panacea for the Transvaal, capital punishment with a right of commutation when the crime becomes unimportant.

THE RE-ELECTION OF MINISTERS.

IN his speech at Preston on Monday night Mr. Hanbury aired a grievance which he shares with most members of her Majesty's Government, and which, we think, is not without its significance for the constituents themselves. He deplored the antiquated law which compelled a newly

appointed Minister to seek re-election. He had always been opposed to shams, he said, and he would not be sorry to see this one done away with. We have always disliked any tinkering of the framework of the Constitution unless some serious purpose is to be served. Small changes, even when they reform some trivial abuse, are not desirable, and the spirit which engenders them is often a false one. But an abuse, trivial enough in all conscience, may be so unworthy of the dignity of government and vexatious in itself that we may press for a remedy without exposing ourselves to the charge of impatience and abstract idealism. The statute-book contains, or has contained, many curious provisions, but most of them which it was found impossible to regard in practice were quietly neglected for years before they were formally repealed. For example, an Act of 1372 provided that no lawyer might sit as a Member of Parliament, and though its provisions had been disregarded for centuries, the formal repeal did not come till 1871. But for some reason the law passed in the reign of Anne providing that every Member of the House of Commons who accepted office under the Crown should be compelled to vacate his seat and seek re-election, still imposes its unwelcome duties upon each new Cabinet Minister. It is not a conspicuous monument of legislative wisdom. It is the compromise arrived at after repeated attempts to sever the Executive wholly from the Legislature. A clause in the Act of Settlement, which never came into effect, would have excluded all office-holders finally from the Lower House. Subsequent Place Bills on the same lines were rejected or vetoed, and then the present compromise was accepted, which sends all the more prominent Ministers post-haste to the country to get a perfectly unnecessary vote of confidence. At the time of its inception it had a possible value as a safeguard. It kept the more notorious placemen—the gentlemen who drew large salaries for work which they did not do—out of the House, it provided some check upon the Royal authority, and it may have helped to impress upon the irresponsible Minister the fact that he was in some sense a popular choice. But nowadays these lessons have been so well learned that they are all but meaningless from their familiarity. We no longer fight against a Bedchamber influence; jobbery has gone out of fashion, and most of the richest jobs out of existence; and the daily Press does not suffer the Minister to forget the country which appointed him. The Lower House, great as its faults are, is robustly independent and aggressively critical. The former times have passed utterly away, and we are left with this one wearisome and needless relic.

The existence of the law is indeed a centre of paradoxes. The most important offices, whose holders are peculiarly in the public eye and exposed to the breath of popular criticism, must bow to it, but the minor offices, the link between the permanent officials and the Parliamentary heads of Departments, escape scot-free. As Mr. Hanbury pointed out, when he was Secretary to the Treasury he had not to journey to his constituents at Preston; and why the Board of Agriculture should be regarded with more suspicion than a Treasury Secretaryship does not appear. It is no check on salaries, and indeed the salaries of Cabinet Ministers, as compared with those of successful men in other professions, are so moderate that safeguards are superfluous. It is, in fact, founded upon a series of legal fictions, none of which can be construed into a serious meaning. One is that the House of Commons is suspicious of Ministers and chary of allowing them to enter its gates, when the perennial cry is that every Minister if possible should sit in the Lower House to answer for the misdeeds of his Department. Another is that the constituencies do not like to be represented by Ministers, which is a doctrine no constituency in the British Islands would subscribe to, though it may have a grudge against a particular specimen. Another is that a man's tenets change in some vital way, when from being a mere supporter of a Government he becomes a member, and that, therefore, a second act of approval is necessary on the part of his constituents. Office may indeed work a change in views, but not assuredly the mere acceptance of office without its experience. The custom is simply an idle formality when there is no opposition, and an expensive nuisance when the seat is contested; and the sweeping away of the

anachronism would be a useful act of administrative reform.

The arguments against the continuance of the custom are numerous, and it would be ridiculous to parade them against so trifling a business; but a few will suffice to show its discomfort. It may operate, as Mr. Hanbury pointed out, to limit the choice of the Prime Minister. When a Government is returned with a narrow majority and every vote is of value, the Prime Minister might seriously hesitate to give office to a man whose seat was unsafe, assuming that a substitute of nearly equal ability could be procured. For though another seat might be found for the rejected Minister, there would always be a seat lost to his party. Since it is our duty, as Lord Rosebery has told us, to procure talent from every possible source, it seems illogical thus to embarrass the choice. Let it be granted that a sense of chivalry frequently keeps an Opposition from contesting a seat which may have been gallantly won a few months before; yet this does not always happen, and in constituencies where party feeling runs high it will rarely happen. Since the election the other party may have learned a lesson and profited by a recognition of mistaken tactics, while at the same time there comes to the winning side the inevitable inertia after a hardly-won success. The consequence may easily be that the by-election is not fought upon the questions at issue in the General Election, but upon purely local and accidental matters,—the *kudos* of the Minister-elect, on the one side; the slackness of his supporters, the improved position of the Opposition, and the slight popular reaction, on the other. Such cases must constantly occur; the Opposition may occasionally win; and who shall say that the accidental victory represents the real verdict of the constituency upon the general political question? In 1892 Mr. Morley, after his appointment to the Irish Secretaryship, had to fight a difficult by-election at Newcastle. Such contests can be productive of little good. Suppose that the Minister-elect is defeated. He finds, of course, another seat, but he enters upon office with a feeling of failure. He realises that he has lost a seat to his party, he has lost the verve and freshness which his earlier victory gave him, and he cannot resist the feeling that he has already forfeited to some extent the confidence of the country. Or let us suppose that he is successful. Here, also, there are disadvantages. In the contest he has been compelled to give his opinions on certain questions connected with his future office, give them with the air and authority, and at the same time without the equipment, of the specialist. He has already in his first stage given certain crude pledges on the subject which will engross his attention for the next few years; and when he feels compelled to depart from such a rough-and-ready policy, these rash pledges will be brought up in judgment against him. The inevitable result of success or failure will be to handicap the Minister at the outset. If, on the other hand, he is unopposed, the whole affair becomes a mere fiasco, and the wasted time will be scarcely atoned for by the reiterated expression of his constituents' confidence.

The truth of the matter is that in the democracy in which we live this system of re-election is inconsistent with the first principles of politics. It may have served a useful purpose in its time by guarding against prerogative and corruption, but nowadays it is inconvenient and absurd. When a Minister is appointed, the people have already signed and countersigned his credentials. If he is a Member of the Lower House they have elected him, and so given him his representative authority. But they have also indirectly put the Prime Minister in power by returning a majority of one party, and so appointed the man who gives their representative office. What further ratification is necessary? Let us by all means have safeguards against caprice and frequent appeals to the popular tribunal, but let such appeals be sane and intelligible, and not a remnant of an obsolete political tradition.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

BESIDES several other claims on the attention of the intelligent student, the British Empire deserves consideration as a vast democratic laboratory. In the different countries, small and great, which go to make it

up there are in progress experiments in the practice of self-government of the most diverse character. Here in the United Kingdom, for example, we have in existence three, or even four, quite distinct educational systems, in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and also the greatest variety of interpretation by local authorities of their responsibilities in the sphere of what is called "municipal trading." In the Australasian Colonies experiments of kinds for which public opinion at home is still unripe are on foot, being tried in relation both to education and to compulsory arbitration in labour disputes. But quite as remarkable as any development in self-government within or without the Queen's dominions, and indeed, so far as our recollection serves us, destitute of any approximate historical precedent, is what is shortly, but very inadequately, styled the "Railway Contract" in Newfoundland, as it was carried through by the late Legislature of the Colony, and as it may be affected by the General Election held there early in the past month. On this topic an able correspondent, signing himself "Colonial Born," sends us a very interesting communication. We are unable to publish it, partly on account of its length and partly by reason of an expression or two which, in view of the recent painful experience of a daily contemporary, strike us as capable of penal interpretation by a jury temporarily wielding, and enjoying, the functions of Press Censor. We readily, however, endeavour to meet our correspondent's wish that the Newfoundland situation should be brought fairly before the public at home, and to that end shall avail ourselves of his letter as well as of other sources of information.

In November, 1897, a General Election in Newfoundland resulted in the return of a large majority of so-called Tory Members to the popular branch of the Legislature. Party names have very little meaning in "our oldest Colony," and we are unable to say what, if any, positive programme was put forward by Sir James Winter and Mr. Morine, the principal leaders of the then successful party. But there was one expectation which undoubtedly they did not raise, and that was that, if placed in power by the electors, they would enter into any fresh or extended arrangements with Mr. R. G. Reid, a Canadian capitalist, with whom the previous Government in 1893 had made a contract, under which he undertook to "operate" a large portion of the railways of the Colony up to the year 1903, in return for very extensive permanent grants of lands along the lines of those railways. It is freely alleged by members of the Liberal party that denunciation of these land concessions played an important part in the campaign by which their opponents secured power in 1897; and though this allegation is disputed by the Tory leaders, the latter have never pretended that any further development of the policy in question was foreshadowed by them. Nor was anything of the kind indicated in the Speech from the Throne with which the first Session of the new Legislature was opened. That Session, however, was only a very few weeks old when the Premier, Sir James Winter, introduced Resolutions on which to base a Bill enacting a new contract with Mr. Reid, of the most comprehensive and far-reaching description. It amounted, in effect, to the transfer to Mr. Reid of the whole of the railways of the Colony in perpetuity; of the telegraph system so far as owned by the Government, and the local sea communications, for long terms of years, with solid subsidies; the dry-dock at St. John's; and the pick, as freehold, of all the Crown lands, together with the minerals under them, to which he had not become already entitled under the contract of 1893. In return, Mr. Reid was to pay—besides royalties on any minerals he might raise—a net sum of rather under 900,000 dols. Having regard to the fact that in the year (1897) before this "deal" a small part of the railway alone, that from St. John's to Harbor Grace, had been bought by the previous Government for nearly 1,500,000 dols., it is not difficult to understand that the Governor of Newfoundland in 1898, Sir Herbert Murray, who had only been made acquainted with the intentions of his Ministers on the day before that on which the Premier introduced the Resolutions already mentioned, protested that the price proposed to be taken for the railway was far too low. Indeed, on that and other grounds the Governor was strongly opposed to the contract, and would probably have been glad if Mr. Chamberlain could have seen his way to authorise him to

reserve the Act giving force to the "deal" for her Majesty's pleasure. Mr. Chamberlain, however, took a perfectly clear line from the outset. On its merits he was entirely unfavourable to the Reid contract, of which he wrote that "such an abdication by a Government of some of its most important functions is without parallel." But he held that the transaction, extraordinary as it was, fell entirely within the powers of local self-government enjoyed by Newfoundland, and that any Imperial action in arrest or nullification of it would be an unjustifiable breach of the Charter of the Colony. Holding this view, he steadily refused to yield to the pressure brought to bear upon him in the shape of a bombardment of petitions from all parts of the Colony, which lasted for several months after the contract and the Bill authorising it had been signed by the Governor, entreating that the latter might be disallowed. The strongest point in support of this entreaty was the hurry with which the Bill was pushed through the Legislature, and which, as it was plausibly alleged, prevented the scattered electorate of Newfoundland from being aware of the startling manner in which the principal assets of the Colony were proposed to be dealt with by party leaders who had given no warning of their intentions. The Governor felt so keenly on this head that he urged that, even at the risk of creating a precedent, the electorate should have an opportunity of pronouncing for or against the contract before the Bill was finally sanctioned. Mr. Chamberlain, however, was unshakable in the opinion that "in accepting the privilege of self-government, the Colony had accepted the full responsibilities inseparable from that privilege, and that if the machinery it had provided for the work of legislation and administration had proved defective, or the persons to whom it had entrusted its destinies had failed to discharge their trust, they could not look to her Majesty's Government to supplement or remedy those defects, or to judge between them and their duly chosen representatives."

We are by no means prepared to say that Mr. Chamberlain ought to have taken a less rigid view of his constitutional duty, but the case was certainly an extreme one. Considerably more than half the total number of Newfoundlanders who voted at the General Election of 1897 are said to have signed petitions for the disallowance of the Reid Contract Bill. And feeling in the Colony in regard to the manner in which that measure was rushed through the Legislature was probably exacerbated by the discovery that Mr. Morine, the Minister of Finance, who was more prominent than even the Premier, Sir J. Winter, in pushing it forward, was at the same time Mr. Reid's retained legal adviser. It is true that when challenged on the subject by the Governor in October, 1898, Mr. Morine maintained that he only advised the great contractor on private matters in which his interests and those of the Colony could not clash, that in that capacity his position had long been known in the Courts, and that other present or former members of the Executive Council had, while occupying that office, been permitted to act as solicitors and counsel to the same contractor when contracts between him and the Government were pending. If so, it is a pity, for unquestionably the two positions are incompatible, and Sir H. Murray was clearly right in insisting that Mr. Morine should resign his office in the Government while retaining his professional connection with Mr. Reid. Some months later, in April, 1899, a new Governor having succeeded, Mr. Morine re-entered office, on undertaking not to act as Mr. Reid's adviser, but about a year ago he again resigned. Since then he has been active in forwarding the contractor's desire to form, and transfer his rights to, a limited liability company controlled by his sons, and authorised to raise five million dollars' worth of debentures for the better working of his concessions. In the meantime, a split in the Tory party had led to the accession to office of a Liberal Cabinet with Mr. Bond as its head, which strongly opposed any modification in Mr. Reid's favour of the letter of the obligations which he had accepted, unless he would assent to important alterations in favour of the Colony,—such, for example, as the conversion of his fee-simple of the railways into a tenancy for a term of years, and the relinquishment of his hold upon the telegraphs. These terms were resisted by the contractor, and, with the issue still unsettled, the elec-

torate was consulted. The result has been an almost complete sweeping of the board by Mr. Bond and the Liberals, and Mr. Bond is now not only in office, but in power, with apparently something like a free hand for the treatment of the Reid monopolies. In giving this very decisive vote, the electors of Newfoundland, as it seems to us, have acted in a way which redounds distinctly to their credit. A poor people, they were urged by Mr. Morine, on Mr. Reid's behalf, to relax the contract in his favour, in order to enable him to give large employment. But they resisted the efforts which appeared to them to be made to fill the popular House of the Legislature with personal henchmen of Mr. Reid's, and preferred the independence of their Parliament to the bait of larger work and wages for themselves. They have acted rightly, but the Ministry which they have installed in almost unchecked authority has a difficult task before it. To drive Mr. Reid, who appears to have carried out his contract honourably, into throwing it up, would probably be a dangerous course. For it seems very doubtful—such, at least, was the most remarkable contention in the Winter-Morine Ministry's vindication of their "deal"—whether the Colony is able to conduct a large railway system with economy, purity, and efficiency as a Department of Government. Capital, also, is clearly needed for the development of the great resources of the Colony, and any harsh treatment of Mr. Reid might frighten other capital away. In a word, the mischief done by the contracts of 1893 and 1898 cannot be undone in a hurry, or by violent action. Compromise of some kind there will have to be, but, happily, the popular temper evinced at the recent elections secures that the present Government is in a position to deal with Mr. Reid in a spirit of firmness and dignity.

NEWSPAPERS AND LIBEL ACTIONS.

THE case of "*Farquhar v. Lloyd*" has naturally excited much alarm in newspaper offices. The editor of the *Daily Chronicle* probably thought that the comment of his too humorous contributor on the result of the proceedings in which Messrs. Farquhar had vainly sought to recover the price of certain tinned provisions supplied by them was fully justified by the report. But Messrs. Farquhar thought otherwise, and a jury have taken their view rather than that of the editor, and have added an unpleasantly sharp point to their preference by giving very heavy damages. It is not quite clear in what part of this unexpectedly expensive paragraph the sting lay, but presumably it was in the implication that the use of any portion of Messrs. Farquhar's stock must be injurious to health. To say this was to go beyond anything that the report of the case justified. It was shown that certain tins were unfit for use, but this was all. Indeed, it was part of Messrs. Farquhar's case that a very small proportion—one-third per cent. is what they themselves put it at—is returned as unsound. But the writer in the *Daily Chronicle* was above such nice distinctions. In his opinion tinned provisions must be wholesome all in all, or not at all. If one-third per cent. is bad, the whole must be bad; and happy in this conviction, he gave the rein to his fancy and landed the proprietors of the *Daily Chronicle* in, as the result proved, a very costly action.

Undoubtedly it seems hard that a very slight piece of carelessness on the part of an editor—the omission to satisfy himself that a comment upon a trial assumed nothing that was not unmistakably borne out by the report of it—should make his proprietors the poorer by many hundred pounds. What is a newspaper to do if it may not say "Serve him right" when some one loses his case? Criticism is one of the two essential functions of newspapers. To comment upon the news they print comes as natural to them as to print it. In the light of "*Farquhar v. Lloyd*," this instinct will have to be kept in order. Editors will have to do their work in heavier fetters than heretofore, and will be unable to plead the absence of negligence or malice as any bar to an action for libel. This, at least, is the moral which the *Times* draws from the proceedings in "*Farquhar v. Lloyd*," and so stated it is sufficiently disturbing. We question whether the *Times* has given sufficient weight to the extension which the fact that a percentage of provisions supplied by Messrs. Farquhar were bad underwent at the hands of the writer

in the *Daily Chronicle*. It prefers to raise the larger issue:—Ought the defendants in a libel action to be held any more responsible for such harm as they have done than the driver of a cart which runs into another vehicle? What the several responsibilities at present amount to was stated the next day by Sir Herbert Stephen. "People who drive carts in the street are bound to take reasonable care how they do it, but if they do take reasonable care they are not bound to insure other people against accidents. Newspapers, on the other hand, are mulcted in costs and damages if they injure others by falling short of a degree of caution and prevision which it is absolutely impossible they should exercise." Is it right that this distinction should exist, and that newspapers should be treated as though they were in a sense *hostes humani generis*?

Sir Herbert Stephen draws a very ingenious distinction between the two cases. The owner of a cart, he argues, "not merely did not intend to hurt" the person driven over, "he did not intend to enter into any relation with him whatever." He would, had he been given the choice, have preferred that the victim had never crossed the road at that particular point and that particular moment. The newspaper, on the other hand, does intend to deal with the person libelled. It does not, indeed, intend to libel him, but it intends to make use of him. That use may be the rendering of a service to the public, or it may only be the provision of a paragraph at a time when incidents are few and "copy" hard to come by. But whatever the contemplated use may be, the newspaper deliberately puts the person libelled to that use, and on this ground Sir Herbert Stephen argues that the principle of the verdict in "*Farquhar v. Lloyd*" is sound. It rests, in fact, on a basis closely resembling that of the Workman's Compensation Act. Why is an employer saddled with a liability in regard to his workmen from which he is free as regards the general public? Because he employs his workmen for his own profit. And so in another sense a newspaper uses for its own profit the persons on whose acts it comments. The *Daily Chronicle* was not obliged to comment on the quality of Messrs. Farquhar's goods. It did so of its own free will,—not intending, we may be sure, to exceed the permitted limits of fair comment, but still exceeding them, as the jury thought, in fact. There was no malice, and as the editor no doubt thought, there had been reasonable caution. Probably, when he read the paragraph in proof, he looked up the report of the proceedings in the County Court and satisfied himself that the comment was in what looked like substantial agreement with the decision of the Judge. That is to say, he used as much care as would have held the owner of a cart harmless, but is not sufficient, the law being what it is, to hold the owner of a newspaper harmless.

Hard cases, we know, make bad law, and severe as the verdict in "*Farquhar v. Lloyd*" unquestionably is—unduly severe, probably, so far as the damages go—it seems to us to be precisely one of these hard cases. We greatly doubt whether it would be for the public benefit that the law should be altered. It occasionally has highly inconvenient consequences to newspaper proprietors, but it does guard them against a temptation to which in the absence of a very strict libel law newspapers would inevitably be exposed. In England we know so little of attacks upon private character that we are tempted to forget what a rich field they would afford to journalistic enterprise of a certain kind. If there is one change more obvious than another in the public taste as regards newspapers, it is the growing desire to read gossip. The journals that boast of getting the largest number of readers take care to give those readers a daily column "about people." What Lady So-and-So wore, and at what point in Bond Street Mr. This was seen in animated conversation with Mr. That, and how long it was before they were joined by Mr. Somebody-else, are facts of which it is supposed that every one must feel eager to be informed. As it is impossible that any one with sufficient intelligence to be a newspaper editor can want this sort of matter for his own pleasure or edification, it must be provided for the gratification of his readers. But if they are pleased with details of this innocent, if idiotic, kind, how much keener would be the gratification given by an interesting scandal? There would be no difficulty in supplying any number of such

things. A fair amount of them are always in circulation, and if at any moment the supply ran short, what could be easier than to make up the tale by a little judicious invention? With the present rivalry among newspapers, if one of them began on these lines, some of the others would be sure to follow, until in the end the object of a large number of journals would be to outdo all others in the raciness and variety of the personal intelligence supplied to their readers.

On the whole, therefore, we prefer the law as it is, notwithstanding the hardship which it occasionally inflicts upon newspapers. Almost any one of them—to quote Sir Herbert Stephen again—"can render almost any man's life intolerable," and can do this with the best possible results to its circulation and income. As things are, private life is regarded as practically outside hostile criticism. Public men, in their public capacities, may be the theme of innumerable homilies, but private persons go free. The value of such a state of things is inestimable; and if, in any appreciable degree, it can be traced to our present Libel Law, it is well that this law should be maintained. We see the consequences of a different system in the United States, and we are not in love with the spectacle.

"GOING FANTEE."

THE civilising of the dark races, of which work so much now falls to the lot of Englishmen, would be an easier as well as more satisfactory task if it were certain that they would always stay civilised; but that is not a certainty at all. We do not know, that is, whether the moment independence were attained, and the severe pressure of white dominion withdrawn, there would not be a rapid reversion to lower ideals, or even to utter savagery. The late Duke of Argyll always maintained in his thoughtful speculations on the subject that the tendency in some races towards retrogression was as strong as the tendency towards progress, and was inclined to believe, though he could not scientifically prove, that certain tribes of savages were men who had survived as the *detritus* or ruined fragments of higher civilisations. The evidence as to the permanent results of white control is still most imperfect, because the white and dark races have been in close contact for such very limited periods, but the little there is tends to raise doubts as to the truth of the optimistic view. The withdrawal of white ascendancy in Spanish America has not been a complete success, the natives as a body, and with remarkable individual exceptions, having betrayed a distinct tendency to sink back to their ancient level, though the revolting cruelties of Aztec Mexico have not been revived. The keenest observers in India doubt whether, if we withdrew, there would in fifty years be any trace left of our century of dominion either in the thoughts of the people or their ways of life. The missionaries say that "the time for independent native pastors has hardly yet arrived." The conviction of the people themselves resembles that of the keen observers, they regarding our reign as a passing cloud permitted for a moment to obscure the clear sky of Hindooism. We rather distrust comments upon negro mental status, because the imitative habit of the negroes—which may, like the imitative ways of our own lower classes, be a method of stretching towards the light—and their abnormal vanity excite in the white man an irritation and scorn which disturb the equanimity of his judgment. Still, the accounts of the emancipated slaves in the Southern States—allowing, we repeat, for remarkable exceptions—point to retrogression at least as clearly as to advance, especially in the general ideal of morality. About Hayti, the only negro State which was once ruled by white men, the observations of travellers are uniformly unfavourable, and this at considerable intervals of years. We confess we remain unconvinced by the stories of cannibalism, except possibly as prevailing for a moment after great droughts or other disasters affecting food; but the Haytian certainly tolerates Voodooism, a foul variety of serpent worship brought no doubt from Africa, and exhibits to a full degree his ancient callous cruelty. The worst Roman Emperor would hardly have been capable of the conduct related by Mr. Prichard in "Where Black Rules White: Hayti" (A. Constable and Co., 12s.) of the able tyrant, the "Emperor" Christophe:—

"There seems to have been nothing to appeal to in this man's nature. Bravery, humility, all alike failed to touch him. He had no bowels of mercy. He was one day on the battlements with a youth, who, perhaps presuming on past favours, in some manner displeased him. The drop from those sheer walls is 2,000 ft. to the plain below. 'You are, of course, about to die,' said Christophe, 'but I will be kind to you. You shall have a choice of deaths. Either you throw yourself over here or the soldiers shall shoot you.' The young man chose to fling himself into space. But by a miracle he fell amongst some trees or bushes on the cliff-side, and so escaped with a broken arm. He gathered himself up somehow, and presented himself again before the Emperor. 'Your bidding has been done, sire,' he said. 'Yes, it has,' remarked Christophe, 'and I am very much interested to find that you survive. Oblige me by trying if you can do it again!'"

There is, too, the curious evidence, known, we believe to every experienced white man in Africa, and, if we recollect aright, in Australia also, of the tendency of individuals who have been thoroughly trained in civilisation to "go Fantee," that is, to revert to the savagery of one of the most savage tribes. Mr. Grant Allen was supposed in London to have exaggerated the truth to absurdity in his story of the Rev. John Crowdy, but Lady Broome in this month's *Cornhill* relates a story of a Zulu girl which is nearly as suggestive. The authentication in this case is perfect, for the girl lived in Lady Broome's own house, and her mistress would, it is obvious, have willingly recorded a very different story:—

"I think, however, quite the most curious instance of the thinness of surface civilisation among these people came to me in the case of a young Zulu girl who had been early left an orphan and had been carefully trained in a clergyman's family. She was about sixteen years old when she came as my nursemaid, and was very plump and comely, with a beaming countenance, and the sweetest voice and prettiest manners possible. She had a great love of music, and performed harmoniously enough on an accordion as well as on several queer little pipes and reeds. She could speak, read, and write Dutch perfectly, as well as Zulu, and was nearly as proficient in English. She carried a little Bible always in her pocket, and often tried my gravity by dropping on one knee by my side whenever she caught me sitting down and alone, and beginning to read aloud from it. It was quite a new possession, and she had not got beyond the opening chapters of Genesis, and delighted in the story of 'Adam and Eve,' as she called our first parents. She proved an excellent nurse and thoroughly trustworthy; the children were devoted to her, especially the baby, who learned to speak Zulu before English, and to throw a reed assegai as soon as he could stand firmly on his little fat legs. I brought her to England after she had been about a year with me, and she adapted herself marvellously and unhesitatingly to the conditions of a civilisation far beyond what she had ever dreamed of. . . . A friend of mine chanced to be returning to Natal, and proposed that I should spare my Zulu nurse to her. Her husband's magistracy being close to where Maria's tribe dwelt, it seemed a good opportunity for 'Malia' to return to her own country; so of course I let her go, begging my friend to tell me how the girl got on. The parting from the little boys was a heart-breaking scene, nor was Malia at all comforted by the fine clothes all my friends insisted on giving her. Not even a huge Gainsborough hat garnished with giant poppies could console her for leaving her 'little chieftain;' but it was at all events something to send her off so comfortably provided for, and with two large boxes of good clothes. In the course of a few months I received a letter from my friend, who was then settled in her up-country home, but her story of Maria's doings seemed well-nigh incredible, though perfectly true. All had gone well on the voyage and so long as they remained at Durban and Maritzburg; but as soon as the distant settlement was reached, Maria's kinsmen came around her and began to claim some share in her prosperity. Free fights were of constant occurrence, and in one of them Maria, using the skull of an ox as a weapon, broke her sister's leg. Soon after that she returned to the savage life she had not known since her infancy, and took to it with delight. I don't know what became of her clothes, but she had presented herself before my friend clad in an old sack and with necklaces of wild animals' teeth, and proudly announced she had just been married 'with cows'—thus showing how completely her Christianity had fallen away from her, and she had practically returned, on the first opportunity, to the depth of that savagery from which she had been taken before she could even remember it. I soon lost all trace of her, but Malia's story has always remained in my mind as an amazing instance of the strength of race-instinct."

The causes of such reversions, which indicate, we repeat, a general tendency to reversion when once the white authority is withdrawn, are, we conceive, twofold. One is that we underrate the immense burden in the way of self-control, habits, and obediences which Western civilisation lays upon its subjects, a burden which includes, first, a strict moral law which it has taken centuries to drive into our own people—they have hardly imbibed it fully yet, as we see whenever for any reason restraint is withdrawn—secondly, a political law curiously unsuited to any but white temperaments; and, thirdly, a ceremonial law involving dress, food, education, worship, methods of courtship, subjects of conversation, in fact, the whole details of life from the greatest to the most minute. The moment that burden is felt, the man who has not been trained for generations to endure it, or is not whipped into endurance by opinion, begins to desire to throw it off, and to be independent of it; reverts, in fact, to savagery, as being, if there is no white control, less burdensome and more agreeable. It was Midhat Pasha, we remember, one of the ablest Turks who ever lived, who pronounced European social etiquettes to be absolutely unendurable and fatal to any true enjoyment of social life. The other cause is not so certain, but it appears to us to exist. We white men can only use our own Christian civilisation as our instrument for raising the inferior races, and it is at least possible that other civilisations equally Christian might exist which might suit them much better, but which they are not allowed to develop freely. The object of our training of the dark peoples is always to produce a type; that type is, from the conditions, necessarily ours; and it is at least possible that there are, and ought to be, many types all equally acceptable to the higher powers. There is no better type among civilised men than that of the English minister of any Church, but no dark man in the world, if left to himself for a generation, will, even if he retains the faith in its purity, be exactly like that.

And, lastly, we are all in an absurd hurry. We forget that the dark men of the second generation are not converts at all either to Christianity or civilisation, but persons with strong inherited tendencies born under a system both of thought and manners which is at variance with those tendencies. They are no more dominated by their creed than our own masses, and no more worshippers of our civilisation than the white "beach-combers" of the Pacific. It takes generations to make of the descendants of converts real Christians—that is, Christians whose ideal never changes whatever their conduct may be—and to make them feel the burden of civilisation a source of strength. Why should an "instructed" Zulu be so much better than an instructed Anglo-Saxon, or Wend, or Hun, who remained often for centuries a fierce barbarian with a veneer of Christianity and civilisation? The veneer thickened gradually, but the underlying nature often burst out, and so it will be with the Zulu and the negro. We must be patient for generations, never withdraw our influence while we can retain it, and retain confidence that, though this is not the path of progress we should have followed, it is the one which throughout history Providence has adopted. You can no more make a civilised people in a year than you can make a tree.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND SPIRITUAL HEROISM.

THE publication of a little book on St. Francis by the Rev. James Adderley (London: Edward Arnold, 3s. 6d.), with some wise words from M. Sabatier (whose biography of St. Francis is one of the most fascinating books of our time), suggests to us an aspect of the wonderful life of St. Francis which is too often obscured and neglected. Because St. Francis was a monk and the founder of one of the greatest Orders in the Roman Catholic Church we are too much accustomed to take an ecclesiastical view of him. Now an ecclesiastic, in the proper sense of the word, St. Francis never was. The whole monkish institution in Western Europe was originally secular; its objects were largely secular, its fundamental aim being to found a new social order when the old Roman society had fallen in pieces. It was only after a long interval had elapsed that the Papacy incorporated the monastic system into the Church, and in the meanwhile the monks had found the ecclesiastics among their most bitter foes. What monkery has ultimately become we know: but in its incipient stage it

was one of the noblest and most heroic movements that ever took possession of the human soul.

Now St. Francis, who, it will be remembered, was of wealthy origin and had been exercised in a splendid, brilliant social life of gaiety and luxury, was in essence a man of heroic type. We are too apt to contract our conception of the heroic nature to a small space. Time out of mind it has been associated with the military type, with the founders of great dynasties, with imposing political figures. Ask almost any person about his heroes, and he will spontaneously call up Charlemagne, or Cæsar, or, if he is versed in ancient history, Miltiades or Ajax; if he is interested in things of the mind, perhaps Luther or some other representative of the public strenuous life. But a monk, an ascetic who had retired from the world, who meditated in silence in the forest, kept company with the birds, had no money, no visible emblems of power, no food save what his fellows provided, can such a type be counted heroic? To flee the world, is it not to abandon its tasks, to ignore its problems, to refuse to share its burdens? And is that conduct heroic?

In a nobly inspired passage St. John declares that the victory over that merely secular order of custom and routine called in the New Testament "the world" is "our faith,"—the faith of a few, and mostly poor, men and women scattered over the Roman Empire, with no learning, no influence, no wealth, no arms, with nothing whatever that imposes on the "average sensual man." It was this same all-powerful faith which made a hero of Francis of Assisi. To go out into the world from a life of luxury, deliberately to strip yourself of every earthly possession save the coarse brown garb you wear, to rely on God's goodness for your daily bread, to take a share in the world's menial work after a career of delicate ease, to keep weighty vows in the midst of temptation, to suppress all inordinate longings, and yet to do all this, not as though it were a heavy burden to be borne by reason of sin, but to do it with a high grace, a beautiful cheerfulness as of the sun coming forth from his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run his course—if this is not the character of a hero, then assuredly there has been no heroism on this planet. Now this was the true character of Francis of Assisi. So close was he to the very heart of Christ, so overpowered by the mystery of His death, that the story goes that, in the neighbourhood of Arezzo, he received the *stigmata* of the Passion in a moment of spiritual ecstasy. He might, of all men since the early Christian age, have exclaimed with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ."

Now we all profess to look with veneration on this type of man. We praise him, we read books about him, we visit his earthly haunts, we do everything save imitate his heroism, and this because we do not clearly recognise it. We think too much of the monk and those strange and miraculous stories contained in the "Little Flowers of St. Francis." We think too much of the ascetic, and wonder, perchance, whether we could stand such privations. We do not realise that to St. Francis there were no privations, that there was never any question of privations. He "embraced Poverty as a bride," he not only never felt that he had lost anything, he was so full of life, of the life that lives after the body has decayed, that a world of material possessions seemed to him ridiculous and impertinent. The objects for which men strive really appeared to St. Francis as absurd. He did not need them; his spiritual personality, filled with the love of Christ and dominated by the thought of God, was so great, so infinite, that the kingdoms of this world and all their glory were to him as much glittering delusions as the bits of coloured glass which amuse a child in an idle hour. The burden which the outer world saw laid on him was no burden at all, the life of poverty had not a single care for him or for his comrades. The "Little Flowers of St. Francis" is steeped in sunny happiness. We gaze in the noble church of Santa Croce at those lovely frescoes in which Italy's purest artist has depicted scenes from the life of St. Francis, and the same blessed happiness pervades them all. Even at the funeral (to our thinking, the most perfect of all) there is, of course, sadness, but serenity is the pervading note as the beautiful sainted figure is about to be laid in the tomb. That group of friends round the dead form is never lost to the memory in after years.

We find, then, in St. Francis the great type of simple spiritual heroism of a nature so united, so completely at

peace with itself that, along with the Christian tenderness and that ineffable quality which the New Testament calls "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," goes something that we might almost name Greek, the sense of "temperance" which was the most characteristic of all Greek virtues. If we could conceive of one of Plutarch's men armed, not with any carnal weapon, but with the sword of the spirit, overflowing with the love which was manifested in the fields of Galilee, and entranced by that vision of divine things which the Greek mind at its best saw but as through a glass darkly,—we should perhaps gain some conception of the true personality of St. Francis. We must, while remembering all the wonderful work of the Franciscans in their best days, think of their founder, not primarily as a monk, but as a man, a veritable mediæval embodiment of the purest love, but strong with a human strength, no weakling, no mourner, fresh and lithe as a young sapling, rejoicing in his freedom from entanglements of those worldly lusts which war against the soul. Say what we will, the world, sunk in materialism and at the best conscious of but a low average of aspiration, will never rise to any further height of attainment till the spirit of St. Francis is once more incarnate amongst us. It is not by mere machinery that our cities are to be purged, our waste places made glad, and our social life redeemed. One spiritual hero is worth all the social machinery ever created or all the committees of worthy busybodies ever devised. The world needs above all else the man who will conceive of Christianity as a heroic adventure, who will be untrammelled, free, and yet joyous as a young Apollo. That was St. Francis, and so he was the true agent of redemption of a mediæval world, stained with wrong and doomed to corruption.

THE WORLD'S FIRST BUTTERFLIES.

IT is difficult to picture the silence and stillness of a world in which there were no birds, no hum of bees, no flight of butterflies, and no signs of the innumerable other insects which exceed the other population of the earth by unnumbered myriads of millions. Rocks and slate are not ideal butterfly cases; and if the fragile limbs of the beetle and grasshopper of the successive prehistoric worlds had perished beyond the power of identification no one could have felt surprise. But such has been the industry of modern naturalists—to give the widest name to those who have devoted their time to the search for, and description of, fossil insects—that the remains of thousands of species have been identified, and the time of their appearance upon the earth approximately fixed. The latest contribution to this elegant branch of the study of fossils is a second edition, published twenty years after the first, of a series of twelve papers, by Mr. Herbert Goss, entitled "The Geological Antiquity of Insects" (Gurney and Jackson). To this he has added the latest discoveries on the subject, and the whole volume makes a complete history of what is known of the insects of the prehistoric world. Perhaps the most interesting of his conclusions is the antiquity, not only of the existing orders of insects, but even of their particular families and genera, as compared with vertebrate animals. It is astonishing to find not only crickets and beetles existing at periods enormously earlier than the appearance of birds or fish, but that they conformed in type to the particular families in which they are classed to-day. Though they become fewer and fewer as they are tracked back up the river of time, there are not found in the earliest fossil-bearing rocks any connecting links or earlier and simpler forms of insect life, or a clue to the common ancestor of insects, spiders, and shrimps, which naturalists would dearly like to discover. There is a baffling completeness about these creatures. When in the lias period, for instance, the vertebrates were huge saurian reptiles and flying lizards, and scarcely any of our existing classes of fish had come into existence, the beetles, cockroaches, crickets, and white ants were there, with all the distinguishing characteristics of the existing families as they were settled by Linnæus.

In the very oldest fossil-bearing rocks no insects are found. The very oldest fossil is a kind of polyp, making reefs of limestone, when as yet the insects had not appeared, and it "flourished" in Canada. The first insect known to have existed, a creature of such vast antiquity that it deserves all the respect which the parvenu man can summon and offer to

it, was—a cockroach. This, the father of all blackbeetles, probably walked the earth in solitary magnificence when not only kitchens, but even kitchen-middens were undreamt of, possibly millions of years before Neolithic man had even a back cave to offer with the remains of last night's supper for the cockroach of the period to enjoy. His discovery established the fact that in the Silurian period there were insects, though, as the only piece of his remains found was a wing, there has been room for dispute as to the exact species. Mr. Goss in his preface to the second edition of his book notes that what is probably a still older insect has been found in the lower Silurian in Sweden. This was not a cockroach, but apparently something worse. If the Latin name, *Protocimex Silurius*, be literally translated, it means the original Silurian bug.

It was a fair conjecture that insects appeared about the same time as land plants first grew on the earth. As almost all the species either feed on some vegetable substances in growth or decay, or else live upon other insects, some such provision of food was necessary for them. Remains of such plants were discovered in the Silurian rocks. In the Devonian formations, which contain the next oldest set of fossil insects, numbers of conifers and ferns are found. Yet even then the only vertebrate animals seem to have been fish. The insects still had the land all to themselves. Mr. Goss gives some description of what these creatures were like, based either on the remains or on conjectures from them.

Of one of these Devonian insects the base of a wing was the only part preserved in the rock. From this it was possible to tell the order to which the creature belonged. It was one of the *Neuroptera*,—insects with wings in which the veins run straight down the wing, sometimes joined by cross branches at right angles. Some of the modern kinds are very beautiful four-winged flies, with bright colours on their wings like butterflies. Others are ant-lions or caddis-flies. The curve of the fragment of wing also suggested its probable size when unbroken. It was perhaps two inches long. As there are little horny rings round the wing base like those which crickets have, on which they rub their legs and so "chirp," it is also quite likely that this insect of hoary antiquity did the same, and enlivened the silence of Devonian fern groves with a prehistoric hum. It is quite in keeping with modern ideas that in that age of fishes one of the most remarkable insects should have been a kind of mayfly, "a gigantic species of *Ephemerina*, which must have measured five inches in expanse of wings."

So far no butterfly had yet appeared on earth, though the *Ephemerina* might dance over the still lagoons and swamps. In the coal forest period, and the age of trees and rank vegetation, insects of many kinds seem to have multiplied, even though the most beautiful of all were not yet launched in air. In England the first beetle wandered on to the stage of life,—the oldest British insect fossil known. It was discovered in the ironstone of Coalbrookdale, and was a kind of weevil. Another creature found in the same ironstone was a cricket. It is quite in keeping with the forest and tree surroundings of the time that white ants should have abounded to eat up the decayed and dead wood. Strictly speaking, blackbeetles are not beetles at all. But they are a very good imitation. When we quote from Mr. Goss that some hundreds of families of *Palæoblattidæ*, which may be translated as "old original cockroaches," and *Blattidæ*, or cockroaches *pur sang*, pervaded these forests, and that the doyen of all Swiss fossil animals is one of these, the "state of the streets" in a coal forest may be imagined when there were no bird police to keep the insects in order. Thus the end of the Palæozoic world—a very poor world at best—was fairly well stocked with insects, though the moths, bees, and butterflies had yet to come. Then came the sunrise of a new time,—mammals, any number of reptiles, possibly some birds, and an insect life more teeming than any we now know. The "insect limestone" attests these multitudes. Beetles, of which the scarabs were a numerous family, increased vastly, and the oldest known dragon-fly left his skeleton, or what represents a dragon-fly's skeleton, among some two thousand other specimens of fossil insects, in the Swiss Alps. It was then that the first bird and the first butterfly appeared. The

bird was the famous *Archæopteryx*, found in the Solenhofen slate, and the first butterfly, to use an Irishism, was a moth, a sphinx moth apparently about the size of the *Convolvulus sphinx* moth. This stone-embedded relic of the moth that sucked the juices of the plants of the Mesozoic world, incalculable ages before the time even of the gigantic mammals, is preserved in the Teyler Museum at Haarlem. When the new era of the Eocene period developed modern forms of plants, their rapid growth was accompanied by a great increase in the number of insects. Those which, like the moths, had only made their first venture on earth, now appeared in greater numbers. Near Aix, in Provence, five butterflies and two moths were found in some beds of marl and gypsum long celebrated for their fossils, and with the fossil butterflies were, in every case but one, fossil remains of the plants which had served its larvæ as food. Ample references to a great number of authorities from all quarters of the globe will be found in Mr. Goss's pages, which give in a condensed and clearly arranged form the history and surroundings of fossil insects, viewed in the light of a wide and familiar acquaintance both with entomology and botany.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SEVERITY OR CLEMENCY?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I venture to place before your readers some considerations as to the policy to be pursued in South Africa which have, I think, not usually been dwelt upon? Is it best to be "thorough" or "gentle" in our dealings with the Boers? In other words, are we to deal with them as William III.'s advisers dealt with Ireland after her Parliament had refused to ratify the Treaty of Limerick, or ought we rather, even at this late date, to deal with them as Bismarck dealt with Bavaria in 1866? Two axioms from Machiavelli appear to me to sum up the situation, as it stands at present, in a nutshell. In the first place, it will readily be conceded that the Boers, and more especially their Colonial allies and their spiritual pastors and masters, exactly fulfil the definition Machiavelli has given of "man" as a "genus":—

"They are ungrateful, braggarts, dissemblers, eager to avoid danger, greedy for gain, and so long as they can get anything out of you are your very humble servants, and will offer you their blood, goods, lives, and children, so long as they risk nothing by doing so, but in the hour of danger they turn restive. Wherefore that ruler who has founded his whole policy on their pledged word, and has no other resources to fall back upon, comes to grief, for friendship, which is bought at a price and not gained by magnanimity and noble conduct, may be deserved but not possessed, especially as the resources of the would-be possessor may fail him just in his hour of need."

And, secondly: "Men are so constituted that they much more readily forgive their father's death than the loss of their inheritance." In short, the Boer, like any other conquered race, must be won by fear, not love; whilst the hangman's noose will be far sooner forgotten and forgiven by the survivors than the soldier's torch. The policy of the English in Ireland after 1688 may be very concisely summed up. The Catholics at home were crushed down by every species of Penal Laws, the worst of which were not enacted until twelve years after the surrender of Limerick, but the more adventurous spirits amongst the conquered race were encouraged to take service abroad. It was easier to fight them in France and Spain than in Ireland. This policy succeeded for ninety years, and only failed when the revolt of the American Colonies, at a moment when the senseless economic policy of England had thrown the Protestant interests of the North into the arms of the Catholics, gave an almost unique opportunity for a rebel success. Its failure, however, will, in the end, be found to have entailed the ruin of the English interest in Ireland. Lord Charlemont was the true predecessor of William O'Brien. What, on the other hand, was the policy of Prince Bismarck in dealing with Bavaria in 1866? His superiority, from a military point of view, over South Germany and Austria, and, as events proved, over all Catholic Europe, was, for the moment, overwhelming, but none knew better than Prince Bismarck that if, in Prussian history, Waterloo had followed Jena, Jena itself was the successor of Rosbach, and the Treaty of Vienna had been

destined to be followed by the capitulation of Olmütz. He never forgot that goddess—

"Quæ nimis obstat Rhamnusia votis,
Ingenuit flexitque rotam . . .
. . . . Unoque die Romana rependit
Quidquid ter denis acies amisimus annis."

What, then, was Bismarck's policy when Bavaria was at his feet? It was the policy of the Iron Hand in the Silken Glove. In the outward life of the Bavarian citizen nothing was changed. The blue and white flag floated on his flagposts, the Chambers met at Munich as usual, the stamps and coins continued to bear the image and superscription of Ludwig II. In reality, Prussia was the absolute master of Bavaria, but her control was only felt directly by the King's Foreign Minister. In time of peace the officers of the Army received their commissions from King Ludwig; the recruits took their oath of allegiance in his name. The moment war was declared the command of the two Bavarian army corps passed automatically into the hands of the German Emperor and his Prussian adviser at Berlin. In diplomacy the independent representation of Bavaria abroad was preserved. Bavarian Ministers resided at Paris and Rome; to avoid affronting Protestant feelings in the North a Nuncio at Munich conducted the relations between the Vatican and Berlin. When the German Ambassador was absent from his post the Bavarian Minister became *ipso facto* Imperial Chargé d'Affaires at every Court at which his Bavarian Majesty continued to be represented. A Bavarian delegate with those of Saxony and Würtemberg sat on the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Bundesrath. But in the Treaty of 1870, by which Bavaria acceded to the establishment of the German Empire, it was specifically laid down that such Bavarian diplomatic representatives were on every occasion to follow the policy carried out by the representative of the Empire at the Courts where they were accredited. Similarly, the Iron Hand in the Silken Glove ruled every relation of Bavarian life with the outer world. The coinage and postage-stamps might bear King Ludwig's "image and superscription." Like the weights and measures, they must conform to the Imperial standard. The Gulden must give place to the Mark. In all affairs connected with Customs, commercial and railway legislation, appeals lie from the Bavarian Courts to the Imperial Court at Leipsic, and the Resolutions of the Reichstag at Berlin override those of the Landtag at Munich. The police is conducted on the Imperial model. The military contribution voted on a fixed scale by Bavaria may be applied to the support of the Bavarian army and fortresses. The inspection of the results lies in the hands of Imperial officials. Intercourse between Bavaria and the other Courts of the German Empire, including Berlin, may be conducted by gentlemen decorated with diplomatic styles and titles. In reality, they occupy the position of the Vakeel of an Indian Rajah at Calcutta or Madras. In return, Bavarian commerce has expanded by leaps and bounds under the protection of the German flag, and once more Nuremberg's "Hand," (according to that most mistaken quotation) "goes through every land" under the black, white, and red flag, where it never could have got a hold under the blue and white of the Wittelsbachs. Is, or is not, such a plan applicable in South Africa? I appeal to the wisdom of our rulers. Contrast the other policy, the Irish policy of 1692, applied with an irritating difference. In 1692 the English garrison in Ireland crushed the Catholic religion in the dust, and hung such rebels as brigands as would not seek service under the Lilies of France or the Castles of Castile. It did not burn farms, allow traitors of the type of the Assembly of Dutch clergymen at Stellenbosch, on the coming November 28th and 29th, to meet with impunity in Ulster, whilst the least word of treason was (as in Natal to-day) punished with fine and imprisonment in Munster, nor establish camps of concentration for women and children. It ruled by the noose and not by the torch. Consequently it succeeded for ninety years, and if the English garrison in Ireland had had at its disposal a vast quasi-neutral force like that of the black population in South Africa, it might well have continued unchanged until the present day. We have won and hold India by the Bavarian policy; the Russians have won and hold Poland and Central Asia by the Irish. Our choice lies between the two. Either we must make up our minds to trust the Dutch and give them the liberties which Prince Bismarck wisely

conceded to the Bavarians, granting their farmers some compensation for their losses, and, as the late Lord Loch suggested, providing an opening for their sons in light cavalry regiments in India; or we must go in for a policy of "Thorough" on the lines followed by the Russian and German commanders in China. Our present policy of burning farms and imprisoning women and children, whilst leaving the husbands and fathers alive and with arms in their hands to resist us, can have no good result. No country can be tranquil which contains within its bounds a multitude of inhabitants inspired with the thought of Dante's Capet:—

"O Thou My Lord, when shall I joyful be,
Seeing that vengeance which, though hidden yet
Within Thy breast, Thine anger maketh sweet?"

As Machiavelli truly says, the execution of friends by the hangman is forgotten when the loss of property is not. The deep divisions, dating from the Revolution, which go down to the root of French life to-day are due not to the guillotine, but to the confiscation of Church and emigrants' lands. The hillmen in Ireland resent their exclusion from the fertile plains below them; they have long forgotten the cruelties of Essex and of Mountjoy. The "Curse of Cromwell" is a memory not of the Massacre of Drogheda, but of the choice he gave the Papists, "To Hell or Connaught." If Lord Kitchener has the courage to be merciless, on, as Machiavelli says, "just and adequate occasion," to life whilst sparing property, the war may soon be ended, but under the present system there is little reason why it should not rival in duration the Thirty Years' War itself. Either be gentle or be severe. Offer the Boers, if you will, the position of Bavaria. If you choose severity, use the hangman's noose freely, but offer your present prisoners a new start in life, either in South Africa itself under the German or Portuguese flag, mindful of the fact that a large and flourishing Boer colony already exists at Humpata, in Portuguese Angola; or if Boer contiguity in South Africa be deemed too dangerous, arrange with some South American Government—Argentina, with its Gran Chaco, Bolivia, Paraguay, Colombia, or Venezuela suggest themselves to the mind—to give the exiles a new start in life. In South America the Boer irreconcilables would be innocuous for generations to English interests, and we should have little reason to fear a new Fontenoy at the hands of South American forces, led by some twentieth-century descendant of Louis Botha or Christian de Wet. In any case, let us abandon the policy of shilly-shally, and follow either the example of Bismarck in dealing with Bavaria in 1866, or that of Skobelev in dealing with the Tekke Turcomans of 1873. *In medio tutissimus ibis* is not a motto which applies to dealings with Boers.—I am, Sir, &c., H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RITUAL LICENSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It would be unfair to assume that you and your correspondents, whilst agreeing with the Archdeacons of London and Middlesex in their opposition to prosecutions, intend to associate yourselves with all their arguments. The Archdeacons have laid down a principle which I cannot think you would accept. "Prosecution," they say, "is necessarily and inherently a vicious way of dealing with ritual offence." This seems to mean that a clergyman, ministering in one of the public churches of the land, should be at liberty to do what he likes in the way of ritual. If that is not the intention of the Archdeacons, I wish they would explain how their words can be understood otherwise. But it is all but incredible that officers of the Anglican Hierarchy should approve of a license which would be laughed out of every religious society in the world. How would they regard such a case as the following? It might occur to one of the "Protestant" clergy that it would be a telling protest against sacerdotalism if he were to minister without a surplice in ordinary lay dress. Would it be an absolutely "vicious" step to stop him from doing this? I confess that I am old-fashioned enough to wish that he should be summarily ordered to wear the surplice, whatever he might plead about his conscience and his good works, and in the event of his refusing be suspended as promptly as possible.—I am, Sir, &c., J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondent in the *Spectator* of November 24th who signs himself "G. L." seems to think that if only a man works hard, and acts courageously, and, it may be, successfully, in any post of difficulty, he is therefore to be set down as wise in every respect, and that it is sad injustice to call him "foolish." Has he never come across men and women, hard workers and God-fearing, who through overzeal have not conducted themselves with exact prudence, and who through lack of judgment have injured the cause which they had in hand? "G. L." however, does not stand alone in this opinion, for, unless I am mistaken, I have heard of some of those in authority who extenuate, and plead excuse for, the conduct of clergymen whose ultra-ritualistic tendencies are causing disturbance, saying: "Oh! he is such a real man, such a hard worker, doing much good; he ought to be left alone." Such reasoning puts out of sight the grave offence which is given to the large majority of Church people by practices of which complaint is made. The weaker these poor brethren are the more surely ought their scruples to be taken into account. But beyond the offence, those who indulge in these practices display a spirit of self-assertion, of absolute independence, of denial of any control, of insolent refusal to obey constituted authority, conduct for which "folly" is all too mild a term. Yet it is to go unnoticed, or rather, to be applauded, because the doers of it are in earnest. God forbid we should have any more prosecutions, if only for the reason that they help forward the practices against which they are levelled. But if they are forced upon us there is no question at whose door the mischief will lie. Your correspondent has a fling at Lord Portsmouth (with whose vagaries I have not the slightest sympathy) and the "comfortable laity of the West End." No one, it would seem, except those of a certain stratum in society, such as abounds in the Eastern part of London, is to be considered in the grave questions which are pulling the Church to pieces.—I am, Sir, &c.,

The Close, Lichfield.

JOHN G. LONSDALE.

"RELIGIO LAICI."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I call Mr. Gainsford's attention (*Spectator*, November 17th) to another definition of religion which he seems to have forgotten? It is given in the Epistle of St. James, chap. i., 26-27 (I quote from the Douay Version, which from the internal evidence of his letter I think he will prefer to the "Authorised"). "If any man think himself to be religious, not bridling his tongue, but deceiving his own heart, this man's religion is vain. Religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep one's self unspotted from this world."—I am, Sir, &c., H. S. G.

HELL RATHER THAN ANNIHILATION?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Some years ago a dying cottager to whom my mother had been speaking of the happiness of heaven expressed his preference for a "somewhat improved continuance" of his earthly existence in this pithy sentence: "Ay, Ma'am, they do say heaven's a *nicet* place, but I think I'd rayther go somewhere where I could dig a bit, and sich." May I say that the spirit which prefers hell to annihilation seems to me to savour strongly of spiritual pride?—I am, Sir, &c., C. C. B.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The *locus classicus* for Huxley's view that hell, if endurable, would be preferable to annihilation is in "Paradise Lost," Book II., where, at the Council of Pandemonium, Belial is opposing Moloch's "sentence for open war." Repulse, he urges, would leave the fallen spirits no prospect but to—

"Exasperate

The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage;
And that must end us; that must be our cure—
To be no more. *Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of sense and motion?"*

—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. A. C.

LORD ROSEBERY'S GREAT SPEECH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your remarks upon Lord Rosebery's Glasgow speech in the *Spectator* of November 24th you say:—"To us there seems to be in all its splendid sentences but one piece of advice, and that is to enter your children on the 'modern' instead of the 'classical' side of the public schools, and that we hold to be wrong. The main product of much that is called technical education is a fidgety conceit." It is easy to dismiss a difficult question in a few—somewhat contemptuous—words. You would perhaps have been doing a greater service to your readers if you had, however shortly, dealt with the matter in a spirit of grave inquiry. I cannot believe, as you do, that Lord Rosebery meant to solve the pressing problem of education by the easy method of choosing the modern side of the public school, but rather to give expression to the serious doubts now disturbing the minds of a large number of thoughtful English men and women, as to the efficiency of our secondary education for boys. Many men of sound sense and judgment feel that though our public schools turn out hundreds of vigorous and healthy-minded boys, yet a large majority of these boys, notwithstanding the boasted educating power of the classical curriculum, grow into uneducated men. They have not learnt either to see clearly or to think clearly. They are not keen in any intellectual direction. If this is so (and nearly every issue of the *Times* newspaper contains ample evidence that our prominent men are keenly alive to the deficiencies of our public-school education), would it not be well if the *Spectator* dealt more generously with one whose brilliant speech has at least called public attention to a question of vital importance to the Empire?—I am, Sir, &c.,

X.

THE EYESIGHT OF SAVAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your article on the subject of the vision of partially civilised men (*Spectator*, November 17th) prompts me to send you the record of an experience I had in Montenegro, where the men have, generally, an extraordinary range of vision. I had a horse-boy aged about sixteen, born in Podgoritzza, who could see with the naked eye the moons of Jupiter. I had an excellent field-glass, by Ross, of a magnifying power of thirty diameters, with which I was able to test the accuracy of his vision, by making him give me the relative positions of the moons on paper. My own vision, as tested by trials with the sailors on the look out in numerous sea voyages, was keener than that of the generality of sailors, but it was curiously inferior to that of this lad. I took the pains to test his powers by objects at considerable terrestrial distances, when he described to me objects which I could only see as moving specks, and which he resolved into horsemen, women on horseback, or sumpter beasts with invariable accuracy, as tested by my field-glass. I made the tests absolutely rigorous and repeatedly, so that there could be no chance of deception, intentional or not. His sight was immensely superior to mine, and I have never found that to be the case in any comparison with a civilised man, sailor or landsman, though I have lived with backwoodsmen whose meat, like that of the Boers, depended largely on their good eyesight.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. J. STILLMAN.

Deepdene, Frimley Green, Surrey.

[We can name an ordinary London citizen who can do the same thing. The point is not whether individuals have special sight, but whether any race has.—ED. *Spectator*.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In support of Mr. Engleheart's contention that people may see but fail to interpret aright, permit me to give a most dramatic case, which, while illustrating the point, has a wider interest. Mr. N. Chevalier, the well-known artist who accompanied the late Duke of Edinburgh on many of his travels, was once going from Dunedin to Lyttelton, New Zealand, by steamer. Anxious to catch the earliest glimpse of the coast, he went on deck at dawn, and was alarmed to see that the vessel was heading straight on to the land. Calling the officer's attention to the fact, he was told that it was only a fog-bank. The artist maintained his point, but the second officer looked and confirmed his mate. The artist then said:

"Well, gentlemen, I will back my artist's eye against your sailor's eye, and I say that what you mistake for a fog-bank is a low range of hills, and there is a range of mountains appearing above them." But he was only laughed at, until the captain coming on deck found, in the growing light, that the artist was right and the seamen wrong. The vessel was out of its course, and there was only just time to avert disaster. The helmsman was dismissed in disgrace, and the course given to the new steersman; but the vessel's head still pointed landwards,—the compass was all wrong. The cause was discovered later. A commercial traveller had brought a box of magnets on board and deposited them in a stern cabin, causing what might have been a fatal deflection of the compass. To return to the question of interpretation. The artist was dealing with the appearances which his eye was trained to see and his mind to interpret. A speck on the horizon might have remained a mere speck to him long after the sailors had interpreted the speck into a vessel of definite rig. There can be little doubt that the trained eye is accompanied by a sort of mental seeing, an instinct out-running optics.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. WAKE COOK.

THE INCORPORATION OF TRADE-UNIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In reference to your wise remarks in the *Spectator* of November 24th on the incorporation of Trade-Unions, it will probably be of interest to state that within the last few months the Federation of Master Cotton-Spinners' Associations in Lancashire has been registered as a limited company for the main reason of protecting its funds. The Federation has a membership of close upon three hundred cotton employers. In case the company be wound up each member is not liable for more than £1.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Melbrook, Bowdon, Cheshire.

W. TATTERSALL.

LONDON STREETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In continuation of your article on "London Streets and the County Council" (*Spectator*, November 24th), may I point out the uselessness of the proposed widening of the middle of Piccadilly, while Knightsbridge at one end, and the "narrows" between St. James's Street and Albemarle Street, remain as they are? What is wanted is to enable private carriages and cabs to avoid Piccadilly, and this can only be done by opening up the sacrosanct region of Mayfair. Any one wishing to go northwards from Piccadilly may go through Hyde Park if in a private carriage, but if not may try Hamilton Place or Park Lane, when he will, with care, discover the west end of Curzon Street. Into Curzon Street open Half Moon Street, Clarges Street, and Bolton Street from the south, but to the east there is no exit save the passage for foot-passengers only, between Lansdowne and Devonshire Houses. But suppose the County Council were to buy from each of the noble owners a slip of garden north and south of the passage, and make a good wide carriage-road with rounded corners into Berkeley Street, what a relief it would give to Piccadilly! As it is, Berkeley Street is hardly appreciated by the ordinary driver, but it gives a short cut to Bruton Street, and so through Conduit Street to Regent Street and Oxford Circus, and now that Davies Street has been opened up into Oxford Street it is the best road due north from Pall Mall. The average cabdriver is content to stick to a main thoroughfare, and more often than not follow an omnibus all the way. Tell a cabman, for instance, to drive from Cavendish Square to the Law Courts, and he will go by Oxford Circus, Oxford Street, and Holborn, to Little Queen Street (where he is certain to be delayed), and so into Lincoln's Inn Fields; instead of going, as he ought, by Margaret Street, Wells Street, Castle Street, and Newman Street into Oxford Street, and then by St. Giles's Church and Broad Street to Drury Lane, and thence by Great Queen Street to Lincoln's Inn Fields. Or again, if one wants to go to one of the northern railway stations, "cabby" will take Seymour Street and then Mortimer Street and the fatal Goodge Street, where he is sure to be blocked by "Little Mud-salad Market," the pet of St. Pancras; instead of turning up Portland Place or Harley Street to New Cavendish Street, and so due east to Tottenham Court Road without a check.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. H.

RENAMING LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I suggest to the London County Council that they have a fine opportunity at Millbank for naming a group of streets round the Tate Gallery after distinguished British painters; and further, that they might in renaming London streets formulate a plan whereby different quarters should be selected for perpetuating the names of our worthies? Paris has done this. The Medical School is the centre of streets named after scientific and medical men; the Place de l'Europe has tributary streets called after European cities; the Opera quarter is named after musicians and actors. At present one street near the Tate Gallery is named Atterbury,—a respectable name, but quite unconnected with art. And why should Millbank, which is historic, give place to the Grosvenor Road, which only immortalises a big landlord whose ancestors were obscure when the Abbot of Westminster was flourishing as the owner of lands and buildings and vineries and mills?—

I am, Sir, &c.,
Parkstone.

S. BEALE.

LORD DUDLEY ON NAPOLEON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Having permitted me in the *Spectator* of November 17th to ask a question as to the authorship of the remarkable appreciation of Napoleon—"He has thrown a doubt on all past glory; he has made all future renown impossible"—you will, I doubt not, be good enough to find room for a reply which appears to be conclusive in favour of Lord Dudley. Mr. A. S. Raikes, writing to me from Brussels, refers me to the following passage from the diary of his great-uncle, T. Raikes, Esq., Vol. I., p. 295:—

"When my poor friend Lord Dudley was at Vienna (it must have been about the year 1817, before his father's death, when he was Mr. Ward), he was dining one day at the table of Prince Metternich, with a large party, when the conversation turned on the merits of Napoleon as a great general. Every one gave his opinion according to his own impressions except Ward, who remained silent. Prince Metternich then addressed himself to him, and asked what he thought of the hero's career, when Ward, curling up his lip as was his practice when he said anything emphatic, made that reply which, for its finesse, has been often quoted and admired in Europe. 'Mon Prince, je ne suis pas militaire, mais il me semble qu'il a rendu la gloire passée douteuse et la renommée future impossible.'"

—I am, Sir, &c.,

RICHARD JAKUES.

Larchfield, Bickley, Kent.

M. TAINE ON STYLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In connection with the subject discussed by you in the *Spectator* of November 24th, "Should History be Also Literature?" I have a note of a remark made by M. Taine, during one of his last visits to this country, which seems worth quoting as the vehemently expressed opinion of a great modern historian in favour of style. At my age, he said, one discovers that men may sincerely hold absurd opinions, "mais ce qui dure, ce qui reste, ce qui nous domine, c'est le style, c'est la forme, c'est l'art, c'est le beau!" M. Taine, however, was perhaps not speaking specially of the writing of history, and in his volumes on the French Revolution he cannot be accused of having subordinated matter to manner.—

I am, Sir, &c.,

B. MALLET.

A CORRECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the notice of my translation of "Four Lais of Marie de France" (*Spectator*, November 17th) your reviewer says: "One of the stories, 'Launfal,' has made use of J. R. Lowell." Will you kindly allow me to point out that this is a mistake? There is no connection whatever between the "Lai de Lauval," of which I give a literal translation, and Lowell's poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal." Had your reviewer ever read the latter he could not possibly have fallen into the error. I do not think that he is quite aware of the great importance, both literary and legendary, attached by the best modern scholars to these Breton *lais*.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JESSIE L. WESTON.

Banavie, Lansdown Road, Bournemouth.

THE LATE SIR EDWARD CUST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—An expression in the letter on "The Mantle of Elijah" in the *Spectator* of November 17th recalls to me one of the memories of my youth. It is related in "Safe Studies" that my kind friend, Sir Edward Cust, "once told me that he (or a friend of his) made it a point, when accosted by an acquaintance at all advanced in years, whose name he had forgotten of asking the question, 'How is the old complaint?' He said that the experiment always succeeded. There was certain to be an old complaint; and the forgotten acquaintance was as certain to be flattered by the precision of his friend's memory." Probably it was of himself, it was certainly not of Lord Palmerston, that Sir Edward was speaking; and he was clearly recommending the expedient for my adoption. It is said to have been adopted by others. The truly excellent, but somewhat absent-minded, Canon Hugh Pearson is alleged not only to have resorted to this plan when addressing a forgotten senior, but even when speaking to a forgotten junior to have ventured on the perilous remark, "I hope that your mother is well." It is reported that, being accosted by Prince Leopold in a London street, and failing to recognise him, he took refuge in his stock inquiry, which must have startled the young Prince by its unceremonious directness. Can any of your readers tell me whether this story is true? I am tempted to add another incident related to me by Sir Edward. It appears that a blunt American had wished, as a piece of bravado, to appear at Court in his ordinary dress; and Cust, being consulted on the subject, pronounced that two things were absolutely necessary for one who would be presented to the English Sovereign,—namely, a cocked hat and a sword. The solemnity with which the dear old Master of the Ceremonies spoke to me of these *nugæ in excelsis* made me think what a belittling atmosphere such a functionary must breathe! Somehow this toy-tribute of homage to the Sovereign reminds me of the tantalising and befooling semblance of loyalty which, in the opinion of a great Roundhead, had to be maintained by the rebel-conquerors of Charles I. Mr. Gardiner relates that "Argyle had been heard to say that a promise to keep the king in honour and safety would be fully observed, even if he were thrown into prison, *provided that his attendants served him on their knees*, and he was carefully guarded against assassination."—I am, Sir, &c.,

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Biarritz.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Neither your reviewer nor "R. W." correctly represents the incident recorded in Professor Huxley's Life at p. 328, Vol. II. The actual statement reads:—"He also used to tell how he was caught out when he thought to make use of the opportunity to secure a close view of the Queen. Looking up he found her eyes fixed upon him. Her Majesty had clearly taken the opportunity to do the same by him." The personal pronoun obviously refers to Huxley. May I add that I have found the "Life" most "nourishing"?—I am, Sir, &c.,

YETHERTON WANHOPE.

The Wilderness (No. 2), Norwich.

POETRY.

THE LUCKY BARGAIN.

I HAVE a friend, without whose face
(God keep his face from sorrow free!)
The world would be a dreary place
For weary me.

To please him is my chief delight;
I'd rather die than give him pain,
Yet this I've done in my despite,
And shall again.

My friend is kind when I am cross,
Nor ever cross when I am kind;
He rules the sullen waves that toss
My toiling mind.

His gracious spirit gives me joy :
 What can I give him for his grace ?
 A little, useless, battered toy
 Of time and space.

A box of prayers with broken wings,
 Of shapeless hopes and wasted hours,
 Of half a hundred worn-out things
 And faded flowers ;

Wherein one blossom lives, and makes
 A light, whereat his lips will part
 And smile for kindness, as he takes
 The proffered heart.

N. S.

BOOKS.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN ON THE PURITAN AND THE ANGLICAN.*

PROFESSOR DOWDEN has something better than a judicial, he has a sympathetic mind. He is able to see many points of view, to approach the same subject from different sides, to perceive in apparent opponents contributors to a great common end, and yet without confounding things that differ or ignoring actual problems in smooth platitudes. Thus, while we cannot say that we have found any strikingly original criticism in these literary and religious studies of seventeenth-century England, we have found a very broad and sympathetic survey of the thought of that era as expressed in its leading writers, embodied in the admirable style of which Professor Dowden is a master. There are but few writers who can see the strength and weakness alike of Puritanism and Anglicanism, and who at the same time can see how the one may and should be the complement of the other. It is Professor Dowden's chief claim to attention that he can see this clearly. The two phases of English religious thought correspond to, or are part of, two great 'universal' types, as Professor Dowden, quoting from Dr. Martineau, contends. Anglicanism is a phase of the Catholic conception which "readily finds that sensuous vehicle for its ideas which literature and art demand. It interprets the invisible by the visible; it does not suspect beauty or colour or the delight of life, but seeks to interpenetrate these with what is divine." Puritanism, on the other hand, does not look through Nature to Nature's God, but aspires to an immediate vision. "For the Puritan using the word to describe a type of mind, the natural and the supernatural exist in an immediated dualism, and it is a difficulty with him to clothe the naked idea—religious or ethical—in any sensuous medium or body." To this differentiation the simpler early religious thought of England had been brought by the religious cleavage of the sixteenth century. It was a part, of course, of a world-movement, but we are here concerned with England alone.

Of the essentially Puritan type whose ideas we may say lead up to Transcendentalism, Professor Dowden takes Bunyan above all others; of the Anglican type whose ideas rather take us to the divine immanence, the Anglo-Catholic poets Herbert and Vaughan. Sir Thomas Browne leans to the Anglican side, and Milton more decidedly to that of Puritanism; yet each is detached, each is too great a thinker to be properly classified, as Carlyle would have said, under any "ist" or "ism." Both accepted the Christian revelation, but both interpreted it under forms of reason not sympathetic either to the Puritan, with his infallible Book, or the Anglican, with his historic Church. In Jeremy Taylor and Baxter we have what Professor Dowden calls "an Anglican and a Puritan Eirenicon." In the person of Hooker we have perhaps Anglicanism at its broadest and best. If the Church of England desired to exhibit her central, strongest, wisest figure, she could scarcely pitch upon a better than Richard Hooker. Not that he was a profound thinker, but that his mind was broad and balanced, and his essentially Anglican principles were as truly fortified by reason as were the Puritan principles of Milton. One other figure, that of Samuel Butler, represents what may

be called the reaction of the man of "common-sense," allied to a certain mental cynicism as of one weary of disputation, against the dominant principles of the "reign of the saints." Professor Dowden has left on one side the Cambridge Platonists and the pure thinkers who lived in cloistral seclusion alike from the theological and political controversies of the century; but apart from these he has given us a general survey of the *idées mères* of that age of storm and stress as expressed in its more abiding literature.

With our author we can see clearly, now that the dust of the controversy has been dissipated, how vitally important were the leading principles on either side. The Anglican idea of visible beauty and order, and, at its best in such a writer as Hooker, of reason and temperance (in the Greek sense) combining with Scriptural authority, may be well regarded as vital. But Anglicanism tends always to a certain quiet conventionalism, from which the human soul needs to be aroused. In the seventeenth century there was added to this a certain rough earthiness and a reliance on the secular arm. These elements found expression in the Book of Sports and in the harsh Laudian persecution. To save the soul from dead works was the special task of Puritanism, which would abolish idols and would break the sculpture and the stained glass in order to let in a breath of pure air straight from heaven. That movement was vital too. Anglicanism stood at its best for a stately, well-ordered national edifice, partly spoiled and partly rebuilt at the Reformation, but still adorned with the pious gifts of the past, informed with reason, its boundaries in theory at least wide, its piety still retaining more than a touch of mediæval beauty. At its weakest, however, it might well prove the sepulchre of faith, the tomb of all that is heroic in Christianity. To save it from that tragic end was the inner purpose of Puritanism. It was not the mere question of wooden tables as against stone altars, of black gowns against white, of "new presbyter" as against "old priest"; the vital question was as to a present revelation of God as against dead, historic tradition. As Professor Dowden says, in discussing the most thorough type of Puritan writer, heaven and hell were far more real to John Bunyan than the most familiar daily objects. To make the inner facts of soul-life real, vital, dominant,—that was the essential mission of Puritanism. And for that great purpose it needed and devised the creed of direct, immediate contact with God, without the mediated help of priest, sacrament, or any visible symbol.

In the order of the world the Puritan conception is an eternal factor, and yet it cannot, as history shows, persist everywhere and always. Mankind, taken as a whole, appears to need no little symbolism in its toilsome path upwards. Puritanism means ever-recurring spiritual ozone from the mighty sea of divine purity and power, but weak souls cannot abide it long. The persistence of the historic Churches and creeds seems to hint at the use and necessity of tradition, of an age-long order into which weary souls, incapable of sustained spiritual heroism, fall. Puritanism, nobly effective for the heroic temper which, like Moses, ardently burns to behold the divine glory, fails to rear a permanent edifice where the weaker minds may find rest and beauty. Each serves its part; why dwell on the less defensible aspect of either? Why not, with Professor Dowden, set forth the strength and service of both? Professor Dowden's defence of Puritanism against ignorant prejudice is excellent. The leading Puritans were friends of art, culture, social enjoyment, but they blended these elements of life with what Matthew Arnold (who himself, as Professor Dowden says, misjudged the essential Puritan position) called "high seriousness." Now we think that the English character, in the absence of this element, tends to a gross animalism, as our national history assuredly shows. We need, then, in this time of materialism, a Puritan renaissance to save our character and ideals, as Milton and Bunyan (spite of Restoration orgies) saved those of our forefathers. In this sense, then, Puritanism is a necessary eternal factor. But on the philosophical as well as the human side, the Anglicanism of Hooker and Taylor has the promise of the future. Our religious thought, rescued from the hard, albeit noble, bonds of Augustinian theology, will rest more and more in the idea of the divine immanence and in the extension of the divine love to all classes of men. Thus, it may be hoped, Righteousness and

* *Puritan and Anglican: Studies in Literature.* By Edward Dowden. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. [7s. 6d.]

Peace will kiss one another, and the spiritual fervour of Puritanism will be blended with the calmer piety, human feeling, and appeal to reason which we associate with Hooker and Taylor. It was to some such ideal that Milton strove (as is shown by Professor Dowden) before he fell on evil days. It would, if realised, avoid the perils both of extreme individualism and of conventional routine.

A GUIDE TO THE BEST HOUSES.*

To most people an autobiography in six stout volumes by a living writer of moderate reputation and no striking achievements will seem to be a monument of self-adulation. Mr. Hare, however, protests that he does not write for "most people," but only for the "upper classes," his own particular friends and cousins; ordinary people may read it or not, as they please, but he rather hopes they will buy it in sufficient quantities to cover the expense of publication. We must say that it is a little cool to expect us to buy and read the book, and never express an opinion about it. Yet that is what Mr. Hare's frequent diatribes against reviewers come to. He cannot make out why the reviews of his books are nearly always unfavourable, and ascribes them to personal malice or sheer ignorance. He solemnly believes that no reviewer reads more than the first chapter of a book, and he quotes the old slander about those who have failed in literature. As to the first point, we do not pretend to any exceptional virtue when we affirm with equal solemnity that we have read these three volumes right through,—and with considerable pleasure and amusement; whilst as to the second, if all the writers who have criticised Mr. Hare's books were to publish their names in a round-robin, he would probably be surprised to recognise many of the best-known and most successful authors of the day. We do not live in the times of the old *Edinburgh*, and the motive of "bitter personal malignity against myself" does not obtain in any respectable review. The truth is, there is no malice about the notices of which he complains, but only that ridicule and "chaff" which nobody can help discharging at such a monument of unconscious conceit and obsequiousness as *The Story of my Life* must appear to any one with the smallest sense of humour. It is Mr. Hare's own fault. When he writes only for and about the "upper classes," when all his Dukes are archangels and his Countesses seraphs, when nobody (or scarcely any one) under the son of a Baronet is tolerated in his aristocratic pages, when we are always being told of his "cordial reception" at this or that great house, of his amusing his Royal or ducal hosts with his stories, of the delightful conversation of dear Lady This, or that fine old nobleman Lord the Other, with any quantity of frivolous details about these choice specimens of the purest and best society in the world,—is it surprising that we vote Mr. Hare conceited and little better than the "literary valet" of one of his reviews? Yet we are free to admit that, when we look deeper, we find these little foibles and affectations are very much on the surface, and beneath lie a whole heartful of high ideals, warm affections, staunch friendships, wholesome views of life and duty, sincere appreciation of what is best in human nature (for even Mr. Hare does not deny that a Peer may be human), and a real though easily misconstrued modesty about his own talents and performances. The real Mr. Hare comes out in absolute frankness in this marvellously candid autobiography,—not in the whirl of the Season of a constant diner-out, but in the quiet talks with close friends (not the less close because titled) at Fford, or Highcliffe, or Powderham, and most of all in the long months of lonely seclusion and industrious work in his beautiful Holmhurst, endeared by the memories of his never for a moment forgotten mother, surrounded by the familiar flowers and trees, the old servants and the old books, that bind the present to a beloved past. Mr. Hare is charming at home, and never more dignified in heart than in the dread moments when the friendly faces fade away and another link is broken with the bygone days on which he loves to dwell. This is one side to his "Story,"—by far the larger side in time and in its influence on character. It is the side in which he appears most natural and sympathetic, the true biography of his soul.

The other side, however, fills much the greater share of

these volumes,—the side of the man of the world, the admirable adorning of the afternoon tea-table, the well-known raconteur, welcome at "the best houses," the persevering subaltern of those autumn manoeuvres which exercise and refresh the victims of a crowded Season. Mr. Hare may be trusted to take us to none but the most eligible country seats, almost invariably Conservative in politics—he only went twice to a Radical house, and felt very queer there—and unexceptionally aristocratic in *personnel*. We shall meet nobody who is not charming, and quite "delightful to live with," except, perhaps, "the Comptons," for "I do not like the Comptons." We shall walk on the terrace with Lady A. of a morning, and she will tell us of the mysterious haunted room, or how Lord B. saw the spirit of Sir C. D. at the moment of dissolution; or we shall sit in the huge gallery, cosily huddled round the fire, like a bivouac in the desert, with great dark distances all around, and Mr. Hare will keep us enthralled with the creepy story of Croglin Grange, and the way Lord Bridport's ghost guarded the secrecy of the locked casket. What wonderful stories they all tell, these delightful people who seem to be always encountering the marvellous! There is Lady Marion Alford (the exception to "the Comptons") with her fertile reminiscences, and her famous ghostly experience at Belvoir. There is Lady Salisbury and the phantom coach at Hatfield, and many another curdling tale. There is Lord Houghton, again and again, and never without a story, a recollection, or an epigram. It is he who tells the prettiest of ghost stories about "Die Weisse Frau" at Frankfort. There is Sir Philip Egerton's brother, the parson who saw an old lady in his study chair, and summoning all his resolution boldly *sat down through her*. There is the bloody hand on the pillow in the bedroom that was always kept locked. "Ghosts and ghostesses" simply abound in these veracious pages,—sometimes really useful ghosts, who save people from assassination or (as in Dr. Pereira's story) point the way to the recovery of a lost will. Everybody has seen something,—except Mr. Hare. He has slept in countless haunted rooms, even "Wild Darrell's" own, but he has never been disturbed. Or is it that he is too shy to confess, and did he really receive a telegram on important business which took him away next morning before breakfast? Does he believe in these wonderful tales? He seems to agree with Dr. Johnson—as who does not?—that "the beginning and the end of ghost stories is this: all argument is against them, all belief is for them." We shall quote none. Firelight on Hallow E'en is the proper scene for such tales.

But these delightful people to live with do not always talk about apparitions, and telepathy, and weirdnesses in general. Sometimes they relate family history and explain the portrait gallery,—and here it is that Mr. Hare shines as a guide to the best houses. Sometimes their stories are frankly humorous, as when the lady was wooed for the sake of her wooden leg, which sweetly recalled a widower's reminiscences of two preceding wooden legs of his bosom; or when Lord Houghton remarks:—

"Miss Coutts likes me because I never proposed to her. Almost all the young men of good family did; those who did their duty by their family *always* did. Mrs. Browne (Miss Coutts's companion) used to see it coming, and took herself out of the way for ten minutes; but she only went into the next room and left the door open; and then the proposal took place, and immediately it was done Miss Coutts coughed, and Mrs. Browne came in again."

The Rev. Hugh Pearson described how it befell one day when driving from Monreale to Palermo in company with Dean Stanley, with their bags on the seat in front of them:—

"Arthur suddenly complained of the cold. 'Well, you had better put something on,' said H. P. 'I will,' said Arthur. H. P. went on with his book, till after some time, suddenly looking up, he saw Arthur, who was also busily reading, entirely clothed in white raiment. He had put on his night-shirt over all his other clothes, without thinking what he was doing, and they were just driving into the streets of Palermo!"

Mr. Hare's friends are not all talking-machines, though. For example, there are the silent Cavendishes, but he did not visit much with them,—perhaps for that reason. Lady Chesham said their taciturnity—

"Was supposed to be the result of their ancestor's marriage with Rachel, Lady Russell's daughter; that after her father's death she had always been silent and sad, and that her descendants had been silent and sad ever since. 'Lord Carlisle and his brother were also silent. Once they travelled abroad

* *The Story of my Life*. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Vols. IV.-VI. London: George Allen. [31s. 6d.]

together, and at an inn in Germany slept in the same room, in which there was also a third bed, with the curtains drawn round it. Two days after, one brother said to the other, "Did you see what was in that bed in our room the other night?" and the other answered "Yes." That was all that passed, but they had both seen a dead body in the bed."

Mr. Hare is sometimes happy in touching off characters and persons, but at others we must say he is a little unkind. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol may not object to being described merely as "a dapper little man in a violet coat," and the late "dear Lady Ruthven," who was "stone-deaf, almost blind, and her voice like waggon-wheels," redeemed matters by being "as kind and good and truly witty as ever." Lord Lyons was "like a pumpkin with an apple on the top," and Jowett is certainly not flattered, nor is "the eccentric" Professor Freeman. The charm of these volumes lies partly in the recurrence of well-known faces. The same people come forward every year—for Mr. Hare sticks to his friends—and say clever things, or nothing at all, but still we get used to them and fond of them. And then they die; and that is the sad part of the "Story,"—so many of the characters have faded out. Whilst they are with us they amuse us, and we like them, and are inclined to thank their chronicler for his recollections of them. If he has recorded a vast deal of nothings and mere trivialities, he has also collected a quantity of most entertaining anecdotes, and his gallery of portraits is a great deal more interesting than many in the great houses he delights to visit.

THE WOMEN OF THE RENAISSANCE.*

WE will say at once that M. de Maulde's book would be the better for bold pruning. It is too long; and, though matter and manner are always good, both tend to repeat themselves unnecessarily, with a result that is sometimes bewildering and sometimes fatiguing. But this criticism passed, we have only admiration to bestow upon a most intricate and masterly analysis of the great feminine Revolution or Renaissance of the sixteenth century. M. de Maulde begins by describing the position of woman in France and Italy before the Renaissance; when the daughters of great houses were betrothed in their cradles—sometimes before birth—and marriage was celebrated at fourteen or even twelve years of age. The marriage was a contract—a bargain struck between the men of the two families—and all the pomp and circumstance attending the wedding were contrived so as to magnify to the uttermost the importance of the family honour that was to be propped up or carried on, and to reduce to the utmost insignificance the poor little woman-child who was the sacrifice:—

"The young woman appears on this great day for the first time in her life. If she has been brought up according to the old method, many people have scarcely suspected her existence. There she is, at the door, or under the porch of the church, standing beside her husband, involuntarily, with no desires of her own, passive,—an offering, as it were, to the race. In this strong light of publicity she alone seems ill at ease, blushing at the exhibition, agitated at this unknown something which the rest are so joyfully celebrating. The priest comes down the nave just as at funerals, receives the young couple's whispered 'I will,' sprinkles them lightly as they stand with a little lustral water, censes them; and then the procession is formed, to wind its way up to the altar where the nuptial benediction mass will be sung—a long noisy procession, ponderous, Gothic, all stiff with velvets, monumental stuffs, and gilded draperies; thirty, forty, sometimes three hundred persons, none but members of the family; but in these circumstances of parade and pleasure the family becomes extraordinarily multiplied. At the head of the procession, buried under trappings of superb finery representing a fortune, the little bride is scarcely visible; she is for all the world like the clapper of a bell. And verily under that golden robe there is after all nothing—but a woman."

M. de Maulde's book is the story of the struggles of the woman's soul under the golden robe to emerge into the sunshine of a more spiritual realisation of the rite which, at its worst, still meant the best lot earth held for her; and of the strange jangling that happened among wedding-chimes when the clapper began to move the bell instead of waiting patiently to be moved by it. The description of the merry-makings filling up the wedding-day and the brutalities of the wedding-night makes an English reader glad to remember that it was also in the sixteenth century that Spenser wrote his "Epithalamion." The splendours and the brutalities over, the wife subsided into a condition of domestic dulness, in

which the wise and good found comfort in knowing that, after all, their state was sacramental and their duties were plain. And M. de Maulde, with the kindly irony that characterises all he writes, dwells pleasantly on the way in which the wife who had only dreaded her lord and master in the days of his health and strength, became in sickness his most affectionate and efficient nurse, and when he was dead an inconsolable and very proud widow:—

"Of all the species of husbands, the dead husband is the one who would require the most special monograph. However little heroic his life may have been, his widow made it her business to sing his praises in public. A woman whose married life had notoriously been one of discreet indifference, if not of discord, would spend her nights and days in celebrating the glory and the memory of the dead man. So profoundly would she identify herself with him in heart, that ere long she would develop into the widow of a great man and rise into a superior atmosphere. The greatnesses which the deceased perhaps never possessed she first gave him and then appropriated herself, and in the fire of this love she was gradually consumed."

But she took care to remain a widow; occupied herself with maternal duties and works of charity, and generally showed herself a great administrator; the only drawback in her life being that she became "a sort of man, and acquired some of the defects by which she had suffered at the hands of her husband." The Renaissance woman was a woman of sense as well as heart, and she knew better than to speak or think ill of marriage as an institution. She no more wished to give up marriage than to give up eating and drinking. Her mission was to spiritualise a state which man had brutalised. But the Renaissance woman did not conceive it possible to do this in the simple way of direct Christianity. She must have a semi-pagan philosophy of Love and Beauty, a religion of sensibility, a school for men in which the art of loving purely should be taught by women, and in which woman should be worshipped for the beauty of her soul through the charms of her body. "Platonism" supplied the need; and M. de Maulde gives a most interesting account of the various exponents, male and female, of this new philosophy. Among a great variety of word-portraits, those that stand out with most vividness are the characters of Margaret of France, who wrote the *Heptameron*, Anne of France, the Lady of Beaujeu, and Catherine Sforza. These three great women are the dominant types of the book. Anne of France is described as "a figure after Michelangelo's own heart, grand and severe as a Cathedral,"—Regent of France, politician, soldier, diplomat, showing genius incomparable in all she did, yet with her heart not in this public work, but in the life of the affections. She professed the "science of Platonism," and taught that women were invulnerable and that men must be content to adore them spiritually. And she kept up the appearance of stoicism so well that men believed in her insensibility, though the secret of her life was a real passion, and her austerity was necessary self-defence. Margaret, on the other hand, M. de Maulde estimates as a less real woman. Platonism was with her the natural expression of a cold and artificial temperament. Her intelligence was lovable, but her intelligence was all she had to give. Catherine Sforza dominated her epoch,— "as if to show to what a pitch the intoxication of masculine women could rise." But—

"At bottom she was a woman of an excellent heart,—this Catherine who died under the name of Medici; a genuine sister of mercy, thoughtful, generous, diligent in feeding the poor in time of famine, and, when an epidemic was raging, marvellous as a sovereign and a sick-nurse! How well she knew in the intervals of her frenzied existence how to enjoy life, when she gave herself up to the beauty of her flowers, the charm of her gardens, the delight of seeing her splendid drove of cattle peacefully grazing in her parks. Dogs had never a more tender protectress. She evoked her people's enthusiasm and applause when, riding in a red skirt at the head of her huntsmen like a legendary fairy, and reining up her horse with her delicate, scented hand, she smiled upon them all, her beautiful white teeth flashing between her full, ruby lips. What did she lack then to make her in very truth a woman? Only womanliness, and the exquisite power of using love as a quickening instead of a destroying spirit."

M. de Maulde's own conception of what a great lady should be is very pretty:—

"To give something derived from herself; to act, not through that long-armed vulgar charity (though this too has its merits, —and is often very tiresome) which aims at heading a subscription list, or presiding at a public meeting, but through that modest individual charity which humbly and quietly diffuses a little affection, cheerfulness, and enthusiasm. These are the

* *The Women of the Renaissance: a Study of Feminism.* By R. de Maulde la Clavière. Translated by George Herbert Ely. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co. [10s. 6d.]

real great ladies; to them giving is a necessity, a second nature. They seek their own happiness in the happiness of others, without stopping to ask themselves if their conduct is philosophic."

And yet for the "philosophic" great ladies of the Renaissance, and of all time, he is full of benignant sympathy. Their mission of love and beauty aimed at reforming marriage; it succeeded in softening manners, and manners wanted softening. True, it softened virtue as well as vice, and austerer censors of manners than Brantôme agree with Brantôme that it had its part in producing the corruption of the Court of Charles IX. As M. de Maulde vigorously puts it, the Platonism of the Renaissance—

"Found a society in the plenitude of vigour, and save for a few elect souls it left it dead. As a philosophy, it resulted in perfect scepticism; as a social panacea, in the wars of religion. It slew art, it slew literature, through the idea of seeking beauty in itself, in other words by academism, by art for art's sake: the æsthetic Utopia alongside of the philosophic Utopia! Still further, in place of the exquisite, enthusiastic, ardent, adorable women who were the queens of the world, it gave us, as time went on, women without energy, without activity, case-hardened with the idea of selfish happiness; it left behind it a progeny of coquettes, *précieuses*, or else of Delilahs and sensual women."

All this is true. And yet there is justice in M. de Maulde's defence of the noble-hearted, if misguided, women who led the movement:—

"They ought to have saved us from sensualism and metaphysics, and they ran aground on both reefs. How bitterly they have been reproached! We have done them the high honour of throwing upon them and their ideas the blame of all our calamities, as though they were exclusively at fault. As if it would not have been allowable, after all, to combine common-sense with the spirit of kindness and love. If there were, then as always, silly women, profligate women, insatiate cormorants, why take Platonism to task, why blame women alone?"

There are chapters of M. de Maulde's book which we find ourselves wishing that everybody might read,—the admirable essay, for instance, on "The Embroidery of Life," and that other chapter discussing the influence of Platonism on conversation, especially the passages touching on the indiscriminate reading of the ladies who made it their business to refine the taste of men. But M. de Maulde says expressly that he does not dedicate his book to girls. And a conscientious reviewer is bound to say that the volume is not quite one to put into every girl's hand. Its treatment is "naked," though neither coarse nor immoral. It is a book to be much pressed upon every young woman who *thinks* she "knows life," but perhaps to be kept back from the one who modestly confesses that she would rather *not* know.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

MISS LILLIAS HAMILTON, as Court physician to the Ameer of Afghanistan, enjoyed unique opportunities, and has turned them to excellent and perfectly legitimate account in her interesting story. *A Vizier's Daughter* gives anything but a rose-coloured view of Afghanistan or the Afghans, nor is there any indication of a desire to apotheosise the Ameer, who figures prominently amongst the *dramatis personæ*. Miss Hamilton's view of the "Iron Ameer" is that he is not only abler and more sagacious than his advisers, but that he is more magnanimous. In a word, considering his antecedents, his surroundings, and the welter of intrigue in which he moves, he is far less ruthless and cruel than might be expected. The Ameer, however, is far from being the hero of the story. The nearest approach to that post is made by the Vizier of the unhappy Hazaras, the rude mountaineers who, for all their uncouthness, bear—in the author's view—the same relation to the people of Cabul as Scottish farmers to London loafers. Ghulam Hossain is a patriot, a good husband, and a kind father; in short, a very decent fellow. But the really heroic rôle is that sustained by his daughter, Gul Begum, a young Amazon of the hills, whose brief yet tragic career is traced in these pages. Gul Begum, the cleverest and the most well-favoured of the Hazara maidens, having been demanded in marriage by Ferad Shah, the brutal commander of the troops sent by the Ameer to punish the Hazaras, is smuggled off to the house of Mahomed Jan, a neighbouring villager,

where she is passed off as his wife. After enduring many insults and harsh treatment from her protector, she returns home, to be taken prisoner and borne off to Cabul, where she is sold as a slave, and ultimately engaged in the household of the Ameer's Chief Secretary. On the death of the latter's wife, Gul Begum makes herself indispensable as nurse, amanuensis, cook,—in short, as factotum; and when the Secretary, fearing his inability to extricate himself from the web of calumny woven round him by his enemies, decides to fly to India, Gul Begum plans and carries out his escape, accompanying him in the disguise of a boy, guiding him through the country she knows so well, and finally laying down her life for the man who never appreciated her until it was too late. The great artistic defect of this interesting and faithful study of Afghan life is its lack of light and shade, but Miss Hamilton forestalls this objection in her preface by the remark that there is no such thing as joy, peace, comfort, or rest in the dominions of the Ameer.

Miss Tynan has added in *A Daughter of the Fields* another portrait to her gallery of Irish graces. Meg O'Donoghue, though of "ould ancient stock," delicately nurtured, and educated at an aristocratic convent school in France, finds herself confronted on her return to Ireland with an awkward dilemma. The married life of her parents has been clouded by her father's weakness for drink, and on his premature death her mother, an indomitable little *maitresse femme*, had abandoned all social amenities and concentrated her energies on working the farm. Meg returns to find her mother hardened and bronzed by drudgery and toil, but only anxious that her daughter should live a life of indolent ease. The gentry are only too anxious to claim Meg as one of themselves, but Meg, being a young person of spirit, and realising the false position in which she would be placed by deserting her mother, resolves to cast in her lot with the squireens, farmers, horse-dealers, and other associates of her mother. The resolve is rendered all the easier by her mother's illness. Meg assumes the reins, in a very short time masters the details of crops and stock, and bids fair to become a most accomplished farmeress. She likes the life, and would have been happy but for the attentions of the squireens and the jealousies of their sisters. Matters are complicated by her relations with her landlord, Captain Fitzmaurice, who saves her from drowning, and by the arrival on the scene of a vivacious and mischievous French girl, a schoolmate at the convent. Fitzmaurice, who is engaged to his cousin, falls in love with Meg, and Meg inspires an unrequited passion in the breast of an "underbred fine-spoken" squireen. Happily for the gentle reader Miss Tynan is the most devoted friend of all true lovers, and the various couples pair off without exception in accordance with the demands of sentiment and poetic justice. Devotees of the dolorous will view Miss Tynan's whole-souled concession to the heresy of the happy ending with something like consternation. For ourselves, we confess to having followed the progress of her matrimonial manœuvres with much pleasure.

Love of Comrades is a very pleasing specimen of Mr. Frank Mathew's powers as a cultivator of the field of historical romance. The scene is laid in Ireland in the year 1640, and the story is concerned with the transmission of a secret despatch to Strafford. The first bearer, an Eton lad, having been slain at the gates of his father's house, his sister, Margery Talbot, a young Amazon skilled in the use of the rapier, dons male attire and sets forth on horseback to fulfil his mission. The assassins, mistaking her for their victim, pursue her with unrelenting hostility, but Margery, after a condensed Odyssey of peril during which she slays one of the assassins, is thrown over a precipice, and actually hanged by the neck till she is half-dead, wins her way through to Dublin, delivers her message, and ultimately marries one of the emissaries of the opposing faction. The wild improbabilities of the narrative, however, are redeemed by that fresh and unstudied charm of manner familiar to the readers of Mr. Mathew's earlier stories.

Miss Yonge's new story, *Modern Broods*, resolves itself into a critical yet not unsympathetic estimate of the young person of to-day. A gentle middle-aged spinster comes into a small fortune, which she devotes to making a home for her young half-sisters. They are not exactly ill-conditioned young people, but it cannot be said that they treat their benefactress with an excess either of courtesy or of gratitude. The effect of the story *quâ* story is marred by the immense number of

* (1.) *A Vizier's Daughter: a Tale of the Hazara War*. By Lillias Hamilton, M.D. London: John Murray. [6s.]—(2.) *A Daughter of the Fields*. By Katharine Tynan. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *Love of Comrades*. By Frank Mathew. London: John Lane. [3s. 6d.]—(4.) *Modern Broods*. By Charlotte M. Yonge. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(5.) *On the Wing of Occasions*. By Joel Chandler Harris. London: John Murray. [6s.]—(6.) *God's Lad*. By Paul Cushing. London: C. A. Pearson. [6s.]

minor characters who come and go without aiding its progress, and the style of the narrative and dialogue is hardly as finished as one might expect from so practised a writer as Miss Yonge. Some passages have caused the present reviewer a good deal of perplexity, as, for example, that which describes a little girl who displayed "enough white teeth to make Magdalen forebode that they would need much attention if they were not to be a desight [*sic*] like Agatha's."

On the Wing of Occasions introduces our good friend the creator of "Uncle Remus" in a somewhat unfamiliar aspect so far as his English admirers are concerned, the five stories of which this volume is made up being all concerned with the romance of the great war of North and South. Let us, therefore, hasten to add that the quality of these tales is superlatively good. The opening episode, which describes the escape of Colonel Fontaine Flournoy, a Southern spy, from New York, thanks to the marvellous resource of an Anglo-Irishman named McCarthy, is a brilliant essay in the art of sustained suspense. Hardly less effective in the sentimental vein is the narrative entitled "The Troubles of Martin Coy," with its dramatic and wholly unexpected conclusion. We have only to add that Mr. Harris, while assigning the *beaux rôles* throughout to the Southerners, displays a freedom from acrimony worthy of the great President, of whom he never speaks save in terms of generous respect. Nowhere in fiction have we encountered a more admirable portrait of the "patient, kindly man, with the bright smile and sad eyes, with Melancholy at one elbow and Mirth at the other," than in the delightful piece of comedy called "The Kidnapping of President Lincoln," in which two Georgians, who have undertaken the task of carrying off the President, and have actually got him in their power, abandon the scheme out of sheer admiration for Lincoln's greatness and magnanimity. We cordially recommend our readers to lose no time in making the acquaintance of Mr. Sanders, the Georgian humourist, a teller of anecdotes after Lincoln's own heart, John Omahundro, the Texan scout, the gallant Colonel Flournoy, and, above all, the incomparable McCarthy. On the strength of this volume alone, Mr. Harris deserves to be ranked among the tribe of literary benefactors,—the authors, that is, who cheer and refresh their readers and inspire them with feelings of gratitude and even affection.

God's Lad is another story in which the *travestissement* of the heroine plays an important part. Miss Muriel Balfe, an English girl—musical by right of her name—not content with achieving immense popularity under her professional pseudonym of "the Falbé," also achieves distinction in male attire under the second *alias* of Dick Balfe, "the dandiest, pluckiest, most thorough-bred little lad" in the California of '49. Readers who cling to verisimilitude will find it rather hard to accept some of the situations, but those who merely seek entertainment will find good store of it in this fantastic yet genial melodrama.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

The Handy Man Afloat and Ashore. By the Rev. G. Goodenough, R.N. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)—Mr. Goodenough is a Navy chaplain, and has served, as Crockford tells us, on ships in the Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons, on ships in harbour, and at dockyards. He has the experience, therefore, and, as a few pages of his book sufficiently show, he has the sympathy, which qualify for writing on this subject. He begins with what he calls "The Navy's Cradle," Greenwich Hospital School, and he follows the sailor from this first experience through his career. Of course, the whole Navy is not recruited from Greenwich, but some of its best stuff comes that way, and it is pleasant to be told that there is never any lack. "Whatever may be the attraction, there are always more boys ready to join the Service than can be taken on at any time." We cannot pretend to go with Mr. Goodenough through all the details which he gives; far less can we pretend to criticise him. Probably a chaplain keeping his eyes, ears, and heart open knows more about the "handy man" than any one else. He is free when others are bound by etiquette. Besides the chapters descriptive of the sailor's work, we have a chapter on sea songs, another on homes, "rests," and institutes. (He speaks, we see, with high praise of Miss Agnes Weston.) We heartily commend the volume to our readers. Before parting with it we

must borrow from it a quotation:—"A genuine man-o'-war's man was almost as good a soldier as a soldier himself in some things and a far better campaigner. He was certainly a better hand at knocking about big guns than any artillery man in the United Kingdom." That was written nearly fifty years ago, in the Crimean time, and, as Mr. Goodenough says, the "handy man" of to-day "is not one whit behind the old Crimean hero."

General Wauchope. By William Baird. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 2s. 6d.)—Andrew Gilbert Wauchope was born in 1846; after some schooling, not very prolonged or efficient—Mr. Baird compares two incomparable things when he says that natural shrewdness is "a much better gift than education," apparently not knowing what education means—he became a naval cadet. When he had completed his sixteenth year (short of two days) he left the Navy, and three years afterwards obtained an ensign's commission in the Black Watch, probably as fortunate a beginning of his career as he could have had. His first service was in 1873, when he served in the Ashantee War, and was put in command of a body of Haussas. He was one of the first to find out the military qualities of the race. His next station was Cyprus; from Cyprus he went to South Africa, where, however, he saw no service. Then came the Egyptian Campaign, and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, when he greatly distinguished himself, being among the first to enter the enemy's trenches. He took his part, too, in the Nile Expedition. This was not, we may guess, unconnected with the next incident of his life, his candidature for Midlothian in opposition to Mr. Gladstone. It was a curious experience, for in politics he was scarcely at home, but he would not be beaten. The result was that he reduced 4,631, the majority of 1885, to 690. Some more soldiering followed, this time in the Soudan; then a spell of life at home; and then the campaign in South Africa, ending for this gallant and capable soldier in the disastrous day of Magersfontein. Of these things it is too early to write. This will be found a highly interesting book.

Notes on the Paradiso of Dante. By the Hon. W. W. Vernon. With an Introduction by the Bishop of Ripon. 2 vols. (Macmillan and Co. 21s.)—Mr. Vernon, who dedicates his book to Dr. Edward Moore, one of the most distinguished of Dante scholars, has been able to accomplish a purpose announced six years ago, and to follow up his volumes on the "Inferno" with a similar commentary on the "Paradiso." We may be allowed to congratulate him on the completion of a great work. His plan is to print the text, to give below a running annotation, and to supply a more general comment where it is needed. The student is helped in the most ample way. Canto XXIV., for instance, containing one hundred and fifty-four lines, occupies twenty-nine pages. Nor is the proportion excessive. There are many considerable textual difficulties, and the references to history, theology, and morals require a very large amount of elucidation. Canto IX., which numbers one hundred and forty-two lines, is yet more liberally furnished, for the comments and notes fill forty-five pages. But then it is, from one point of view, of more than common interest. It exemplifies in a very remarkable way the principles on which Dante peopled the various regions of the spiritual world. His rules of canonisation were not a little singular. He sees Clemence, wife of Charles Martel—Mr. Vernon decides emphatically that the wife, not the daughter, is intended—about whom we know very little. Then comes Cunizza, sister of Ezzelino III., of whom Benvenuto says that she was *recte filia Veneris, semper amorosa, vaga*. This, however, does not disturb her—

"Ma lietamente a me medesima indulgo
La cagion de ma sorte,"—

though, as she quite rightly says, this may seem hard to understand, *al vostro volgo*. Along with Cunizza comes Folgo, who, after a dissolute youth as a troubadour, became Bishop of Toulouse, and, as such, took a prominent part in the crusade against the Albigenses. One thing almost certainly excluded from Paradise, and that was to be a Florentine, whereas of the seventy-nine persons pictured in hell, two-fifths come from Florence.

Thomas Henry Huxley. By P. Chalmers Mitchell. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.)—Mr. Mitchell does not claim to have had any special facilities for writing this memoir. It is, he frankly says, "in no sense an intimate or authorised biography of Huxley." It is the account, given by an intelligent and well-informed student, of Huxley's life-work in the provinces of scientific and metaphysical thought. This is not the time to discuss either Huxley's views on religion and ethics and theories of the Cosmos generally, or Mr. Mitchell's interpretation of them.

It is enough to say that this volume will be found to give a careful treatment to the work of one of the greatest and most honest thinkers of the day.

Richard Elwyn. By the Rev. R. Patterson. (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co. 3s. 6d.)—This is a short, unpretending biography of a man who did excellent service in more than one field of action. It will be welcomed by many friends, and by many more who, being outside his personal range, were benefited by his work.

The Bystander. By J. Ashby-Sterry. (Sands and Co. 6s.)—Mr. Ashby-Sterry has collected in this volume a number of humorous, or sub-humorous, papers. Such collections always suffer from the fact that what is written to be read piece by piece is read as a whole. The substance, too, of these essays is sometimes a little thin, and the occasions sometimes strained. "Jonas Chuzzlewit" is the title of the first paper, and why? Jonas took his cousins to sights that could be seen for nothing, and we have accordingly some twenty pages about such sights. The occasion is not good enough. An allusion is all that it could have borne. We do not care to criticise the other papers in detail; there is certainly nothing to offend in them, and there is something to amuse; we wish that there had been more.

The Source Book of English History. By Elizabeth Kendall, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)—Miss Elizabeth Kendall has collected here from various sources original authorities on various periods in the history of Britain. There are twenty-two chapters, of which the first is headed "Britons and Saxons," and the last "The Empire"; those between covering the whole period of history from the "Agricola" down to a "Warning" from Mr. John Morley about the responsibilities of Empire. "Political friends of my own," says Mr. Morley, "are constantly discussing what is to be the issue at the next Election. My own idea is becoming very clear that it will be expenditure." And expenditure was barely mentioned! We see that Miss Kendall makes her acknowledgments duly to publishers. The authors come but poorly off in this way. Surely they might have a word, even when they are not protected by copyright.

The World-Wide Atlas of Modern Geography. With an Introduction by J. Scott Keltie, LL.D. (W. and A. K. Johnston. 7s. 6d.)—This is a "fifth edition," improved and brought up to date. The geography which it exhibits is both physical and historical; both branches are duly provided for. There is one detail, however, in which some change would be welcome. The map of France is not adequate to the interest which English people have in that country. (The same may be said of other regions of Europe.) One page is allotted to it, the same space as is given to Beloochistan and New Guinea. And this page is so crowded that it is far less useful than it might be. Not less than four maps are needed to give an adequate representation of what we want to see.—*Philip's London School Board Atlas.* Edited by G. Philip, jun. (G. Philip and Son. 1s. net.)—An eminently useful collection, giving ample, and more than ample, value for the price. We are glad to see that the London School Board adopts it; the child who studies it intelligently can hardly be a "Little Englander."

The Bard of Bethlehem. By the Rev. H. A. Paterson, M.A. (A. Elliot, Edinburgh. 4s. 6d.)—This is a new edition of a work first published in 1867, and now supplied with a prose version of the Psalms. Of this, as a version of the Hebrew, the writer of this notice is not qualified to speak. It seems to differ but little from the translations of which Mr. Paterson speaks as "incoherent gibberish." Psalm x. is specified. Here are the Authorised Version and Mr. Paterson's version of verses 1-3 side by side:—

A.V.

"Why standest Thou afar off,
O Lord; why hidest Thou Thyself
in times of trouble? The
wicked in his pride doth persecute
the poor: let them be taken
in the devices that they have
imagined. For the wicked
boasteth of his heart's desire,
and blesseth the covetous whom
God abhorreth."

P.V.

"Why standest Thou afar off,
Jehovah? Why hidest Thou
on emergencies in trouble? The
wicked hath by arrogance in-
flamed the afflicted man; they
are caught by the devices which
had been contrived. For the
wicked man is glorying over his
soul's desire and blessing the
dishonest gain."

Which is the more like to "incoherent gibberish"? Here is the poetical version of verse 1:—

"Why at a distance dost Thou stand,
Jehovah, far aside?
Oh why upon emergencies
In trouble dost Thou hide?"

The translator thinks that his version "will be found in every respect superior to the one in common use throughout Scotland."

That is not saying much, but the *Paraphrase* has at least the prestige of antiquity.

Advice to 20th Century Business Juniors. By Phi. Rho. Chi. (Horace Marshall and Son. 3d.)—To notice this little book in detail would be to attack not a few social and ethical problems. We must be content with saying generally that this "advice" seems well qualified to produce or preserve the *mens sana in corpore sano*. "Character is everything," says our author, and there is no counting the things which go to make it or defining the time within which it has to be made. And it is in this all-importance of character—perhaps the point might have been emphasised more than it is—that there is to be found the true explanation of what seems waste of time and vital powers, the round of dreary, spiritually unprofitable labour in which the majority of lives are spent. The labour is naught, but the character which the right doing of it creates is everything.

(For Publications of the Week see next page.)

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Affalo (F. G.), Sport in Europe, 4to	(Sands) 42/0
Astley (H. D.), My Birds in Freedom and Captivity, 8vo	(Dent) 12/6
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Bray (C.), A Culrassier of Arrans, cr 8vo	(Sands) 3/6
Brittain (M. S.), Historical Primer of French Phonetics and Inflection, cr 8vo	(Oxford Univ. Press) 2/6
Browne (G. W.), The Young Gun Bearer, cr 8vo	(Jarrold) 3/6
Burnett (J. C.), Enlarged Tonsils Cured by Medicines, 12mo (Homeo. Pub. Co.)	2/0
Candler (E.), A Vagabond in Asia, cr 8vo	(Greening) 6/0
Carrington (Henry), Anthology of French Poetry: Tenth to Nineteenth Centuries, cr 8vo	(Oxford Univ. Press) 2/6
Carter (Bella), Derrymount, cr 8vo	(W. P. Nimmo) 3/6
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Cave (H. W.), Golden Tips: a Description of Ceylon and its Great Tea Industry, cr 8vo	(S. Low) 16/0
Companies Act, 1900 (The), with Notes by F. B. Palmer, 8vo	(Stevens) 6/0
Cook (Herbert), Giorgione (Great Masters), cr 8vo	(Bell) 5/0
Deane (A. C.), New Rhymes for Old, and other Verses, cr 8vo	(Lane) 3/6
Dorland (W. A. N.), The American Illustrated Medical Dictionary (Saunders)	19/0
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Ormsby (M. T.), Elementary Practical Mathematics, 8vo	(Spon) 7/6
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That doth not love it more than all the rest?
Thus is our grief for sorrow reconciled,
And larger love exalts the parent's breast—
The little sufferer is of all most blest,
For love and sympathy are dearer far
Than all the joys that other children share.

CXXXVII.

So every sorrow hides a central joy,
And with all suffering and pain'd under-song
There is a leavening mixture of alloy,
That more than compensates the seeming wrong,
For to all such far other joys belong—
A keener sensibility to bliss,
A finer insight into all that is.

CXXXVIII.

So Pain and Sorrow also have their part
In the great scheme of universal good,
Without them how refine the human heart,
Too soon elated unless these withstood?
So lightly do we flit from mood to mood,
We seldom see the sorrow of the thing,
Until the Angel Pity droops her wing.

CXXXIX.

And Sorrow is not only to refine,
For Love leaps up with tenfold sympathy,
To mitigate the suffering and the sin
That are a part of the divine decree,
In that foreshadowing of the life to be,—
Where Pity hath become an Angel grace,
And Sorrow shows once more a smiling face.

ON RELIGION.

CXCV.

But live the Christ-like life, and thou shalt know
"Whether the doctrine be of God or not!"—
What simpler answer could our Lord bestow?
How doth it lighten our poor human lot!
How soon are all our doubts and fears forgot!
For God reveals Himself in many ways,
Till Disbelief a Doubt of Doubt betrays.

CXCVI.

His laws are built upon Eternal Truth—
Truth that is evermore inviolate!
'Tis but the fashion of misguided youth
Infinite Wisdom to interrogate,
Youth irreligious, unregenerate!
But with each Spring a deeper feeling flows,
Lights with the Lily, reddens with the Rose.

* * * * *

CCL.

What man is there would be afraid to die
If Christ should meet him in the way to-morrow,
And tell him of the shadow drawing nigh?
Dost think that he would look on Death with sorrow?
Nay, rather, would he not new comfort borrow
To know that Christ doth live, hath power to save,
That there is Victory even in the grave?

CCII.

And canst thou doubt that Christ doth surely live,
That Sun and Moon and Stars hold Him in awe?
Disorder never yet had power to give
The cosmic cycle, the Metonic law—
What other inference can our reason draw?
We feel the beat of His o'er-shadowing wings,
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Session, we fear, will be a most unsatisfactory one. The Queen's Speech, the curtest on record, simply asks for money to meet "the expenses of the operations of my armies in South Africa and China," and the debates on the first night do not refer even to that request, but to subjects like the propriety of the dissolution of an old Parliament in October, and the importance of preventing Ministers or Ministers' relatives from accepting Government contracts. The second is, of course, a serious subject, but as it is raised only with the hope of irritating Mr. Chamberlain by unfair insinuations, it might keep very well until the regular Session. The first is almost childish. Every Government dissolves when it deems a dissolution advantageous to the State or to itself, and without thinking about the register. It might as well reflect that if it waited three months a hundred thousand more lads would have reached twenty-one. There is to be a full-dress debate on the method of carrying on the war in South Africa, but as Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman has declared his absolute confidence in the humanity of our troops, that can hardly be a very serious struggle, and about China there will obviously be no debate at all. The subject is too big for the Houses. This being the temper of the Opposition, the special Session bids fair to be short, and, except as a necessary constitutional prelude to the raising of money, nearly useless.

In the Lords the only important speech—Lord Rosebery devoting himself to the iniquities of the Election and the question of contracts, upon which he was as usual sound, gentlemanly, and inconclusive—was that of Lord Salisbury. He declined to speak of China, though he thought the Concert might at some indefinitely future time be successful, and "hoped" that there would be no expedition. As to South Africa, the object of the British Government was to fill it with self-governing Colonies, but if the Boers "out of mere hatred" continued their guerilla war, he did not know how long the fulfilment of that benevolent design might be delayed. "It might be years and it might be generations." The "war must be carried through." "We can never allow that any shred of independence should be left." As to investigation into military blunders, that must follow the war, and the Government would offer no opposition. The Premier spoke with a decision and energy which had in it a trace of haughtiness, and gave no hint whatever of the method through which the Government hope to finish what is becoming a most dreary struggle. That is doubtless reserved for the special debate on the subject, and we can only hope that while confirming the decision of the people to go on—which is inflexible—it will satisfy consciences not usually too morbid.

The debate on Thursday night in the House of Commons

was chiefly remarkable for the discursive and captious character of the attack on the Government. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman detailed his list of charges,—the iniquity of going to the country on the old register, the unfair tactics used during the Election, and the breach of good taste which Ministers had been guilty of in publishing private letters. On the question of farm-burning and the conduct of the war he spoke with great discretion, and only asked the Government to declare some generous policy which would unite the two races. Mr. Balfour replied on the only sensible lines that, while he deplored any faults of temper or taste, yet the Election was properly fought upon the question of the approval or disapproval of the war, and that, though certain supporters of the war happened to be in the Liberal camp, the official policy of the Opposition was disapproval. The most interesting event of the evening was Mr. John Ellis's explanation of the circumstances under which his letter was written, and his complaint of the unscrupulous use which had been made of it. Mr. Chamberlain in a somewhat heated speech declared that he never suggested that Mr. Ellis had been guilty of treason, but that he had undoubtedly shown a desire to get hold of facts which might discredit his country. He concluded by asking what explanation the Opposition, who had become purists in political manners, could offer for the rancour with which they had assailed himself. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was a very clever and effective reply, but we confess that the whole tone of the debate disappointed us. With so many grave problems on our hands these "personal explanations" and recriminations seem almost frivolous. During the next few days various amendments will be moved dealing with the question of farm-burning, Church discipline, Army contracts, and China.

Mr. Kruger has received a sharp rebuff from the German Emperor. He was, it appears, advised by some of his friends in Paris, probably Nationalists, to proceed at once to Berlin, because if William II. supported his plea for arbitration France would support it too. He accordingly started, and at Cologne was so cordially received by the populace that he nearly fainted on the doorstep of his hotel from emotion and over-squeezing. From the hotel he forwarded the customary message announcing his arrival on German territory, but received a reply, through the German Minister to Luxemburg, announcing that "in consequence of previous engagements" the Emperor was not able to receive him in Berlin. It is said that on receiving the message Mr. Kruger, who had probably been deceived by Dr. Leyds as to the Emperor's intentions, threw up his hands and exclaimed "All is lost." That is pathetic, but is so inconsistent with the wooden impassiveness of the ex-President that it sounds like the invention of some writer of dramas. At all events, Mr. Kruger abandoned his intention, and will only visit Holland, where, let us hope, after a few imprudences have been uttered, he will enjoy the long and luxurious rest to which his exertions and his great wealth entitle him. There is still talk of a journey to Russia when the Czar has recovered his health, but it is well understood that the mission to Europe has failed.

There remains one puzzle in this intervention business which is to us inexplicable. Mr. Kruger, who is essentially a peasant unable to write anything beyond his name, is doubtless ignorant of sea-power, and fancies intervention by any great State quite easy; but still he is a shrewd man who in politics drives hard bargains. He must have known that no State would spend money and risk lives without expectation of some advantage; and what was it to be? He certainly was not prepared to pay the expenses, or to declare the two Republics colonies of France, or Germany, or Russia; and what, then, was the payment he proposed to himself?

It really looks as if there were only two alternatives. Either Mr. Kruger has been acting a little comedy to conceal from his countrymen the reasons of his flight, or he really imagined Europe so hostile to Great Britain that it would welcome any opportunity at any risk of doing her an ill turn. In the former case, Mr. Kruger is a less sincere man than we take him, for all his "slimness," to be; in the latter, his journey is one more bit of evidence that ignorant men do not make good Governors for nations. They are like quartermasters in command of a ship. They do very well at ordinary times, but suddenly a crisis arrives requiring scientific knowledge; the quartermaster, like all half-educated men, is as obstinate as he is courageous, and the ship goes down.

The interest of the military operations in South Africa has been concentrated in the efforts of General Charles Knox to "corner" De Wet in the Orange River Colony. By dint of repeated forced marches—the average amount traversed having often been twenty-five miles a day—General Knox has kept constantly in touch with the Boers, fighting successful rearguard actions, and heading them off to the north-east. According to the last despatch, De Wet with his main body had crossed the Caledon River and was heading for Odendal, which is held by the Gnaards. It is added that he is hard pressed and appears to be suffering from this continual trekking, while all the British prisoners taken at Dewetsdorp except the officers have been released, and a Krupp gun has been abandoned near the south bank of the Caledon River, which is in flood. A satisfactory feature of the situation is that many of the farmers in the district invaded by De Wet have refused to join him. Sharp engagements have been fought by General Settle at Kloof, near Luckhoff, where the Boers were dislodged by the bayonet from a strong position, and at Rhenoster Kop by General Paget. At the latter place the Boers, under Viljoen and Erasmus, are said to have mustered four thousand men, and the loss on both sides was severe. A bold attack by Delarey's men on a British convoy at Buffelspoort, between Pretoria and Rustenburg, was beaten off; but here, again, the British casualties were severe, amounting to fifteen killed and twenty-two wounded. Altogether, the fighting during last week has been more determined and on a larger scale than for some time past.

Lord Roberts, who has ended his visit to Natal, and will sail from Cape Town on the 11th, has issued a striking farewell Army Order to the troops in South Africa. The Commander-in-Chief expresses his regret that he could not remain with the Army till it was completely broken up, but continues:—"I have come to the conclusion that as Lord Kitchener has consented to take over the command, my presence is no longer required in South Africa, and that duty calls me in another direction." He dwells on the peculiar trials, privations, and difficulties of the campaign, and the unique service performed by the South African force. "There has been no rest, no days off to recruit, no going into winter quarters." He praises the men for their unmurmuring patience, their conspicuous humanity, their forbearance and good behaviour in the towns occupied, and asks:—"Is it any wonder that I am intensely proud of the Army I have commanded, or that I regard you, my gallant and devoted comrades, with affection as well as with admiration, and that I feel deeply the parting from you? Many of you, Colonials as well as British, I hope to meet again, but those I may never see more will live in my memory, and will be held in high regard to my life's end." In conclusion, Lord Roberts declares that he has learned much during the war, and that the experience thus gained will greatly help him in the work which lies before him, "which is, I conceive, to make the Army of the United Kingdom as perfect as it is possible for an army to be."

The speech of General Mercier in the French Senate on the 4th inst. has in one way a certain importance. This General, who made so discreditable an appearance in the Dreyfus case, is a spokesman of the Nationalist party, and may, if the Republic is overthrown, be once more Minister of War. Speaking of the increase of the Navy, he said the grand thing was to have the power of taking the offensive rapidly. If, for instance, France were at war with England, he would at once throw an army on British shores. The

Navy of Great Britain was no doubt double that of France, but it had often mutinied on the eve of battle, and he had himself a plan by which he could carry an army across the Channel. That would mean victory, for the scene in the Transvaal had disillusioned the world as to the value of the British Army. He therefore proposed to add to the Bill under discussion a clause compelling the Government always to have ready the means for embarking and disembarking an expeditionary corps. The Senate refused to hear any details of General Mercier's plan, and the journals almost universally condemn his speech as a senseless provocation, but Mr. Brodrick will do well to bear it in mind. A military government in France would be nearly certain to try something of the kind, and though England cannot be conquered by a raid, a raid, as Lord Overstone once pointed out to a Parliamentary Committee, might cause a panic which would produce incalculable disasters.

President McKinley's Message sent to Congress on the 3rd inst. is of immense length, the section which concerns China alone occupying four columns. It appears from its terms that the American Government has ceased to demand the execution of the guilty Manchurian nobles, though it still requires "full expiation within the rational limits of retributive justice," and that it would prefer a concession of further commercial privileges to any indemnity. It accepts the Russian proposal that the Imperial authority should be restored in Peking, and hopes for a complete settlement of all questions through "the authority which China reverences and obeys." The inner meaning of all that is that America together with Russia and Japan, whose conduct the President warmly approves, will condone the recent outrages and restore the *status quo ante* in consideration of advantages to the trade of the United States. This, of course, breaks up the Concert of the Powers, and will, as we pointed out at length last week, lead to a substantial victory for China. The Empress will have planted a fear of explosions in all Europe, and will be compelled in return only to make promises which she will not keep. Upon one point only is Mr. McKinley in advance of the Powers. He demands guarantees for the liberty of faith of all converts, as persecution to them is "an assault upon the rights of foreign worship and teaching." It is not probable, however, if China refuses that demand, that America will protect the converts by force; and as no other Power has even named them, they may consider themselves abandoned. We confess we do not understand the apathy of the Christian Churches upon this subject.

Upon the Philippines the President is quite decided. He believes them to be substantially conquered, although a guerilla war—which we may mention employs sixty thousand troops and costs nearly a million a week—"delays the conferment" of fuller rights of local self-government upon the Filipinos. The Administration, however, accepts its responsibility towards them, recommends a cable to Manila, and hopes that the flag will one day be as beloved "in the mountains of Luzon and the fertile zones of Mindanao and Negros" as it is at home. The words are a little poetical, but the meaning is plain and straightforward. America will keep the Philippines, as we always prophesied she would, and will govern them as well as she can, with an eye to the interest and elevation of the native population. That is sound and sensible policy, but we wish we could see any sign that the instrument will be a permanent Civil Service. It is only when the governing class has nothing to gain by injustice that a civilised race can rule a semi-civilised one entirely in the interest of the latter.

The Viennese *Journal of Political Economy* (*Zeitschrift für Staats- u. Volkswirtschaft*) of December 2nd contains a remarkable article entitled "Der Krügerianismus." History, the writer reminds us, is full of legends, misconceptions, and anomalies. Athens is still glorified as a pure democracy, the Byzantine Emperors addressed their rabble as "Quirites," the Spaniards in 1700 represented their lost provinces as children torn from the bosom of a loving mother, and the Southerners declared they were fighting for freedom. Hence we need not wonder at the enthusiasm of West and Mid Europe for the Boers in their struggle for "freedom," or the apotheosis of the old ex-President who came to office a poor man and left his country a millionaire. As for the anti-

British movement, the author traces it to (1) the Press campaign initiated by the two Republics,—“their secret service fund is larger than that of Austria-Hungary, Germany, and England put together”; (2) political and commercial competition in Germany and Russia; (3) the natural antipathy of all extremists, “*Alle extremen Parteien verabscheuen das Inselreich und müssen es verabscheuen.*” England, by her existence and her exceptional prosperity, gives the lie to their theories. Our early reverses were the signal for the mobilisation of the demi-monde of the Continent against England. But their hopes have now been finally disappointed. Intervention is no longer to be thought of. “Europe cannot ally itself with England in China and thwart her in South Africa.” The writer concludes by observing that the episode is of no importance for the politician, though profoundly interesting to the ethno-psychologist, or rather the ethno-pathologist.

The returns for the London School Board elections, held on Thursday week, show a slight gain for the Moderates. The last Board was composed of 31 Progressives, 22 Moderates, and 2 Roman Catholics; that now elected contains 28 Progressives, 25 Moderates, and 2 Roman Catholics. Of the nine ladies elected to the new Board, seven are Progressives. The Moderate gains were in the City of London, Chelsea, Greenwich, and Marylebone divisions, whilst the Progressives gained a seat in the Tower Hamlets. A curious point about the election is that all the seats lost by the Progressives were gained by them from the Moderates in 1897. But the really striking feature about the contest is in the falling-off in the number of the votes cast, the decrease, as compared with 1897, being not far short of 25 per cent. More than that, while the Moderate votes were 68,651 short of those polled in 1897, the falling-off in the Progressive vote amounted to 157,161. On the significance of these figures we comment in another column.

Mr. Chaplin, lately President of the Local Government Board, has published in the form of a letter to his constituents an account of the way in which he was removed from the Cabinet. He had not imagined such a thing possible, but a few days after the elections he received from Lord Salisbury a communication in which he was informed that it was intended to reconstruct the Government, and that his own surrender of office would be essential. He had heard nothing of either decision before, and whether it was the result of mature consideration or of a sudden inspiration he does not know; but although by a refusal he might have kept his appointment, he thought it more dignified to resign. He also declined a peerage, which, as he more than hints, was offered him as a solatium. Mr. Chaplin is a worthy squire exceedingly popular in his own district, but we are not able to sympathise deeply with his wrongs, regretting as we do that Lord Salisbury had not the nerve to remove another half-dozen “stale” Ministers. What does it matter if a dozen Mr. Chaplins are dismissed if the country thereby obtains a stronger Government? The incident reveals an unexpected weakness in our political system. As Ministers are not elected, but appointed by the Crown, a refusal to resign on a request from the Sovereign conveyed through the usual channel ought to be impossible.

Mr. Dickinson, the Chairman of the London County Council, entertained the new Metropolitan Mayors at a banquet on Monday evening. Lord Rosebery, who proposed the toast of the evening, enlarged humorously, perhaps over-humorously, on the formidable nature of his task. He had hoped that his eyes would, be gladdened by twenty-eight chains and twenty-eight maces but unfortunately, owing to the inadequacy of the goldsmith's art, there had been no response to this desire except in a very few cases. Touching on the functions of the new municipalities, he said they would have to shape their own futures, and quoted the remark of one of the Marshals of the First Napoleon who observed, when some one disparaged the origin of that régime, “We are our ancestors.” Finally, he coupled the toast with the name of the Duke of Norfolk, the Mayor of Westminster, “than whom from the time of his youth he had never known a more public-spirited man.” The Duke of Norfolk in his reply remarked that the Prince of Wales had desired them to look to the dwellings of workmen and the congestion of the streets, while Lord Rosebery had pointed

to the development of the goldsmith's art. They must, he added, steer their way between these two ideals. There is truth as well as humour in this saying, the functions of Mayors being decorative as well as practical. Those who think otherwise may be recommended to read Mark Twain's article on the lack of an American diplomatic uniform.

Lord Strathcona, the Agent-General for Canada, has conveyed through a representative of the *St. James's Gazette* some valuable and timely remarks on the loyalty of the French-Canadians and the recognition of the French language in Canada. “One cannot expect,” says Lord Strathcona, “that the French-Canadians should feel such strength of enthusiasm for the unity of the Empire as do those of more direct British blood. But do not doubt the loyal feelings of our French-Canadian brothers. They have given to us of their best. . . . They are Canadians first, and French-Canadians after, but always thoroughly loyal Canadians.” As regards the language question, Lord Strathcona admitted that the use of two languages was troublesome in obvious details, and that we might hesitate to repeat the experiment if we were now establishing a new régime and a new Constitution in Canada; but, he added, “I have yet to learn that the racial and linguistic homogeneity of a primarily alien race settled for many years in a country wherein perfect freedom reigns—wherein, too, their representatives are not barred from the highest official appointments, a race which has one of its own men as Prime Minister—makes that race any the less loyal to the Constitution of the country to which they belong and of which they are an integral part.” Lord Strathcona thus refuses to adopt the alarmist view of those Canadian correspondents who have so frequently sought to convince us that this concession is a source of danger and weakness, and that we should at all hazards avoid repeating it in South Africa.

Mr. Balfour delivered a speech on Wednesday afternoon at Westminster Town Hall at a meeting of the Primrose League, in which he traced the growth of Conservatism in the Metropolis. The tide first turned, according to Mr. Balfour, in 1868, when Mr. W. H. Smith won a seat in Westminster, began to flow slowly in 1874, was temporarily checked in 1880, but gathered unexpected volume in the elections of 1885, to the surprise of those who had anticipated wholly different results from the passage of the Reform Bill of that year. After contrasting the spectacle of the present overwhelming majority of the representatives of Conservatism and Imperialism in the greatest city in the world with that presented by the trend of political opinion in Paris, Berlin, Brussels, and Vienna, Mr. Balfour laid special stress among predisposing causes on organisation in general, and the Primrose League in particular. At the same time, he lamented the existence of electoral apathy in the party. It was, he continued, no new disease, for Clarendon in the early days of Parliamentary conflicts had complained of the apathy of the Cavaliers as compared with the energy of their opponents. We have no desire to minimise the heroic achievements of the Primrose League, but Mr. Balfour's implied comparison of its Knights and Dames with the Cavaliers seems to us to show a slight failure in the sense of historical perspective.

The ill humour with which some Austrians regard British operations in South Africa is not a little curious. General Ratzenhofer, President of the Military High Court of Justice, delivered on Friday week a lecture on the war, which was attended by all the higher members of the Staff. He declared that the war had excited the hatred of all peoples against Great Britain, and that her Army was inefficient, the soldiers being indifferent to the object of the war and “wanting in personal qualities,” though the officers were gallant and died in large numbers. He did not believe that any radical reform would be made in the British system, compulsory enlistment being impossible; and altogether he painted, and evidently enjoyed, a very sad picture of England's strength. There is nothing new in his general view, which revives and dies away on the Continent periodically, but the depreciation of the British private soldier is unusual. The usual description of the British Army is “lions led by asses.”

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
New Consols (2½) were on Friday 97¾.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

WE are not so much touched by the language of Lord Roberts's eloquent farewell to his army as some of our contemporaries appear to be. Lord Roberts is an Irishman, and felicity of diction is one of the Irish gifts. All generals are proud of their armies, though few are able so gracefully to express that pride; and in recapitulating the difficulties, the heroism, and the sufferings of his comrades in arms Lord Roberts does but follow a path traced for him by every Commander-in-Chief since Cæsar. What does move us, and will move the British people, and even affect the Continent, is his deliberate testimony to the humanity displayed by that army towards its enemies. Lord Roberts is an experienced soldier, a humane man by the testimony even of Boers, he knows the secret as well as the public history of what his army has done, and his emphatic testimony to its general character will outweigh with instructed men, as well as with the masses, not only Mr. Kruger's declamations, but columns of depreciation from men who do not understand that when hundreds of thousands are in rushing movement some innocent bystanders will suffer. A mob in the streets is not necessarily brutal because as it sways a child is crushed or a woman trodden underfoot. There will be evil incidents in all wars, and the instinct, the inevitable instinct, of soldiers is that as they are risking their lives for their country, all that threatens those lives must be swept away, even if the sweeping involves the lives of those whose hostility menaces their own. Lord Roberts, however, affirms the general humanity of his forces, their humane tone, and with that guarantee sensible men who know what war is will be content. The British public will, we feel assured, accept Lord Roberts's evidence, and pass finally from consideration of the war, which is over, to the process of pacification, which has only just begun. That process, it is clear, is trying the judgment as well as the temper of onlookers as the war never tried them. They are bewildered by their own want of experience. They have been accustomed to watch wars between regular governments which terminate when the beaten government gives the signal, and have no idea of the time required to suppress the armed anarchy which follows when resistance survives the disappearance of the beaten government. They never knew anything of the deadly struggle in Burmah with the dacoit-patriots, which lasted nearly four years, and is now recalled only in Rudyard Kipling's verses; and in Europe they have never seen consciously anything of the kind. Their grandfathers did in the long war which ended at last in the submission of La Vendée, but this generation is scarcely aware that that struggle, which in many of its incidents closely resembled the present one in South Africa, ever occurred. Men are, therefore, angrily impatient, and insist on some great display either of severity or lenity, which they fancy might terminate the struggle in a week. They cannot understand, they say, why it is "allowed to go on," and ask many of them why, if it lasts for weeks, it should not last for years. They fret under the loss of valuable lives, they wonder why when a commando is beaten in a mountainous country its leader and most of his followers escape, and they cannot but believe that if there were better generalship the flying companies of patriot-marauders might be "hemmed in." They hear of the sufferings of their own men, and know nothing of what is happening to their opponents, of their terrible marches, of their slow destruction by the bullet and disease and disaffection, of the exhaustion of their resources in food as well as ammunition, or of the slow incoming among them of the hopelessness which at last induces desperate men to surrender rather than give their lives uselessly for mere revenge. They are sick of waiting, and will not see that when there is no insurgent government which can sound the recall, pacification must be a slow process, only to be accomplished by a wise admixture of mercy and severity, in proportions varying as the resistance stiffens or grows slack. A bitter controversy therefore rages, and as our own position, probably through some hastiness of expression, has to our amazement been misunderstood, we will, at the risk of

wearrying fair-minded readers who understood it, state it once more.

We are utterly opposed to anything like massacre, refusal of quarter, or "Jeffreys Assizes" after the contest is over. Not only do we believe such policy erroneous as policy, but it is revolting to all our ideas as Christians and civilised men. The Boers forced on the war out of ambition, a reasonable ambition as they thought, and must be compelled to see that that ambition was futile; but their ambition was no more criminal than that of most Kings, and certainly would not justify the depopulation of a province. At the same time, we can see neither justice nor wisdom in suffering a garrison which is defending an untenable fortress to kill her Majesty's soldiers at will, and then escape all penalties by surrendering. Some middle path must be found, and the only one we can see is to establish a civil government with absolute powers, offer a full amnesty on a defined date—half-amnesties are futile, for the Boers are not of the kind of men who sell their leaders—and to see that it is honestly observed, no man being arrested, or boycotted, or controlled in his action for anything done before the amnesty was proclaimed. We would inflict no punishment for words, however openly seditious; but if after the amnesty any body of armed men "descended into the street," as we say in Europe, or "took to the veldt," as they say in South Africa, with the intention of killing English soldiers, we would treat them precisely as we should treat men who did the same thing in Suffolk. That is to say, we should give them the option of submission with the chance of pardon; and if they refused it and fought, should shoot them down, and send all prisoners taken before a Court-Martial or Special Commission, as might be deemed advisable, to be tried as rebels in arms. That Court or Commission must give the sentences it judged expedient. They would probably condemn only the ringleaders to death, but they have a moral right to inflict capital punishment on all. The insurgents would all be men who, having been offered quarter in the amnesty, have deliberately refused it, and have risked death for the pleasure of killing some of their foes. That opinion, we are told, is cruel; but there is surely more cruelty in allowing our own devoted soldiers to be slain by men who can have no purpose except revenge for their defeat. As to shooting prisoners taken in battle, we never thought of such a crime; but men who deliberately commence an insurrection after they have received an offer of amnesty stake their lives on the issue, and have no right to complain if they lose them. If that is not so, if they do not stake their lives, they are mere murderers, for they certainly mean killing all they meet who wear the Queen's uniform. We cannot see, indeed, wherein the moral objection consists, unless we object to capital punishment, or deliberately hold that rebellion accompanied by slaughter is not one of the offences which justify its infliction. In our judgment, lenity to rebels is nine times out of ten the wiser policy, but of the right to execute rebels, and so restore order, we have no doubt whatever. The Americans re-bounded the South to the Union by their marvellous and most wise lenity, but their right to execute Jeff Davis, if the South had again risen after an amnesty, cannot fairly be called in question.

It is greatly to be regretted that the South African provinces cannot be federated at once, and their pacification left to the Viceroy and Council of the new Dominion; but we fully admit that this course cannot be adopted. Opinion in South Africa is not prepared for it, two of the Colonies would resent the change, and octroy'd Constitutions seldom work. We must wait patiently till the spirit of disorder subsides, as it will subside, pardoning wherever we can and punishing whenever we must, until insurrection becomes so feeble an affair that we can regard it as a malignant form of rioting, to be treated by the civil Magistrate and not by Courts-Martial, and punished with fine and imprisonment rather than any irrevocable penalty.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S PLAN.

THE decree of the German Emperor by which he makes the English language an obligatory subject in all the gymnasias, or as we should say, public schools, of

his hereditary kingdom, while the study of French is left optional, is a most important one, though not, we think, for the reason which most of our contemporaries assign. They believe, apparently, that William II. is bent on conciliating England, and not unwilling to give a snub to France, and that he has adopted this mode of attaining both ends because it calls for no attention from diplomatists. We believe, on the contrary, that he is not thinking, at least not primarily, of his relations either with France or England, being probably aware that mutual intelligibility does not always produce mutual admiration. The Irish have spoken English for two hundred years, the Southerners when they fired on Fort Sumter spoke the same language as the "Yankees," while the Lorrainers, who think in German, after thirty years of subjugation to Berlin still worship France. The Emperor is, we think, pursuing steadily the object which has attracted him, and in a way governed him, from the very beginning of his reign, that of making his people richer. He has two fixed ideas upon that subject, one of which is certainly true, while the other may be. He thinks that the social danger, his keen apprehension of which induced him as one of his first acts to summon a conference of workmen, can be averted by greater and more widely diffused prosperity, by higher wages, more savings, better provision against sickness, accident, and old age. In this he is probably right, though men usually rebel just when the grievance is disappearing, and though the English revolt against caste government occurred just as manufactures and commerce began to ease off the dreadful poverty of 1816, when, as the founder of the *Economist* once told the present writer, every man in England was paying a third of his earnings to the State. It may, of course, be alleged that if the Emperor had this at heart he would never allow his Government to tax food as it does; but we suspect that in this matter he is not his own master, the Agrarian party, which clamours for Protection, being mainly composed of the classes which form the bedrock of his throne. The Emperor also thinks that the basis of national strength is wealth, that a poor people cannot do great things, that if his subjects had but the English resources he could at once place Germany at the top of the world. He wants more revenue from lighter taxes, better credit, a larger national reserve, which would embolden his people to run great risks. It is possible that in this he is mistaken, the English under Elizabeth having been as poor as mice, and the same people having defeated Napoleon *before* either their wealth or their population had begun largely to increase. A rich people is not always an enterprising people, the governing idea being often to sit upon the wealth accumulated and risk it as little as may be possible. However that may be, this is his Majesty's theory, on which he acts consistently, seeking always colonies, transmarine commerce, and the position in Asia to which he ascribes much or all of British prosperity. This is the explanation of his rebuff to Mr. Kruger. Experience has taught him, as it teaches all statesmen, that the moment a nation ceases to be self-centred the friendship of England is invaluable. Without it expansion is scarcely possible, for she dominates the seas. The Emperor, therefore, has given up the idea of depriving her of any possession, and now desires to share with her the advantages of world-wide trade. He cares nothing, of course, either for Mr. Kruger or the Transvaal Republic, and, probably overestimating the sensitiveness of the British to mere words, he prevents their utterance by civilly declining to receive the ex-President. He is trying in the same way, and, as appears from President McKinley's Message, with some success, to "redden up" the quarrel between Washington and Berlin which has been smouldering ever since the German Admiral interfered at Manila, and which has once or twice threatened an explosion. In return he will doubtless expect a full share of any commercial advantages which either England or America may obtain in China, and an absence of opposition to his design of obtaining coaling stations along the road to the Far East. He is, in short, pursuing a mercantile policy, and not a policy either of menace or of bluff against any Power. Menaces may possibly come afterwards when Germany is rich, and the German Fleet is a great factor in politics, but immediately his desire is to be taken into partnership with the great Anglo-Saxon firm. That, in his judgment,

is the line of least resistance on his way to his object, which is to change Germany from a very poor country into a very rich one, and as one step to that end he enforces on his subjects a knowledge of the language which is spoken both by Englishmen and Americans, and which is becoming the *lingua franca* of commerce throughout the world. There is indeed, except Spanish, no other commercial tongue.

We wonder if he will succeed. It is assumed in this country that he will, and there is much vague alarm at the idea of a "new and giant competitor," but we are not sure that the apprehension is not greatly exaggerated. We have an incurable distrust of the Colbert way of developing commerce, that is, by pushes directed from above. A nation possessed of the trading instinct trades without so much guidance, which usually directs its energies into the wrong channels. A Government can, it is true, foster trade by removing obstacles, reducing taxes, and abolishing regulations, but the commercial energy of William II. does not take these directions. He has no more notion of leaving his subjects alone than any other Prussian King. He has not exerted himself at all to make them believe in Free-trade. He has sanctioned iniquitous taxes upon food. He has made great efforts to acquire colonies, which as yet are no more profitable than the French dependencies. He believes firmly in the proposition that trade follows the flag, which French experience shows to be demonstrably false, and he expends enormous sums upon a fleet to protect his merchantmen before the merchantmen are numerous enough to require such protection. There is no evidence that German trade would not have advanced if he had never noticed its existence, while there is much that he is urging his people to tax themselves until half his subjects are asking whether after all commerce is worth its cost. We suspect that the Prussian system of government, with its eternal interference, necessarily cramps trade, and that as German colonists succeed best when under a foreign flag, so German trade will be most profitable when German merchants are lost among many nationalities. We should like to compare the wealth of the German merchants of London with that of the German merchants of Berlin, and to ask why, if German emigrants succeed so well, it is necessary to build up a separate system in order to ensure success. Nobody stops any German merchant who pleases from setting up in Calcutta, and we do not see why he is to grow richer because his Emperor has a big fleet. That he may grow prouder, and possibly happier, from gratified patriotism, we can readily perceive, but why he should grow richer is not easily perceptible. He will, it is said, be better protected, but he seems thoroughly satisfied with the protection he has, a German merchant abroad being perhaps the most comfortable person in existence, and very rarely transferring either himself or his wealth to Germany. And finally, there is always the doubt whether, as the Emperor is making of himself the sole source of energy in his country, much of his policy may not vanish whenever he is withdrawn. Still, a man can do much in a lifetime, and we watch with unflagging interest, though without fear, an experiment which has not been tried in Europe for a hundred and fifty years, the experiment, that is, of making of the State the grand promoter of trade.

THE ELECTION OF THE SPEAKER.

ON Monday the new Parliament was opened with the historic ceremony which is something more than a mere ceremonial. Mr. Gully is proposed by Sir James Fergusson on the Government side, and seconded by Dr. Farquharson; whereupon, "the House unanimously calling him to the chair," he was conducted to it by his proposer and seconder, and, standing on the lower step, thanked the House for the honour of his election. He was congratulated in happily phrased speeches by Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and on Tuesday, as Speaker-elect, reported himself at the Bar of the House of Lords to receive through the Lord Chancellor the Royal confirmation. Mr. Gully has filled his great office to the satisfaction of all parties, and has well maintained the high tradition of his predecessors. Sir James Fergusson, who has seen more Speakers than most Members, paid a graceful tribute to the merits of the present

occupant of the chair; and Dr. Farquharson, who began his Parliamentary career in the days of Speaker Brand, said happily that Mr. Gully "had presided over the House with dignity and distinction, with the well-balanced mind of a judge, the tact of a man of the world, the knowledge of a politician, and the easy accessibility of a friend." We are glad to think that there was no hint of an opposition. It is imperative that this great office should be as far removed as possible from the dust and vexation of party politics. Now and then, to be sure, it is inevitable that both parties may have candidates whom they think peculiarly fitted for the post, and in such a case there is no escape from a contest; but this should never happen save on a Speaker's death or resignation. When once a man of proved quality has been found, let his place be sacrosanct till he retires. The peculiar attributes which make a great arbiter are not so common as to make rash experiment desirable, and the Speaker when he accepts office divests himself of all party character and becomes, as it were, an embodiment of the permanent traditions of the Constitution.

We like such surviving formalities as the House witnessed on Monday, when they stand as the emblems of great political doctrines. Each step in the election, each side of the Speaker's duties, represents some point won in the long battle for constitutional freedom. The office is nearly as old as English liberties. The chair of Sir Thomas More has been filled many times by men who played a sounding part in the struggle for the recognition of Parliament. Sometimes the Speaker might be the creature of the King, but more often he was the real voice of the Commons. His duties have always been twofold, for while he was the Chairman of the House, the interpreter of its rules, and the final authority on its procedure, he was also the representative of the House, who demanded from the King a recognition of its privileges, and acted as the medium of communication with the Crown. By virtue of his office he is the First Commoner of England. He is the type and centre of the jealously guarded prerogatives of the Commons, and, as such, the guardian of English freedom. The Speaker of the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor, compared to him, has very limited and ineffectual powers, since he sits outside the House, has no control of debate, and no authority on points of order. The Speaker of the Commons, on the other hand, is the very type of the House over which he presides; he keeps order; and, while professing himself the very humble servant of the Members, has an almost despotic power over a refractory individual. His presence in the chair is the guarantee for freedom of debate. Once only do the journals of the House record an invasion of that right. In January, 1642, we read that "his Majesty came into the House and took Mr. Speaker's chair. 'Gentlemen, I am sorry to have the occasion to come unto you.' And then the record breaks off, and we may draw a moral from its silence.

But the duties of the Speaker to-day are much enlarged from the time when Addington or Manners Sutton exercised his mild rule. Then the procedure of the House was vague and unsettled, there were few means of dealing summarily with offenders, and of curtailing a captious debate. Sometimes the Speaker was a man such as Ouslow, whose word was law, because for thirty-three years he had the confidence of the House, but more often he was an easy-going gentleman with no effective machinery of control save in the last resort. But the efforts of Mr. Parnell and his friends made inevitable a new and sterner régime. To-day the Speaker can allow or disallow the closure as he thinks fit; he can refuse to put to the House any Motion for adjournment which he thinks vexatious; he can curtail any speech which seems to him to be wandering from the question at issue. In addition, he has an absolute authority on points of etiquette, and if his ruling is disputed he can name the offender to the House and have him suspended or otherwise punished. It is true that he has still no authority beyond what the House gives him, and that the House can still be appealed to against his ruling; but then he is the House's own nominee, its special representative, and it would be anarchy indeed if the Commons did not show themselves zealous in the upholding of their Chairman's dignity. We think the change a salutary one, and we see no reason why his powers should not be

further increased. Let there be the greatest care in his choice and election, but once in office, and with the confidence of the Members, there is no reason why he should not have a full discretion to assist in the rapid transaction of business, and the suppression of tedious irrelevancy. The House might then wear to the chance visitor less of the appearance of a second-rate debating society. But with this new extension of his range of power the demands on his tact and political wisdom become greater, and there are certain qualifications which will be found indispensable. He must be rigorously impartial, free from the "turbid mixture of contemporaneity" in politics, and on this account he will rarely, we think, be selected from the fighting chiefs of either side. He must be critical, ready, able to insist upon a distinction however fine, and scrupulous and clear in his rulings. For this reason a lawyer, such as Mr. Gully, will often be desirable, though, as we shall show, an over-judicial mind would be a drawback. For, in the second place, it is the Speaker's duty to interpret the spirit of the House. In this sense, if in no other, he is the "humble servant" of the Commons. He is not bound to follow precedents, he has no statute-law to construe, and it is his duty to use the rules in a liberal spirit. It is his business to see that the sense of the House is arrived at, and to attain this end he may fairly use technicalities as his good sense dictates. We should consider it a serious calamity if business were conducted in the Commons with the rigid formalities of a Court of Law, and though forms are necessary, we conceive that much should be left to the discretion and insight of the Speaker. And to gain this insight it is necessary that the Speaker should have caught the spirit of the House, that subtle atmosphere which is hard to describe but which is an insuperable barrier to success in the case of many well-meaning dogmatists. Sir William Fraser once wrote of Disraeli that he had in a high degree an exquisite perception of the character of the House of Commons, and that no man without this endowment could hope to lead a party. In a word, the Speaker must be a Parliamentarian, which many great thinkers and profound statesmen have never been. If we might hazard analysis, we should say that this spirit is a compound of a sense of fairness, of reverence, of good-breeding, and in the last resort of a serious honesty of purpose. Mr. Balfour made this special gift of sympathy the central point of his congratulations to Mr. Gully:—"After all, this House is what it is, not merely by virtue of the rules of debate which it obeys, or the skill and impartiality with which those rules are administered from the Chair. There is a spirit that presides over this Assembly which is something more than any rule, which no manipulation of your Standing Orders will afford if you have it not, and which is sufficiently large to supplement any defect which our rules may possess. That spirit has survived the shock of faction, great constitutional changes, immense extensions of the franchise, great and inevitable changes in the political forces which the Empire obeys." The truth could not be better expressed, and no quality is more vital in one who presides over and represents the Commons of England. But, granted the essentials we have sketched, we should like to see the Speaker's powers made as wide as possible. It is important in these days, when government by debate stands a fair chance of being discredited, that every means should be taken to curtail verbiage and preserve the niceties of breeding. It is proper, too, that the Chairman of the popular House should be given the highest prestige as an arbiter of etiquette, and as one who, himself removed above the din of politics, sees that the rules of the game are honestly observed, and that no vexatious obstacles are placed in the way of the better man.

ENGLISH EDUCATIONAL APATHY.

A DROP of more than a fifth in the votes cast at the polls for the London School Board, as between 1897 and 1900, is a fact which demands serious attention. We have not observed any statement of the total number of persons who recorded their votes at the recent elections here, such as is commonly given in the case of provincial cities, and the operation of the cumulative principle makes calculations based on the numbers of votes difficult. But a sufficiently approximate, if rough, comparative estimate seems to be obtainable by dividing the figures of

the total decline in votes cast, 277,014—that is, from 1,098,733 to 821,719—by five, which is the average number of seats in the eleven clumsy divisions into which, for School Board election purposes, London is still divided. That would give almost exactly 55,000 as the number of ratepayers who, having voted in 1897, did not take the trouble to repeat the operation last month. What is the meaning of this very considerable falling-off in the exercise of the franchise in regard to the education of the children of the working classes? Probably, in a large degree, the explanation lies in the fact that the electors had been already called upon twice, during the past autumn, to put themselves to the toil of deciding for whom they would vote, and then to spend from half an hour to an hour in visiting the polling-booth. Both the Parliamentary and the new Borough Council elections had, within less than two months, made these demands upon the patriotism of citizens. On the former occasion the scale of the response was good enough. On the second, though considerably under 50 per cent. of those on the register recorded their votes, they still outnumbered largely the polls given for the old Vestries. We do not wish to speak slightly of the sacrifices involved in the really conscientious exercise of the franchise, especially when, as in the case of the Borough elections, it required the application of the voter's mind, not to obviously great national issues, but to the qualifications of a number of little known or unknown men for the efficient administration of purely local business. Some genuine effort is needed in the way both of inquiry and of the balancing of claims, on the strength of such information as can be obtained,—effort of a kind which the busy man, occupied all day long in making a livelihood for himself and his family, either with his brain or with his hands, finds it by no means easy to bestow. None the less, the fact of the decline in the School Board election vote is a depressing one, and it is to be noted that it has been continuous since 1894. In that year (the figures are taken from the *Daily News*) the Moderate and Progressive votes together, exclusive of those cast for Roman Catholic and Independent candidates, amounted to over 1,300,000, as compared with 1,098,733 and 821,719 given in 1897 and 1900 respectively for all the candidates. This, apparently, means that there has been a drop of about 100,000, possibly more, in the number of voters taking part in the London School Board elections, from 1894 to 1900. The reason why the former year registered the high-water mark of interest in the work of the Board is clearly to be found in the excitement then engendered by the controversy over the religious teaching in the Board-schools which is associated with the name of Mr. Athelstan Riley. From about 860,000 votes given for Moderate and Progressive candidates together in 1891, the total shot up to the figure already mentioned, of over 1,300,000, in 1894. Both sides obtained a great increase in support, but the Progressives, though they did not secure a majority on the Board as they did in 1897, had much the larger share of the accession. Since then the Moderates, in their electioneering, have walked warily, but not, on the whole, more successfully. They lost their majority on the Board at the elections in 1897, and they have not recovered it now. They have, indeed, somewhat improved their position, but only because the falling off in the total number of votes cast for their candidates is less than that which has taken place in those recorded for the Progressives. In a word, the policy of keeping the “religious question” in the background, if it has to some extent disarmed hostility to the Moderates, has certainly not enlisted for them any large measure or enthusiastic degree of support. On the other hand, the pursuit of general efficiency and of advancing ideals (to take a phrase from Mr. Asquith) in the sphere of secular education, which has, on the whole, marked the action of the Progressive majority of the late Board, has, if anything, even more conspicuously failed to stir the popular soul. Thus, the total number of votes cast last week for all the candidates is actually less by 30,000 (representing, say, five thousand persons) than it was for Progressives and Moderates, exclusive of Roman Catholics and Independents, at the elections of 1888.

This, surely, is a very unsatisfactory result of thirty years' working of a so-called national system of elementary

education at the centre of the national life. The supply has been created and is maintained at heavy cost, but not the demand, or, at least, not a demand keen enough to prompt close and careful criticism as to the administration of the supply. Still—as it must have been Sir John Gorst who said—while Scotland is enthusiastic about education, England, and London rather particularly, is only resigned to it. To that resignation men of enlightenment and goodwill must not be resigned. Without intermission they must strive to discover the causes of the national attitude towards education and seek to remove them. For in that attitude is to be seen one of the chief, perhaps the greatest, of our national perils. Mr. Henry Birchenough, whose brief article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* deserves wide perusal, written as it was just after a visit to a number of industrial centres in Germany, avows his belief that “the most threatening danger to British trade lies partly in the inadequate and antiquated educational provision which we make for our people, rich and poor, but most of all in the absence of the spirit which alone makes education of any value.” The nation will be mad if it neglects warnings of this kind, and now that a public man who, like Lord Rosebery, has the ear of the public, has called attention to the subject in impressive words, which form the text of Mr. Birchenough's article, there is some hope that the dull refusal to believe that there can be any serious danger to the trade of a people with our vigour and enterprise and inherited aptitudes will begin to yield. Recognition of our educational shortcomings, and real anxiety, not to say alarm, as to the commercial dangers they involve, are things imperatively needed, and persons of thoughtful patriotism must keep up the note of warning and sound it as effectively as possible.

At this same moment there has arisen something approaching to a panic as to the failure of our educational system to prevent the appearance in our streets of the young savages whom we call “Hooligans.” These creatures have either not been in attendance at the elementary schools of the Metropolis, in which case it is evident that the whole system of securing attendance needs a most thorough overhauling; or they have. In the latter case, they illustrate in an extremely impressive fashion the amazing deficiencies of a system which makes no effective provision for the continuance of education, intellectual, moral, and physical, after the age of fourteen, in the case of the sons and daughters of working-class homes. The subject, it is satisfactory to see, has already been the occasion of a Conference of persons connected with various “Settlements” and other organisations dealing with the needs of poorer London. This has resulted in the appointment of a highly competent representative Committee, whose business it will be to “take means in connection with existing organisations to grapple with the evil of ‘Hooliganism,’ by strengthening existing, and forming new, clubs for boys and girls, and encouraging Lads' Brigades and Cadet Corps throughout London.” There seems good reason to hope that this movement will be the means of calling out, and organising on wise lines, a large amount both of gifts in money and of personal effort on the part of men and women interested in the welfare of the less fortunate of their younger fellow-citizens. Most opportunely at this juncture there has appeared an excellent little handbook, entitled “The Boys' Club in Theory and Practice,” by Mr. Paul Neuman (David Nutt, 2s. 6d. net), which may be cordially recommended to every one who is moved to take part in organising, promoting, or working in any establishment of the kind in question. Written by one who has had long experience of the work which he discusses, and who has formed, and can expound with great clearness, his views as to every moot point in connection therewith, with supplementary chapters by experts on special points, this book cannot fail to give a sober and judicious direction to zeal which might, without such aid, waste much of its force. His arguments against running boys' clubs “on the cheap,” or hoping that they can be self-supporting and satisfactory, and in favour of making the educational side an essential and prominent feature of their activities, appear to us of remarkable cogency, and whether, on these and other points, his views are always accepted or not, they certainly ought to be most carefully weighed by all persons interested in the subject.

In our opinion, Mr. Neuman makes out a strong case for Government aid on a liberal scale to boys' clubs. But if, as he recognises, that is not likely to be attainable in existing circumstances, the case for large and regular contributions from the benevolent is overwhelming. There is probably hardly any expenditure which, if wisely laid out, goes so far or does more to prevent waste. And it is waste which is the worst and most disastrous feature of our present educational system,—failure in many cases to provide for the advancement of the clever boys to intermediate schools and perhaps Universities; failure, widespread, to give any permanence to the intellectual and moral results of the discipline and teaching of the primary schools in the case of the average boy and girl. We believe that if the Government took up the organisation of our educational system in a large and bold spirit, they would go far to dispel the unfortunate apathy which recent elections have exhibited, and which may well be due, in no small measure, to the despairing sense that so large a part of the effort and money now expended is virtually thrown away. But, in any case, it is for the Government to take the lead, appealing to its great majority, and indeed to the whole House of Commons, for support in all measures needed for the correlation and enlargement of the ordinary machinery of education. It cannot possibly escape from its responsibility by waiting for a mandate on this subject from a sluggish public opinion. On the contrary, that very sluggishness should be its most cogent stimulus to an early announcement of a thorough and comprehensive policy of educational reform.

THE PRELIMINARY EDUCATION OF OFFICERS.

DR. MILLER MAGUIRE is a man of proved courage. In the *National Review* for December he has assailed one of the most inveterate of English beliefs, or at all events what could be so described until now. Hitherto, whatever might be the undiscovered weak places in our military system, we made no doubt that we were right as regards the education of our officers. They were made for us by the public school and the games of the public school; and the result was a product which no other Army could equal. In numbers, in guns, in the training of the private soldier, we might need to learn from our neighbours, but our officers at all events were of the right sort. "It is astonishing," says Dr. Maguire, "how deeply rooted is the delusion that mere physique is the first qualification for a commission in the Army, and that the next is money, the next skill in games of ball, the next horsemanship, the next good breeding and good manners, and the last general intelligence and culture." Parents, he tells us, come to him with a list of their son's military qualifications. "He is keen on soldiering, the very man for command; he can play football and cricket very well; he is just eighteen years old, and a capital chap." They are under no delusion as to what the boy cannot do. "To my queries, can he ride, or fence, or spell, speak any modern language, translate Virgil, draw, write a *précis*, do any trigonometry, enumerate the Plantagenet Kings? the answer is, 'I am afraid very badly indeed.'" All these shortcomings are admitted with the utmost frankness, but no misgiving crosses the parent's mind that his son's fitness to become an officer is in any way affected by them. He is excellent at games; he is in the football team or in the eleven; he has won his cap, or his flannels, or whatever may be the outward and visible mark of athletic success; and what more can you require? Under a perfect system this "record" would stand in the stead of any examination, but under the present reign of red-tape a certain parrot-like proficiency in mere book-learning is exacted from young men, and the schoolmaster or the crammer has to be called in. But his intervention does nothing to make the boy a better officer. The most it can do in this way is to help him to get through certain examinations which a foolish Government insists on his passing, though they have nothing whatever to do with the end in view. If the authorities had any sense they would recognise that it is games that make a boy fit to command men and to have the charge of men's lives committed to him. Playing, not working, is the true preparation for a military career.

This is the belief that Dr. Maguire challenges, and we

do not think that our readers' estimate of his boldness will be any different from our own. The case he sets up on the other side rests primarily on history. "I assert without any fear of contradiction that not one of our leading generals in the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns was in the least degree indebted for his physical, moral, or mental excellence to any playing field or to any public school." And then Dr. Maguire rolls off twenty names—all famous in our campaigns in Spain and Belgium—"who went into the Army straight from private tuition or from home. . . . Cricket or football as regular duties or daily delights would have seemed to every youth of them, and to every man, utterly contemptible. It is not the lads who play, but those who 'shun delights and live laborious days' that make their own names famous and their country great and prosperous." It is not, he says, the fault of the officers that this mistaken view of military education has grown up. They as a rule are quite conscious of their own educational deficiencies, and quite willing to make them good if the opportunity were given them. In what ways it is denied them Dr. Maguire proposes to show in another article, but in the meantime he has given us quite enough food for reflection in what he says about the preliminary omissions. The present war has come to his aid in a very unpleasant way. An English lad enters the Army knowing next to nothing of the things which in other armies are part of an officer's ordinary equipment. "In the event of 'incidents' and casualties, lamentable losses in regard to convoys, surprises, and such like, these young men are objects of commiseration. . . . How can a lad of very limited general and no technical education avoid being surprised in a war against experienced guerillas unless he is a born genius? . . . I ascribe the wounds and consequent mutilation or death of at least eighty of my pupils to . . . the perversity and ignorance of highly paid persons in London, and not to the skill of our foes in South Africa." It may, no doubt, be objected that the studies to which Dr. Maguire attaches importance would have been of no more use to officers in the field than the games which he despises. His answer is given beforehand. In the first place, he argues, mental idleness is in itself bad for an officer, and if a young man's whole thoughts are given to games, that is itself a state of mental idleness. In the second place, the want of any knowledge of history or science makes it all but impossible for a young officer to profit by such professional training as he gets. "They cannot follow Hamley and Clery, or any public lecturer on Tactics. Why? Because they were never taught any History, and these topics assume a knowledge of general history." What is wanted is a sound general education in subjects chosen with reasonable reference to the professional education to which it is an introduction. By such general training as this the young officer would be enabled to turn the professional training which should follow to the best account. He would have the preliminary knowledge, and the disciplined faculties without which the military instructor has nothing to work on.

Dr. Maguire may seem to be only speaking truisms. But they are truisms which, if accepted, would work very large changes in the composition of the Army as regards officers. If the education of an officer is to be the ordinary education of a public school, as applied to a not clever boy, the entrance examination will be of that superficial and perfunctory kind which a crammer can commonly supply. The candidates naturally belong in the main to the classes which can afford to give their sons an education of which the cost is altogether out of proportion with the result, and the tests which they have to undergo must be of a kind which a fair proportion of them can satisfy. "Superior abilities and power of application" are not expected from them; consequently, the possession of such qualities do not stand them in any stead. The effect of this system is obvious. In combination with a low rate of pay it tends to make the Army, in fact though not in name, a close profession,—the natural resource of the boys who have been idle at school, and, as Dr. Maguire forcibly puts it, are "not eligible by reason of ignorance for any city office, and would not be employed in any leading shop in any capacity above that of porter or sweeper." The reason why this condition of things has been allowed to go on unchallenged is the prevalence of what may be

called the Playing-fields fallacy. If the English parent is right in putting skill in games far above general intelligence and culture as a qualification for a commission—and the military authorities have hitherto assumed that he is right—the present system of military examinations is the best that could be devised. It avoids the scandal of an open proclamation that commissions will only be given to good cricketers or good football-players, and it secures the same result. If, on the other hand, parents and military authorities are alike wrong, and the notion that “playing instead of working, loafing instead of preparing for a career,” is the true road to military eminence, is a mere irrational prejudice, a radical change is called for if we are to get the best officers. For it will be a radical change. Do not let us shut our eyes to this fact. If we make the military examination such as will give the best places to the cleverest boys, the Army will by degrees attract a different class from that which it attracts now. Moreover, these two classes will not long exist side by side. The Army will lose its attractions for the present type of officer when it becomes evident, first, that men of a quite different type have an immeasurably better chance of getting commissions, and next, that the presence of these men in the Army is constantly tending to revolutionise military society. We do not say that this change will be an unmixed good; we only say that some approach to it is inevitable if we are to make English officers as proficient as German or French officers. With us the good of the Army has not been the sole, or even the main, consideration. The convenience of the classes which at present supply the bulk of the commissioned officers is as much, perhaps more, thought of. That is a state of things which was only possible so long as we were content to believe that the ordinary public-school boy, though fit for nothing else, is the best possible material for an officer.

SOCIAL OPTIMISM.

IT is an interesting fact that while almost all the literature of to-day is pessimist in tone, the mass of political and social speculation is decidedly optimist,—at least if we take the word in its modern meaning, for it has suffered within the last half-century a curious and highly suggestive change. Fifty years ago an optimist was a man who, looking upon the things immediately around him, held them to be good, while to-day the optimist is the man who habitually expects good things in the future. Something of hope which yet is not strictly hope has forced itself into the word. In its new sense the majority, in this country at all events, are now optimists. The *laudator temporis acti*, once the bugbear of the thoughtful, has almost disappeared. The man who used to play that part, let us say the old Tory squire with a good income and a long pedigree, is now a contented being who, except when discussing family pretensions, looks backward very little, and is only doubtful about the future because he is not quite sure whether he will continue to feel so entirely comfortable. The world as it is exactly suits him, and he believes in the past as little as in the future. The majority go a step farther, and not leading quite such podded lives, ignore the past altogether, and people the future with bright though rather nebulous imaginings. Religion, they fancy, will very soon be stripped of dogma, and therefore lose all its gloom, and therefore be universal. War will die out, the nations discovering some tribunal without tipstiffs which they can trust to adjust all their differences without coercion. Science will kill epidemics, and to a great extent rid us all of pain, even toothache disappearing before some wonderful cocaine. Education will make us all bright, will “mollify manners and not suffer them to be fierce,” will abolish drinking, and will make mankind so unselfish that poverty in its more painful forms will become like religious persecution, an evil, but rather shadowy, memory of the past which quite amazes London when it reappears in China. There are countless people who really and sincerely believe these things, just as Mr. Hall Caine does, who in a recent lecture in the island which he has made his intellectual fief repeated them all and many more, one being that all race prejudices will die because they will be “confessions of our ignorance of life.” We are unable, unfortunately, to place on Mr. Hall Caine as a novelist the value which he

places on himself, and which his multitudinous readers place on him, holding, doubtless from prejudice, that his popularity, like that of Marie Corelli, is one more proof of the defective literary judgment of the crowd; but we do not question his sincerity, and in this lecture he certainly gave voice to the nebulous belief of innumerable men, one which inspires most journals, and in one shape or another serves as mental food for whole divisions of the vast army of philanthropists. He is fortunate in so pleasant a creed, more especially as he is able to fix his period with greater accuracy than any interpreter of Daniel, and, so to speak, *knows* that it will begin with the new century which is now but a few days off; but we should like to know, as a purely intellectual relief, on what that creed is based.

To us it seems based, not upon hope, for hope is rarely quite so confident or so detailed; and not upon confidence in God, for the submissive believer recognises the possibility of discipline; but upon a rather rash induction from insufficient premisses. Because the expiring century has brought some benefits to the Western world—benefits accompanied by a rather striking increase of envy, greed, and international malignity—therefore, the next one is to be replete with benefits to all humanity. Why? It may be so, no doubt; but on what ground do we assume that it will be so? Because, we shall be told, we are progressive, and being progressive must advance. Why should we not recede, being later in the ages and perhaps a little tired? There have been, as Mr. Caine will acknowledge, periods of stagnation, and why should the next century not be one of them? We should say, if we ventured in the presence of a prophet to have an opinion, that there are many signs of exhaustion visible in the West, that poetry is nearly silent and literature decaying, that criticism is taking the place of production, and that the crop of great men without whose leadership there is no march shows symptoms of dying out. Exhaustion seems to us the note of the end of the century, and why should we assume that rejuvenation will be rapid? It is at present the young, not the old, who are so decadent. Or, granting that under the laws of the universe progress must be, though with the history of Asia before us that seems a rash assumption, why should the progress be towards happiness for the mass? Because, says Mr. Caine, there are mighty forces at work. Granted as a truth which has always been true—in the tenth century, for example, when the misery of the masses of Europe reached a sort of climax—but why should those mighty forces be about to generate happiness? Why not misery? Some of the omens are not exactly favourable. There is the enormous increase of population, for example, and the consequent difficulty in finding enough of the material of happiness to go round. Multiplication without end has not made China happy, nor is it easy to believe that the struggle which so vexes us all will be easier when the United Kingdom has to feed fifty millions. There is the increase of doubt, which at least diminishes the serenity of all who think, and all who were accustomed to believe what they were told. There is the vast development of the reliance on military force, and the tendency to use that force, as we see in China, simply to slay inferiors. There is the danger, clearly visible in Japan, that Asia may learn enough of the manufacturing methods of Europe to beat her at her own game, and practically terminate the profit alike of associated toil and of transmarine commerce. Has it ever occurred to Mr. Caine to think of what Europe would be like if Asia undersold all her manufactures, her iron, and her coal? That revolution is perfectly possible in the immediate future, and if it occurred, Europe during the long struggle which must precede readjustment would be a hell on earth. Science, we are told, is to save us; but suppose science grows inhuman, as other creeds have by moments done, and calmly proclaims its belief that the survival of the fittest is part of the natural order, and that, therefore, the destruction of the less fit is to be encouraged. It is at least not certain that the better division of property to which we understand Mr. Caine to look forward, though he is only clear as regards property in land, may not be accomplished by violence, by a real “rising” in the old sense of millions who, hungering for more comfort and seeing it before them, may decide to take it by a snatch. The common assumption is that even if the “ugly rush” occurred

it would be over in a moment, the rush being irresistible; but that belief is only possible to those who misread history. The "Haves" would buy all the science there is and all the means of destruction, dynamite included, and myriads of soldiers besides; the struggle would be desperate; and it might end in a tyranny such as the world has never seen. People would be too good, thinks Mr. Caine, to permit such a result. Would they? The mass of the well-to-do are not so much better than Martin Luther, and will not be, and when in his time that very "ugly rush" occurred upon ample provocation, he advised the Princes and Knights to put it down by massacre,—which they did, thereby stopping the progress of Germany towards freedom for at least a century.

We do not say that any of these mighty miseries will occur; most probably they will not, the great changes going on quietly and almost imperceptibly; but they may, a cataclysm being at least as possible as an apotheosis. The pious will say they trust in God, and they are right; but we do not know the purpose of the Almighty, and do know that it is consistent with long cycles of suffering for white mankind. It was *after* Christianity had prevailed that the countries on the Mediterranean, the only civilised countries, endured for centuries the recurrent horrors of the barbarian invasion. It was not a barbarian State which was nearly wiped out by the Thirty Years' War. Providence has allowed to the Turks a purely destructive career of five hundred years, not compensated, as the invasions of Rome were, by any reinvigoration of the conquered populations. There are times when man has only to submit, and none of us know the law by which those times are fixed. It seems to us that there is danger in regarding progress towards general happiness as a kind of fate, danger to our caution, danger to our energy, danger, above all, to our perception of the necessity for reverent appeal to higher powers than our own. Cheerfulness is a good thing—and some trace of optimism, in its new sense, is essential to enterprise—but man when unduly exultant to our mind resembles too closely man when he is drunk. There is too much in the temper of the day of what St. John probably meant when he condemned the "pride of life," and it is kept up and fed by this constant reiteration of the dogma that we are all always advancing towards a happier condition.

WOMEN AND CULTURE.

A CONTROVERSY, both amusing and interesting, has arisen in the *Daily News*, initiated by Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln, author of that clever book, "When we were Strolling Players in the East." Mrs. Miln has a keen sense of humour, and a ready pen; and though she pleads the cause of the old-fashioned, stay-at-home, domesticated wife and mother as against the "new woman," she is in most respects as "smart" and "up-to-date" as any of the "advanced" ladies who foregather at the Pioneer and Sesame Clubs. Mrs. Miln, although she cannot help pleading guilty to the charge of being an author, and a successful one, yet asserts that, in her view, authorship, invention, business, or any other of the masculine callings into which women are flocking, is not the proper field of women at all. She pours scorn on Newnham and Somerville as traps for snaring women and depriving them of the true essentials of womanhood. The lady who declaims or lectures in public, who operates in "futures," who sets broken limbs in hospitals, has, according to Mrs. Miln, missed her being's end and aim, and is not to be compared with the simple-minded girl who effects an early and judicious marriage, who deftly dusts the bric-à-brac, keeps a watchful eye on wardrobe and linen, loves her husband, looks after his shirts and refrains from meddling with his papers, brings up a healthy family, entertains her friends at tea, and goes to church twice every Sunday. *There is the true woman.*

We have always felt certain that there would be a reaction against the "new woman," just as there was a reaction against the æsthetic after that singular freak was caricatured in *Patience*. It was plain that the "new woman" meant a too violent departure from what must, under any circumstances, be the normal type of womanhood, to last. To be quite plain, Nature has once and for all settled that if the race is to continue, the average woman must be devoted to the bearing and nurture of children, and she has impressed the fact upon us unmistakably by prolonging the period of helplessness

in man as compared with his animal inferiors. It is indeed largely in this prolonged human infancy that the affection of the mother for her helpless little child has grown, and so a physical fact has become the chief corner-stone of domestic life. Now, unless society were deliberately to adopt the Platonic stirpiculture of the "Republic" (which, as a matter of fact, it will not do), this great domestic fact must stand, for ever recalling the "new woman" from a career for which Nature did not intend her to the calm but abiding joys as well as the poignant but sanctifying sorrows of the home. The revolt against the "new woman" theory of life, with what Carlyle would have called its "wild ass" theory of liberty, was therefore, we say, inevitable, and it is well that the *ewig-weibliche* element should have made its human protest.

But now it is equally inevitable that the swing of the pendulum should not go too far. Why the path of human progress should be zigzag we do not know, but so it is; the human mind, said Luther, is like a drunken man on a horse, swaying from side to side. Now it is Byron's despised "bread-and-butter Miss"; now the free-tongued, Bohemian, emancipated woman with a latchkey. Let us hope that in the reaction from this latter unattractive ideal we shall not be tempted back to obscurantism. What are the essential facts and needs? On one side, as we have said, is the great essential law given by Nature and which cannot be repealed. Nature says that man shall be made a moral and spiritual being mainly through the discipline of the home, and of that home woman is the guardian. On the other side, we see that the facts of modern civilisation are compelling women to take up many callings which are either quite new or which were formerly closed to them. Can these two facts be reconciled, or is there an inherent antagonism between Nature's designs and the actual course of human and social growth? If there is such antagonism we must conclude that Nature would have her way, and that we must arrange human affairs to suit her just as we build houses and bridges with the fact of gravitation in view. But we are bound to hold that social growth is merely a further development of purely natural processes,—at any rate, if we accept the doctrine of evolution in any of its forms. How, then, can any inherent antagonism exist? The functions and structure of the great machinery of civilisation are as truly in the main a part of the cosmic order as the prehensile tail of a monkey or the flint of prehistoric man. The departure of women, therefore, from the old feminine *hortus inclusus* is as truly an inevitable result of human civilisation as the career of guardian of the home is a decree of Nature.

Now it seems to us that the peculiar troubles all of us feel in this transition and revolutionary time arise mainly from maladjustment. We have not yet fitted in the new results of our civilisation with the everlasting facts of Nature. We pull this way and that, like Christian in the dark valley, ditch on one side and quagmire on the other, the true path not easy to find. This is certainly so in regard to woman and the home. The growth of a kind of pagan laxity as regards sexual ties which manifests itself in our great cities adds to the complexity of the problem, but with that we are not now concerned. The question is, can the home with all that it means be preserved, while yet the wife and mother should be relatively independent, educated, an intelligent companion, and not a mere "un-idea'd schoolgirl," as Dr. Johnson would have said, or a mere domestic drudge? If Nature demands an immense sacrifice from women as the price of the perpetuation of the race (as she seems to demand from labour over a great part of the world), the price must of course be paid. Better that women should know how to keep a house clean, mend the clothes well, and cook an appetising dinner for the tired husband, than that she should "chatter about Shelley" or dabble in the Darwin-Weismann controversy. Moreover, the researches of science confirm the facts of history in asserting that woman has not, taken generally, the continuous intellectual power of man; and if she were to take up man's rôle, the intellectual interests of mankind would seriously suffer. Above all, nothing should be done to diminish the immense fund of affection stored up in women's hearts. Nothing in the so-called "new woman" movement is more dangerous than the tone of hardness, at times reaching to cynicism, with which it

has been so closely associated. We might possibly spare science and philosophy, we might certainly spare many inventions, but we could not spare from the world a mother's love.

But a woman is not likely to love husband, brother, or child the more because she is ignorant and helpless. Rather we may say that if the tendency to the higher education of men advances, it would render mental intercourse between them and ignorant women more and more impossible. We are by no means enamoured of factories of learning for the turning out of Bluestockings and lady novelists, of whom we have enough and to spare; and so far we sympathise with Mrs. Miln. But we do ask for as good an education for our girls as for our boys, an education which shall rather develop the intelligence than cram the memory,—as so much of the present instruction, founded on the demands made by competitive examinations, does. Let the idea of companionship between man and woman prevail more, and a high education for both will suggest itself as a means towards that end. Household work, which, properly done, involves no little intelligence and ingenuity, contriving, forethought, skill in manipulation, and other qualities, will be done none the worse because the woman is educated. There is another matter, too, in regard to which education is essential, even on Mrs. Miln's basis of domestic life as woman's true sphere. We mean the help which women ought to give in the education of their children. Nothing can be more delightful, more helpful, both to mother and child, than a common interest in things of the mind. The child should not look on the mother as a kind of household slave who looks after the dinner and who packs them off to school; nor should the mother think of the children as so many little faces and hands to be washed or so many little mouths to be fed. Many children are never at home in school; why should they not find in some degree a school at home? The teaching and suggestion of an educated and sympathetic mother might often supplement the more formal school training, and might—how often—aid the mental growth of a timid or backward child. The antagonism between women's freedom and education and the great primary fact given by Nature is not absolute. Indeed, we suggest that a new and brighter meaning might be given to home by a judicious education and a wise liberty to her by whose loving activity and guidance home is made.

THE SEARCH FOR A NEW ANIMAL.

THE feeling that there may still exist, at the "world's end" or in some unknown central desert or swamp, a few survivors of the prehistoric birds or beasts is a very natural one. There are still spaces on the rims of the Old and New Worlds, and in the centre of two continents, which man has not yet made his own; and as Prejevalski thought that he had discovered, and perhaps did discover, the undescended great original of the camel and the horse among the deserts and salt lakes of Dsungaria, and Whitehead brought the great forest eagle from the woods of the Eastern Philippines, it is reasonable to conjecture, if only as a naturalist's dream, that some new animals of our own day still remain to be found, and that our curiosity may possibly be gratified by seeing in life some one of the creatures of a more primitive age. These ideas have gained a degree of reality from what is certainly an extraordinary discovery, made in just the kind of place which conjecture would point to as a possible region for some undiscovered beast to haunt or "last survivor" to linger in. Readers of the "Voyage of the 'Beagle'" will remember—as how could they forget?—the impressive chapters in which Darwin recounts what he saw and felt as he went south and ever southward down the uninhabited coast of Patagonia. It was an extraordinary region, one in which the elements of Nature were so simple and severe that the reader seems, as he sees it through Darwin's eyes, to behold the original changes of the modern world in making, when it lay like iron to be cut by a cold chisel, and before sun and rain took the rough edges off. There on the shingle plains the living forms of life were so few that they might almost be counted on the fingers of the hand,—guanacos, wild ostriches, a mole, a few insects, a few sea-birds on the shore; no trees, little grass, and only stunted bushes by the lifeless streams. But through this, from the snowy Cordillera on the extreme edge of the Pacific side, came rivers, cutting deep through the shingle plains, and

having buried in their waters or embedded in their banks the bones of a dead multitude of vanished animals. Doubtless some of these beasts once lived on the plains and perished in the rivers. But it was at least a fair guess that the bones had also been carried down from the upper waters in the roots of the far Southern Andes, where the giant beasts may have lived in as great numbers as they did in the mountains of Peru. If this were so, and the bones, like alluvial gold, were brought down from a region once inhabited by large animals, it was not impossible that there still remained more recent traces of their habitation in the mountains themselves. Mr. Hudson conjectures that the guanacos, which come from the interior and the mountains to the stunted bush by the Santa Cruz River to die, and have whitened with their bones miles of the scrub by its banks, "may have survived many lost mammalian types" of Patagonia. If this were so, it was possible that some of these vanished mammals might still survive in the mountain forests, or that their remains might be so recent as to show what manner of beasts they were.

How near we were, or are, to discovering such an animal alive is doubtful. But what happened was strangely like what might have been anticipated from such a chain of reasoning as set out above. The recent remains of a lost animal were found, not deep in some cavern in the rocks, but in a shallow cave, with a wide, low-browed entrance looking out into thick scrubby forest. The place was something like one of the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge, but lower and flatter; and the ground outside might have been a piece of the New Forest. In the cave were the remains of the beast and the remains of men. The power of inference of a Sherlock Holmes would find ample scope in fixing the relations of the men and the beast, or whether there were any at all. It must be admitted that the excellent brains employed on the case have presented it in a very convincing and attractive manner, and one which doubles the interest of the discovery itself. Briefly, they think it possible that the men who used the cave perhaps killed, and certainly skinned, the animal. The remains are also so fresh that in the absence of proof to the contrary it is permissible to suppose that the death of the animal occurred at a recent time. On the floor of the cave lay the hairy skin of a large beast, perhaps the size of a Polar bear, but which was found to be that of one of the giant ground-sloths. Hitherto only the bones of these beasts, named mylodons, and fully described by Darwin in the "Voyage of the 'Beagle,'" have been found, and the remains of a kind of bone armour which covered them. This skin was a wonderful "find" in itself, for it showed that this bone armour was embedded in a thick hide, as if, for instance, a rhinoceros-skin was full of knuckle-bones, all touching one another, and embedded in the skin, as if in a jelly which had set. But on the surface of this skin grows, and can be seen at South Kensington to-day, a thick, deep mat of rough, coarse, yellow hair. Still more exciting was the condition of the skin in reference to its previous owner. There was no sloth inside. The animal had been skinned, and the skin drawn off and partly turned inside out; and though a fox will turn the skin of a rabbit or a hedgehog inside out as neatly as a trapper does a sable's, it could hardly be supposed that any carnivorous beast existed large enough to do the same to a gigantic ground-sloth. The inference is that it was skinned by the men in the cave. Another curious piece of evidence showed that the beast had itself lived in the cave as well as the men. Its dried excreta lay round, as if the cavern had been a kind of cowhouse where mylodons were kept. It may well be that the atmosphere of the cavern was so dry that the remains have been preserved in this curious state of freshness for a great length of time. Travellers crossing the dry side of the Andes see bodies of mules and other animals that have been preserved as if in a hermetically sealed vessel. But that is in parts where no vegetation exists. The mass of trees and bush opposite this Patagonian cavern, the photograph of which is exhibited with the contents of the case, shows that rain falls there, and that the atmosphere is not unusually dry. The discovery was not anticipated by Darwin. But his sagacity and quickness gave indications that it might be possible. He found a mylodon skull in the banks of a tributary of the Rio Negro. "The bones of the head are so fresh," he writes, "that they contain, according to the analysis

by Mr. T. Reeks, seven per cent. of animal matter, and when placed in a spirit lamp they burn with a small flame."

The practical result of this discovery is that the *Daily Express* newspaper has equipped an expedition to Patagonia to explore both the plains and the Southern Cordillera in the hope of finding either the animal itself or some more recent remains. The leader has satisfied himself that it is not on the plains south of the Santa Cruz River. Now he proposes to explore the mountains and the forests of the Cordillera. Presumably these forests are on the Pacific or wet slope of the range. The wet forests of Tierra del Fuego furthest south seemed to Mr. Darwin to contain almost no life of any kind; but where the first mylodon was found there will probably be found remains of more preserved in the same way. Though the great auk perished so recently, its remains are now found in great quantities even in the kitchen-middens on the Irish coast, where the very last of the birds was taken alive. Two other strange quests for unknown animals are either taking place or being organised at this moment. One body of enthusiasts seeks the "missing link"; and the other hopes to discover the original vertebrate animal, or something like it. Both sets of inquirers have quite made up their minds as to what the creature ought to be like, and where it will be found if it is found at all. The "missing link" seekers have arrived, by a process of induction, at a firm conviction in regard to the probable complexion and general features of what we suppose must be called the "animal." It has, or ought to have, a bluish skin—that seems quite settled—with a skull running almost horizontally back from its eyebrows, short-fingered monkey hands, and the hair on its head short and upright. The quest for the original vertebrate is really a search for Sir Richard Owen's "archetype." But it will be rather different from that ideal vertebrate. If it comes up to what is expected of it, it will, when it is found, have a segmented body with a nerve channel running up the centre of the segments, and four cells at the top, of which one will contain the rudimentary senses of hunger and desire to eat, another the rudiments of seeing and hearing, while two side organs are the origin of those of thinking, which are bent down and developed into the two lobes of the vertebrate brain. There seems more chance of finding this than of discovering the "missing link." But it is curious to note that both sets of believers have decided on the same places as being the most likely spots on earth to discover a new creature. The expeditions place their hopes in Java, and if not in Java, then in the central parts of Borneo.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RENAMING LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, S. Beale, in the *Spectator* of December 1st, suggests that the new streets at Millbank should be named after distinguished British painters. The Housing Committee of the London County Council decided as long ago as 1897 so to name the blocks of dwellings which are being built there, and these buildings now appear on the Council's plans by the following names:—Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Morland, Lawrence, Wilkie, Turner, Mulready, Landseer, Maclise, Ruskin, Rossetti, Millais, and Leighton. The buildings in Bloomsbury are named Dickens, Thackeray, and Coram. The naming of streets is less easy owing to the long-standing rule of the Council, which has the support of the Post Office, that no names of existing streets shall be repeated. The Boundary Street Area of Bethnal Green was originally an old Huguenot settlement, and when the land was laid out afresh, after clearing away the slums, we proposed to call the new streets by the names of the Huguenot families who had originally settled there. We found, however, that almost all these names were already appropriated to existing streets in London, and we had to be content with names, like Palissy, Rochelle, and Navarre, connected with Huguenots but not with the neighbourhood.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. WALLACE BRUCE.

HELL RATHER THAN ANNIHILATION?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The story of the dying cottager in the *Spectator* of December 1st may be illustrated by one told of the dying

tenant of Bowerhope (pronounced *Boorhope*), a pleasantly-situated farm on the shores of St. Mary's Loch. The minister spoke to him of the happiness which awaits the true Christian. He replied: "Aye, talk o' the joys o' heeven as ye like, but gie me Boorhope! I would tak a lease o' Boorhope to a' eternity." Then, after a pause, he added "if I could get it at a moderate rent."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Scot.

ETERNITY: A PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The interesting article on "The Limitations of Fancy" in your issue of November 24th recalls a recent mental experience to my mind. In a state bordering on sleep I appeared to be drawn into a yawning vastness that was not only of space but of time as well, and I can well remember the sense of awe that the merging of past and future into an eternal Now appeared to induce. As a student of Swedenborg, I have often felt inclined to smile at the inability of popular writers to get above the idea of space; but the above occasion is the only one on which I have in the faintest degree realised a *supra-temporal* condition, which is, in fact, immensely harder to conceive than the former, and probably impossible to a *waking* state, as "not falling into the ideas of natural thought."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Hampstead.

HUGH NICHOLAS BURGH.

ROYAL ETIQUETTE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The story noticed by Mr. Lionel Tollemache of "I hope that your mother is well" has been fathered on a still more eminent divine, with the addition that on being answered by the Duke of Connaught that, considering her age, she was wonderfully well, the Archbishop continued: "Well, tell her from me that, if she wants to keep well, she should occupy herself, and undertake some interesting work!" With regard to the arrangement that Charles I.'s attendants should serve him on their knees, and the King being guarded against assassination, was this not perhaps suggested rather as a precaution for the King's safety than as "a be-fooling semblance of Royalty"? In some countries it is still the custom, when a great personage passes, for the people to fall on their knees, and to raise their clasped hands, in an attitude of supplication, as it is called. Was this not possibly originally insisted on as a precaution? The efficacy of "hands up" is generally understood. There is additional security when a man is on his knees. If he attempts to "go for" you, his action is pretty marked, and the armed guards have the start of him. Whilst on the subject of Royal etiquette, the story of the King's flight after the Hundred Days will be remembered, and the dismay of the courtiers at finding at the inn only a round table, which they had to hack square with their swords before his Majesty could take his seat at dinner at the head of the table! The idea still lingers. I once shared a house abroad with a German, and as we were only three in the party, I suggested we should take our meals at a small round table, instead of at the long oblong table of his dining-room. This we did for one evening; but the next day he insisted on the huge table, which would dine a dozen, being reproduced, as without it, he said, he could not take his proper place, or be recognised as the head of the house!—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. H. R.-C.

CANON HUGH PEARSON AND PRINCE LEOPOLD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—As Mr. Tollemache invites verification of his story (*Spectator*, December 1st) about Canon Hugh Pearson and Prince Leopold, perhaps you will allow me to tell the variant, with which I am familiar. At a certain function presided over by a very short-sighted Bishop a young man arrived very late, and explained that he had been detained in attendance on his mother. "Quite right," said the Bishop, "no need of apology. A man's first duty is to his parents. I hope the dear old lady is very well. . . . Remember me very kindly to her." When the young man had passed on, the Bishop asked his attendant chaplain, "Who was that?" "The Duke of Connaught, my Lord." The story, if not true, is at least *ben trovato*.—I am, Sir, &c.,

G. J. P.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS' VIEW OF THE CHINESE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—You may be interested to read the accompanying curious passage, translated from a Finnish weekly newspaper. It is contributed by a correspondent of the paper who writes from the Russian province of Tula.—I am, Sir, &c., L. P.

"The war in China is a source of very great interest to the peasant folk. China, according to the country tales, lies around that place where the sun comes from, and where, beyond the Seven Seas, the earth ends. The Chinese, they say, are wonderfully mighty men, their average height being four cubits [a little under eight feet]. They are clad in silk and gold and they are yellow in the face. This the peasants put down to the fact of their living in the place where the sun gets up. They say one has never been able to estimate the population of China. Nevertheless their strength lies not so much in their great numbers as in their vast wealth—in minted money and in raw gold. In fact, in China there is as much gold as in other countries there are stones and hills. Therefore, it is not difficult for the Chinese Czar to raise such an army as may with ease bury all its enemies beneath its caps. That China should declare war upon the other peoples of the world has long been expected, and that this has not hitherto happened is because the Chinese Czar once took an oath, to the terms of which he has righteously adhered. For, long ago, he drove his sword into his castle wall, and spoke these words: 'I shall not commence any war until this my sword be overgrown with moss.' The war has now begun, and the majority of the Russian peasants look upon the fact as terribly significant, for they say they have heard from their forefathers that when war shall begin with China so will the world's end be near. The 'well-read' people in the remote villages identify the Chinese with Gog and Magog: they say that the campaign will last for twelve years, and that the Chinese Czar will conquer the whole world, and that thereafter a river of fire from his kingdom shall overflow the earth and a fearful doom attend its inhabitants."

THE VICEROY OF SHENSI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—You will be pleased to correct, if you have not already done so, a misstatement in the *Spectator* of September 8th. In your "News of the Week" columns it is stated that "the Viceroy of Shensi has, it seems, murdered the missionaries in his province." This is only too true of the Viceroy of *Shansi*, but the Viceroy of Shensi, on the contrary, has by all accounts behaved splendidly to foreigners and native Christians alike during these troubles. Amongst his acts of kindness I can myself vouch for one. My brother and a party of eight ladies were travelling through Shensi in August last, when they were waylaid by a band of armed men, and robbed of all the silver they possessed. On his arrival at Hankow, my brother found a cheque for the full amount awaiting him. The Viceroy of Shensi had heard through his own people of the attack and had at once forwarded the money.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F. E. BLAND.

Church Missionary Society, Fu-chau, China, October 29th.

THE EYESIGHT OF SAVAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It has been asserted that, in a general way, the Boers' eyesight is two miles longer than the British. School Board authorities have hinted that a large percentage of London children grow up short-sighted because their vision is bounded by the end of the street. I cannot help thinking that there is a good deal of misconception as to the cause of the alleged inferiority of sight. It is not mere range or acuteness of sight which is wanting so much as education in the art of seeing as apart from staring. If an entomologist and a person with no knowledge of insects (their power of sight being equal) look at an old oak paling at the range of a few feet, the chances are that where the latter sees nothing but lichen-covered wood, the former will see flattened against it certain moths. If the moths are pointed out to the unpractised person he will immediately see them as distinctly as the other does, which proves that the physical power of sight is there, but not the mental education which puts that power into intelligent motion. Again, a very distant flagstaff will often be perfectly invisible even to a long-sighted person until it is pointed out to him, and then perfectly visible. Successful scouting and woodcraft consist, to a great degree, in the scientific and logical use of sight, which may after all have nothing very abnormal about it, and we all know that we may pass a conspicuous object every day for weeks, seeing it, but so

completely failing to apprehend it as to be unaware of its presence. A wonderful improvement can be made in children's sight by a little training on sensible lines, and there is abundant exercise for the longest sight in the shortest street. If inducements to educate his sight were held out to the British soldier and the British child, this matter would take a turn for the better. The most favourite maxim of the late Joseph Wolf, the animal painter, was "We see distinctly only what we know thoroughly." It has been said that as far as art is concerned, the eye, even of a Senior Wrangler, may be quite "illiterate," and in proportion as sight is illiterate in any branch of study to which it may be applied, so will it fail, and no army or Board-school in which the use of mere physical sight is encouraged will turn out vision of the highest order of merit. The writer of the article on "The Eyesight of Savages" suggests the trial of the sight of a dozen Zulus against the sight of a dozen sailors. If each squad were tested with entirely unfamiliar objects there would probably be but little difference between the failures of both sides.—I am, Sir, &c., A. H. PALMER.

WHAT IS "A COLLOP"?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the review of Miss Katharine Tynan's novel, "Three Fair Maids; or, The Burkes of Derymore," appearing in the *Spectator* of December 1st, p. 779, your reviewer concludes with a query, implying a mistake on Miss Tynan's part, and professes to correct her somewhat dogmatically. "By the way" (he says), "what does Miss Katharine Tynan mean by 'sorra the collop he'll get here'? 'Collops' are not 'chops' but 'mince.' The word has no singular." In Dr. Ogilvie's Dictionary, however, the word collop (n) is given, and is defined to be "1. A small slice of meat; a piece of flesh; a thick piece or fleshy lump.—2. In *burlesque*, a child." In the former sense, I have no doubt Miss Tynan uses the word quite correctly (apart from her special knowledge of its use in a particular dialect). In the latter sense, a passage in Shakespeare illustrates its use, where Leontes (*Winter's Tale*, Act I., Scene II.) addresses his boy thus:—"Sweet villain! Most dear'st! my collop! &c." "Collops," I suspect, is a pure Scotticism for "mince."—I am, Sir, &c., H. L.

[Yes; the writer was thinking of the "pure Scotticism." "Scotch collops" is one of the best forms of minced meat, and he was misled by his grateful recollection.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

PROFESSOR RALEIGH'S "MILTON."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the notice of Professor Raleigh's "Milton" in the *Spectator* of November 10th your reviewer comments on his use of "sentences like 'Cycles ferried his [Milton's] cradle,' a remark which, we must confess, conveys to us no meaning whatever." The "sentence" is a quotation from Walt Whitman, and is tolerably plain in its context:—

"Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that helped me,
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful
boatmen,
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me."
"Leaves of Grass" ("Song of Myself").

—I am, Sir, &c.,

LAWRENCE PHILLIPS.

Sibstone Rectory, Atherstone.

THE WORD "DESIGHT."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I am anxious to ask in the interest of the English language why the word "desight" is gibbeted by [*sic*] in the notice of "Modern Broods" (*Spectator*, December 1st). It was marked in the proof, but I thought the objection was only that of a scrupulous "reader," and I left it, having always used it, and heard it applied to a blemish or disfigurement, and I find it in the 1864 revision of Webster's Dictionary, so that I can hardly suppose it to be objectionable or inelegant. I should much like to know whether another term can be suggested bearing the same meaning, as expressing a slight defect, marring the general appearance.—I am, Sir, &c., C. M. YONGE.

Elderfield, Otterbourne, Winchester.

["Desight" is an unusual, if not actually obsolete, word.

But the use of [*sic*] was certainly unwarrantable, and we gladly offer Miss Yonge our apologies.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

[* * We regret that owing to pressure on our space we have been obliged to hold over several important letters this week.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

POETRY.

SOLUS CUM SOLÂ.

You cannot tell how good she is,
How gracious, and how fair,
By merely looking on her face
And all the beauty there.

You know not how her lips would speak
To others, or to you;
You only know that all she says
Is certain to be true.

And if she grant you through her eyes
A peep into her soul,
'Tis but a slight and partial glimpse;
You never see the whole.

No! You must win her constant heart,
And keep it in your own,
Ere you can learn that what she is
She is for one alone.

And that, my friend, you will not do:
A Providence divine
Has found and fashion'd her for me,
And she is wholly mine.

ARTHUR MUNBY.

SOLATIA VICTI.

THE nation has given, I'm told,
The Tories a slap on the face;
Yet we are left out in the cold,
And they have the pelf and the place.

As a Christian I'm only so-so,
But yet I'm sufficiently meek,
Did the nation give me such a blow,
To turn it the opposite cheek.

A. J. C.

BOOKS.

THE AMEER'S MEMOIRS.*

THE first volume of this book takes us back four centuries. We seem to be re-reading the famous Memoirs of the Emperor Babar. "When I was nine years old," begins the Ameer, "my father sent for me to go to Balkh from Kabul. . . . I found him besieging Shibarghan." When Babar was eleven years old, he writes, "I became King of Farghana." Both spent their youth in perpetual fighting in the same country about the Oxus and Jaxartes. Both suffered terrible reverses, endured privations, exile, toils, and adventures almost incredible; both at last attained the kingdom of Kabul, and both loved it better than any other place on earth. The very names of towns and the titles of chiefs and princes are the same; in both stories there are hand-to-hand combats, long fugitive rides over the wild deserts and among treacherous tribes, intrigues and jealousies among trusted friends and kinsmen; in both we find even the same passion for the water-melons of the Transoxiane meadows which Babar used to dwell on with regretful appetite when he was mastering Hindustan. The two men are alike in their restless energy, their unconquerable resolution, their delight in danger and resourcefulness in extremity, in their contempt of fatigue, in their conviction of final success. They are alike too in their superstitions, and both relied on the presage of astrologers; but whilst Babar was highly cultivated, a poet and a philosopher, he had sundry amiable (and unamiable) weak-

nesses; the Ameer, though extraordinarily unlettered, never seems to have known what weakness means.

The story of his adventures and how he won his throne reads like romance. Indeed, no Prisoner of Zenda or Gentleman of France went through half such tremendous crises in his fate. Yet the narrative, written by the Ameer himself in perfectly simple language, reads like truth. There is no explanation of how he came to recall the minute details of his early career, whether he kept a journal, or whether he trusted to that marvellous register, an Oriental memory; but however the feat was accomplished, the result has all the appearance of veracity. There is doubtless exaggeration, the numbers engaged in battles are probably guesswork, and events may be transposed by a trick of memory; but that the facts in general are facts we can hardly dispute. The very vaingloriousness of the hero's account of his exploits is a witness to sincerity. His self-confidence, not to say "brag," and absolute conviction that whatever he did must be right, are too natural and candid to cover rhodomontade. The Ameer is his own hero, and describes himself, as we believe, to the life. He does not shrink from recording his own deeds of blood and fraud. A priest accused him of being an infidel; the Ameer had the "impure-minded dog" dragged out of sanctuary, and then "I killed him with my own hands." An example had to be made of the robber-chiefs of Afghanistan; "one of them now hangs in a cage, where I put him, on the peak of the Lataband Mountain," in singular contrast to the votive rags of superstitious pilgrims at this sacred spot. There is a savage simplicity in all this that reminds us of the wars of the Kings and Judges of Israel. The Ameer's dealings with the merchants of Badakhshan is typical of his drastic methods. He caught them red-handed in highway robbery, fifty in number, and "ordered them all to be blown from the guns, as they had committed many crimes on my unoffending people. This punishment was carried out on market day, so that their flesh should be eaten by the dogs of the camp, and their bones remain lying about till the festival was over." The capture of the merchants brought a remonstrance and a threat from the Mir of the province, though he had not yet learnt their fate, but the messenger fared ill in the subsequent proceedings:—

"I read this letter aloud," says the Ameer, "in the public audience, and asked the man if the Mir was in good health and quite sensible when he wrote it. He replied in these words: 'My King, Mir Sahib, has commanded me to bring back your prisoners to him, without loss of time, or he will immediately take steps against you.' To this I answered: 'Do not lose your temper, consider a moment.' But he refused to be warned, and said again rudely: 'Hand over your prisoners. How dare you imprison our people?' Without further conversation I ordered my servants to pull out his beard and moustache, and to dye his eyebrows like a woman. I then took him to the place where the remains of the merchants lay, and put his beard and moustache in a gold cloth, advising him to take it to his Mir, both as a caution, and as a reply to his letter. With this man I sent a strong force, consisting of 2 battalions, 2,000 cavalry sowars, 1,000 Usbeg sowars, 2,000 infantry, and 12 guns, to Talikan. When they arrived there, the commanders sent this man with his reply to Mir Jahandar Shah, who abused him, and demanded to know why he had returned without the prisoners whom he had sent him to fetch. The man uncovered his face, and threw the gold cloth at the Mir's feet, saying: 'This is what I have suffered by carrying your idiotic messages, and this is what you will suffer if you are not careful.'"

In the result the Mir sent a present and an apology, alleging that "he was always intoxicated and did not know what he was doing. I smiled, and told the chiefs that I considered his apology most reasonable." Thus the Ameer forgave the Mir whose people he had blown from the guns. When this truculent episode took place, the Ameer was still in his teens, so far as can be ascertained,—for he is not certain about the year of his birth. Before this, when a Viceroy and provincial Governor at the age of about fifteen, he had resigned his post because his father would not give him a free hand "to govern according to my ideas." In the same lofty spirit, when a refugee at Bokhara, he refused to make obeisance. He had brought various presents for the King, including a couple of Arab horses and a load of gold tangas, and this is what happened:—

"On our arrival at the palace, the Wazir received me, leading us to the King's rooms. The custom of the Kings of Bokhara is this. The King sits in a big house with two or three favourite page-boys. All his officials sit round the house on small raised terraces under the wall. At the door of the house are two door-

* *The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan.* Edited by Mir Munshi Sultan Mahomed Khan. 2 vols. London: J. Murray. [32s.]

keepers, who peep in occasionally to see if the King makes any sign with his eyes. If he gives them a wink, they run to see what he requires, retreating backwards to repeat the message to the Hudachi or head of the Court. When I arrived near those door-keepers, they ran to the King, then back to the Hudachi, saying their King had been pleased to accept my presents. I was then told to take the bridles of my two horses in my two hands, also to balance the tangas on my back, and make a bow to the King. I replied that the tangas were one man's load; the two horses required two grooms; and that I would not put my head to the ground for any one in existence. I added: 'I am created by God, and shall kneel to no one but Him.' The door-keeper, who had never heard such a reply from any one before, was much amazed, so I offered to take my reply to the King myself, or to go to some other country. At last the Wazir said something to the Hudachi, who went to the King, returning to tell me that his Majesty accepted my salaams. I entered the house, saying in the ordinary way 'Salam alaikum' ('Peace be on you'), and I shook hands with the King, who told me to sit by his side."

The Ameer's cool insolence generally succeeded, it would seem, and one cannot but admire his determination to make himself respected, even when his fortune was at its lowest ebb, and his courage against all odds, when everything seemed against him. At the turning-point of his career, when he was making his way back on the bare chance of a possible welcome at Kabul, after eleven years of exile in Russian Samarkand, his ready courage saved him. The scene was once more in Badakhshan; the Ameer was sitting in a loose robe, almost unarmed, with a handful of followers, in the fort of Faizabad, when he was told that Mir Baba was in the courtyard with five thousand soldiers. What happened must be told by the hero himself:—

"I told my servants that it would be impossible to fight against so many, so I would go out and mingle with the crowd in order not to be noticed, and if I got hold of the Mir's neck before being recognised, we were safe, but if I was killed I would leave them under God's protection, and they could fight or not as they chose. I then went out of the gate, hiding my revolver under the sleeve of my overcoat. By great good luck I passed through all the men unnoticed, and came near the Mir, and seizing his neck from behind, I placed my revolver against his temple. I said: 'Hold now, this is the same Afghan you were cursing. Throw down your sword, or I will shoot.' Mir Baba cried out, and implored me to remove my revolver, saying he would then throw his sword down, but I only twisted his neck tighter, until at last he threw his sword on the ground. I then said: 'Order your men out of the fort.' This he also did, and I told my men in Pushto to take possession of the outer gate also. I said to the Mir: 'I invited you as a friend under my roof, why have you behaved so treacherously?' And then turning to the people of Badakhshan, I said: 'Are you going to fight for me, or for this coward, who cannot move his hands?' And the people, seeing their Mir at the point of death, said, 'For you.' Upon which I ordered them to return to their homes. When they had obeyed my instructions, I took the Mir with ten sowars to his house, and ordered his wife and family to give me a dinner there. The next morning I returned to the fort, and took a long rest, thanking God for my safety."

Personal bravery of this kind, however admirable in its way, is less to be admired than the stoical endurance displayed by the Ameer not only through the rigours of winter marches and campaigns, sitting all night in the snow, or dragging himself on through the drifts by his horse's tail, but also under the still more trying experiences of the desertion and treachery of his followers and friends. His pluck was invincible. The only time he gave way to despair was when he was arrested by the Russians, and for a moment lost hope in his cause. But the arrest was quickly followed by release, and release by escape from Russian territory, and escape by an invitation from Sir Lepel Griffin, and the Ameer's accession to his throne. It is a wonderful story from beginning to end, full of hairbreadth escapes and extraordinary vicissitudes. One day he had half a million of money in his Treasury, ten thousand robes, and cooking pots for two thousand people who used to eat with him daily; a few days later all the property he possessed was—

"One copper cup, one jug, and one hubble-bubble, also one small rug either to wear or stand upon, also the suit which I was wearing in battle, a sword, rifle-belt, revolver, and riding-horse." "Three days before I had a thousand camels to carry my cooking utensils, and now one dog ran off with my cooking pans together with the food! I could not help smiling at so humiliating an incident, and eating the bread without the meat, I went to sleep." "My heart was so strong that if I had to face the army of the whole world, they would appear as insects under my feet. I say this in the name of God. This is not bravery, but simply a feeling which He has given me. I distinctly want to tell all true believers what happened to me. This is the experience of my life, that if they have true hearts in the service of God, He will ensure their success. The result of my belief is, that I am a King to-day."

Not only a King, but a great man, made of the stuff that must dominate any sphere of life. The use the Ameer has made of his kingship shows that the fine qualities of his days of trial were not exhausted by suffering nor enervated by success. He set himself to face the problems of his peculiarly difficult position with serious and high-minded devotion. The second volume of this book is mainly a record of his reforms and his policy. How thoroughly in earnest he has been, and is, may be judged from the description of his austere life, the days of which are spent in incessant business, and the nights—lying on the same divan that serves for office-stool by day—in snatches of uneasy sleep, broken by schemes for the improvement of his kingdom. A man whose brain is so restless that he needs to be read to sleep, and then composed afresh by the drone of the reader; whose hours are so filled that sometimes he can visit his harim only twice a year, or see his wives and younger children but once a month for a few minutes, in the intervals of business; who detests indolence as much as any form of self-indulgence; who drinks no wine, and often forgets to eat his meals,—this is not our idea of an Eastern Prince, but it is the picture of the Ameer as he appears to himself. The remarkable interest and appreciation he has shown for European science, added to his own mechanical skill—for he is a practical gunsmith—have led to many improvements, under European experts, in which the Ameer takes an intense pride. Numerous instances show that he is not content with sending for a skilled man to reform his manufactories and arsenals, but himself examines and supervises, and even invents. His secretary, the Mir Munshi, who wrote the second volume from his master's dictation, calls him a genius, and the word is not misapplied. Considering the materials upon which he has worked, and the conditions under which his reforms were carried out, the Ameer undoubtedly possesses a genius of organisation and adaptation of no mean order. The record of his work since his accession in 1880 is one of which any ruler in any kingdom might well feel proud.

A considerable part of the second volume is devoted to foreign politics, and although the Ameer now and then affects an air of reserve, the general expression of his policy is astonishingly frank. He began by disliking the English, and had a quarrel with his uncle the Ameer Azim because he wanted to temporise with the Viceroy of India. But the eleven years in Russia seem to have opened the eyes of Abdurrahman. He declares boldly that Russia's promises are so much waste-paper, that her advances are treacherous, that her slow approaches are infinitely more dangerous than the impulsive dashes of England. Russia, he says, wishes to see Afghanistan weak and divided, in order to step over her to India, unquestionably the goal of Russian ambition according to the Ameer's knowledge. England, on the other hand, wishes Afghanistan to be strong, in order to hinder the advance of Russia. Hence England is the Afghan's natural ally, and, in the Ameer's opinion, no invasion of India would be possible if Afghanistan joined in opposing it. Therefore his policy and his interest draw him closer to England, and his chief desire is to be permitted to establish an Envoy at the Court of St. James's. He distrusts the Indian Government, dreads the "forward policy," and whilst admiring Lord Dufferin and Lord Ripon, has nothing good to say of some other Viceroys. He wishes to go behind the Viceroy and approach the Government in London. Of course, there may be a Russian edition of this book, for official circulation only, and the friendship expressed for England (despite Penjdeh and other incidents here deprecated) may be explained away at St. Petersburg. But we do not believe it. The Ameer writes like an honest man—a rare thing, we admit, for an Afghan—and his choice between the devil and the deep sea which encompass him is obviously the best he can make in his country's interests. Seldom has a powerful ruler—and a King who can muster eight hundred thousand men at Herat in a fortnight is certainly powerful—set forth his political views so squarely, and his frankness seems to merit confidence. At all events, his remarkable book will command the attention of statesmen as well as the interest of all who can appreciate its unique mixture of stirring adventure and wise administration, of blood and thunder, and sweetness and light.

SHOOTING AT MODERATE COST.*

SHOOTING is always an expensive amusement, which does not prevent it from being steadily more popular. But most writers on the subject, when they leave generalities and come to details, seem to suppose that the only people worth instructing are millionaires. Their examples of the management of cover-shooting, or of pheasant-rearing, show sport on a scale of expenditure quite beyond the reach of those who, though ready to spend what they think they can afford, have to consider ways and means. To such men reading an account of the big pheasant shoots at Holkham, or grouse-driving on Wemmergill Moors, is like looking on at a great day's sport,—pleasant and exciting to the imagination, but not a matter of practical politics. To such readers Mr. C. E. Walker's sensible book on *Shooting on a Small Income* is both suggestive and useful. By the title he does not mean that he proposes to give hints as to where to get shooting for nothing, but to show how sums of from £50 or £60 to £200 can be spent to best advantage by a man who means to make his sport the main amusement of his leisure.

People who shoot may be divided into those who do not own a shooting or rent one, and those who, being either owners or shooting tenants, wish to make the head of game as large and varied as possible. Except the actual improvement of a landed estate, there are few more fascinating country pursuits than this, or more full of successes, anxieties, pleasures, and pains. The owner of a naturally good shooting estate on the first-class soils is always trying to "go one better" than in previous seasons: planting new covers or belts, getting in fresh stock, and devising improvements suggested by each year's sport. The owner of bad ground finds out the line of least resistance, and makes his bad partridge land carry a good head of pheasants in the covers. The lessee of shooting has even more chances for distinction, for he can choose nicely, balancing the "pros" and "cons," his soil, locality, and surroundings. The greater number of sporting tenants come from the towns: the City and the professions seem to have made up their minds that if sport is to be their amusement, it shall be shooting. For such the first consideration is to secure ground as accessible as possible. Purists in the subject and style of shooting rents, with a nice sense of the fitness of things, hold that no man who lives in the West of London should shoot anywhere but on the Great Western line or the Great Central, while the sportsman who lives in Hampstead should shoot on the Great Northern, and men whose business is in the City should campaign on the Great Eastern or the Tilbury and Southend in Essex. To the country resident locality is even more important. He must, if he is to get all-round enjoyment from it, have his shoot within at least an easy drive of his carriage-yard. Mr. Walker is thoroughly sound on this point. But he omits the very important question of soil. Partridges are the great standby of mixed English shooting, and far the least expensive to maintain a head of when once the rent is paid, because they are a natural crop on suitable soil. They are as native to it as its flowers or grasses. Unfortunately, there is not much of the light land which suits them, and on which from year to year a good head of birds is certain. The best is the light-red soil, which crumbles like ground coffee, and the second best the brashy chalk. Clay is the very worst, and all heavy land not much better. The Surrey sands grow no corn; consequently, the partridge does not flourish there. Chalk downs will carry a large head if there are suitable nesting places, and are among the best of "improvable" shoots if there are none of the sainfoins and artificial grasses in which the nests are cut out wholesale. But supposing shooting can be obtained on light land, or on the mixed soils of Kent or Hertfordshire or Buckinghamshire, there is no reason why it should not be made as good as the owners of great shoots in Hampshire and Cambridgeshire, once by no means highly considered as sporting counties, have shown us that it can be. Then comes in the question of what kind of ground will give the best return at the least expense. If good natural partridge ground can be got, take it; and follow Mr. Walker's advice as to looking after it. It does not need

the amount of preserving per acre that pheasant ground does,—rather less than half, in fact, for the main business is to protect the eggs and nests, to trap vermin, and to shoot it judiciously. All the rest the birds will do. But there is a great attraction in having woods to shoot in in winter, and such splendid game as pheasants to shoot at. The artificial rearing of pheasants for sport is logically quite indefensible. Yet done on a moderate scale it will stock suitable ground with wild birds for many seasons, the wild eggs of which can be reared better by the keeper than by their parents. The writer's remarks on the choice of an economical pheasant shoot are worth quoting verbatim:—"The ideal pheasant shoot for a man of moderate means is, in my opinion, one where there are a number of long narrow covers distributed over the ground, particularly where the ground slopes, and one compact cover of about ten acres, with a stream running through it near the middle of the shoot. The nearer to this you can get when you choose your shoot the better. Where the covers are long and narrow only a few beaters and stops are needed, and so the expense of beating is comparatively little. The one larger cover is a good thing, because the birds will in all probability make it their home." The nuisance and expense of getting together, feeding, managing, and paying fifteen or twenty beaters and a dozen boys for driving big woods are very considerable. They make partial small "by-days" almost impossible. The writer might have added that narrow and moderate-sized coverts hold far more pheasants than the same acreage in one big wood. The birds naturally feed on the outsides; and a dozen covers of ten acres each have far more "outside" than a hundred-and-twenty-acre wood. The author draws attention to the limitations to be expected in all but the best shoots. One will be good for partridges and bad for pheasants. On another it will be best to concentrate efforts on the pheasants. To get up a good stock of either there must be eggs and plenty of them. The chapters on "How to Obtain a Good Supply of Eggs," and on the natural and artificial rearing of the birds, are those to which the practical reader will first turn. The author is probably right that on a moderate-sized shooting it will be better not to rear partridges, but to keep down the vermin and protect the birds. But where foxes are numerous such havoc is made among the sitting partridges that it is, perhaps, worth while to take and rear nests in hedgerows. The only points on which we differ from the author's views on pheasants are his plan for making an aviary, and his estimate of the damage done by winged vermin, of which only jackdaws, magpies, and carrion crows do much mischief. The pheasantry which he recommends is made of wire netting, and has boards round the sides to prevent the birds from being scared. This is expensive, and practically irremovable. The wire netting always tears and kinks, and the boards will be damaged. Far better, handier, and cheaper is Mr. Tegetmeier's recipe, in which wicker hurdles set up on end take the place of the boards, and ordinary garden netting, against which the pheasants cannot hurt themselves, is laid over the top. In another edition he might give results of buying and rearing *late* pheasants' eggs. They can be had in June at fourpence each, and though probably only half will hatch, the young birds flourish in the hot weather of the settled summer, and are full grown by the end of November.

This is a pleasant and companionable book, though a trifle overstocked with information of the kind which any one who shoots may be presumed to know. It was a happy thought to give long-distance photographs of hundreds of acres of typical good or bad pheasant and partridge ground, that dear domestic English scenery which is never seen in pictures, except occasionally in the pages of *Country Life* when photographs of famous days' partridge-driving or pheasant-shooting are reproduced. It is easy to imagine the difficulties of shooting the "unworkable cover of one hundred and fifty acres" there shown, with few and bad rides in it, and to scheme how the good small covers for pheasants should be beaten. The chapter on training dogs will commend itself as eminently sensible. The admission that "dogs are dogs," and that one dog's character differs from another and needs different training, is one with which we quite agree. The production of the "all-round dog" is a legitimate object of the shooter of moderate means. By observing the suggestions set down here he is likely to make one, in due time. But Mr. Walker

* *Shooting on a Small Income*. By Charles E. Walker. London: A. Constable and Co. [5s.]

omits a very important consideration. When young dogs are bought for training, the animal should be of the purest and best blood procurable. Very highly-bred puppies are strangely cheap, compared with the offspring of other pedigree animals, and their native intelligence is simply beyond belief. The writer this year went out with a young setter which had only been trained to walk at heel, and to drop to shot and wing. But she was of high descent, and her father, a noted field-trial dog, was sold for £130. Though only eleven months old, she learnt in three days not only to work as a setter, but to be a quick and safe retriever. In the first week's shooting in September she did not make a single mistake.

COVENTRY PATMORE.*

THE biography of Coventry Patmore which Mr. Basil Champneys has given us is a laborious piece of work. Its moral qualities of painstaking accuracy and balanced judgment are conspicuous in every page and in every line; but whether it is that the author's own profession has accustomed him to work on a great scale, or that he is unpractised in turning English sentences, or that the publishers insisted on the conventional two fat volumes,—whatever be the reason, the fact is equally conspicuous that all the biographical matter has been swelled into at least twice the space it might have occupied, with advantage both to the subject of the memoir and to its readers. The second volume, which is made up chiefly of correspondence, might have been halved with no less profit. Of what use are pages upon pages of complimentary letters acknowledging copies of the author's works? Of what use are the author's acknowledgments of them? As it is, the letters that are worth reading, both to and from Patmore, are buried amongst sheaves of waste-paper. This no doubt is the penalty the present generation is called upon to pay for its historical and antiquarian spirit. Because the dust-heaps of the past have yielded treasures which the world is glad to have, nothing must any longer be destroyed. When an artist like Mr. Champneys takes such a view as this we may well despair of the art of biography.

The facts of Coventry Patmore's life may be very briefly stated. The son of a literary father, he was cradled into literature, knew from boyhood the best writers of his time, and was encouraged to write himself at an early age. The child of an agnostic, he was early attracted to the Roman Church, which he eventually joined. When his father's unsuccessful speculations reduced the family to straits, he obtained through the good offices of Lord Houghton a post in the British Museum, which he held for twenty years, until his second marriage made him a rich man, when he bought an estate in Sussex, and settled down as a country gentleman, afterwards migrating to Hastings, and finally to Lymington. It is not, however, the outward facts that form the interest of Patmore's life, but his entire devotion to, and successful practice of, his art, and, in a less degree, the ideas of which he regarded himself as the inspired mouthpiece. The story of Patmore's life from 1847, when, at the age of twenty-four, he married his first wife, to her death in 1862, is a story of complete absorption in the writing of "what was to be the poem of the day,"—"The Angel in the House." From what Mr. Champneys tells us of the first Mrs. Patmore it is evident that her devotion to the great work was as thorough as her husband's, and that the household, though impecunious, was a united and harmonious one. These were the days when the gods were young, when the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood was struggling into notice and fame, and when a chance evening visitor to the Patmores' house in the North of London might surprise Tennyson, Browning, and Ruskin at talk together. Mr. Champneys in his seventh chapter has collected many interesting records of those early days; among them the following memorandum by Patmore:—

"I was intimate with the Pre-Raphaelites when we were little more than boys together. They were all very simple, pure-minded, ignorant, and confident. Millais was looked upon as in some sort the leader, but this I fancy was partly because he always had more command of money than the others, who were very poor. They could not even have printed 'The Germ' without assistance. I well remember Millais triumphantly flourishing before my eyes a cheque for £150 which he got for 'The Return of the Dove to the Ark.' . . . Holman Hunt attracted me

personally more than any of the other Pre-Raphaelites. He was heroically simple and constant in his purpose of primarily serving religion by his art, and had a Quixotic notion that it was absolutely obligatory upon him to redress every wrong that came under his notice. Rossetti was in manners, mind, and appearance completely Italian. He had very little knowledge of, or sympathy with, English literature; and always gave me the impression of tensity rather than intensity."

It was Patmore who formed the link between the Pre-Raphaelites and older men like Tennyson and Ruskin. For Tennyson Patmore had in his younger days a vast admiration; even more for his character and ability as a man than for his work as a poet. Later they drifted apart, and in a chapter devoted to the subject Mr. Champneys investigates at great length the operative causes; and gives an elaborate object-lesson on the value of one poet's criticism upon another by a series of letters before and after the estrangement, from which it will suffice to extract two sentences:—

"We dine at two o'clock, after which I get the most delightful tête-à-tête with Tennyson over his wine for two or three hours. You know what inestimable value I always attach to conversations with him. Imagine how rich I think myself now."

"Tennyson is like a great child, very simple and very much self-absorbed. I never heard him make a remark of his own which was worth repeating."

Patmore, like all poets, lived a double life, a life in the ideal world of thought and emotion, and a life in the world of practical affairs; and he had great gifts in both. But the curious and amusing part of the matter in his case was that while ideally he was the poet of love, believing that human love was the great evidence for divine love, in practical life he was probably as good a hater as ever lived. Mr. Champneys, who knew him intimately for many years, tells us that by disposition he was autocratic and "authoritarian," and given to express his dislikes with immense vigour and without qualification; and his dislikes were many. He hated philanthropists; he hated all politicians except the extreme Tories; he hated the average man; he hated the priests of his own Communion, especially the late Cardinal Archbishop. An amusing story is told by Mr. Champneys of a conversation that he overheard between Patmore and a visitor of his own creed:—

"V. Weren't you surprised, Mr. Patmore, to hear of — Church being burnt? I can't imagine how it could have happened.

P. I know very well how it happened.

V. O, I do so wish you'd tell me how.

P. The priests burnt it.

V. Why, what on earth should they have done that for?

P. To get the insurance money.

[After this a dead pause, then:]

V. Weren't you sorry to hear that Father — was dead?

P. No, I was very glad."

It may have been originally, perhaps, in self-defence against the idea that the author of "The Angel in the House" must be a milksop that he allowed himself to startle people by the fury of his diatribes; in which, it must be allowed, there was usually more bark than bite.

As to Patmore's ideas, or rather the various forms of the one idea from the obsession of which his later works suffered, it will be sufficient to refer those who are interested to the first chapter of Mr. Champneys's second volume. "Love between the sexes," says Mr. Champneys, "was to him by original tendency, and had become through actual experience, the most suggestive, most illuminating, and most fruitful of natural revelations, and was the principal if not the exclusive fount of his inspiration, both poetic and religious. There was scarcely a principle or theory in any branch of thought which he did not by analogy refer to and illustrate by this relation." Hence the enormous attraction to him of the subject of the Virgin's marriage. He wrote a prose-book called *Sponsa Dei*, which he burnt, taking or misunderstanding a hint from his friend, Father Gerard Hopkins. He was always looking forward to writing a poem upon the same subject which should be the crowning work of his life; and to this *majus opus* such Odes as "The Contract" and "Deliciæ Sapientiæ" looked forward. At length it came, and will be found in his collected poems as "The Child's Purchase." The subject need not be pursued here, because it must be admitted that "The Child's Purchase" is not a great poem, perhaps is not poetry at all, only mystic theology in metre. The fact is that Patmore's poetry, like the poetry of every other poet who ever lived, was entirely independent of his

* *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore.* By Basil Champneys. 2 vols. London: G. Bell and Sons. [32s.]

most cherished theories, though it was, of course, not independent of his personal emotions. The poems of Patmore which live in the memory are certain of the Preludes to "The Angel in the House," like "Not in the crisis of events," and "An idle poet here and here," and "Why having won her do I woo?" and "Man must be pleased," which express with simple and perfect felicity some home-truth about the art of love; then, again, certain of the Odes which celebrate supreme moments of affection, "The Toys," "A Farewell," most splendid of all, "Departure"; and, again, others which put into flawless shape some great moral perception, like "Let Be," or "Remembered Grace." Nor are there wanting poems which transcribe some beauty of Nature, either for its own sake, as in the Ode on "Winter," or for its spiritual analogue, as in "Wind and Wave." By years of study and practice Patmore had perfected his instrument, and when the call came and the spirit fell, it discoursed most exquisite music. His early work was chiefly in octosyllabic stanzas; his later in a kind of choral ode, imitated from Drummond of Hawthornden.

Among the varied contents of the second volume, not the least interesting are half a dozen letters from Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J., an Oxford man of remarkable intellect and some very remarkable, but too eccentric, poetical performance, who died in the prime of life. The lucid and terse sentences in which he criticises Patmore's hasty paradoxes form an excellent model of criticism; while his straightforward and polite, but unapologetic, manner is refreshing and altogether delightful. Mr. Champneys explains that many more of these letters have been preserved, but were withheld by him as dealing too much with technical criticisms of Patmore's poems. At least they would have had justification for appearing in print, which is more than can be said for the larger part of the correspondence here presented to the public.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

DR. WEIR MITCHELL resumes in *Dr. North and his Friends* the leisurely conversational method he adopted in his *Characteristics*, and reintroduces with some additions the same *dramatis personæ*. He gives us, that is, selections from the table-talk of an intimate coterie of highly cultivated men and women, who meet constantly at each other's houses and discuss books, art, religion, ethics, and themselves. The host is usually Clayborne, an eminent scholar and Orientalist, at whose house these symposia generally take place; the part of *Heldentenor*, to borrow a musical phrase, is assigned to St. Clair, a brilliantly clever Admirable Crichton—artist, sculptor, poet, Adonis—the spoiled child and genius of the coterie; while the function of Dr. North, the narrator, is to illuminate the narrative with anecdotes generally drawn from his professional experiences. There are also three very clever ladies, two married and the third Clayborne's cousin and amanuensis, a crippled girl with a beautiful face, on whose relations with St. Clair the reader is dependent for the sentimental interest. But the form and scheme of the book is not easily reconciled with a deep interest in the fate of the various characters. We cannot profess to have found them instinct with vitality, or, indeed, to discover in them anything but the various facets of the author's versatile and multiplex personality. They talk wisely, wittily, and tenderly, but always a little too cleverly. One can appreciate the perpetual gibing of the New York comic Press at the polysyllabic precision of Bostonian talk when one encounters such a sentence as this: "She said with a certain quiet timidity, as if in doubt: 'Is there not, Anne, an intimation in the text that giving should be, as it were, a part of the unrecording automatism of a well-trained life, with self-ful sense of good done?'" One advantage of the book is that it can either be read continuously or dipped into. And the dipper will seldom come up empty-handed. Here is a delightful dog-and-child story of the war:—

"Once on a time, when the Rebs were marching on Gettysburg, they passed a house close to the road. On the porch stood a child

and her mother. A tiny terrier, safe behind the paling fence, barked furiously at the soldiers. Beaver was the name of that loyal dog. Beaver refused to behave himself. Then at last came General A—— and rode on the sidewalk. At this liberty the small dog ran to and fro, and barked yet more angrily. Upon this the general heard the child cry out in alarm, 'O mama, mama! Don't let Beav bite that army!'"

Apart from the slightly studied form of the dialogue and his employment of the form of address "Dear lady," our only serious ground for complaint against Dr. Mitchell is his ingenious but hardly generous mode of forestalling the obvious comparison of his method with that of Sir Arthur Helps. Dr. Mitchell is strong enough to stand on his own merits without disparaging the achievements of others.

The resort to so well-worn a device as the exchange of rôles between the heir to a peerage and a plebeian friend can only be justified by the skill and freshness of its handling. On the whole, the verdict on Mr. Clouston's fantasia, *The Duke*, must be favourable. The young man who returns from the Colonies to succeed to his fourth cousin once removed has a grudge against society, and determines to pay off an old score by making society ridiculous. To this end he engages a Colonial chum, an untamed Irishman of the most unbridled eccentricity, to impersonate the heir, while he himself acts as his secretary. According to the understanding, Kavanagh, the mock Duke, is only allowed to keep up the imposture for a month, but so thoroughly does he enjoy the advantages of his position, that as the appointed term draws to its close, he waxes defiant, and in the end has to be forcibly deposed. The humour of the situation does not simply reside in the extravagances of the sham Duke, the consternation of his would-be guides, philosophers, and friends, or the shameless importunities of intriguing matrons, but in the resentment excited by the familiar and even dictatorial attitude of the sham secretary. Lambert Haselle, the real Duke, has, however, another aim in view besides that of avenging himself on society; he is anxious to clear the memory of his father, who was ruined by a false charge of cheating at cards brought against him by the late Duke. To realise this aim he must wring a confession from the only person living who was present at the episode,—and that is the widow of a creature of the late Duke, and herself that Duke's pensioner. The following up of this trail provides a serious alternative plot to the main current of absurdity, and culminates in the rescue of the widow's daughter from the attentions of a decadent nobleman. It is so out of fashion nowadays to represent a cad as suffering for his caddishness that we confess to having read the account of Lord "Crissy's" castigation at the hands of the Colonial-born Duke with acute satisfaction.

Miss Weston's little book of legends and allegories, *The Soul of the Countess*, shows a delicate fancy allied to considerable grace of expression. The story which gives its name to the collection tells how the elf-Countess Bertha won a soul, and forms a graceful variant on the famous romance of De la Motte Fouqué. "Our Lady of the Forest" is a tale of the Crusading times, wherein a faithless Earl mistakes his own long-suffering wife for a miraculous apparition of the Virgin. In "The Last Valkyr" Miss Weston transports us to the heroic and semi-mythical period of Scandinavian history, while the crucial scene of the last story of all is laid at the gates of Paradise. While, however, the setting varies, the method is much the same throughout; in each a moral is unobtrusively enforced by the means of a narrative entirely detached from familiar, actual, or modern surroundings, and more or less coloured by the supernatural element. A word of praise is due to the "verse preludes" prefixed to each story.

Novels in which the scene is laid in Japan are steadily multiplying. Among the latest and cleverest of these exotic literary growths is Mr. John Luther Long's *The Fox-Woman*. In deference to that somewhat denationalised sentiment so common in works of this sort, Mr. Long assigns the villain's rôle to a fellow-countrywoman,—a splendidly handsome American girl, who bewitches a deformed Japanese artist, carries off his little wife as her servant, and generally plays havoc with his domestic happiness. Mr. Long writes with a vivid appreciation of the artistic temper and keen sense of beauty of the Japanese. He has, in short, shown that an abnormal situation can be handled with tact, delicacy, and picturesqueness. But we are old-fashioned enough to feel that there must be

* (1.) *Dr. North and his Friends*. By S. Weir Mitchell. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(2.) *The Duke*. By J. Storer Clouston. London: Edward Arnold. [6s.]—(3.) *The Soul of the Countess*. By Jessie L. Weston. London: David Nutt. [3s. 6d.]—(4.) *The Fox-Woman*. By John Luther Long. London: J. MacQueen. [6s.]—(5.) *A Sugar Princess*. By Albert Ross. London: Chatto and Windus. [3s. 6d.]—(6.) *Plotters of Paris*. By Edmund Mitchell. London: Hutchinson and Co. [6s.]—(7.) *The Joy of Captain Ribot*. By A. Palacio Valdés. Authorised Translation by Minna Caroline Smith. London: Downey and Co. [6s.]—(8.) *The Man-Trap*. By Sir William Magnay, Bart. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. [6s.]

something lacking in a writer who understands Orientals better than his own countrymen.

The plot of *The Sugar Princess* is not unfamiliar. It hinges on the desire of a rich elderly man to test the character of his adopted son and heir before his own death. Accordingly, at the suggestion of a malicious friend, he disappears, leaving the young man to his own devices, but intending to watch his progress all the time. The narrative deals with the search for the old man throughout the islands of the Pacific and Japan, during which the heir meets and saves the life of the Sugar Princess. In the end the missing merchant—who has gone out of his mind—is discovered, and a most amusing, though eminently improbable, story is concluded with the marriage of Carl Muller, the good young man, to his Sugar Princess.

In choosing the scene for tales of murder and mystery writers of sensational fiction show a natural preference for Paris over all other modern capitals. Mr. Edmund Mitchell justifies this preference by his vigorous and animated narrative of the thrilling adventures which befell a benevolent artist-Baronet and an English war correspondent in consequence of an idle visit to the Morgue. For a railway journey or a wet day *The Plotters of Paris*, with its combination of crime, sentiment, and heroism, will be found an excellent preventive of ennui.

The Joy of Captain Ribot is a translation of one of the latest and most enjoyable novels of the famous Spanish writer, Señor A. Palacio Valdés. It is introduced by a short and eulogistic preface by Mr. Sylvester Baxter, who quotes a generous "appreciation" by Mr. Howells. We do not always find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Howells as a critic, but after reading this charming and wholesome story find ourselves infected with his admiration. The story relates how an impressionable sea-captain fell in love with a married woman, and how he was converted from lover to friend by the spectacle of Doña Cristina's entire and well-founded devotion to her noble husband. Apart from the mingled frankness and delicacy with which Señor Valdés handles a difficult theme, the story gives a most vivid picture of the manners of bourgeois society in Valencia. Señor Valdés has both humour and pathos at his command, and the perusal of this charming tragi-comedy will surely inspire the wish to make further acquaintance with his work. Miss Minna Caroline Smith is responsible for a translation which preserves much of the vivacity and freshness of the original.

The Man-Trap is a vigorous but undistinguished melodrama of "smart" society. The heroine, the daughter of an adventurer, having been indirectly responsible for the death of her lover, is sought in marriage by his half-brother, who is ignorant of her antecedents. Eleanor returns his affection, but is blackmailed by an unscrupulous nobleman. In the end Lord Mark St. Brune is checkmated and Eleanor's character vindicated. The story imposes no tax on the intellect or strain on the emotions. The voracious reader will swallow it in one hour and forget it in twenty-four.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE *Nineteenth Century* brings the epoch which gave it its name to an end with an excellent number, in which amateur excursions in reform and criticisms of the Cabinet occupy less space than might have been expected. The place of honour is given to Mr. W. Laird Clowes's paper on the strategical value of the Channel Islands in the event of a war with France. Mr. Clowes does not want to see the islands fortified against invasion, which would be a vain and needless preparation; but he wishes to see them fitted with guns and works for offensive purposes. He thinks that their position makes them a possible base for operations against Cherbourg and "naval combinations dependent upon that port and Brest."—The most important articles are Mr. Horace Plunkett's defence of "Balfourian Amelioration" in Ireland, and Judge Emden's striking exposition of the defects of the Companies Law of 1900. Mr. Plunkett draws a vivid picture of the difficulties Mr. Gerald Balfour had to encounter and the unfair attacks, based chiefly on the much misunderstood phrase in his Leeds speech, "killing Home-rule with kindness," which friend and foe alike have made upon him. He sees in the schemes of positive and constructive reform

which Mr. Gerald Balfour instituted the only fruitful policy for the amelioration of Ireland,—the policy of "organised local effort, working with the people as well as for them." It is an eloquent and convincing defence of the position both of Mr. Plunkett and his chief.—The central point of Judge Emden's criticism is to be found in his opposition to Lord Davey's statement that "all the Legislature can do is to give people who invest their money in concerns of a speculative character means of acquiring information about them." It is the speculative character that Judge Emden would like to see restricted and defined more rigorously than can be done by a mere affording of "weak facilities" for inquiry. He considers that the old Law of Trusts should no longer apply to the duties and liabilities of directors, and he criticises trenchantly the rules about underwriting and audits. He suggests finally, and we heartily agree with him, that "shareholders of a company should be allowed to make a summary application to the Court with respect to difficulties in a company while it is a going concern, instead of being put to the expense of a cumbersome and useless action."—Sir Herbert Maxwell replies to the Warden of Merton's argument that we are a nation of amateurs, by showing that, however lacking in perfection we may be, amateurishness is at the best a misleading name for our faults. He seems to us to be apt to cap particular instance by particular instance, but he is certainly successful in showing that the amateurishness, or whatever it is, is not a new-born modern product.—Of the other papers, Mr. Leslie Stephen's study of Huxley is as illuminating and acute as all Mr. Stephen's biographical work, and Mr. Henry Birchenough contributes a sensible comment upon Lord Rosebery's reference to the dangers to British trade.

The *National Review* may be confidently recommended to all who are too complacently inclined to believe that all is for the best with the best of possible Cabinets. Mr. Maxse deals in his editorial comments with the reconstructed Administration in his most scarifying manner, and the tale is taken up by the anonymous author of "A New Fourth Party" in a vehement appeal to the rank-and-file of the Unionists to break the "evil stupor" of "sycophantic subserviency" and restore the vital medium between the nation and a Cabinet impenetrable to public opinion. As a necessary preliminary, the writer calls for a Fourth party. "Public life never offered more brilliant prizes to a Canning, or a Disraeli, or a Randolph Churchill than it does now to any one capable of following in their footsteps. To some new man the future assuredly belongs." Stress is laid on the need for audacity; and the methods of Lord Randolph Churchill are held up to admiration as incapable of being improved upon. The article is marked by a good deal of rhetorical ability and not a little extravagance. The Duke of Devonshire is described as "a statesman in the last stage of political ossification," and Mr. Arnold-Forster as "the ewe-lamb of the Empire." It may be that salvation is to be found in a Cave, but that political formation cannot be artificially and suddenly created.—A far more noteworthy piece of destructive criticism is that of Dr. T. Miller Maguire's on "The Military Education of Officers," with which we deal elsewhere.—Mr. Maurice Low's observations on the re-election of Mr. McKinley amount to this, that there was no alternative. The recent course of English politics suggests an irresistible parallel. Mr. McKinley, in Mr. Low's opinion, has a magnificent opportunity, but will make nothing much of it. Here, let us hope, the parallel will not be repeated. At any rate, it is a good hearing that Mr. McKinley has no intention of letting Mr. Hay retire when his present term expires. With regard to the commercial policy of the United States, Mr. Low makes the significant remark that he expects to see a law enacted heavily subsidising the merchant marine.

The *Contemporary Review* for this month opens with two articles on Chinese and Russian foreign policy. In the first Mr. Ross has a startling story to tell of the tyranny of the Roman Catholic Church in China, and the part it has played in creating the recent hostility to foreigners. As long as France throws her ægis over the Roman priests, so long they will be able to bully the Chinese native, and retard the cause of Western civilisation. At the same time we must grant the Roman Church a heroism of its own, as was shown by the way its servants stuck to their churches while many other mis-

sionaries sought shelter at the coast.—The "Russian Publicist" in the second article devotes his space to an explanation of Russia's difficult position and the impossibility of a continued policy of annexation. He dwells much on the need for the friendship of Germany, and he points out what has long been an open secret, the continuous strife between the War Office and the Foreign Office in Russia. "Count Muravieff did not play a very prominent part in Russian foreign policy," he writes, and we believe it to be no more than the truth.—Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a pleasant memorial article on Max Müller, and Professor Gardiner has a masterly review of Mr. Morley's *Cromwell*. His conclusion is much the same as we recently expressed in these columns,—that Mr. Morley transfers the attributes of a nineteenth-century Parliament to the sixteenth-century Parliament, and censures Cromwell for destroying a body which was more unconstitutional than its destroyer.—Of the other papers, the best are Mr. William Clarke's study of "The Social Future of England," in which he gives reasons for believing that the evolution of society is not towards democracy; Mr. Hogarth's fascinating narrative of his explorations in Crete; and Mr. Goldwin Smith's sombre estimate of the present position of religion. It is, on the whole, a lighter and better number than usual.

The first place in the new *Fortnightly* is given to the article by "Calchas" on "A Cabinet of Commonplace." There is nothing very new in his well-deserved strictures on the unwieldiness of the reconstructed Cabinet, or the incongruity of some of the appointments. But his sketch of the training, character, personality, and policy of Count von Bülow, Lord Lansdowne's most formidable competitor in the arena of international politics, is valuable and instructive, though marred by the ridiculous contention that the musical gifts of the Countess von Bülow—a Neapolitan lady of rank and a pupil of Liszt—are a determining factor in the efficiency of her husband. For the rest, "Calchas," who holds that we have no new first-rate men available for Cabinet purposes, declares that our Government is the least democratic in existence. "There is no other civilised country, not one, where the pretensions of mere heredity are still so powerful or the influence of party obligations so stupid." It is certainly true that we have no parallel at the moment to the rise of M. de Witte, who began life as a stationmaster, and is now the most powerful Minister in autocratic Russia.—There are two articles on "The Future of the Liberal Party," written from the standpoint of the Manchester School and of the Imperialist Liberals respectively. The writer of the first, while holding the "Liberal survival" to be most reassuring in view of the forces arrayed against the party, attributes its defeat to the disintegration and disloyalty of the leaders. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's leadership has never been rendered effective; Lord Rosebery has "never effectively withdrawn from interference with party management"; but to call him back as a remedy for Liberal disorganisation would be "to take a hair of the dog that bit you." In short, the anonymous author, while admitting Lord Rosebery's ability, peremptorily dismisses the "attempt to merge Liberals by conviction in a new party reconstituted on Imperialist lines under Lord Rosebery as autocrat" as "hopeless." He may rejoin the fold, but not as dictator. *Per contrà*, Mr. J. A. Marriott urges on the Liberal ex-Premier to emulate the example of Bolingbroke in the last and Peel in the present century as party educators, and reconstruct the Liberal party on Imperialist lines, eliminating Little Englanders, neglecting Nationalists, and making Temperance, Secondary Education, and the Reform of the House of Lords the chief planks in his platform. Mr. Marriott gives probably a truer estimate of the feelings of the electorate, but he undoubtedly underestimates the vitality of the principles of the Manchester School amongst those Liberals who must be weighed as well as counted.—The issue of a notice from the War Office that in future special authority must in all cases be obtained by Volunteer Rifle Corps for the formation of cyclist companies lends additional point to Mr. H. G. Wells's brilliant paper on "The Cyclist Soldier." This is primarily a dissection of the little pamphlet on Cyclist Drill recently issued by the War Office, which, as Mr. Wells shows by copious extracts, betrays at every turn "a total lack of any intelligent understanding of the machine and its possibilities,"

supplemented by a scheme for the equipment and organisation of a cyclist corps and a sketch of an imaginary conflict between such a corps and the cyclists of the War Office.—The four concluding articles, including Mr. Stephen Gwynn's excellent review of the autumn's books, are printed in small type, a very invidious arrangement, and Mr. Barrie's play, *The Wedding Guest*, is printed as a special literary supplement.

Of the serious articles in this month's *Blackwood* none strikes us as worthier of attentive study than "The Passing of a Nation,"—an estimate at once critical and sympathetic of the Boers by one who has fought against them. "The British Army," says "Linesman," "can ill brook such enemies being labelled 'cowards,' nor will he hear of Boer 'demoralisation,' in view of what Louis Botha's army has done and suffered. We wish we had space to quote his anecdotal sidelights on the strangely mixed Boer character.—Another excellent paper is contributed by one of Colonel Plumer's troopers, and sets forth the extreme difficulty of the task assigned to that commander, as well as the inadequacy of his tools; while Mr. Ernest Dawson gives a vivid picture in "A Reconnaissance" of the experiences and emotions of an officer in his first engagement. His conclusion is that "under the conditions of the modern combat, in the fighting itself, as distinguished from the sense of achievement, there is no joy of battle."—Of the miscellaneous contents of "Maga," we may note a most entertaining account of a Chinese dinner party; Mr. John Buchan's striking excursion into the uncanny, "The Watcher by the Threshold," a tale of demoniac possession; and Mr. Andrew Lang's examination of the "Casket Letters," as to the genuineness of which he confesses himself in doubt.

The *Monthly Review* for December is an interesting but unequal number. The editorial articles are as good as usual, but in a curious academic vein which is rare in modern journalism. We heartily agree with their criticism of the "bogification" of Russia and Germany in succession, and their reading of the present situation abroad seems to us the only statesmanlike one.—The paper to which most readers will turn is the account of Pitt's love affair with Eleanor Eden as found in his letters and Lord Rosebery's introduction. It is curious to find in these frigid epistles the austere statesman, fighting all the wars of Europe, with broken health and broken fortune, and sighing hopelessly all the while for this girl in her teens.—The article on "Field Guns" is a model of what a technical paper should be, luminous, vivid, and succinct. The writer gives us the curious piece of information that in the recent war orders were given by the English Government to obscure German firms, and "invitations were issued by the makers to foreign officers to inspect at Düsseldorf the field-guns that Germany was supplying to England." He also gives us an interesting analysis of the actual field-artillery which the Boers possessed, which is much smaller than certain recent calculations have made out.—Mr. Archer proposes an extension of Westminster in order that a national Pantheon be created. He would have a committee of selection to decide who should have the honour of a national funeral, and such a Board of Custodians would in time come to have the prestige of the French Academy. It is an ingenious scheme, but how is the extension to be brought about?

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GIFT-BOOKS.

In Ælfred's Days. By Paul Creswick. (Ernest Nister. 3s. 6d.)—This is an excellent and conscientious attempt to reproduce the England, and more especially the Wessex, of the days when the great struggle for supremacy took place between the Saxons and Danes. Both Ælfred and his less energetic brother, Æthelred, are admirably sketched. But the true hero is Saga the Dane, who comes on the scene as a mysterious boy, and ultimately gives valuable help, especially in guerilla warfare, to the Saxons. Occasionally the narrative seems to drag. Yet the battle-scenes are good, and the historical costumes and "local colour" seem alike unexceptionable.

Two Boys in War Time. By John Finnemore. (C. A. Pearson. 5s.)—This is one of the inevitable results of the South African War. Mr. Finnemore tells of the hairbreadth escapes and othe

adventures of two gallant lads, Dan and Jack March, eighteen and twelve years of age respectively, who in the first chapter are seen cantering into a little town in Northern Natal on their ponies, there to await the advent of the Boers. After this the boys experience nearly all the vicissitudes of the war, including the final desperate attempt on Ladysmith and the triumphal entry into Pretoria. Mr. Finnemore has evidently studied the actual progress of the war very carefully; so the feats of the boys, though often extraordinary, never seem hopelessly improbable. It is necessary in such a book, we suppose, to have a cruel and essentially cowardly Boer; Jan Nyssens fills this part admirably. Altogether this book is remarkably spirited.

In Cloister and Court. By E. Everett-Green. (John F. Shaw and Co. 5s.)—Up to a certain point this is both a successful and enjoyable effort to place the pure life and courageous conduct of Bishop Ken upon the stage of historical romance. Miss Green brings the Bishop and that marvellous soldier and persecutor, Colonel Kirke, together in the North of Africa very skilfully, the result being a conspiracy to murder the prelate of which the Colonel is cognisant, if not the author. But when the landing of Monmouth and the trial of the Bishops are introduced, we are reminded both of Macaulay and of Blackmore (in "Lorna Doone") and not altogether to Miss Green's advantage. Undoubtedly, however, the Bishop is well drawn.

Clare Linton's Friend. By Mrs. Hart. (Cassell and Co. 1s. 6d.)—The plot of this story is a familiar one, but it is well worked out. Clare Linton, in the absence of her father and mother, takes into her house and in every way befriends a waif of the name of Polly. The waif is for a time under a cloud owing to the machinations of certain people, of whom the worst is the wicked Sal the Sloper. All, of course, comes right in the long run. The leading characters in it, especially Sal the Sloper and Clare's father, the kind but judicious banker, are well sketched, and the two boys in it, Tom and Harry, are excellent foils to each other. The story is told naturally and is thoroughly wholesome.

The Master of Fernhurst. By E. Everett-Green. (John F. Shaw and Co. 3s. 6d.)—This is a perfectly healthy story telling of how a young man possessed of very high Christian and social ideals, who succeeds to a property, endeavours to discharge the great responsibilities of his position, how he is aided by his sister, how he has to overcome considerable difficulties and barely escapes being murdered, how finally brother and sister are suitably married. Some of the incidents in the book, such as the attempted murder of Marmaduke Langdale and the saving of him by the girl who loves him, are skilfully managed. Marmaduke is also an excellent example of the good—though not "unco' guid"—landed proprietor. There is, however, far too much preaching—although it is excellent preaching—in this volume, chiefly in the form of dialogue; indeed, the story is three times the length it should have been.

Wrong from the First. By Mrs. Hart. (Cassell and Co. 1s. 6d.)—We have here the story of a stepmother who is misunderstood by, and in turn misunderstands, her two stepchildren, and of the misery which is caused by this imperfect appreciation. Fortunately the stepmother has a baby of her own, and she also takes to stay with her for a time Adela Herbert, the daughter of a Major Herbert and the niece of her husband. Adela, although she has really very little of the good genius in her temperament, is ultimately the means of effecting the much-needed reconciliation between Mrs. Holt on the one side and the somewhat "aggravating" Myra and Angelo on the other. The baby has, however, to be taken away by a gipsy woman before this desirable consummation is reached. Mrs. Hart tells her story with perhaps too much detail, and her readers would gladly have been spared the return of Major Herbert, and the scolding he gives his daughter, because she had been "wrong from the first." At the same time, the book is a piece of careful child analysis.

A Comrade's Troth. By E. A. Gillie. (John F. Shaw and Co. 3s. 6d.)—David Dunbar, Gaelic Scotsman and budding doctor, swears, at the sixteenth page of his biography, to be true, through good report and through evil, to Marcus Leigh. This book tells, perhaps too fully, how he fulfils his pledge by saving his friend from suicide and a drunkard's death, although he all but loses his character from his having to pay visits to public-houses to rescue Marcus. Two girls—the American Madeleine, who is reserved for Dunbar, and the English Nell—supply an element of vivacity to what is an essentially serious and, on the whole, excellent story.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have this year included in their Christmas book-list a number of neat and well-illustrated two-shilling volumes dealing mainly with the minor moral difficulties of childhood. To several of these we have given special and independent notice. Others of the series are:—*The Mystery of Master*

Max, and *Fluffy and Jack*, by H. Atteridge; *Dolly's Golden Slippers*, and *Her Wilful Way*, by E. Searchfield; and *All in a Garden Fair*, by Bella Sydney Woolf. Almost all of these books contain a little mild adventure. Thus in *A Wilful Way* two children drift off in a boat; in *Dolly's Golden Slippers* the favourite coal-mine device is resorted to; and the "true Chalice" who is the hero of Miss Woolf's pleasant and well-written story of *All in a Garden Fair* has to show himself worthy of his family by a personal struggle in which he is almost killed. But on the whole the books treat of moral struggles mainly, and demonstrate how good boys like the lazy Master Max, and even good girls, may with management be made better. The writers of the books are all experts in their work, and the volumes themselves are heartily to be commended. Several of them contain shorter stories than those from which they obtain their names. These, too, are eminently readable.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Sparks from Camp-Fires: an Autobiography. By Captain Creagh. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)—Captain Creagh gives the first seven chapters of his book to Ireland, where he was born and where he spent his boyhood and early youth. The Ireland he describes was the Ireland of Lever and "Wild Sports of the West," before famine and Nationalism robbed the land of its gaiety. There are various curiosities in his description; one of them is the use of the stick as a moral agent. Nowhere, says Captain Creagh, are children so savagely beaten, and nowhere are they so dutiful. From Ireland, after a brief interval, we are taken to the Crimea. Our author speaks his mind about various things, and does not spare official and other persons. But he is quite sure that, after the early troubles were got over, our army was far better off than the French. The pictures which he draws of French discipline and French morals are nothing less than appalling. But he bestows emphatic praise on Pélissier, though strongly affirming that disobedience and incompetence in the French Marshal's subordinates caused the disastrous repulse of June 18th (the day was chosen to efface the memory of Waterloo). If Captain Creagh freely criticises others, he does not spare himself. He owns to having confidently expected the triumph of Austria over Prussia. The brilliant Austrian uniform blinded his eyes, and he could not believe in the efficiency of troops who were wanting in pipeclay. "After fifteen years' military training . . . I had not obtained a twilight of the importance of celerity, reconnoitring, or choosing ground for the defence of positions." After Königgrätz he went to see the field of battle, and was convinced that Count Clam Gallas had been beaten through his defective scouting. There is much that is entertaining and much also that is instructive in this volume.

Morte Arthure. From the Lincoln MS. written by Robert of Thornton. Edited by Mary Macleod Banks. (Longmans and Co. 3s. 6d.)—This "alliterative poem of the 14th century" is certainly curious. It is a good specimen of the last efforts of the alliterative school of verse. Probably Chaucer had at least begun to write when the author of this poem was at work, and the future of English poetry was with Chaucer. The old measure had no more chance against the new rhyming verse than the Saturnian metre had against the hexameter. It is to be noticed that the poet, whoever he was, was a realist. There is no mystery about Arthur's death, no enchanted isle, no hint of a return. Avalon is simply the Glastonbury country. Here are a few lines about the King's end:—

"Entres the Ile of Aveloigne, and Arthur he lyghtes (*alights*).
Merkes to (*makes for*) a manere there, for myghte he no forthire.
A surdyn of Salerne ensereches his wondes.
The King sees he asaye that soude besode he never
(*Sees by the examination that he will never be well*).
And sone to his sekire (*trusty*) men he said thes wordes,—
'Doo calle me a confessour with Christe in his armes;
I will be howselde in haste, what happe so betyddys;
Constantin my cosyn he sail the coronen bere."

The English, it will be seen, is not so remote as one might expect with five centuries and a half between. Miss Macleod supplies a few notes, too few, and a glossary which is fairly complete.

Introductory Lectures on the Oxford Reformers: Colet, Erasmus, and More. By W. Hudson Shaw, M.A. (Longmans and Co. 1s. net.)—These lectures were delivered in Philadelphia seven years ago for the "American Society for the Extension of University Teaching." We do not remember to have seen them before in this country. Anyhow, we welcome them now. Mr. Shaw does ample justice to the three men, to More certainly not less amply than the other two, though More, on one side of his mind, was

narrower than Erasmus, and probably than Colet. It is refreshing in these days, when men who claim to be liberally minded seek to minimise the benefits of the Reformation, to find this rational appreciation of its work. There are some who praise it for leaving loopholes by which all the corruptions that it meant to banish may creep back, because in spite of Articles and rubrics it left them free to "hold all Roman doctrine," and imitate all Roman ritual. Others even more strangely declare that it did all that was possible to destroy education. Mr. Shaw will have none of these things. His little book will be found a wholesome correction of an ignorance and a misrepresentation that are far too common.

The Civilization of the East, by Dr. Fritz Hommel (J. M. Dent and Co., 1s. net), is one of the "Temple Primers." This is an excellent little summary of the history of Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, and other less famous or less permanent Powers of the East. The information is packed as closely as was possible without causing confusion. Dr. Hommel attaches more importance to the Hebrew history than some recent critics are disposed to do, though suggesting corrections and amplifications. It is curious, for instance, how much larger the figure of Omri seems to have loomed to the neighbours of Israel than to the writer of Kings, who dismisses him in a few paragraphs (1 Kings xvi. 16-28), while he gives several pages to Ahab (xvi. 29—xxii. 40). The Moabite Stone ignores Ahab.—Another of the "Temple Primer" series is *Plant Life and Structure*, by Dr. E. Dennert.

A Little Book of English Prose, selected and arranged by Annie Barnett (Methuen and Co., 1s. 6d. net), is a volume of the "Little Library." Mrs. Barnett has chosen out of nearly six centuries of English literature between eighty and ninety representative specimens of prose writing. John Mandeville is a mysterious entity, but we can hardly be wrong in putting him before Chaucer. The range of time will thus be from 1300 (*circa*) to 1888, the latest author on the list being Matthew Arnold, who were he now alive would still be short of his eightieth year. In the earlier period Chaucer, Caxton, Mallory, Lord Berners, Sir Thomas More, Sir T. Elyot, and Roger Ascham are represented. With Hooker another era may be said to begin. No writer of note, as far as we can see, has been omitted, except Smollett, and we can do without Smollett. This is an excellent little selection.—To the same series belongs *John Halifax, Gentleman*, by Mrs. Craik, 2 vols. (3s. net.) Of the story it is needless to say anything except it be to give an emphatic assent to Miss Matheson's scorn for the sciolist critics who affect to look down upon this noble book. "An anarchical pessimism" is to them "the hall-mark of culture." They can admire lubricity and squalid realism, but purity and high purpose are incomprehensible. But we must express an admiration of Miss Matheson's introduction. The picture of Dinah Muloch, in the literary and the social aspects of her life, is one of the most attractive we have seen. "Oh! if I could live four weeks longer; but no matter, no matter," were her last words. She was thinking of the bride whose marriage-day would be darkened. The account of the inception of the tale, due to a chance visit to Tewkesbury, is highly interesting.

Two volumes may be mentioned together as carrying on two valuable series published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons. These are *Worcester: the Cathedral and See*, by Edward F. Strange (1s. 6d.), in "Bell's Cathedral Series"; and *Rouen: its Cathedral and Churches*, by the Rev. Thomas Perkins (2s. 6d.), in the "Handbooks to Continental Churches." The book on Worcester Cathedral is good as far as the building, its history, its architecture, &c., are concerned, but could not the account of the Bishops be made something better than a list of names? The Rouen book will be found very useful by travellers.—With these we may mention *Godalming and its Surroundings*, by T. Francis W. Hamilton (Stedman, Godalming, 6d. net), in the series of "Home-land Handbooks."

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott (E. A.), <i>Clue: a Guld through Greek to the Hebrew Scripture</i> , 8vo	(Black)	7/6
Adamson (J. R.), <i>The Hidden Scar</i> , cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	6/0
Ames (M. E.), <i>Abra of Poictlers</i> , cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	3/6
Bascom (J.), <i>Growth of Nationality in the United States</i> , cr 8vo	(Putnam)	6/0
Benger (G.), <i>Roumania in 1900</i> , imp 8vo	(Asher)	10/0
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

COUNT VON BÜLOW has made two important speeches this week on South African affairs. In the first, which we have discussed elsewhere, he defended the Government for disregarding popular opinion in favour of the Boers, declaring that "his heart was in his head," and that he looked to German interests and not German sentiment. The peoples were now much more emotional and less wise than the Governments,—a truth, it will be remembered, strongly pressed by Lord Salisbury. The "man in the street" is, in fact, only right by accident in foreign politics. The Government had, the Count continued, warned Mr. Kruger before the war commenced to be moderate, but when they offered mediation Mr. Kruger refused it. After that nothing could be done, for "we could not let our fingers be crushed between the door and its hinges." If they had entered on such a conflict they might have found themselves, like Schiller's youth, deserted by their comrades. M. Delcassé had acted wisely, and he himself should have given Mr. Kruger just the same answer. It would appear from the whole speech that the German Emperor was at one time inclined to interfere, but, finding that he would be alone, took another line, and now thinks, says his Chancellor, that his course "will have no prejudicial effect upon the extent of his African possessions." Is he to get Walfisch Bay?

In his second speech, delivered on Wednesday in answer to a speech by the spokesman of the Pan-Germans, Count von Bülow reiterated still more emphatically his exclusive devotion to German interests, even denying that he would or could attend to moral considerations. He stated further that Mr. Kruger had been officially warned before he left Paris that the Emperor would not receive him, and that as he had still persisted "we declined to be taken by storm." Germany had just as much sympathy for Prince Alexander of Bulgaria as for Mr. Kruger, but subsequently perceived that the Government in resisting that sympathy was right. "I am Minister for Germany, not for Germany and Pretoria." Count von Bülow even defended his Emperor's first telegram to Mr. Kruger, declaring that whether prudent or imprudent, it had revealed the fact that if Germany acted she would have to rely on her own strength only, Austria and Italy, it would seem, declining to expend lives and treasure to aggrandise Germany alone. The Minister of War in the same debate stated, we are glad to see, that the British Ministry had made no representations in regard to Mr. Kruger's tour, and that the German Government had advised Messrs. Krupp, of Essen, and a Rhenish company not to execute some English orders

for artillery,—a bit of good news for the English manufacturers.

The American Senate has agreed to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, subject to an amendment by Senator Davis, which virtually insists that the United States shall have military control of the canal and a right of fortifying it. That is supposed to be directed against England, but as at present advised we fail to see that it is of much importance. In the unhappy event of a quarrel between the United States and Great Britain the battle would be fought out at sea, and the victor would undoubtedly dictate his own terms as to the canal. The vote must be most annoying to the American Government, more especially as the struggle over it showed that the owners of the railways running to the Pacific are determined to wreck any canal project. They think it will interfere with their monopoly. In the end, however, the traders with the Far East will insist on the canal.

There is no news from China beyond the usual rumours that negotiations are about to commence. The water near Taku is frozen, and there seems to be some doubt whether supplies can be forwarded to Peking in sufficient quantity. The situation there is not quite pleasant, the generals of the different forces not agreeing—the American General Chaffee, for instance, has so roundly protested against German plunder that Count von Waldersee sent back his letter—and the health both of Indians and Germans is reported to be very bad. A question should be asked in Parliament as to the condition of the Indian troops, as nothing could be more injurious to our interests than the spread among Indian regiments of a general disgust for service in China. It is certain that the Sikhs will suffer cruelly from the cold, and if they feel the malaria of Peking, what must be the condition of Europeans?

Mr. Kruger has been received by the Queen of Holland, but received no promise of aid; and in a subsequent visit from the Foreign Minister it was pointed out to him that while the Dutch sympathised with his cause, they could take no initiative in asking for arbitration. A Dutch Deputy who talked to a representative of the *Daily News* gave him some curious information. He declared that even Cabinet Ministers believed that Great Britain in her irritation at her ill success in South Africa would declare war on Holland in order to seize Java! The very idea strikes Englishmen, who gave up Java to the Dutch in 1816, as too absurd for discussion, but it is certain that fear of Mr. Chamberlain's graspingness is a strong factor in Continental opinion. There are grave men who believe that the Colonial Secretary would annex the moon if he could. The belief has its root in recent successes, but it is so confidently entertained that the French are fortifying Madagascar against a British descent. If the Dutch wish to make friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness in good time they should court Australia. Whenever the Southern Continent is independent it will look upon the long double line of islands between itself and Asia as its natural heritage.

The week ends in South Africa with De Wet still at large, but evidently much harassed by the indefatigable pursuit of General Charles Knox, whose crossing of the Caledon River when in flood at Karreepoort must be reckoned amongst the achievements of the campaign. De Wet's attempted raid into the Cape Colony has been headed off, but he has managed to extricate himself from the triangle formed by the Orange and Caledon Rivers and the Basuto frontier, and according to the latest despatches was trekking in the direction of Reddersburg, with General Knox still on his heels. The surprise of a mounted infantry post near Barberton,

the holding-up of three trains, and the recapture of a certain amount of cattle, represent the successes of the Boers during the week, but there have been no serious British casualties, though Lord Kitchener reports the treacherous murder of two Highlanders, and the prisoners taken at Dewetsdorp have all been released and come in to Bethulie. At the moment of our going to Press news arrives of an engagement in the Magaliesberg, Delarey, with two thousand five hundred men, after severe fighting, in which Colonel Legge and three other officers were killed, having captured a position commanding General Clements's camp, and forced that General to withdraw. Botha's commando is said to be solely kept together by the personal influence of its leader, and it is generally believed that with the surrender or capture of De Wet armed opposition would entirely cease. Above all it seems necessary to bring home to the Boers in the field the real state of affairs, many of them believing that Mr. Kruger is still in Africa, and Lord Roberts killed. De Wet's legends have done almost as much mischief as his activity.

The Afrikaner Congress, held at Worcester on Thursday week, and attended by some eight thousand people, passed off without disturbance, though violent attacks were made upon Sir Alfred Milner. On the 11th a deputation appointed by the Congress waited on Sir Alfred at Cape Town and presented the resolutions adopted at the meeting. The spokesmen, Messrs. de Villiers and Pretorius, while apologising for the resolution condemning the High Commissioner's conduct, declared there could be no lasting peace if the Republics lost their independence; protested against the deportation of women and children and burning of farms; and claimed that the attitude of those who attended the Congress was loyal to the Queen as well as orderly. Sir Alfred Milner, while promising to forward the resolutions to the Home Government, condemned them in a powerful speech as futile and mischievous. Addressing himself to the appeal for the termination of the war, which, he pertinently asked them, was the more likely to lead to that end,—recognition of the irrevocable character of a policy declared by the Imperial Government, endorsed by an enormous majority of the nation, and approved by all the great Colonies of the Empire except Cape Colony (where half the white and all the coloured population supported it); or, on the other hand, the reiteration of menacing protests against that policy? As to the conduct of the war—one of the most humane on both sides ever waged—its horrors increased as it became more irregular on the part of the enemy, necessitating severer measures on the part of the Imperial troops, and it was not morally justifiable to continue resistance, or to encourage its continuance, where the object of that resistance could not possibly be attained.

Lord Roberts before leaving South Africa made two important speeches. In the first, delivered at a public luncheon on Monday, he paid a notable and significant tribute to Lord Kitchener, "in whose judgment and military skill he had implicit confidence," declaring that he felt sure that under his able guidance the guerilla warfare would be brought to a speedy conclusion. This, we trust, will be taken as a final answer to the persistent efforts that have been made to misrepresent the relations subsisting between Lord Roberts and his Chief of the Staff. With regard to the disappointment of the refugees, Lord Roberts assumed entire responsibility for fixing the date of their return prematurely. The postponement was due to military, not civil reasons. Sir Alfred Milner had done his utmost on behalf of the refugees, and his co-operation had been of immense aid to the military authorities. A special feature of the gathering was the enthusiastic reception given to Sir Alfred Milner, by way of answer to the violent attacks made upon him at the Afrikaner Congress.

Subsequently, at a public reception at Government Avenue, Lord Roberts replied at length to the addresses presented by the people of Cape Town and the Mayor and Councillors of that city. It was tempting, he said, though unprofitable, to speculate on "what might have been" had the war of 1881 been carried to what many thought its legitimate conclusion. But it could never have had such wide-reaching results as the present campaign, and, above all, it could not have welded the whole British Empire together, for it would have been

fought by Regulars only. In this respect, said Lord Roberts, "I hold a unique position for a Field-Marshal of the United Kingdom, for I am the first to have had the privilege to command an Imperial army, formed of representatives from all parts of her Majesty's dominions, bound together by one common aim and object,—to uphold the honour of the Mother-country and to die, if need be, for her interests." After dwelling impressively on the political significance of this spontaneous and unanimous outburst of patriotism, Lord Roberts spoke with generous warmth of the bravery, the fortitude, the devotion, and the unexampled discipline of the "grand men" he had the privilege to command, and observed that it would be his proudest boast if he could claim to have done nothing, under the stress of war's stern necessities, to hinder the friendly feeling which he trusted might be established between the Dutch and English. We must, he said, try to think not so much of the glory of conquest as of the many responsibilities conquest imposes upon the conquerors; and he ended a noble and eloquent speech by quoting the first verse of Mr. Kipling's "Recessional." On the following day Lord Roberts sailed for England.

It is announced that Pretoria is to remain the capital of the Transvaal, with the additional distinction of being the residence of the High Commissioner for South Africa. From the standpoint of utility the claims of Johannesburg ranked higher, for to say nothing of its relaxing climate, Pretoria is an artificial capital, detached from the centre of industry, and as such calculated to foster the multiplication of political middlemen. The precedent of Washington is not altogether convincing. On the other hand, the decision is a graceful concession to Afrikaner sentiment. To have converted or dismantled the fine Government buildings, adorned with portraits of Transvaal statesmen, would have been deeply resented by the Boers. The change would have given them a fresh grievance, and grievances are to be avoided even with those who do not appreciate magnanimity.

The debate of Friday week on the future management of South Africa, raised by Mr. Emmott, produced a speech from Mr. Chamberlain of an unexpectedly conciliatory character. We have said enough about it elsewhere, but may add here that it is evident farm burning is to be restricted within the narrowest limits, that civil government as in a Crown Colony is to be established almost at once, and that self-government, though Lord Salisbury said last week it might be delayed for generations, will be granted the moment it is safe. Mr. Chamberlain ended with a fine tribute to the bravery and general good conduct of the Boers, and so deep was the impression made that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, though he would not accept all the details of Mr. Chamberlain's plan, advised Mr. Emmott to withdraw his amendment as the Government and the bulk of the Opposition were in substantial accord. The amendment was accordingly withdrawn,—a fact which, if they understood it, would be more fatal to the hopes of the Boers than the Kaiser's refusal to receive Mr. Kruger. Telegrams from the Cape say the impression on the Boers is bad because they think they see signs of weakness in Mr. Chamberlain's speech; but we distrust Cape views. The loyalists there are too angry to think dispassionately.

A more bitter debate on South Africa sprang up on Wednesday, in which the extreme Radicals obtained their opportunity of denouncing the war. They had, however, little that was new to say, except that they detested Sir Alfred Milner, who has just been appointed Administrator of the Transvaal and the Orange Colony. No specific charge was offered against the High Commissioner, except that the Boers universally distrusted him, but there was a general demand for his recall. To our amazement, Mr. Bryce, who is a considerable historian, if not a statesman, joined in this outcry, and seemed to think it possible that a responsible Government would break the hearts of all its own agents by abandoning the ablest of them because he is unpopular with its opponents. Mr. Brodrick, of course, defended Sir Alfred Milner, but the defence is unnecessary until some definite attack is made. What has Sir A. Milner done except express a distrust of certain Afrikaners, amply justified by their disloyalty, and

afford the troops invaluable aid? That the hostile section of the Dutch should dislike a formidable foe is natural, but to ask the British Government to remove him is a blunder only to be excused by political and party passion.

On Monday two determined personal attacks were made on the Government, the first by Mr. Bartley, the second by Mr. Lloyd-George. Mr. Bartley moved as an amendment to the Address that the House express regret at the appointment of so many of the Premier's relatives to office. His speech, however, in which he confessed himself a disappointed office-seeker who had been offered knighthood and the Auditor-Generalship, was mainly an attack on Mr. Brodrick, whom he pronounced unfit for Secretary of War because he had been ten years in the War Office. He deviated, however, into his subject, declaring, unmindful of Douglas Jerrold, who said "we are all brethren, all Cains and Abels," that relatives of the Premier could not be independent. Even Tories called the Cabinet "the Hotel Cecil." Mr. Balfour made an amusing reply, in which he quoted instance after instance of Ministers who were kinsfolk quarrelling violently, pointed out that Lord Salisbury had only added one relative to the Cabinet, and described Cabinet-making as the "most difficult, most responsible, and most thankless task imposed on any subject of her Majesty." Just so, but in spite of these things the Premier ought to think of himself as adlatus of the Sovereign, and, like a Sovereign, above personal friendships or enmities. The division was 230 to 128.

The second attack was by Mr. Lloyd-George upon Mr. Chamberlain. In a speech the effect of which was rather spoiled by its silly suspiciousness, the Member for Carnarvon Boroughs endeavoured to show that Mr. Chamberlain and his relatives invested their money in companies which, dealing in contracts with the Government, rose in value when the Colonial Secretary was appointed. He repudiated any intention of attacking Mr. Chamberlain, but moved that no Minister ought to have an interest, direct or indirect, in any company seeking public contracts. His principal "fact" was that Mr. Arthur Chamberlain has a large stake in Kynoch's, and that Kynoch's was favoured by the War Office, an assertion which, as it has been made in a newspaper, Mr. Arthur Chamberlain will bring before the Law Courts. The Colonial Secretary made a smashing but superheated reply, in which he showed that he held shares only in two companies, one set of them purchased twenty-three years ago and entirely beyond his influence, and the other set involving the enormous stake of £60! Mr. Chamberlain, however, pushed his opposition to the Motion very far, declaring that it would render any investment by a Minister impossible, which, as we have shown elsewhere, is not correct. As however, the just principle maintained by the amendment had been obscured by the mover's bitterness of speech, the House could do nothing but reject it, which it did by 269 votes to 127. We regret the division, which seemed to negative a most useful and necessary precaution against the seeking of gain by Ministers less clean-handed than Mr. Chamberlain, but the Opposition was thirsting not for the public good, but for a blow at him, and that disgusted the majority. It is curious to see how difficult Radicals are making it for a poor man to hold office.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday Mr. Brodrick presented the supplementary Estimate of sixteen millions for the war in South Africa and the military operations in China. In the course of what the Opposition leader correctly described as a "frank and manly speech," Mr. Brodrick admitted that their expectations as to the reduction in the number of troops and the cost of the operations in South Africa since July had been too sanguine. Our troops in Africa could not yet be reduced in number, nor was there any prospect of any material reduction of expenditure during the remainder of the financial year,—that is, before April 1st. The only consolation he could offer his hearers was that guerilla warfare had never been successful in the long run unless aided by external intervention. The Estimate included £1,000,000 for General Baden-Powell's new Transvaal Police, who would number ten thousand, and £1,000,000 for the repair of the railways, £13,500,000 being devoted to the purposes of the war. The vote having been carried by 284 to 8, the Chancellor of the Exchequer subsequently

explained that he would not have to make provision for more than eleven out of the sixteen millions required, inasmuch as the Treasury had about five and a half millions in hand from a previous provision for the war. These eleven millions he now proposes to raise either by a war loan or by the issue of Exchequer bonds or Treasury bills.

The debate of Thursday elicited some important statements both from Mr. Brodrick and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Mr. Brodrick clearly intends to investigate what are called "the disasters," and to punish the officers he finds responsible for them, at all events with dismissal. He included surrenders among the disasters. The Chancellor of the Exchequer repeated his assurance that the Transvaal should pay part of the expenses of the war, and left the impression that he inclined towards direct taxation on the mines,—an idea which will make the "Kaffir Circus" furious, and may possibly be resisted by the Radicals in "Colonial" interest. Already Sir W. Harcourt is proclaiming that nothing can be obtained from the mines by the British taxpayer, all the resources being, so to speak, mortgaged for the payment of compensations and the maintenance of the armed police, which we may remark *en passant* has already attracted ten thousand applications for admittance from this country. So great indeed is the desire to enter the force that men will be picked by a sort of competitive examination.

Mr. Healy has been "fired out" of the Irish Parliamentary party. The "National Convention" opened in the Rotunda, Dublin, at noon on Tuesday, and was attended by between two thousand and three thousand persons, many priests, and about a hundred supporters of Mr. Healy. Mr. John Redmond, M.P., who presided, made a very temperate speech, in which he vindicated the representative character of the Convention, claimed for it the power to make and enforce decrees for the general conduct of a national Irish movement, and appealed for a patient and calm hearing for the minority. After a resolution of sympathy with the Boers had been moved by Mr. Dillon and adopted unanimously, Mr. William O'Brien, who was greeted with immense enthusiasm, proposed the expulsion from the Irish Parliamentary party of Mr. T. M. Healy and Mr. J. L. Carew (the Nationalist Member of Parliament who jockeyed Mr. John Parnell out of his seat and was guilty of attending the Queen's levée). He disclaimed any personal antipathy for Mr. Healy. On the contrary, he was "perhaps the man of all others who had borne with him longest, and had the strongest personal liking for him." But they could not be handcuffed to an implacable enemy, and the only way to save the party from Mr. Healy and Mr. Healy from himself was to deal firmly with him. Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., who protested against this "resolution of coercion and eviction," was received with a storm of hisses and a cry of "Hogwash"; only about twenty persons voted for a conciliatory amendment, and the original resolution was carried by an immense majority, after Mr. John Redmond, in putting it to the vote, had declared that he agreed neither with its policy, wisdom, nor expediency. The Irish Revolution, like all Revolutions, is eating its children.

It is very difficult when an army grows large to know how to reward the private soldier for service in the field. There is often no prize-money to distribute, honours cannot be sown broadcast, though we are a little too stingy with decorations for bravery, and even a large donative seems small when divided among so many. The Government, for example, is about to give a "gratuity" of more than a million to the soldiers employed in South Africa, but as there are more than two hundred thousand in the field the unit or gift for the simple private is only £5. Lieutenants are to have six times that, Captains twelve times, Majors sixteen times, Lieutenant-Colonels thirty-two times, and so on up to Generals, who receive £2,000 each. The donative does not of itself make service very tempting, but what is the unlucky taxpayer to do? A well-adjusted scheme of prizes open to men in the ranks who distinguish themselves would cost less, would be in accord with our system, which throughout rejects equality, and would stir the passion in the British mind for "a good chance" as always preferable to a poor certainty.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

New Consols (2½) were on Friday 97½.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE SETTLEMENT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

THE debate of Friday week upon South Africa was in many ways an exceedingly satisfactory one. In the first place, it showed that the country was nearly unanimous as to the course to be pursued. The Irish Members, had they been present, would no doubt have struck a discordant note, and indeed Mr. Healy did strike one in a speech which showed that his recent outbursts in Ireland have not exhausted his stores of well-modulated invective. The Irish Members were, however, away, and when after Mr. Chamberlain's speech Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman practically endorsed it, and the amendment was withdrawn, it was evident that difference of opinion between the two great parties no longer existed. Individuals might be dissatisfied, but the great mass of representatives accepted the Government proposals as reasonable and sound, an acceptance which of itself must double their weight with the Boers. Secondly, the debate revealed a distinct inclination towards mercy on the part of the Government, as well as the House, which will influence the generals on the spot even more than direct orders, British officers not belonging to a caste with a separate policy of its own, but being most of them gentlemen in full touch alike with the civil authorities and with national sentiment. And thirdly, the policy described by Mr. Chamberlain is in itself thoroughly sensible and sound. It is perfectly clear that while the guerilla resistance goes on the military must rule, and they will therefore continue to rule until it ceases, though with cautions that they must be merciful and offer good terms to all who submit; but the moment submission is obtained civil government will recommence. Sir Alfred Milner, the High Commissioner, will be Governor of the Transvaal and the Orange Colony, and with the aid of an Executive Council will govern for a time with absolute authority. He will use Afrikaners as officials whenever he can trust their loyalty, and whatever his method of government, it will be regulated by those principles of justice and abstinence from needless interference which have made of our administration in India and Ceylon such conspicuous successes. There will be an appeal against all wrongs to independent Courts. Cool officials, without interest in oppression or bias against any race, will carry out the orders of the Executive, and punishments for misdoing will be of the kind usual in all civilised communities. Rioting will be kept down by armed police rather than by soldiers, and it will be understood by every head of a district that the acquiescence and peacefulness of his people will be his own highest claim to promotion. And then the moment acquiescence is universal, or so general that resistance to law is no longer to be feared, and Englishmen and Dutchmen can live in peace side by side, the right of self-government, with, we presume, some reserves as to the treatment of natives and as to the control of the armed force, will be completely restored. Municipal self-government, if we understand Mr. Chamberlain aright, will not be delayed even for this happy consummation, but will in all the large towns commence at once. What more could any conqueror do to conciliate a conquered people, or when did any conqueror do half so much? The Germans say we are oppressive, but has Alsace-Lorraine even now, thirty years after annexation, been allowed to govern itself? A few doctrinaires say we might go farther and grant self-government now, but they belong to the school which holds that all theories, if only sound in themselves, will suit all people under all circumstances. To grant self-government before the bitterness caused by the struggle has passed away would be simply to allow the majority to plan rebellion, and, what is worse, to fill the minority with restless suspicions as fatal to prosperity as to progress. There can be no good government in a ship while the officers are always fingering their revolvers and listening for the first sounds of mutiny. The British people will be only too delighted to be rid of the cares of government in the Transvaal, and if the Boers are hungry for the vote which they refused to the Outlanders, they have only to tender an honest submission and they will receive it at once. Who in this country has the slightest interest in rejecting them as fellow-citizens?

It will all fail, we are told, and the two new Colonies will form only another Ireland, eternally restless, perpetually discontented, always requiring a garrison to prevent rebellion. It may be so, and if so we must accept the position, and hold on, as we have done in Ireland, for the next few centuries; but we see no reason to believe that it will be so. There is no subject race in Ireland hostile alike to Celt and Saxon, and outnumbering both by about five to one. Englishmen and Boers must from the beginning be bound together by that comradeship of white men as against all other colours which, even under terrible circumstances, has so rarely failed. In Ireland there is a division of race, in the Transvaal all who bear rule will belong to the same family of mankind. In Ireland there are two creeds, in the Transvaal there will be but one. There will be, it is true, a division of language; but so there is in Wales, where nevertheless Englishmen and Welshmen live together in peace, trade together, study together, and intermarry without opprobrium. That thorough amalgamation will be delayed for years is possible, for it has not occurred yet within Cape Colony; but the intermediate period need not be marked by rebellions, or even by social bickerings any worse than those which for half a century before the Raid flickered and smouldered in Cape society. That the new state of affairs will involve a great experiment we admit, but we see no reason for concluding, if we are fairly persistent in well-doing, that the experiment will ultimately fail. It has not failed in the Canadas, and the French-Canadians were far more widely separated from the English by race, by creed, and by ideals of life than the English and the Boers are. We have fought, it is true, and fought hard; but so have the English and the Scotch, who, we may add, when the countries were united, belonged, like the English and the Boers to-day, to two planes of civilisation. All that is required to fuse them is just, strong, and free government granted to both peoples equally and at the same time, and this they are to obtain. We feared for a moment, owing to the bitter irritation created by Boer obstinacy, that this might not be the case, but we underrated the fortitude of our countrymen and the judicial fairness which enabled Mr. Chamberlain to end his speech with a hearty eulogium on the bravery and the general good conduct of his defeated foes. His language of itself ought to convince all Boers that they will be welcomed within the Empire whenever they choose without *arrière pensée* to demand equal rights, and once within it careers are open to them of which they have never dreamed. We believe that gradually, and as it were one by one, they will accept the offer, the more so because if they refuse it the rule of Great Britain will still continue. Their friends may quote the example of Ireland, but there are two lessons, not one, to be learned from Irish history. It is seven centuries since Strongbow landed at Waterford, and though we have failed to reconcile the majority, our flag still flies in every province.

TWO PERSONAL DEBATES.

THE attack of Monday upon Lord Salisbury for his nepotism was a rather unreal affair. Even the mover of the amendment was obliged to make it seem serious by an onslaught on the new Secretary for War, who is not a Cecil either by blood or marriage, and the only accusation he could bring against him was that he had been ten years at the War Office and therefore understood it too well! For the rest, what did it all amount to? Simply to this—for we strike out Lord Cranborne's appointment, for the reason given below—that the Premier has appointed a competent First Lord of the Admiralty who happens to be his son-in-law—Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Gerald Balfour, who are nephews, were both in the Cabinet before—to the entire contentment of the country. 'Three Cabinet Ministers who are relatives,' complains Mr. Bartley; 'where is the independence of the Cabinet?' As there are sixteen other members of the Cabinet who are not Cecils, the question is a little absurd; but if there were only three, if the Cecils always hung together, and if Lord Salisbury had always the casting vote, the country would be only too delighted. What it is sighing for in the governing Committee is more energy, more unity, more rapidity in decision, and any arrangement which produced those results would have its fullest approval.

Mr. Bartley seems to think it is yearning for a bear-garden as its executive body; but it is not. Mr. Gladstone, said Mr. Bartley, would never have appointed relatives to high office. Possibly not, because he preferred men who would follow him right or wrong, and when they would not, shook them off as a tree shakes leaves. There never was a Premier who was more nearly a Dictator than Mr. Gladstone, and that was one of the secrets of his hold upon the country, which expects to be governed, not by a Committee, but by a Premier with the best assistance a picked Committee can afford. Theoretically, the Premier is only *primus inter pares*, but in popular opinion he is Chancellor of the Empire. The country would not object to the appointments even if "the Cecils" were sure to pull together, and as a matter of common knowledge, relatives are by no means sure to do that. Nobody is more likely to differ from a man in tendencies, and therefore in counsel, than his own son; and as for sons-in-law and fathers-in-law, the notion that they must always coincide in opinion would be received with covert smiles or open laughter at every dinner-table in the Kingdom. The single valid objection to Lord Salisbury's choice would be that in making it he passed over better men, and nobody, unfortunately, makes that, the truth being that there is just now on both sides a most unfortunate lack of the kind of young men who *cannot* be passed over. If there are lads in the House of unusual ability—and we heartily hope there are, for otherwise the outlook is a poor one—they shrink from the painful and persistent effort which is nowadays required to make them known to the electors. The chiefs cannot find them, and so are driven back upon the circle which they know. Randolph Churchills may fail, as the last bearer of the name failed, but they are never passed over.

The attack on Mr. Chamberlain was much more real because it amounted to an accusation of pecuniary corruption. Mr. Lloyd-George may deny that as much as he pleases, but no one who reads his speech will doubt that its intention was to raise an impression that the Colonial Secretary used his great position to make money or to obtain profitable contracts for his relatives. If it did not mean that, it had no meaning at all, or rather, it was reduced to a complaint, such as is always going about—defeated contractors being always suspicious—that the War Office clerks favoured one firm of manufacturers more than another. The accusing speech was rather dexterous—the speaker being well aware that an accumulation of unproved charges has much of the effect of one proved one—and excessively bitter, Mr. Lloyd-George actually condescending to the following sentences. The Government of Ceylon had to put up some iron huts for the Boer prisoners entrusted to its care, and gave the contract for making them to a company in which the Colonial Secretary had shares:—"There could be no more unfortunate investment just now for the right hon. gentleman than that of making prisons for the Boers. On Friday the right hon. gentleman made a conciliatory speech about the settlement in South Africa; but the terms were not so important a matter as confidence in the men who were to carry them out. What terms could be offered to the Boers which they were likely to accept, if they knew, as they must know, that the man who would be supreme in interpreting those terms had a large interest in the company which had profited by making prisons for the Boers?" Those sentences are either merely foolish, or they mean that Mr. Chamberlain is likely to keep Boers in prison because a company in which he is interested builds iron huts for them. Mr. Chamberlain had no difficulty in disposing of contemptible rubbish of that kind, and indeed he smashed the personal charge with a completeness which convinced even his enemies. He had sold out of Kynoch's and the Small Arms Company when he entered Parliament, and of all the other companies alluded to in the debate, he held shares in only two. One of these was the Colombo Commercial Company, the one that builds iron prisons, in which he had bought twenty-three years ago shares which he had never since been able to get rid of, while in the other, the Tubes Company, his interest was exactly £60. The answer as regards himself was absolutely conclusive, and it would have been equally so as regards his rela-

tives had he not stated so clearly, and we are sure so truly, that he knew nothing whatever about their investments. How, then, could he be sure that those investments were unaffected by his official position? The best-known relative has, however, taken the wise step of bringing his accusers into the Law Courts, and there we must leave the discussion, with only this word on our difference from Mr. Chamberlain. He does not see, or will not see, the justice of the distinction which the public makes between investments in Consols, land, or railway debentures, and investments in industrial undertakings. The former could not be affected by the action of any single Minister within his own Department. The latter could, and in an age when in at least three great countries corruption is rife, and when democracies are all suspicious of the influence of gold, such investments ought therefore to be avoided. Mr. Chamberlain complains very justly of the monstrous injustice of having, with his record, to defend himself as if he had been "a thief and a scoundrel," but that very injustice is proof of our argument. The public is so unjust upon this particular point, is so much more like a jealous woman than a reasoning man, that it behoves every Minister to be careful to the point of fastidiousness, or, if you will, pernickittiness.

Behind both these debates we see approaching a political danger which will in a short time become very serious indeed. The English democracy, like the American, threatens to drive the men best qualified to be Ministers out of political life. It has for years past been playing the game of the plutocracy by abolishing sinecures, refusing pensions, cutting down salaries, and in other ways making it so impossible for any but the rich to hold office, that a man like Burke could not nowadays remain in Parliament, and it is now engaged in making all but great seigneurs and brazen professionals miserable by incessant criticism, and by placing them under the burning-microscope of the Press. Adequate pay has long since gone, power is going, patronage has been reduced to an irksome burden, and now peace is to disappear. It is better for the refined, the retiring, or the poor—and the mass of intellectual ability will always be found among those three orders—to take to any career rather than the public life which the newspapers treat as so happy and glorious that a few stabs more or less can make no difference to its possessor. When we are reduced to the "plain men" of France, or the professional politicians of America, the democracy will learn that political genius is worth money, and on the part of the people a little self-suppression. To tell a statesman, as Lord Salisbury has this week been told, that it is infamous to train his son in statesmanship is to punish a man for being competent to be Premier.

COUNT VON BÜLOW'S SPEECH.

ON Monday the German Imperial Chancellor explained in the Reichstag the attitude of his country towards the late Transvaal Republic and its itinerant ex-President. It was a speech of a kind none too common in contemporary politics, for behind a luminous discussion of a contemporary question there were many sage reflections on the general condition of Europe. Count von Bülow is a type of statesman who may now and then be ineffective but is seldom blind. He rarely misconceives a situation; he is a master of crisp and humorous speech; he has the subtlety of a trained diplomatist; and he is an admirable servant of his master. He is after his fashion a fervid patriot with the interests of Germany very much at heart, but he is also a professional politician with the point of view of his class. Hence his words, while on one side an expression of the policy of Germany, are on the other the judgment of the whole *politique* or governing caste upon a phenomenon of the moment which we cannot ignore. Whether or not he is a leader to ride the ford will remain for his countrymen to discover, but there can be no question of the sanity and acuteness of his judgment. When, therefore, we find him declaring the policy of his Government, we listen as to one having authority, but when he goes on to put his finger upon one of the gravest of European dangers, we listen, if possible, more intently.

His speech, as we have said, had two sides, and the

first was concerned with the recent conduct of Germany. He showed conclusively the futility of any interference of a third party in a quarrel unless both combatants demand its help or it is prepared to use the argument of force. "Interference," he said, "by the desire of only one party is not described by the law of nations as mediation, but as intervention; and the intervention, unless it is to end in a diplomatic defeat, is commonly the preliminary of an armed conflict." Mr. Kruger would not hear of German arbitration before the war, and Great Britain naturally would not accept it afterwards. By a quotation from the Dutch Yellow-book he showed that in 1899 Germany had offered her services as mediator, but that the Transvaal Government had declined them; it was not to be expected, therefore, that when calamities came Germany should consider it her duty to insist on interfering in the quarrel. He defended the Emperor's refusal to see the late President as more kind than a course which, like M. Delcassé's, would buoy him up with vain hopes of Continental interference. The tactics of Germany, as explained by her Chancellor, have been eminently wise. It was not her interest to "pluck chestnuts out of the fire for others," but, considering her own South African pretensions, to sit still and preserve friendly relations with her great neighbour. And such a course, according to Count von Bülow, has had its reward,—by which we suppose he means certain provisions of the Anglo-German agreement and the private arrangements with Mr. Rhodes. Indeed, the whole tone of friendliness to this country was most significant, as seen in the references to our common Germanic race and the apt quotation from Schiller, which seems to suggest that the other Continental Powers would have been only too glad to see Germany burden herself with awkward responsibilities. The motive, of course, of it all is equally clear. Count von Bülow has no special tenderness towards Britain, but having a shrewd eye to the commercial development of his country, and recognising the insecurity of much of her apparent strength, he is ready to become enthusiastic about the blessings of peace, and dilate on the claims of commerce with an eloquence beyond Manchester.

But the other side of the speech of Monday seems to us to contain food for reflection. The Transvaal War will soon become a thing of the past, and German policy will pass through many more of its puzzling phases, but the danger pointed out by the Chancellor is common to all Europe, and we fear it will not soon disappear. Nations, he said in effect, were once plunged into war by their Kings and statesmen, often for base motives or for mere caprice, but more often for sober considerations of policy. But nowadays the keys which unlock Bellona's temple are rather the outbreak of popular passion and the excitement of public opinion. The old Cabinet politics had many faults, and for good or for ill they are done with; but are not the new movers of war more irrational, irresponsible, and cruel? The question suggested is one of profound gravity, and we would state it thus. As things stand at present, the rulers of Europe, the Kings, Princes, and Ministers, will be more on the side of peace than the peoples. Let it be granted that once in five times the people will be stirred to a just war, when some broad moral question is involved; in the other four cases they will agitate for causes and principles which are less worthy of the arbitrament of battle. And the reasons for this are easily seen. The governing classes are still to some extent a caste, and a caste with connections and interests beyond their own land. A foreign country is not the same to a Secretary of State as it is to the mass of the people; to them it is alien, unfriendly, potentially an enemy; to him it is simply another country with its own attractions. Once war was the special creation of this caste; now, when national barriers have been much broken down, it is this caste which is one of the chief safeguards of peace. Again, there is the consideration of greater wealth, which makes its possessors less ready to hazard any overturning of the seats of the moneychangers. As the aristocracy of birth gives place to a capitalist, or at least a *bourgeois*, governing class this consideration will gain in importance. There is, too, the greater culture of the rulers to be considered, their trained faculties, and their clear perception of the ultimate advantage. And finally, there is the fact that the rulers are, on the whole, more humane than the

mass of the people. They are less liable to sudden bursts of cruel and unreasoning passion, they have a greater respect for legal conventions, and they are more readily offended by barbarity. The ordinary "man in the street" may be an enthusiast for the humane virtues, but his class in the lump is apt to forget them. The populace is easily shocked by the news of horrors, but it is as easily capable of itself advocating them the week after. The psychology of the crowd, as M. le Bon has pointed out, is not the aggregate of the tempers of the individuals who compose it, and the sober working man in every country in Europe may congregate into a fickle and impetuous populace. If this be true, then the security for peace lies less in the governing class than in the direct leaders of the people. The speech of Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, quoted the other day, shows how a popular leader can realise the responsibility of his position. But his, we fear, is an isolated case; too often the spokesman of the people is a Rochefort or a Boulanger. For us the question takes the form of hostility to ourselves, and we find in many Continental countries, in France, in Germany, in Russia, even in Italy, a popular hatred which is wholly apart from the attitude of the various Chancelleries. It is in such popular feeling that there lies the material of future war, and the rulers, who know it and fear it, are helpless in its presence. It is compounded partly of ignorance, partly of that emotional prejudice begotten of the use of loud vague abstractions. Let us clearly distinguish the two different kinds of popular feeling. The impulse towards reform, which is the product often of dumb suffering, is truer and wiser than any pious opinion of a Cabinet, but in foreign affairs there is no such value in emotion. In internal matters the people are almost always right, for they pre-eminently have the opportunity to judge; but in external affairs they have no data but ignorance and prejudice. Once and again the question may be one of common ethics, and they may be right; more often it is one of policy, and they are wrong. To the social reformer, like Herr Bebel, the fact is to be lamented, but to the common vulgar agitator, the jackal of the cheap Press, the fact gives a livelihood. This, it seems to us, is the real standing menace to the peace of Europe. Not that one nation has ambitious designs or ancient enmity, for these, after all, are amenable to policy, and policy in most cases is against war; but because in the last resort the peoples can force their rulers' hands, and the peoples are only too prone to the sudden excitement of passion. It is the penalty which the Continent has to pay for the various degrees of popular government. Russia knows little of the danger so far, though her day will come; while for ourselves our national character is a safeguard, and our long heritage of constitutionalism. But elsewhere in Europe Count von Bülow's words have a serious application, and as the Press grows in power the danger may still increase. It may be that it carries with it its own corrective, for it is the outward sign of a nation emerging from apathy, and vitality means in time a more real education, and education, though it may kill certain virtues, is the great teacher of policy and control.

THE IRISH OUTLOOK.

BY an overwhelming preponderance of upraised hands, an Irish Nationalist Convention has excommunicated by far the ablest living Irish Nationalist. How far this vote corresponds to the actual condition of feeling in Nationalist Ireland it is difficult to say with any certainty. There appears to be good reason to believe that measures were taken by the organisers of the Convention to secure the verdict they desired, the like of which, if taken with regard to a jury in an agrarian case, would be denounced as packing of the most atrocious character. The assembly, which met in Dublin on Tuesday, purported to represent municipal bodies and branches of the United Irish League; but according to the Dublin correspondent of the *Times*, while some important Councils and Boards were only allowed two delegates apiece, the smallest and youngest branches of the League were favoured with four, and dozens of such branches sprang up conveniently within the last few weeks. The Dublin County Council, though Nationalist, refused to send any delegates to the Convention, and so did several other municipi-

pal bodies. Circumstances such as these serve appreciably to reduce the significance of the magnitude of the vote by which the resolution excluding Mr. Healy from the Irish party was passed on Tuesday. It is also to be noticed that a very vigorous speech against the exclusion motion was delivered, amid fierce interruptions, by Mr. Harrington, who, as we recalled when last writing on the subject, took a very active part in promoting Nationalist reunion a year ago. Mr. John Redmond, who presided over the Convention, while speaking of its authority in extravagant terms and promising to bow to it, said that "he would live for ever a coward in his own estimation if he did not say that with the policy and wisdom and expediency of the resolution he did not agree." All the other Parnellite Members of Parliament who were present voted for an amendment to the resolution, and, with the single exception of Mr. William Field, none of them attended the meeting of the Convention on the following day. Against all these qualifying considerations is, no doubt, to be set the fact that at the General Election very few indeed of Mr. Healy's adherents were returned, and that his brother was signally defeated in Cork City by Mr. William O'Brien himself. But Mr. Harrington appears to have been speaking in accordance with probability when he said that "North, South, East, and West there are thousands who were never partisans of Mr. Healy," who yet are "not in sympathy with the policy" of ostracism as applied to him. It is precisely by the relentless pursuit of such a policy that Mr. William O'Brien seems likely to overreach himself, and produce a reaction in favour of the bold and resourceful politician whom he desires to crush.

The further progress of this singular duel will be watched with much interest by Unionists on both sides of St. George's Channel. But for the present the more important question raised by the condition of Ireland is that of the prospects of the enlarged agrarian agitation, proceeding, though under different auspices, in the South and West and in the North also. On Wednesday, the disciplinary portion of the Convention's programme having been disposed of to his satisfaction on the previous day, Mr. O'Brien moved a resolution setting forth that as the land legislation founded on the principle of dual ownership had resulted in failure and dissatisfaction, it was the first duty of Irishmen to combine by every lawful means to demand the abolition of the present system and the transfer of the soil of Ireland to an occupying proprietary on equitable terms, together with a just and statesmanlike provision for the reinstatement of the evicted tenants and a comprehensive scheme for the utilisation of the grazing plains of the West. The "comprehensiveness" of this last clause was enhanced by an amendment making it embrace the partition of non-residential and grazing holdings throughout Ireland. Thus enlarged, the resolution was carried unanimously, and Mr. O'Brien is good enough to allow us two years for the settlement of the problem so sketched out. That limit of time must not, however, be exceeded, "even if England concentrates as large an army in Ireland as the two hundred and fifty thousand heroes she has in South Africa chasing De Wet, or still oftener being chased by De Wet." This phrase recalls threats used within the recollection of most of us as to making the government of Ireland "impossible" if this or that piece of agrarian legislation were not carried through, and is a little difficult of reconciliation with the language of the Convention's resolution as to the employment of lawful means. Apparently, judging from another portion of the same resolution, Mr. O'Brien holds that its objects may be lawfully promoted by methods bearing some analogy to the action of Trade-Unions. Denunciation is poured on "the outrageous attempt, by means of a system of trial by jury more unconstitutional and unfair than a drumhead Court-Martial, to punish as crimes methods of combination and agitation which the Trade-Union laws expressly authorised in the case of less vital industrial struggles." The blundering analogy is just of the kind which might be expected to commend itself to a mind of the type of Mr. William O'Brien's. The "methods of combination and agitation" which, unhappily, are becoming increasingly in vogue over a large part of Ireland, were impressively dealt with in some observations by Lord Chief Justice O'Brien at the

Munster Assizes last Saturday. The case before him was that of a man charged with sending a threatening letter to a man named Hunt because he dealt with a "very respectable shopkeeper" named Phelan, who had taken, and paid heavily for the tenant-right of, an evicted farm in Tipperary. The accused was convicted at Cork, but not without the exercise by the Crown Prosecutor of the right of challenge with regard to the composition of the jury. At a previous trial, at Clonmel, the jury had disagreed, and the case having been "an absolutely plain one," the Lord Chief Justice on Saturday felt constrained to give it as his opinion that "in none of the counties of the South and West of Ireland, as distinguished from cities, was there any hope of justice being done in cases of an agrarian nature, or cases that in any way partook of boycotting." In these circumstances his Lordship said that he considered that there should be power to change the venue, and to have special juries, whenever the Attorney-General thought such steps necessary for the due administration of justice. In order to meet these requirements, as we understand the Crimes Act of 1887, it would be necessary that districts should be "proclaimed" by the Lord-Lieutenant. At the same time, the Lord Chief Justice did not think it advisable—confining his remarks strictly to the existing situation—that the United Irish League should be proclaimed as an unlawful organisation, because there had not at present been any "overt acts" established against the League of such a character as to justify that step. It is, of course, very difficult to bring home to an organisation scattered over many counties responsibility for individual acts of intimidation; but if the policy of publicly encouraging the people to commit such acts, which seems embodied in the resolution from which we have quoted, is pursued, the path of the Government will be sufficiently clear. If otherwise, the "proclamation" of districts, opening the way to the special procedure for the enforcement of the law referred to by the Lord Chief Justice, may do all that is necessary for the re-establishment of agrarian freedom.

In that event Mr. O'Brien and his friends will have to decide whether they will still accept the responsibility of stimulating an agitation by which large numbers of their unfortunate constituents might be brought into collision with the law. It is satisfactory to gather from Mr. T. W. Russell's speeches in Ulster that, as might be expected, it is his firm purpose to keep the movement which he is leading there, for the universal compulsory sale of agrarian holdings in Ireland to the occupying tenants, within strictly constitutional lines. At the same time, it cannot but be regretted that he is pursuing a line of argument which is calculated to produce among the Irish peasantry generally an impression that they have, or that Ireland has, a moral claim for the payment by the British taxpayer of a great sum for the liberation of the soil of Ireland from the landlord. That if the money for such a transaction were, in large measure, available from Irish sources, there is an arguable case for supplementing it from British sources, we are not prepared to deny. But Mr. Russell will do his cause no good by tying it to the position, which we hold to be indefensible, that Ireland is entitled to a large measure of fiscal restitution from Great Britain. And by dwelling upon that line of argument he may very possibly help to stir up a state of feeling which would make the preservation of order difficult, except at the cost of severe measures, to which it is most desirable that there should be no need to resort.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS: IDEAL AND REAL.

THE interesting letter from Mr. Julian Ralph which we print in another column describes with great exactness what a war correspondent ought to be and how—being what he ought to be—he should be treated by the censors. The ideal war correspondent is a man who knows how to make the most of his position without in the least abusing it. He aims at maintaining the friendliest possible relations with the officers among whom he mixes, but he is aware that he has no place in the regiment or in the army except what is conceded to him as a matter of favour. He will be careful to obey the rules laid down by the censor, and where he thinks these rules

harsh or partial he will either get them altered or obey them under protest. Such a correspondent as this may, as Mr. Ralph very truly says, be left to do pretty much what he likes. He must be a very wrong-headed censor who will want to interfere with him. It is upon the assumption that all correspondents are of this type that Mr. Ralph builds his conception of what a censor should be. With correspondents who need only nominal supervision a military censor is not wanted. The rules which govern the censorship are quite simple. They require no knowledge of the art of war. They appeal to nothing more recondite than common-sense. They may indeed be summed up in the words actually used by one censor,—“I am to see that nothing is cabled which, if quickly wired back to Africa, would prove valuable information to the enemy.” Any man of intelligence can see whether a telegram does or does not conform to this rule, and a civilian, Mr. Ralph argues, is more likely to do this work well than a soldier. It comes more natural to him. He will have nothing else to do. And he would naturally be chosen as having some familiarity with journalists and their ways. In fact, the censor would be as much a part of the profession as the correspondents themselves; the only difference would be that while they represent their own newspapers, he would represent the Government. A man of this type could be trusted to do strict justice to all correspondents alike, and therefore would be far more useful to his employers than a military censor, who, with the best intentions, may unconsciously favour one newspaper rather than another, or think that a long or picturesque telegram must necessarily give more information to the enemy than one which is short and bald.

Mr. Ralph's reasoning is admirable if we assume two things,—first, that war correspondents always answer to his ideal portrait, and next, that the Government is able at a moment's notice to lay hands on as many qualified civilian censors as it has work for. It is fair to say, as regards the first point, that Mr. Ralph makes the probability that war correspondents will always be of the right sort greater than it otherwise would be by assuming that permits to follow the army will in future “be issued with the utmost care.” The merits not merely of the correspondent, but of the journal which proposes to send him out, will be “narrowly considered.” The War Office will cheerfully take upon itself the delicate and responsible work of pronouncing upon the relative status of this and that newspaper. The few great dailies will get their permits as a matter of course, but when they have been disposed of the claims of the other applicants will undergo the minutest scrutiny. They will not be accepted at their own valuation; they will be told, if need be, that, whatever their pretensions may be in other respects, they do not come up to the War Office standard. In some future war, possibly, when their circulation has sufficiently increased or their treatment of public affairs has put on a graver tone, the authorities will reconsider this decision, but at present they must be content to gain their news from the columns of their more fortunate contemporaries.

We agree with Mr. Ralph that “the advantages of the plan to the great journals and the public would be very great.” The war correspondents would be a smaller body, they would write with a greater sense of responsibility, and it would therefore be possible to relax in a great degree the rules which at present hamper them. Mr. Ralph admits, however, that great as these advantages might be, “many small papers would protest,” and we cannot think that he has adequately considered what these many protests would mean. They would inevitably provoke one of two charges. If the authorities refused permits to all except some half-dozen dailies, it would be accused of making war correspondence a monopoly. No matter how carefully a younger rival might be conducted, or how high a view of a correspondent's duties its conductors might professedly take, the doors of the War Office would be shut against them. A hard-and-fast rule would exclude every newspaper except some half-dozen of the best-known daily journals. If, on the other hand, the authorities professed to judge each application on its merits, how could they possibly escape the suspicion of favouritism? When once the very limited number of newspapers which claim in various formulæ to have an

exceptional circulation had been disposed of, the War Office would have nothing to guide it in the work of selection. They would have to read the rival journals for themselves, or to administer interrogatories to their proprietors, or to set up an arbitrary standard, to fall short of which would be fatal to the application. We do not think that there is much chance of the authorities undertaking any such task as this. Mr. Ralph himself tells us that in the beginning of the present war no such comparisons were instituted. Some of the war correspondents represented “very minor periodicals, as well as periodicals which neither journalists nor War Office officials had previously suspected of a desire to compete with the great dailies.” We find it hard to believe that this same process will not be repeated in any subsequent war. The outbreak of hostilities will be seized on by these pushing and conceited “minor periodicals” as an occasion for gaining a step in journalism, and the unfortunates who have to make the selection will be burdened with applications between which they will find it impossible to discriminate. Even if they confine themselves to the correspondents and take the claims of the journals for granted, we fear that the business of rejection will be less easy than Mr. Ralph thinks. Several of the war correspondents, he tells us, “were young noblemen and wealthy sportsmen who gave annoyance by continually travelling to Cape Town and from one army to the other.” But the post of war correspondent can hardly be assimilated to the kingdom of heaven, into which not many rich, not many mighty, can hope to enter. If the War Office is to choose between individual applicants, we fear that the “young noblemen and wealthy sportsmen” will be most likely to be known by or well recommended to the military authorities, and so will stand the best chance of getting their permits.

Nor, we must confess, do we see much reason to hope that a class of civilians qualified to fill the office of censors of telegrams will start into being as soon as it is wanted. We will concede, for argument's sake, that, supposing they can be found, civilian censors are better than military censors. But can they be found, and found rapidly? It is quite possible indeed that journalists for whom the excitement of a war correspondent's life has no charms, and who are not sufficiently employed at home, would ask to be sent out as censors. But the authorities would have no means of testing their qualifications, and so would have to take them on trust. It would be strange if in this case some news that ought to have been suppressed did not get into the newspapers in England, and stranger still if the erring censor did not find himself at once ordered home by the general commanding. This discipline might prevent the mischief of incompetent censorship from going very long unchecked, but the method of its check would be a return to that very military censorship which Mr. Ralph deprecates.

It will be seen that we are quite ready to accept Mr. Ralph's conclusions, if only we could bring ourselves to accept his premisses. Given the rigidly limited area of favoured newspapers, the carefully selected correspondents, and the trained and competent civilian censors waiting to be appointed whenever an occasion shall arise, and we are wholly in favour of his plan. But we confess to feeling very grave doubts whether any one of these conditions would be forthcoming. The invidiousness of giving permits to a very small number of newspapers, the difficulty, amounting almost to impossibility, of choosing only good correspondents at short notice and with no previous knowledge of them, and the probable absence of the class from which the civilian censors ought to be taken, would be very serious obstacles in the way of any such result. In that case we are thrown back on the necessity—the irksome and unpopular necessity—of taking war correspondents pretty much as they come, and looking to strict rules and drastic censorship as the only way of rendering them harmless.

A NEW FORM OF COURAGE.

WHILE reading the very spirited account of his service in South Africa sent to *Blackwood* by Mr. Ernest Dawson, a thought occurred to the writer which was not altogether pleasant. Not only are the conditions of warfare

changed from those which prevailed of old, but the qualities which go to make the valuable soldier. For more than two thousand years the man who would make the best soldier, the most formidable knight, the fighter who best inspired his comrades, was the one who felt most keenly the "fierce joy of battle," whose blood stirred when the actual fight began, and who as it progressed was carried more and more out of himself. That feeling, a compound of energy, ferocity, and a thirst for victory, must have dominated the Roman soldier as with his short sword he tried to hew for himself a path through his enemies, the man-at-arms of the Middle Ages as he clove his way through armoured men to some standard or figure on horseback, and even the private of the last war whenever it came to close firing, or still more the bayonet charge. The joy of battle was always in the Peninsular heroes whom Napier paints so well. There was anger in the feeling, anger and a thirst for revenge. The writer was told once by a man who had seen much Indian service that he never quite liked battle till his men began falling round him, but then he felt a fierce sensation of wrath, all hesitation disappeared, and he would have given his life ten times over for five minutes of full vengeance. Fear, in fact, had disappeared in a torrent of indignation. The consciousness of physical strength, too, of the power to exact the vengeance if only a chance was given, must have been very active, and have helped to swell the veins with the pride which hardens courage into daring. The joy of battle was in the contest, and the man who felt that compound emotion, part forgetfulness of self, part fury, part enjoyment of the strain upon every faculty, was necessarily, if he was physically strong, the best man. Now a different courage seems to be required. All heat of the blood is gone. There is no prospect of a hand-to-hand contest. The bullets come from invisible foes, and even if the return bullet is effective the soldier does not see the man he kills. Engagements last longer, there is more waiting, and you can hardly feel the desire of vengeance against the hill, or the ravine, or the machine which is pumping bullets at you. The battle, says Mr. Dawson, "leaves you cold," and the joy of battle which came from feeling your enemy so close, which was, in fact, like the joy of an old-fashioned football scrimmage, is non-existent. The average man needs in such a struggle rather an immovable calm, a tireless patience, an imperative sense of duty, than the kind of courage which formerly hurled the soldier forward, and made it so difficult, as we read in all military histories, for the officers commanding reserves to restrain their men.

That is a curious change when regarded from the historian's point of view, and sets one speculating to whose advantage in battle it will ultimately accrue. As among Europeans, it should give victory either to the Teuton or the Slav. The former has patience and the capacity to endure, while the latter has submissiveness to authority as well as endurance. Teutons and Russians will lie hours under fire, never stirring till the moment arrives, while the latter will die wholesale, as is told of the battle of Zorndorf, rather than retreat before a superior has given the command. The Southerner, even when he is a Frenchman, cannot bear the waiting, but must charge or fly. He is as brave as his rival, but he requires action, needs the joy of battle, the fierce excitement of moving on his enemy, before his courage becomes formidable and effective. Dr. Morrison noticed this of the Italians during the siege of the Legations in Peking. They were as good as other troops while there was active work on hand, but they could not be equally trusted to guard positions. They first became impatient, then panicky, then uncontrollable. That is satisfactory, in a way, for Germans, Americans, and Englishmen, but there are other people besides them in the world; and we are not sure, if we extend our survey, that it is altogether so inspiring. Does not Mr. Dawson's account suggest that the less timid among Asiatics may some day make very good fighters indeed? Officers who know them say that Afridis have a "devilish patience" when they are sniping, and we can imagine Chinamen waiting calmly for hours under the blazing sun or swishing rain for their chance of effective "work." They do not feel the joy of battle in the old sense, and they will not stand up to the bayonet; but the joy is not excited by modern conditions, and the chance of using the bayonet comes but seldom. Grant

the Chinaman ability to shoot—and there are sharpshooters among them—plenty of cartridges, and his present numbers, and the task of forcing a defile in Shensi would be about as formidable a one as a soldier can imagine. In the Asiatic, as in the Russian, obedience under certain conditions will replace the sense of duty, and his fear of death has very curious and well-defined limits. He will run from the bayonet, but not from death, and the bullet flung by an invisible enemy a mile off is only death. The European, the youth of the world, whose blood takes fire while his muscles grow tense in danger, seems to us, if Mr. Dawson's account is true, to lose something of his hereditary advantage in modern conditions. It is the batting which gains, not the bowling, even in morale, and in the contest between Europe and Asia, which may be the pre-occupation of the next two centuries, it is essential that the bowler should win.

Will the new conditions in any way diminish the *moral* case against warfare? Not much, we fear. There will be less of the fury, the bloodthirst, the desire of vengeance, which we all admit to be un-Christian yet rather admire in soldiers, and all hatred for individuals will disappear; but these evil emotions will be replaced by a cold desire to kill, which is from the Christian point of view at least as bad. If the old mode of battle was too like murder the new mode is too like assassination. The cold, deliberate effort to kill an unseen enemy just because he is a man and must be removed is not naturally an improving occupation, though it may be made a justifiable one both by its reason and by the sense of duty triumphing over human fear. There must, too, come out of the new conditions a kind of inhumanity and a wish to kill a very great number. Breaking up an army is not sufficient, because the fragments may be so formidable; it must be "worn down by attrition." We notice already that in South Africa success, even considerable success, is robbed of some of its charm because so few of the enemy are slain, yet the Boers are less hated personally than any enemy we ever had. But for their reputed faithlessness they would not be hated at all. The balance of moral disadvantage between the old and the new conditions is probably pretty equal, but soldiers of the old leaven will regret the "coldness" with which, if Mr. Ernest Dawson's description of his own sensations is accurate, the modern soldier fights. Nobody has ever impugned the courage of Ulysses, but the born soldier can hardly help preferring the temper of Achilles, who would have thought the rifle an assassin's weapon, and always have ordered "frontal attacks."

THE GREAT BOOKS OF THE CENTURY.

THE New York *Outlook* has published an interesting series of papers by various writers, including Mr. Bryce, Mr. T. W. Higginson, Dr. Fairbairn, and Professor Stanley Hall, on "The Greatest Books of the Century." The problem as to which are the greatest books means to us, as we presume it means to the *Outlook*, which are the books of the century that will produce the most permanent effect, not those which are the most beautiful works of art, still less those which have made the greatest sensation in their day. How difficult this problem is those only who have attempted a sane estimate of the world's literature can know. In an interesting poem Arnold has satirised the constantly recurring judgment of a hasty and superficial young generation which would hustle from the stage the grave figures of the past and fill their places with the men of the "new age." But will these new men endure? The history of our century, as of centuries before ours, is strewn with the wrecks of splendid reputations that caught the form and spirit of the passing hour, but not the spirit of the world in its long travail and its eternal secrets. We suspect that the best judgment on our century may not be the judgment of the years immediately to come.

But to come to these actual criticisms, in which each writer surely criticises himself. We agree with Mr. Bryce that the nineteenth century does not compare with the eighteenth as a century of great and powerful single works. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Rousseau's "Contrat Social," Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois," Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Kant's "Kritik," Hume's "Essay,"—each is a luminous page in the history of the human mind; men will be reading each, we may safely predict, when the close of the

next century comes almost as eagerly as now. Even some of the lesser works of the eighteenth century, such as Voltaire's "Candide," Lessing's "Nathan," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," are sure to last; they have that easily brilliant style and those lucid ideas which characterise that wise and serene century. But has our overwrought era any corresponding works to show? Have we had the leisure to be wise? Does the nineteenth century in its literature realise with Shakespeare that "ripeness is all"?

It is significant that both Mr. Bryce and the other writers, while differing in many respects, agree in placing Darwin's "Origin of Species" among the great books of the century. They could not, it is true, have done otherwise, but the inclusion by all of this great work indicates the real task of the century. It is in science, not in art or poetry, or pure literature, or even in philosophy, that the true soul of the century has expressed itself. No critic will certainly ignore the poetry of a century that has heard the lyre of Goethe, Wordsworth, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Victor Hugo, Béranger, De Musset, Tennyson, Browning,—to name but some of the lords of song. But we feel that none of these quite strikes the peculiar note of the century as does Darwin. The revolution which the author of the "Origin of Species" made is fundamental and permanent; the new ideas of the process of Nature which he has given to the world will go "spinning down the grooves of change" when men are no longer found reading "Les Châtiments" or the "Idylls of the King." The nineteenth century is above all a century of science, and Darwin is its supreme exponent. Think of the revolution wrought in our thoughts about Nature since Priestley emigrated to Pennsylvania and Lavoisier perished on the guillotine. Think of the work done in geology by Lyell, in chemistry by Liebig and Pasteur, in physics by Helmholtz, in mathematics by Cayley, in physiology by Huxley, in our more ultimate conceptions of the universe by Grove and Clerk Maxwell. All that will be, in the long run, counted to us of the nineteenth century as our supreme achievement; and the one work which will be most representative, most powerful, most convincing in method and general result, will, we may be sure of it, be Darwin's "Origin of Species."

When we leave Darwin, however, we are at sea. Shall we place philosophy next? Mr. Bryce does; he gives the second place to Hegel's "Philosophy of History." Other writers agree as regards Hegel, but they differ as to the particular work. Dr. Hadley, of Yale University, prefers the "Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences," Dr. Fairbairn the "Logic," as also does Professor Hall, while Dr. Tucker, of Dartmouth College, votes for the "Philosophy of Religion." It seems to us that, as the basis for a new method which, agree with it or not as we may, has permanently affected thought, Dr. Fairbairn and Professor Hall are right, and that the "Logic" will outlive the more derivative "Philosophies" of History and Religion. In any case, we must include Hegel among the revolutionary forces of the century. We should here follow Dr. Hadley and put in a word for Schopenhauer. We must recollect that England is not the world; and in Germany and Russia "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" has unquestionably exerted immense influence. Mr. Bryce questions on this very ground the right to include either Carlyle, Emerson, or Ruskin; neither has been sufficiently read in non-English countries. But then we might find it hard with him to include Wordsworth. We agree as regards Ruskin; but surely the famous address to Carlyle on his eightieth birthday, as well as Goethe's famous praise and M. Taine's strong criticism, may be held to prove that "Sartor Resartus" at least is one of the great books of the century. In a lesser degree we should be inclined to say the same of Emerson's "Essays," hailed by Matthew Arnold as a "voice oracular," and acclaimed alike in France and Germany. No English critic would consent to omit the "Lyrical Ballads" and the "Excursion" as tending more than any English poetry since Milton to deepen and enoble life, and with that verdict perhaps so eminent a French critic as M. Scherer would agree.

Mr. Bryce and one or two other writers see that, next to physical science, new criticism of life in the realms of history and sociology has most affected thought during our century. Instantly two great works suggest themselves which, while open to much criticism, have exerted much influence on man.

kind and may be called monumental. We refer to Tocqueville's "Démocratie en Amérique" and Niebuhr's "Römische Geschichte," the latter of which is included by Dr. Fairbairn. Say what we will of Niebuhr, he was, more than any other, the father of the critical movement which has reconstructed history. Mr. Bryce adds Malthus and Marx to his list, though the former, as a matter of fact, published his work at the close of the last century. It would be hard to challenge either verdict so far as actual living influence goes, though we may well doubt whether the results of either writer will stand. Dislike it as we may, we are bound to agree with several of the writers that Renan's "Vie de Jésus" was a work that so marked a new epoch in the criticism of the Gospels that we cannot ignore it in any such list. So far we are in general agreement with most, if not with all, of the essayists.

But we cannot bring ourselves to "place" the other authors referred to. Great and many-sided as Scott was, there is no one work of his which we can class as having produced a permanent effect except on the general comprehension of Scotland. We regard Hawthorne's novels as standing artistically foremost in English-speaking work, but as too slight to produce the overwhelming effect of Balzac, who is probably the novelist of the century. We hold that Browning will endure in English poetry, but it is undeniable that he is not read abroad. Victor Hugo is a great and wonderful creator, but can we claim supreme power and vital influence for any one of his works? It is strange, but true, that a woman of far inferior intellectual calibre to any of these was first in effecting one of the greatest changes of the century. We refer to Mrs. Stowe, the continued sale of whose remarkable work, spite of the problem to which it refers having long passed from sight, reveals a great and permanent power. But it is impossible to leave from our estimate those two great figures, Keats and Byron, the latter of whom all Continental critics would include. We must make our selections, of course, but the "Ode to the Grecian Urn," the "Autumn," and the "Hebrew Melodies" have a chance of immortality only less than the very greatest scientific and philosophical works of a century specially dedicated to the problems of Nature and the mind.

ANIMAL DEPENDENCE ON WEATHER.

A MONTH of wet and darkness like that just past sensibly reduces the vitality of human beings and disposes them to sickness. How, then, do the animals, which have no protection from the weather, or a foot of dry soil on which to lie or stand, endure the continued damp and cold? The answer must be that they endure it how they can, but that of all conditions of weather, rain and damp are those most injurious to them. From the sheep in the sodden folds to the deer on the Highland hills, all suffer. Even the common and stupid remark that a wet day is "fine weather for young ducks" is wrong, for in the very wettest summers of the last ten years nearly all the young ducks died. Frost and snow, if only there be food, seldom injure any creatures but the small birds. Sheep will grow fat in a frost, even though the snow is lying unthawed on their thick, oil-soaked, non-conducting fleeces. Drought and dry heat always mean healthy seasons for all wild animals in this country, where food and water never fail. Cows, ponies, and deer put on more flesh from a pound's weight of dried-up grass than from two of water-logged pasture, and horses which can take a roll in a dust-bath after a day in the sun are in better condition than after careful grooming following a day's driving in mud and rain.

Considering the dislike of animals for rain and its injury to their health, it is curious that more have not learned to build "houses" of some kind. Besides the squirrels and the dormice, the orang-outang is the one mammal which makes a shelter from the weather, and that a poor one. It is only their magnificent condition of health, due to their being all teetotalers and having to work for their living, that enables most land animals and birds to stand continuous wet. Possibly the tropical winter rains of the central zones are less injurious to life than the cold rains and low temperature of temperate countries. In the Indian plains spring is dusty and barren. The sun brings heat, but only a life in death, for there is no water in the ground. The monsoon, when the

Indian sky is filled with welcome clouds, brings freshness and life. The opening of the rains is the real beginning of spring. The plants grow so fast that you can almost see them, forced by the hot, almost fermenting earth. There is a prodigious birth of insects, followed by the destroying hosts of the carnivorous insects which feed upon them. "Eha," the Indian field naturalist, considers that the first few days of the rains are the Indian counterpart of our opening spring days, so far as anything in England can find a parallel there. "Even the roadside rivulets are full of little fishes, come from I know not where, to grow fat on the worms and mole crickets borne helplessly along by the flood, and the fireflies light their lamps and hold their silent concerts, the occupants of each tree flashing in unison and making sheet lightning in the woods." The rain cannot put out the fireflies' lamps; but after a few days of this intermittent downpour it is evident that the animals begin to feel the effects of cold and damp, even in India. All creatures, from men to the white ants, begin in some way to show that it inconveniences them. "The fear of getting wet is universal. The gentleman runs because the rain will spoil his clothes. The coolie runs because he has none. When you realise that at this time all kinds of birds and beasts, down to the flimsy butterflies and moths, live and sleep in the open air you cannot help wondering how they manage when the station rain-gauge is registering ten inches in twenty-four hours." The modes and places of butterflies' beds have been before this set out in the *Spectator*. But the sufferings of the Indian birds, many of which lay their eggs during the first and heaviest month of the rains, and of the monkeys, "huddled together with the water spouting from their long tails," when the deluge is running so fast down branches and trunks that the water may be seen throbbing as it slips down the bark in a thick glaze, must be great. Evidence of the danger to young animal life at this time is seen in the season at which the young of the Indian deer are born. In every country the females of all wild animals have adjusted the time at which they produce their young to the seasons. It will be found in every case that the mammals, more especially the larger grass-eating kinds, drop their fawns, calves, and kids at the time when natural food is beginning to increase, and when the bad weather is over. In temperate Europe these two periods are the same. Winter is over and food steadily increasing in early summer, and that is the time at which the doe and hind produce their young. If the rains, which certainly cause an enormous increase of vegetable food in India, were also favourable to health, we should expect the Axis kinds, for example, the typical jungle-deer of the peninsula, to drop their fawns in April or May. But they do not. The fawns are not produced till after the rainy season, in October. There is no stronger proof than this that the rains, even of the tropics, are hurtful to animal life. When these creatures are partly domesticated or naturalised, the females begin either to disregard this seasonal law, or, if living at large, to change the period of producing young to suit the new seasons and climate. But though the first and imperious instinct of preserving the young dictates these physical adaptations, in the ordinary matters of life they often do not learn to accommodate themselves to new conditions. The Sambu stags which Lord Powerscourt turned out in his glens and woods on the Wicklow Mountains persisted in lying in the thickest cover all day, trying to shelter from the Indian sun, though the trees were dripping with Irish rains and mist. Yet domesticated sheep will always go to the top of a hill to sleep at nights in the dry. In Dovedale the flocks climb in the evening literally to the summit of Thorp Cloud, and mark the skyline like a string of black beads against the setting sun.

The writer has no experience of the wild life of the parts of Lancashire round Manchester, one of the wettest areas of England, where, as Yorkshiremen say, there is no spring and no summer, but "all back-end,"—i.e., autumn. But if rain is the main climatic enemy of animals in these latitudes, we should expect to find Ireland, the wettest of the three islands, and the west coast of Scotland, less populous in species and numbers of birds and beasts than the east coast of Scotland or Norfolk. And that is the case. The place of Ireland in the Atlantic and its severance from what was Continental England may account for the absence of some species.

But climate must be held mainly accountable for the failure of introduced animals, such as the brown hare and perhaps the black grouse, to multiply, for the poor crop of partridges, and for the scarcity of birds like the red grouse, for which the heathery mountains would seem well suited. Speaking generally, Irish woods and mountains are curiously bare of indigenous life, though the migratory woodcock, and in the bogs the migratory wildfowl, find it a congenial winter resort. In the same way the mainland of the wet Scotch west coast has a smaller bird population than the east.

In this country wet springs and summers seem to affect most forms of animal life. There are very few butterflies or moths. All young ground birds suffer, especially game. Rabbits and hares die of fluke and dysentery; calves, sheep, and lambs of various ailments. Myriads of wild birds' eggs are addled, or the young birds die in the nests. Even rats decrease. Fish do not thrive, because there are few insects. Even kingfishers decrease on the Thames, because the wet soaks into the holes in which they breed. There is reason to conjecture that a wet summer round our coasts actually reduces the number of fish in the sea, and of marine life generally. This may seem a paradox, but it is borne out partly by the increase of marine life after dry years, partly by the recent discoveries as to the hatching and life of the spawn and young of sea creatures. The season of the year 1900, for instance, has seen the most teeming marine life known for years round our shores. 'But the early summer of 1900 was exceptionally wet and cold?' Yes, so it was, and it destroyed the young partridges, rabbits, and hares. But the sea creatures are not made in one summer like the partridges. The herrings, of which the record catch was made, the bass which were caught in thousands off Dover, the innumerable cuttlefish off the coasts of France and Cornwall, the solid shoals of mackerel taken off the Irish shores, perhaps were adult fish hatched and bred in unusual numbers in the *three previous hot summers*, when no cold rains were chilling the surface of the sea and keeping down temperature. For it is on the surface of the sea that the untold millions of the eggs of most of the food-fish float, and it is there, too, that the minute creatures swim and breed, and lay their invisible eggs on which the fry of the sea-fish feed. Thus rain and cold may be as fatal to the life of the ocean as they are to life on the dry land. They chill the surface water, on which float the embryos both of fish and the food which ought to support them. Wet weather spoils even the harvest of the sea.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CENSORS AND WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The experience of all who represented the Press in the war in South Africa, and of all the military men who had to do with the correspondents, proved that the relations of each to the other and the methods of the military must be different in the wars to come. What the reform must amount to can be put in a sentence: There must be none but trustworthy correspondents, and none but competent and Press-respecting censors. The best type of war correspondent accepts his permit to accompany an army with a clear recognition of both his rights and his limitations. His credentials give him the merely nominal rank of a Lieutenant, but he perceives that this is a mere grace of formula by which he acquires a position admitting him to the company of officers, giving him the right to buy forage for his horses, affording him the standing upon which he may attach himself to a regiment and its mess, if invited. He knows that these privileges are accorded to him because he is a war correspondent, and not at all upon the fiction of an Army rank. And he knows that of all these privileges the only ones upon which he can insist, unless he makes himself personally liked by the officers, are the right to follow the army and the right to buy forage. Having fitted himself into the friendliest relationship he can with the officers, the best war correspondent asks only to be allowed to do his work within the rules established by the censors. These may be irksome, and will be very certain to conflict with his enterprising impulses and the demands of his newspaper. Yet if the rules bear

equally upon all his competitors he will neither complain nor dream of breaking them. If unnecessary and even idiotic rules are made, he will endeavour by argument and appeal to have them rescinded; yet, with competent censors, there will be no such causes of complaint or friction, and no others than the best correspondents and censors need be tolerated in any army. As to what or who is referred to as the best correspondent there is no need to resort to fancy. There were many of the best type in South Africa. They were those who easily gained a friendly footing with all those officers whose manners did not tend to destroy the pretension that the terms officer and gentleman are synonymous. In camp, on the march, and on the battlefield, the best type of correspondent was welcomed fraternally. He had no difficulty in gaining information; nothing was withheld from him. His judgment told him what, as well as what not, to write. Only in two instances did I know a censor of the better sort to differ from his judgment, and in both the censor yielded his point. By the best correspondents I do not mean the technical military critics and trained observers of war as apart from the men who serve as descriptive writers and chroniclers of every day and detail of life with an army. This latter is a newer type, but just as surely as there will always be war correspondents under a popular government, so there will be as many reporters of the picturesque and the human sides as of the technical side of war. The development of the "war expert" at home, who studies military matters as a science, is certain to thin the ranks of the technical reporters in the field. This must be so because the "expert" studies the moves of all the armies on both sides simultaneously, while the observer in the field can only study his neighbours. It has been publicly suggested that only one reporter (a technical writer) should accompany an army, and he should give the public daily a full and accurate account in the place of the many inadequate and differing reports of the past. We may brush this suggestion aside, because the great newspapers will always demand their own independent sources of news. It appears to be true that at the War Office correspondents' credentials were too freely distributed at the beginning of the war, and then towards the close too jealously guarded. The first result was the presence at the front of many men representing very minor periodicals, as well as periodicals which neither journalists nor War Office officials had previously suspected of a desire to compete with the great dailies. Several were young noblemen and wealthy sportsmen who gave annoyance by continually travelling to Cape Town and from one army to the other. Others were journalists of a type differing from that which I describe as the best. Thus the War Office did an injury to the army as well as to the trustworthy correspondents, who perforce submitted to rules and an espionage framed to govern the others. Hereafter, we may hope that permits will be issued with the utmost care. The importance of the applying newspaper and the character and standing of its correspondent should be narrowly considered. Moreover, each permit should announce the inflexible rule that for any offence against the etiquette of gentlemen and for any infraction of the censors' rules, the offender would be sent home and his newspaper would be unrepresented thereafter in that war. Thus would the reportorial corps be kept within the bounds of strict justice to Press and public, the corps would be wholly composed of trustworthy men, and its relations with the officers would be certain to be very cordial. Though many small papers would protest, the advantages of the plan to the great journals and the public would be very great, for the correspondents would be permitted to write with a freedom and scope not known in this war, at least until Lord Roberts took command. I could advance a score of personal experiences (often entailing unjustifiable hardship) to prove the need of a reform in the selection of censors. Lord Stanley was held to be the most competent of all the censors; the one who best understood and appraised the legitimate work of the Press. I will not emphasise the point that he is a civilian, yet I do declare that such civilians as are trained to writing for the Press, or to editing or passing judgment upon the work of writers, would be the best censors an army could employ. Something in the temper of military men towards civilians in war-time militates seriously against their fitness for this work. And where this peculiarity is not conspicuous there remains in the soldier-censor an obstructive unfamiliarity with the

journalist's work and point of view. The journalist's sense of news, his valuation of the picturesque, his arts of effective composition, are elements of the best reporting, which the average soldier-censor praises once he sees the product in print, but which puzzle and often alarm him when offered in a skeletonised despatch or lengthy letter. The policy which will govern the work of the future civilian censors is certain to be easily grasped by any practical publicist or journalist. "I am to see that nothing is cabled which, if quickly wired back to Africa, would prove valuable information to the enemy" was how one censor described his duty-task. Others were told not to permit criticism of the army. So brief and simple are the usual instructions that a trained civilian censor would find his task easy and agreeable. He could not be tricked into passing too many words or approving phrases which possess a significance as cipher messages. Military duties would not press upon his censorial work, neither would his mind be distracted by army, staff, or regimental affairs. He would be as familiar with manuscripts as a composer is with the music score, and equally familiar with the temperament and methods of the journalist. And such a man would be much more apt to deal strict justice to all the correspondents, and therefore to his employer the Government, than was the case with more than one censor in this war, who unconsciously favoured one great daily newspaper, and who was very much deceived as to the rights and importance of one Press organisation in particular.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JULIAN RALPH.

THE PRELIMINARY EDUCATION OF OFFICERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The great difficulty in the way of attracting clever boys to the Army, and the reason why so many of the purely "playing-field" type enter it, are both due, first, to the fact that the pay of an officer is so low as to make the Army a less eligible profession than others, especially for the sons of any but the rich; and secondly, to the fact that promotion goes to a very large extent by seniority, and not by intelligence. The way out of this difficulty seems to be to raise the pay of officers, and to make the entrance examination fairly easy; but at the same time to make it imperative for all officers to pass increasingly stiff examinations in military subjects, practical and theoretical, before they are eligible for promotion, and to superannuate those who fail to pass each of these examinations in a given time. By this means we should always have a supply of Lieutenants of good physique and with all the qualities which success in games and field sports implies, and at the same time should have in the higher grades officers of assured practical and theoretical knowledge of the art and science of war.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F. E. B.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your article on "The Preliminary Education of Officers" in the *Spectator* of December 8th Dr. Maguire is quoted as saying that candidates pass into the Army who would be "not eligible by reason of ignorance for any city office, and would not be employed in any leading shop in any capacity above that of porter or sweeper." From 1888 to 1894 I taught a number of boys who became officers in the British Army. Since 1894 I have taught a number of boys who have become clergymen, doctors, lawyers, merchants, veterinary surgeons, engineers, architects, bank clerks, clerks of other kinds, &c. My opinion, based on this experience, is that a boy who between 1888 and 1894 passed into the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, could have passed with consummate ease into any of the employments which I have just mentioned. A boy who passed into Sandhurst used generally to know *more* of French, German, English history, geography, mathematics, and geometrical drawing than is required to pass, say, the Senior Oxford or Cambridge Local Examination. On the other hand, the Preliminary Examination for any other profession, house of business, bank, or other calling does not, as far as I know, demand a knowledge of those subjects *equal* to that required to pass the Senior Local Examination. Dr. Maguire knows this as certainly as I do; and so I am puzzled as to his meaning. We nearly all consider competitive examinations to be not an ideal method of choosing the best-educated candidates; but, until some one has suggested a better method, we regard

them as the best method to hand. I have never heard a young officer complain that the entrance examination to Sandhurst is too easy, or that the cadets at Sandhurst are badly taught, but I have heard them complain that after they have joined their regiments they have insufficient opportunity of being taught. Is it not possible that here is the spot where our system has been at fault? The Press has recently been loud in complaint as to lack of education in our officers, who have—generally—passed a qualifying examination of by no means a low standard. Yet simultaneously the Press has demanded more promotions from the ranks of men who have not passed, and could not pass, any of the less difficult qualifying examinations. As to games, my own experience as a schoolmaster leads me to believe with increasing conviction that, *ceteris paribus*, a man who as a boy was good at games is worth more in any profession than a man who as a boy was not. The competitive examination secures the *ceteris paribus*.—I am, Sir, &c.,

R. BEVISS THOMPSON.

DEFINITIONS OF "RELIGION."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—St. James must not be made responsible for the too common misunderstanding of his chap. i. 27. He has in view a rigid ceremonialist (*θεραπευτικός*), and would have him know that morality itself (active benevolence and purity, e.g.) is the true ceremonial (*θεραπευσία*) of Christianity (cf. Coleridge, "Aids, &c.," Introduction, Aphorism 23, and comments). All usage proves the words employed to mean no more than this—the outward observances prompted by the inward faith, not certainly accepted in lieu of it.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. E. T.

HELL RATHER THAN ANNIHILATION?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have a paper on "Conditional Immortality" which my father wrote and read some twenty-five years ago at a small clerical meeting, and in which he states that, to him, the idea of eternal punishment is less terrible than that of annihilation. I remember him mentioning this once to the late Lord Tennyson, who in his gruff but kindly way replied, "You only say that because you're a good man." Is it not those whose minds are pure and whose inmost thoughts are as pleasant companions that dread annihilation most of all?—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. G. F. C.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—An old priest (for whom I had the greatest respect), having spent the greater part of his life in devotion and study, thought it his duty to go and preach to the poor. One of his first sermons was on the debt of gratitude for the very gift of existence, which he proved to his humble and astonished hearers to be of so high an order that "it was better to be in hell than not to be."—I am, Sir, &c.,

St. Edmund's College, Ware.

EDWARD J. WATSON.

"SOMEWHAT IMPROVED CONTINUANCE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have just had a curious confirmation of Mr. Schiller's suggestion (*Spectator*, November 24th). A lady correspondent in Canada, whose letter, posted actually on November 24th, reached me yesterday, writes thus:—"Another little while and we shall all have vanished from here, and shall see each other face to face, I hope, and with unlimited possibilities before us. How delightful it will be to go untold distances through space, not having to bother with boats and trains, or even trams." My friend's idea of eternal bliss is distinctly "a somewhat improved continuation of our earthly existence." I need hardly say that her letter to me could not have been suggested by Mr. Schiller's. If it be not trespassing too much on your space, I should like to invite your attention to some lines written many years ago by the late Hubert J. de Burgh, and published in the *Dublin University Miscellany*, "Kottabos," Vol. I, p. 201:—

"And what if no trumpet ever be sounded
To rouse thee up from this rest of thine,
If the grave be dark, and never around it
The rays of eternal morning shine?
For the rest He giveth, give God the praise.
Ye know how often, ye hearts that ache,
In the restless nights of the listless days,
Ye have long'd to slumber, nor wish to wake."

The influence of Swinburne is very visible, but in those days every one who could turn a verse imitated Swinburne. I have also heard that Mr. de Burgh towards the end of his life had become a personal friend of the greater poet.—I am, Sir, &c.,
University Club, Dublin. E. S. ROBERTSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."

SIR,—Your correspondent "Scot" (*Spectator*, December 8th) reminds me of a story of the days of my youth very much on the same lines as his own. The clergyman was holding forth to a sick woman on the joys of heaven and the Better Land. When he had finished he waited for some response to his exhortations, but all he got was: "Well, it may be all quite true, but what I always says is, Old England for me." Another story was told by the Vicar of W——. He had been reading to an old man the story of Lazarus, and seeing that he looked very earnestly and attentively at him, he said at the conclusion of the chapter, "Well, John, what are you thinking about?" "Indeed, Sir," says John, "I've been thinking as how you had a beard like a billy-goat."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Greatham Rectory, West Liss, Hants. F. R. BRYANS.

CANON HUGH PEARSON AND PRINCE LEOPOLD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I give you the true version of the encounter between the late Duke of Albany and Canon Pearson? During the time of the Prince's undergraduate life at Oxford, he happened one day to be detained at Reading Station between trains. Among those who were promenading on the platform his quick eye recognised Hugh Pearson, whom he greeted, as he passed, with a smile and a bow. The genial Canon had not the remotest idea who the Prince was, but coming forward in his bright, cordial way, said: "Oh! How are you? How are you? How are they all at home?"—I am, Sir, &c.,

R. DUCKWORTH.

THE CALLOUSNESS OF CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Should one not say rather that with children the sense of justice is rigid and ideal? In their code, expediency, extenuating circumstances, and degrees of guilt have no place. Everything is absolute. Mr. Pett-Ridge's Mord-Em'ly, when her teacher says "Good" to her sum, promptly exclaims: "Good be blowed! It's right." And so with all grown-up people; they must be either good (i.e., perfect) or bad; and if the latter, no retribution can be too awful. The wicked step-mother must be rolled down-hill in a barrel of nails, and the old witch must be changed into a mouse for her own black cat to pounce upon,—"good-riddance," as a little girl with a genius for coining adverbs once aptly remarked to us. In short, humanity consists for children of three classes,—viz., children, "grown-ups," and animals. Children are curable by judicious punishment; animals are not responsible beings, and one must be very tender towards their frailties, even sympathising with the "poor tiger who hadn't got a Christian." "Grown-ups," however, must be faultless, otherwise the barrel of nails is their just portion, and the sooner the better. Is it callousness, or is it the response of the primitive soul to the awful principle—"Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," before it has learnt that "Mercy rejoiceth against judgment"? At dinner lately Ronald's father gave us an animated description of a bull-fight, *à propos* of the one held at Boulogne. "Wouldn't you like to see one, daddy?" "Why no, my boy. Surely you wouldn't like to see cruel men baiting the poor bull, and unfortunate horses being gored to death?" "No," replied Ronald, aged eight, "I wouldn't like to see the horses hurt. But" (after reflection) "I wouldn't mind seeing those men gored, though!"—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. W. M.

WHAT IS "A COLLOP"?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, "H. L.," and you are, I beg to say, incorrect in saying in the *Spectator* of December 8th that in Scotch cookery language "collops" are mince. Collops are, as Ogilvie says, small slices of meat. "Scotch collops" are stewed beef-steaks. "Mince collops" are beef-steaks chopped small, with a little fat, and slowly stewed with as

much water gradually added as the mince will absorb.—
I am, Sir, &c., SCOT.

P.S.—When David Ritchie in "The Fortunes of Nigel," wishing to pose as a man of family, claimed to be "of Castle Collop," his father being an Edinburgh butcher, he did not think of mince, but steaks. A collop is quite correct.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In re "What is 'a collop'?" it is not a "pure Scotticism," and has nothing to say to "mince-meat," but is an Irish mode of expressing the amount of stock a farm or field will carry to the acre. In Connaught we say "sum" or "somme," in Kerry it is "collop." Generally one cow equals a sum or collop. Two two-year-olds or three yearlings go to a collop. A peasant will tell you, "That field can feed so many sum or so many collops." Collop in the singular means consequently either one cow, or two two-year-olds, or three yearlings.—I am, Sir, &c.,

O. P.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—"Collops" had yet another meaning in the North of England fifty years ago, and may, for all I know, still have it. My grandmother, a Westmoreland woman, told me that in her youth on the Monday following Palm Sunday every household had little rolls of fried bacon, and the day was known as "Collop Monday."—I am, Sir, &c., M. P.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In Job xv. 27 the wicked man, in the time of his brief prosperity, is said to have "made collops of fat on his flanks." This exactly corresponds to Dr. Ogilvie's "piece of flesh; a thick piece or fleshy lump."—I am, Sir, &c., SENEX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I explain the meaning of the word "collop" as used by Irish peasants? It has been referred to in the last two *Spectators*, but without the true explanation being given. The word is applied to cattle and means a full-grown animal. Two yearlings count as one "collop."—I am, Sir, &c., M.

THE AMEER'S MEMOIRS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—On reading the last quotation in your review of the Ameer's autobiography, I seemed to remember something of the incidents there set down. More than twenty-five years since I was using with my pupils a little book called "Latin Prose through English Idiom," by Dr. Edwin A. Abbott. Among the adapted passages there given for translation into Latin, No. 15, p. 138, runs thus:—

"When the renowned Balbus, who had conquered Persia, Tartary, and Syria, was defeated by Tullius, and taken prisoner, he sat on the ground, and a soldier prepared a coarse meal to appease his hunger. As this was boiling in one of the pots used for the food of the horses, a dog put his head into it, but, from the mouth of the vessel being too small, he could not draw it out again, and ran away with both the pot and the meat. The captive monarch burst into a fit of laughter: and, on one of his guards demanding what cause upon earth could induce a person in his situation to laugh, he replied: 'It was but this morning the steward of my household complained that three hundred camels were not enough to carry my kitchen furniture; now it is carried with ease by that dog, who hath carried away both my cooking instruments and dinner.'"

It is stated in the preface that some of the exercises are extracts from the "Percy Anecdotes."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Shrewsbury.

E. CALVERT.

P.S.—Since I wrote the above I have borrowed a copy of the "Percy Anecdotes." Among those early in the section headed "Anecdotes of War" I find the story I sent you. For "Balbus" it reads "Amer" [*sic*], and for "Tullius" "Ismail."

THE COUNTRY OF DREAMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A. J. C.," in the *Spectator* of November 17th, will find the exact counterpart of the "triangular station" of his dream at Ambergate, Derbyshire, a junction of the Midland Railway.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Belle Vue, Clifton, Bristol.

E. HODGES.

MR. HARE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—You quote a story from Mr. Hare's autobiography (*Spectator*, December 1st), in which two brothers sleep in a room with a corpse, but such was their caution or taciturnity that neither mentioned it for some time, and then only casually. This is attributed to Lord Carlisle and his brother, which is not only a mistake but is uncharacteristic of the family. The really interesting fact is that the story is told by both the Russells and the Cavendishes of their own family, and with probability in either case, as the story suits either the policy of *Cavendo tutus* or the fatalism of *Che sara sara*.—I am, Sir, &c., M.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S PLAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—*A propos* of your article, "The German Emperor's Plan," in the *Spectator* of the 8th inst., in which you suggest that "German colonists succeed best when under a foreign flag," it has often struck me as curious that other countries, who have not *all* the overflowing population that we have, should go to such trouble and expense to acquire profitless colonies—just because it became the fashion, as one might say—instead of letting us do that troublesome work, and then taking advantage of our Free-trade principles to come and trade to better advantage than if the colonies had belonged to their own country; till the explanation suggested itself that possibly foreign Governments entertain grave doubts as to the probable duration of the Free-trade notions, which—adopted in the belief that other countries would fall into line—have for so long survived among us alone.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Guernsey.

W. E. DICKSON.

A NEW ZEALAND BIRD-STORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The letter of L. Obel which appeared in your issue of September 1st on the subject of the needless slaughter of birds reminded me of an incident which came under my notice at Okarito (New Zealand), a mining township, shortly after the "rush." Near the camp, or township, there was a beautiful lagoon, in the centre of which a native crane, white as snow, was in the habit of posting himself either to enjoy the sunlight or to look out for his food. He was very much admired by the miners. One man, however, was cruel enough to shoot the bird from mere wantonness, for he did not attempt to recover the body. Justice was soon on his track, for the enraged miners caught the offender, threw his weapon into the lagoon, thrashed him with a proper attention to details, and kicked him out of the camp, weeping bitterly. These miners showed an example that could be followed with advantage.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Fielding, N.Z., October 23rd.

GEORGE KIRTON.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SPEED TO COMMERCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—You alluded some time ago to the numerous petty grievances which the travelling public in this country have to suffer at the hands of the railway companies. I meet almost every day with people who are complaining of the same sort of thing. Will you allow me, therefore, to make a suggestion to the Members of the new House of Commons? There must be some of them on the look-out for a vocation; if they would like to earn the gratitude of their fellow-countrymen and render real practical service to the State, will some of them attempt to do for us in connection with the railways what Mr. Henniker Heaton has done in Post Office affairs?—I am, Sir, &c.,

JOHN ACKWORTH.

POETRY.

THE ENGLISH OFFICER.

THROUGH bitter nights and burning days

He watched the veldt stretch bare and grim;

At home beside the cheerful blaze

We wrote our views of him.

We mourned his curious lack of brain;
 We judged him stupid, judged him slow;
 How much of what he knew was vain,—
 How much he did not know!

Where Duty called, he pressed in haste;
 That, too, was wrong, that haste undue;
 Why practice with such wanton waste
 The only art he knew?

Too well he loved each foolish game;
 "Is War a game?" we sternly cried.
 And while we talked of England's name
 For England's sake he died.

H. C. MACDOWALL.

BOOKS.

HEROD.*

THE first thing to strike a reader of Mr. Phillips's play who knows his Josephus is the simplicity with which the poet has followed the Jewish historian. Not only are the main incidents, such as the murder of Aristobulus and his sister Queen Mariamne, with their motives and consequences, taken direct from the history, but minor incidents also, such as the jealousy of Herod's mother and sister, roused by Mariamne's contempt for their insignificant origin, the betrayal of Herod's confidence by Sohemus, the spicing of the wine-cup, and the cool reception Mariamne gives to her lord on his return from the interview with Octavian, are transferred by the poet from the historian's pages. To say this is not to derogate from Mr. Phillips's originality, but to insist upon it. Just as truly as Shakespeare's play, *Coriolanus*, was implicit in North's Plutarch, so Mr. Phillips's play was implicit in Josephus. But in the one case, as in the other, it required the eye of genius to discover it. Now that the play has been written, it seems wonderful that no one should have written it before, for many poets have gone in search of passion; and Josephus lays stress upon the enthusiastic and almost ungovernable nature of Herod's passion for Mariamne, and in his narrative, as in the play, the episode closes with the King's temporary madness. Here, however, at last is the play; and readers are likely to confirm the judgment of playgoers that the play is a good one.

We have mentioned Shakespeare as a parallel to Mr. Phillips for the ease with which he found his tragedies in history. But Mr. Phillips's play is not, for all that, a play upon the Shakespearian model. There is no rich combination of plot and underplot, no "God's plenty" of characters suggesting the crowded stage of the real world; person after person satisfying us with their admirable humanity as long as they are upon the stage, and giving place to others as thoroughly satisfactory and human. Mr. Phillips has gone for his model to Shakespeare's predecessor, Christopher Marlowe; and we think he was wise in so doing, as indeed the event has proved him successful. Our tragic stage needs rebuilding; and in building one must begin at the beginning. Before it is possible to deal with a conflict of passions it is well for a dramatist to make sure that he can handle with success a single great passion; and as Marlowe preluded with Dr. Faustus, though adverse fate left the more complicated fugue to his successor, so Mr. Phillips, we hope, has only preluded with King Herod, and may give us in time his more elaborated harmonies.

In Herod Mr. Phillips has clearly marked the various strains that made up that, in a sense, "great" as well as terrible figure. He shows us the genius both for war and for art, that made of him an intrepid and adventurous soldier, and in time of peace the builder of cities and temples and amphitheatres; he shows us the diplomatist with genius enough to employ the most direct and simple methods; the statesman who knew when a man was dangerous and must be removed, and who did not shrink from the task; the King who devoted himself absolutely to his people's interests; and beneath all this the untamed Idumean of the desert, with his passions at fever-heat, ready at any moment to rebel against the clear decrees of the intellect. Mr. Phillips has also made Herod a

poet, as Shakespeare made Macbeth a poet. He kills the boy Aristobulus for too exactly corresponding with the Sibyl's prophecy, but he thoroughly appreciates the glory of the golden age which the King of righteousness and peace was to inaugurate:—

"Herod. A child! Gadias, wandering night by night
 Among the people of Jerusalem,
 I hear a whispering of some new king,
 A child that is to sit where I am sitting;
 The general boding hath ta'en hold of me;
 If this thing has been fated from the first—

Gadias. It is the fault of dreamers to fear fate.

Herod (*dreamily*). And he shall charm and soothe, and breathe
 and bless,
 The roaring of war shall cease upon the air,
 Falling of tears and all the voices of sorrow.
 And he shall take the terror from the grave—

Gadias. The malady is too old and too long rooted.
 The earth ailed from the first; war, pestilence,
 Madness and death are not as ills that she
 Contracted, but are in her bones and blood.

Herod. And he shall still that old sob of the sea,
 And heal the unhappy fancies of the wind,
 And turn the moon from all that hopeless quest;
 Trees without care shall blossom, and all the fields
 Shall without labour unto harvest come."

But he recalls Macbeth most closely in his reflections upon the murder at the moment when he is commanding it:—

"Dimly I dread lest having struck this blow
 Of my free will, I by this very act
 Have signed and pledged me to a second blow
 Against my will. What if the powers permit
 The doing of that deed which serves us now;
 Then of that very deed do make a spur
 To drive us to some act that we abhor?
 The first step is with us; then all the road,
 The long road, is with Fate. O horrible!
 If he being dead demand another death."

In the last act, when he is planning the new Temple at Jerusalem, he lets his imagination play about marbles and precious stones like Marlowe's Jew of Malta:—

"This then is my design.
 And now that in my coffers 'gins to pour
 Pearl of barbaric kings and savage gold,
 And emeralds of Indian emperors,
 And wafted ivory in silent night,
 And floated marble in the moonbeams, now
 That the green waves are glooming pearls for me,
 And metals cry to me to be delivered,
 And screened jewels wait like brides, I'll have
 No stint—no waiting on how much,—how far."

Mariamne, though the part allows of much less variety, is clearly and finely conceived. Her love of Herod is passionate and strong, but her love for her brother, intensified by the pride of race, is as strong, or stronger. We note that even in the farewell passages of love between them before Herod departs to meet Octavian, while he says,—

"Now the armed man doth lay his armour by,
 And now the husband hasteth to the wife"—

she replies,—

"The brother to the sister maketh home";

and the suspicion, soon become a certainty, that her husband is her brother's murderer kills her love, as she had forewarned him:—

"Herod, my Herod, such a love as grows
 For you within me, it could never die.
 . . . Yet might you kill it,
 . . In a night murder it—in a moment;
 It is so brave you would not hear a cry,
 You'd stoop and lift a dead face up to you,
 And pull me out from reeds like one just drowned,
 More dead than those who die; and I should move,
 Go here and there, and words would fall from me.
 But, ah! you'd touch but an embalmed thing."

Mariamne's dialogue with Sohemus over the body of her brother is one of the best things in the play. The other characters are barely sketched in. They do what they have to do, and say what they have to say, for the purpose of the action, but they arouse no interest.

The scenic qualities of the play are very remarkable. Mr. Phillips begins by attracting interest to Aristobulus, and the boy is shown excited and weary with the ovation he has received, "fey" in fact, and obviously doomed. Another fine scene is the leave-taking between the King and Mariamne, which concludes when their passion is at height by the entrance of the mourners with the murdered boy's body.

* *Herod: a Tragedy*. By Stephen Phillips. London: John Lane. [4s. 6d.]

Then, in the second act, the anxiety of the courtiers for the King's safety when he had put himself into Octavian's power, ended by his sudden arrival; and his enthusiastic recounting of his success to Mariamne, dashed by her cold disdain, make a fine pair of contrasts. The treatment of the rebels of whom Josephus speaks, led by the blind prophet, is a very effective scene; and so of course is the final scene of the Embassy from Rome addressing the cataleptic King, upon which the curtain falls. Mr. Phillips has chosen his effects with great skill and with a practical knowledge of stagecraft, in these days very rare in one who is also, and primarily, a poet. He has written the play in his favourite Marlowesque blank verse, with the pause constantly at the end of the line, and somehow it seems to chime better with the sustained Marlowesque intensity of the tragic passion than a more free and varied rhythm might have done. A noticeable and effective use is made here and there of tragic irony, as when the young Aristobulus, going to the pool where he is drowned by Herod's order, tells him:—

"... I so love the waters, I may linger
Floating upon my back thus, and my face
Skyward, and you depart not seeing me."

And there are several similar places. On the whole, we wish to congratulate Mr. Phillips on his success very heartily. He speaks in the preface of revising the play; when he does so we hope he will clear away some half-dozen echoes of well-known passages in poetry—from Addison, Browning, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Maeterlinck—which add nothing to the merits of his poem, and may seem to detract from its originality.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.*

MR. WILLIAM CANTON has made a collection of children's sayings, and we think the book will be read with pleasure. Childhood is charming to most people, even though they have no children, or at least none after the flesh. They may, perhaps, love those of their neighbours, or, like Charles Lamb, they may occasionally please themselves with "dream children." "Bachelors' children," George Eliot calls these fancy babes, who, she says, "are always young, immortal children; always lisping, wandering, helpless, with a chance of turning out good." Anyhow, we have all known and cared for one child. The child we recollect, a child who pleased itself with a "dream man," as far, alas! from the truth as any bachelor's child.

"There is nothing so common as children," we once heard an ill-natured spinster remark, doubtless tired out by the proud talking of her married friends. Considering how "common" they have always been, it is strange that until lately we should have heard so little about them. The child is a comparatively new subject of study. Before the present century—before Cowper at least—we hardly know what our little ancestors were like. Great painters have preserved for us the similitude of their stiff little persons, but what they thought and did and suffered and fancied we do not know. It is strange, for instance, that Shakespeare never should have drawn a child. Mamilus is the merest sketch, and Prince Arthur is not a child at all. He is a rhetorical youth whose want of naturalness we forget in the beauty of his language and the sadness of his circumstances. Of course, Shakespeare could have painted children had he wished; presumably, therefore, he was not interested in them—or knew that his audience was not. Later on the poet Vaughan, though he was keenly, one might even say fervently, interested in childhood, shows us no children. He did not watch in order to depict them, but he sought in the study of child-nature to find the way of salvation. Profoundly impressed by the reiterated command of Christ to become as children, he was for ever trying to realise that attitude towards life which he believed would alone enable a man to get through the strait gate. At the end of the lovely poem called "Infancy," he says:—

"How I do study now and scan
Thee more than e'er I studied man,
But only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light;
Oh for thy centre and midday,
For sure that is the narrow way."

To such a poet as Vaughan the keynote of childhood, which is the power of fancy, could not fail to appeal. "Those white designs which children drive" enchant him no less than their innocence. But all he says of them is by way of criticism or worship, never of creation or portraiture.

At the end of the last century Cowper drew himself as a child, and a charming picture he made. He wrote, too, about other boys in order to bring their ill-usage at public schools home to the minds of his generation, but, unless in the lines to his mother's portrait, he did not write of children as they are written of now—as Louis Stevenson wrote of them, for instance—for the pure love of them, with no desire to rectify an abuse, point a moral, or seek a philosophy.

To our mind, nothing has ever been written about children as graceful and true as *The Child's Garden of Verses*. The poetry of children's make-believe—"Their combination of mild imagination and sound common-sense," as Mr. Canton calls it—has never been so well described as by Louis Stevenson. Almost on every page he shows us the dream life going on simultaneously with the actual. We venture to quote one of the rather less well-known poems, which some of our readers may have perhaps forgotten:—

"Down by a shining water well
I found a very little dell
No bigger than my head.
The heather and the gorse about,
The summer bloom were coming out,
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea,
The little hills were big to me,
For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
And named them one and all.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,
Nor other Kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at even-fall
To call me home to tea."

To suggest the ethical side of a child's mind, with no view to edification, is the work of a true artist, and this Stevenson does in many of his verses. Some writers of to-day, sickened perhaps by a past didacticism, ignore this element altogether, and make their heroes and heroines mere farcical little imps.

Mr. Canton in the book before us seeks only to put before us material from which those who are interested in the first—shall we say?—eighth of life may gain some insight into the early developments of the imagination while it is strongest, boldest, least fettered, and therefore least shapely. Too many of the "sayings" here collected deal with dogmatic religion, and the frequent allusions to "father" as a parson or a minister suggest that the speakers come from homes where the outward forms of religion are, if we may be excused the expression, the "shop" of the household. Surely it is unwholesome to turn the minds of children too constantly upon the next world. For ourselves, we are old-fashioned enough to think that a certain amount of snubbing, or at any rate a repressive silence, would not be amiss when the speculations of children upon God and the next world become too careless and outspoken. Many religious sayings are quoted in this book of a kind which had they referred to any other subject would have been passed over as mere nonsense. Children enjoy nonsense—it is their form of humour, and as such should not be discouraged—but religion is surely not a subject for their innocent jests. A little boy who talks about the amount of washing the white robes of the angels must entail is a tiresome little wag, not a budding theologian.

We must, however, quote one story about heaven as an instance of the wonderful way in which children draw on their fancy for consolation in tangible disappointments. A little girl who had been greatly pleased by a present of a doll's perambulator, and who could not bear the thought of being parted from her new toy, sorrowfully remarked that she supposed she should not be able to take it with her to heaven. On being told that she certainly would not, she comforted herself by remarking "I expect He'll have lots of moons and things for us to play wiv up there." Children, like all the uneducated, are inaccurate and diffuse in narrative, yet some of them have a wonderful gift of concise speech. They will indicate in a few words a large area of

* *Children's Sayings*. Edited by William Canton. London: Isbister and Co. [23. 6d.]

thought; their sentences do indeed speak volumes, and are as ruthless as they are enlightening. "Do you remember your mother, my dear?" was asked one day of a little East-End orphan. "Yes," was the reply; "she was a stout woman what beat me." In these half-dozen words we have a picture of the mutual relations of the mother and child combined with a sharp reflection on the mother's character and personal appearance. How terrible to be so remembered! One feels almost sorry for the stout woman; and what an unconscious argument against Solomon the words contain! Mr. Canton gives a good example of the picturesque speaking so common among children in the following story. A child, hearing through the window a woman talking in a shrill tone to a man with a somewhat gruff voice, remarked: "I call that light and dark." We are quite shocked to read in this book of several instances of children who confuse the churchyard with heaven. It is such a grim, though perhaps natural, mistake.

Whether we listen to children's "sayings," or, with the religious poet, we watch them, to learn the way to "a better country—that is, an heavenly"—or with a lighter heart we follow Louis Stevenson to "the Fairy-land afar," "where the Little People are," we must come to one conclusion,—children have a citizenship which is not of this world. They can escape from the tyrannies and disappointments of life into the limitless land of Pretence, a land which their elders have almost forgotten, but which is, as Mr. Joel Chandler Harris says, "as big as all outdoors," and which contains everything which everybody wants. It is not far away from any child—while he is a child. The gate is as near to the Marchioness in "Sally Brass's Kitchen" as to the little boy in Louis Stevenson's verse:—

"Sitting safe in nursery nooks
Reading picture story books."

The prison walls of probability present no obstacle to the soaring imagination of childhood. It is only when we cease to be children that our load of worldly learning becomes too heavy for the wings of the spirit, and then—

"In spite of our wisdom
And serious talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking."

THE BOER WAR.*

MR. AMERY'S history does not take us further than the outbreak of hostilities, being wholly occupied, after an introductory chapter on the political importance of the war, with the history of the relations between Great Britain and the Boers. Mr. Cunliffe, on the other hand, attacks his subject at once, his first chapter being given to a review of the military organisation of the Transvaal, his second to a description of the British situation when the enemy assumed the offensive, and his third to the battle of Talana Hill. The narrative ends for the time with the relief of Ladysmith.

Mr. Amery draws a striking parallel between the South African War and the American Civil War. The Federal idea stands over against the Imperial; the Outlander, who was said, by a pardonable exaggeration, to be in a condition of servitude, against the slave; and Dr. Jameson against John Brown. Every one acclaimed John Brown as a martyred saint, and the Laureate made a hero of Dr. Jameson. Possibly our readers may smile, but the resemblances really go deep. In both cases the illegal act was a serious hindrance to the cause which it was meant to help; in both cases the real issue was mischievously mingled with politics. In America the Democrats sought to make out the complicity of prominent Republican statesmen; in England every device that a malignant ingenuity could invent was used to involve Mr. Chamberlain. And still deeper than these things was the radical antagonism, in the one case between freedom and slavery, in the other between the Boer oligarchy and the true democracy of the two Britains, the Lesser and the Greater. And how closely the early disasters of the North were paralleled at Colenso and Spion Kop we remember only too well. And there is another analogy yet. The American people accepted with a practically unanimous voice the rigorous policy of Grant and Sheridan and Sherman. It is to be hoped that we shall

not allow any opposition, interested or hysterical, to weaken the hands of the generals whom we trust.

Nowhere can the satirical saying that the British Empire has been acquired in fits of absence of mind be applied more truly than in South Africa. We bought the Colony of Holland for six million pounds because we wanted a station on the route to India. We have taken over new responsibilities or renounced old ones, followed antagonistic policies, experimented with schemes which seem to have come direct from Laputa, and somehow the great African dominion has grown up, almost against our will. But if we did not know our own minds, there were those whose purposes and hopes were perfectly well defined. And one of the ablest among them, as far as craft and indomitable will and resolute adherence to purpose are concerned, has been Paul Kruger. He too, in early days, has tried crude methods. In 1857 he and Marthinus Pretorius, President, self-chosen, of the ephemeral Potchefstroom Republic, led a raid into the Orange Free State, which they desired to annex. The Free Staters of that time, who had not yet learnt to love him as they do to-day, declared that he invited the Basutos to join him in his attack. Seven years afterwards he became Commandant-General. His next step was, in 1877, to the Vice-Presidency. Then came what seemed the death-blow to his hopes. The Transvaal was annexed, and annexed, it seemed, with the general approval of its inhabitants. But he did not lose heart. As Mr. Amery puts it, "he had, as a young man, seen the English Government abandon the Free State because it was a troublesome possession, and he made up his mind that he would make the Transvaal troublesome too." The British Government played steadily into his hands. It was at once faithless and weak; broke its promises, and neglected to provide the forces which the promise-breaker ought to have at call. The blame does not belong to one of our home parties or to the other. Old Whigs, such as Lord Glenelg, and new Tories, such as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, agreed in this. There is no reason why Mr. Gladstone should be singled out, as Mr. Amery seems to single him out, for special blame, except that he exercised a more commanding influence. That he denounced in terms of the most unmeasured invective the annexation of the Transvaal when he was in Opposition, and announced, when in office, that he could not advise the Queen to relinquish her sovereignty,—this was of the essence of the party game, of the political morality which commands an Opposition to oppose. His invective was unmeasured, because everything else about him was unmeasured. The measure of other politicians comes not of choice but of necessity. One thing, however, should be noted. An edition of his speeches was largely circulated in the Transvaal. There they do not understand the laws by which English politics are ruled. They think that what a man says in one place he will do in another. They do not know that statesmen, when they change the Speaker's right hand for his left, change both *caelum* and *animum*. Events moved quickly. Mr. Gladstone came into office on April 28th, 1880; the Transvaal leaders must be credited with having waited to see whether his promises would be kept. They were not kept, and on December 15th the Republic was proclaimed. On the 16th an ultimatum was sent to the British administrator, and on the same day—such are the Boer methods—Potchefstroom was attacked. Early in the next year came the disasters of Laing's Nek, Ingogo Heights, and Majuba Hill. An armistice was agreed to on March 6th, and a fortnight afterwards the British Government surrendered at discretion. Kruger had mounted several more rounds of his ladder. "Suzerainty" seemed to block his further rise, and in 1884 Lord Derby, a Little Englander to the backbone, dropped the word, though he could not abolish the fact. From that time Kruger, as crafty and as patient as Bruce's famous spider, went on spinning his web. It was broken again and again, when he had to give up his designs on Tongaland, when he had to "damp" the Banyailand trek, when he had to reopen the drifts. But he never lost heart. If his last effort failed, it was because he made two excusable mistakes. He fancied that England would repeat the surrender of Majuba, either of her own will, or at the peremptory bidding of Europe. What grounds he had for the first belief we all know; what for the second will probably remain a secret.

* (1.) *The "Times" History of the War in South Africa.* Edited by L. S. Amery. Vol. I. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. [To be completed in 5 or 6 vols., £3 3s. net the Set.]—(2.) *The History of the Boer War.* By F. H. E. Cunliffe. Vol. I. London: Methuen and Co. [15s.]

He did not know, for indeed he had no means of learning, that the sympathy of Continental Chancelleries meant as little as the vehement oratory of politicians in opposition. He judged of Great Britain by what he had seen of her weakness in South Africa; he did not know that her enemies in Europe are only too well acquainted with her strength.

All this story Mr. Amery tells in great detail, and, as far as we have observed, with general fairness. Now and then, perhaps, he might have been either more explicit or more reticent. He has, for instance, a statement, just nine lines long, about Sir William Butler, which, if it is correct, gravely implicates that officer in the checking of what was at least a movement for peace,—the Outlander petition of November, 1898. We should like to have seen some more particulars. But, as a whole, his account of affairs up to October, 1899, is the best that we have seen.

Of Mr. Cunliffe's book we can say but little. We hope to return to it when both it and the work by his brother-Fellow of All Souls' are complete,—imagine two such books sent forth from the All Souls' of fifty years ago! Mr. Cunliffe has made a careful estimate of the Transvaal and Orange State forces. He puts the number at the beginning of the war at forty-five thousand, though this was largely increased afterwards by the arrival of foreigners and of Cape rebels. The amount of help given by foreigners has been much exaggerated. It told little, except perhaps in artillery technicalities. The strategy and the tactics were native, the tactics being borrowed, curiously enough, from the traditional methods of Hottentot fighting. We cannot but think that Mr. Cunliffe says too much about Boer courage. No troops possessed of great courage, at least in its active form, would have been content to stay so long outside Kimberley and Mafeking. Not less valuable is the review of the British position in Natal in October, 1899. "The strategical dispositions were *haphazard*," he says, summing up the whole account. The word is perhaps hardly exact, or consistent with what follows, "They were determined by other than military considerations," though when Mr. Cunliffe goes on to say they were "based upon a totally false estimate of the enemy's strength," "*haphazard*" suits well enough. Though we postpone our notice of the military narrative, we may say generally that it is worthy of the occasion.

THE WHITE RACE OF AFRICA.*

MR. ANTHONY WILKIN comes very near to our conception of the ideal traveller. A man of science with an eye for the picturesque and with full command of the descriptive faculty, he can give an account which makes the average lover of landscape perceive that to render the characteristic features of any country a firm hold on botany and geology is indispensable; just as, to render the leading traits of a people, one's observation should be based on anthropology,—the branch of science to which Mr. Wilkin's energy is devoted. Out of his book a leading idea detaches itself,—that Africa is bounded on the north, not by the Mediterranean, but by the Sahara. He and his companion, seeking for evidence which should enable them to connect the Berber race with the civilisation of ancient Egypt, conducted their exploration in two districts—among the Chawia of the Aurès Mountains, and nearer to the coast in Kabylia—and each of these districts was a white man's country, inhabited by white men. Again and again Mr. Wilkin insists not only on the beauty of the scenes, but on the familiarity of them, shown in pimpernel by the wayside, buttercups even—English buttercups—bracken on the mountains, red roofs and poplars rising beside them where colonists have settled; and as for the people, they are actually blond. Blue and grey eyes, skins tanned orange like our soldiers back from India, red beards, and jovial faces that in another dress would be set down at once for English or German; that is what he found among the indigenous race, subdued for the first time in history by the French with their modern armament, and still living in the mountains and village fastnesses where through all the centuries they had defied the nomad Arabs. And the conclusion which he draws is obvious: that France possesses in Algeria an admirable country for colonisation, where white men can live and thrive, and in the native population—in so far as it is Berber, not Arab, for of the

Arabs Mr. Wilkin has not a good word to say—an admirable help to its development.

Here is a striking passage. Around Constantine the eucalyptus had been introduced about seven years back from Australia:—

"Already magnificent groves of these quaint yet graceful trees had grown up as if by magic. Last winter came the snow,—heavy and deep. It blocked the railway not once nor twice, and trains had to be dug out. It killed every gum-tree and every cactus for fifty miles round. All are bare and dead, and the groves are littered with the sawn limbs and logs of young giants, who have thus disappointed the hopes of those who have striven—not without success in less bleak provinces—to acclimatise them in a strange hemisphere. These trees come from a land which contains a British population, a good part of which is nearly four generations old, and a population which has begun to count itself by millions. Constantine was too cold for the trees of this land. How shall the French say that Algeria is too hot for them and for their children?"

The French make bad colonists, that is a truth which Mr. Wilkin recognises, and he indicates readily its causes,—the limitation of progeny, and also the *nostalgie du boulevard*, that craving for the familiar social life of the café which is in every Frenchman's bones, but not a whit more strongly than in the bones of Cicero and every Roman of his day. In spite of it, Rome made an Empire by utilising other populations; and Frenchmen are, as Mr. Wilkin emphasises, excellent administrators. In Algeria they have cleared up an Augean stable; in West Africa, as Miss Mary Kingsley testified, their work compares very favourably with ours. For the moment, and possibly for an abiding future, progress in the centres of commercial life is checked by the madness of Anti-Semitism, concerning which Mr. Wilkin is eloquent; but take the French where their work is merely in ruling a half-subdued and alien people, and they are admirable. All through the Aurès and through Kabylia the writers of this book travelled under the escort of a single native "cavalier," provided by the local administrator; and the administrator of Lambessa, who is responsible for the Chawia district, provokes Mr. Wilkin to something like enthusiasm, while his "cavaliers" appear to have possessed all the virtues of the ideal dragoon. Travelling with them, the Englishmen became the guests of the Kaid in each village, and since in every case the Kaid or their sons were tolerably proficient in French, and spoke apparently with more freedom to an Englishman than to one of their conquerors, they obtained a real insight into the working of the system, which shows a wisely fostering care of the native institutions. Indeed, one of the Government's chief troubles is with the missionary question; the Kabyles after the last war and subsequent pacification were promised that their religious observances should not be interfered with; yet the missionary work cannot well be forbidden, though it forms a constant source of irritation, and the book contains a very suggestive account of the report given by a "cavalier" of a missionary's sermon. In this particular case the discourse, promising eternal fire to all who did not adhere to Christianity, merely appealed to the Mahomedan's sense of humour; but what appears at one moment absurd may in another be unbearably annoying. Yet though Mr. Wilkin deprecates the action of preachers who ignore the fact that all Mahomedans are by training controversialists scarcely less ingrained than Scotchmen, he is in no way an enthusiast for Islam. He dislikes it on the ground that it always encourages an admixture of races. If a negro is converted to Mahomedanism he becomes by general consent a better, manlier, and more self-respecting creature than he was before, just because he is admitted into a community superior to that in which he was born and in which he is on a footing of real equality and may intermarry, although, according to Mr. Wilkin, the Prophet says Allah made the black man for a slave; whereas Christianity, which in theory recognises all Christians as equal, in practice goes with the ineradicable sense of racial difference. And apparently in the principal centres of the Aurès the fusion has come about. Of the widely spread belief that the Berbers were at one time a Christian people (perverted by the Mahomedan conquest) Mr. Wilkin can find no justification, nor does he seem to have discovered any trace of an indigenous religion. But they differ sharply from most Mahomedan communities in the freedom given to their women, which indeed is evidenced by several very attractive photographs in this book. The

* Among the Berbers of Algeria: By Anthony Wilkin. London: T. Fisher Unwin. [1895.]

usual reluctance to make over to a stranger a likeness—giving, as it does in all primitive belief, a power over the individual—existed, of course, but was frequently overcome, and there is one enchanting picture of four little Kabyle children.

In short, this is not only a book that is pleasant and instructive to read, but one that should send many English lovers of unfamiliar countries to visit the kindly people of the Aurès under the benignant auspices of a French administrator and his "cavalier." For those who care to try it Mr. Wilkin abounds in hints. There is no malaria in the country, but there is typhoid. Coral is likely to be the most acceptable of presents, and it is easy to carry. (This sort of information is always valuable: in the Galla country, on the Abyssinian border, a pair of black silk stockings may sometimes make a rough road smooth.) May is the time to go, and the things to take are ordinary English clothes, such as one wears in winter. Ladies, unless they have been used to rough it in Mahomedan countries, will be better advised to stay away. For the rest, and for pictures of the Roman remains in which Algeria abounds on the plain country, or of the Chawia villages, flat-roofed and stuck like swallows' nests against a steep hillside, one may refer the reader to Mr. Wilkin's excellently written and illustrated book, which is better fitted than most to inculcate the true spirit of travel. An anthropologist is taught by his trade to be an asker of intelligent questions and a patient noter of the answers; and in the process he learns not only facts, but a great deal of wise and kindly tolerance.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

It is pleasant to find that Miss Rhoda Broughton retains her vigour and incisiveness of expression. It is a matter for regret that she cannot find it in her heart to portray characters for whom we can feel more than an imperfect sympathy. Lettice Trent, the heroine of *Foes in Law*, is a young lady who declines the suit of a curate in the belief that she is indispensable to a blighted brother. When, however, he suddenly consoles himself with a vulgar and frivolous partner, Lettice, finding her altruism so little appreciated, is piqued into revising her verdict, and becomes engaged to the importunate curate, who repays her devotion by falling in love with her brother's wife. This is the bare outline of a plot on which Miss Broughton has squandered a great deal of talent. The spectacle of a sincere and straightforward girl being victimised by the attentions of a mean and unctuous egotist is neither cheerful nor edifying, but the compassion of the reader is largely neutralised by Lettice's lack of tact and geniality, to say nothing of the fact that her eyes are ultimately opened to the utter unworthiness of her lover. Her awakening is bitter, but in reality so short-sighted and priggish a woman is to be congratulated rather than commiserated on her rescue from an impossible situation.

In *Whilomville Stories* the late Mr. Crane appears in a new and engaging light as the interpreter of the humours of child-life as manifested at what we in England should call a dame school. The American system of co-education, however, to say nothing of the notorious precocity of the American child, gives these pictures a colouring peculiarly their own. To judge from internal evidence as well as from Mr. Newell's clever illustrations, the average age of the *dramatis personæ* should be about eight years of age. Psychologically considered, these small heroes and heroines are at least the equals of British boys and girls of twelve. With this reserve, and allowing for external and superficial differences of manner and domestic tradition, Mr. Crane's studies of child life rest on observation of the elemental traits of the unformed intelligence. The opening episode gives a delightful picture of the "angel child" who beguiled a fond parent into an extravagant largess, and after inviting her playmates to a tremendous "blow-out," swept them all off to the hairdresser's, and returned them to their despairing parents shorn of the glory of their curls. Another chapter recounts the exploit of some little boys who went out lynx-hunting and shot a cow,—

with disastrous results. Mr. Crane is never so entertaining as in dealing with the infant filibuster, but his illustrations of childish snobbery, of the desire to "show off," and the conflict between rigorous logic and imperfect experience, are all so happily chosen and ingeniously worked out as to emphasise regret at the premature removal of this versatile and gifted writer.

Miss Adeline Sergeant's new story deals with the fortunes of an heiress, Agatha Cleveland, and her companion, Tressel Oliver. Agatha has been desired by her grandfather to acquiesce in the provisions of a strange will, which he has drawn up in the desire to render justice to his brother, who was disinherited for marrying a Spanish actress. He proposes, therefore, to leave the property to the grandson of this brother, and to prevent the division of his fortune, and secure the position of Agatha, wishes her to marry her unknown second cousin. On her refusal the old man makes an elaborate testamentary disposition of his property, arranging for all possible relations between the cousins, and dies. The situation is subsequently complicated by a voluntary exchange of rôles between the heiress and her companion, both meeting their lovers under false names. In the end, after Tressel's lawyer lover has nearly been thrown over a cliff by the villain, his rival, who perishes in the attempt, the two young couples pair off happily. *Miss Cleveland's Companion*, though less sensational than some of Miss Sergeant's recent stories, is a very favourable specimen of her skill and vivacity in dealing with a series of situations that are at once well worn and exceedingly improbable.

Though the dialect in which Mr. Strain's stories of an Aberdeenshire fishing village, under the title of *Elmslie's Drag-Net*, are written may prove an obstacle to the simple Southron, he will be rewarded for the exercise of a little perseverance. The portraits of that ancient Amazon, Bell Dundas, the cattle-dealer, of Stoddart, the blind guide, and Janet Nicholson, the fishwife, are drawn from the quick, their talk is racy of the soil, and though the writer owns to a tincture of rose-colour in his pictures of the past, we are glad to believe with him that he has not flattered his models or exaggerated their many fine qualities.

Gallantry of style and ferocity of imagination are the dominant characteristics of Mr. Marriott Watson's new romance. *Chloris of the Island* opens with the death in a drunken brawl of the abductor of a ward in Chancery, and is maintained at the same pitch of murderous and unmodulated excitement to a strenuous and sanguinary close. The period is that of the first decade of the century, the scene is the South Coast, and the company comprises a choice assortment of assassins, spies, bravos, and monstrously handsome jades. To persons anxious to brace themselves up to the display of unbridled savagery this roaring romance may serve as an invigorating stimulant. But we cannot conscientiously recommend it to Prince Tuan, to the Sultan of Turkey, or even to Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett.

Mr. Francis Bellamy contributes an interesting account of the circumstances under which his relative wrote *The Duke of Stockbridge*. Undertaken at the request of the editor of a local paper in Massachusetts, and published serially in its columns, it represents the "projection of the author's sympathies into the forms of art." Then came *Looking Backward*, after which Mr. Bellamy became so fully convinced of his duty to be the advocate of the co-operative social system that he foreswore fiction, and only decided to issue this novel in book form shortly before his death. The historical episode with which it deals is the revolt of the debtor-farmers in Massachusetts in 1786, and the author devoted much intimate research into the documents and family traditions of Western Massachusetts with a view to rendering his picture as complete as possible. Mr. Bellamy had great industry and sympathy with his subject; indeed, there is much to excite compassion in the terrible poverty of the Massachusetts farmers who had borne the strain of the war for independence only to find themselves the victims of a more grinding oppression. Hence the demand for *novæ tabulæ*, the breaking open of gaols, and an outbreak harshly quelled by the Government troops. Unluckily Mr. Bellamy, though a careful, was a very "wooden" writer, and his ponderous historical romance, while testifying to the conscientiousness of his research and his sympathy with

* (1.) *Foes in Law*. By Rhoda Broughton. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(2.) *Whilomville Stories*. By Stephen Crane. Illustrated by Peter Newell. London: Harper and Brothers. [5s.]—(3.) *Miss Cleveland's Companion*. By Adeline Sergeant. London: F. V. White and Co. [6s.]—(4.) *Elmslie's Drag-Net*. By E. H. Strain. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(5.) *Chloris of the Island*. By H. B. Marriott Watson. London: Harper and Brothers. [6s.]—(6.) *The Duke of Stockbridge: a Romance of Shays' Rebellion*. By Edward Bellamy. London: Gay and Bird. [6s.]—(7.) *The Forest Officer*. By Mrs. Frank Penny. London: Methuen and Co. [6s.]—(8.) *The Heart of Babylon*. By Deas Cromarty. London: Horace Marshall. [3s. 6d.]

suffering humanity, is sadly lacking in the qualities necessary to hold the attention of the reader.

Mrs. Frank Penny's sketches of the trials and perils, the romance, magic, and mystery, of sylvan India are wholly admirable. She is deeply versed in the forest and folk lore of Southern India, and her pictures of peons and hillmen, honey-gatherers and syces, show real insight into character and appreciation of the Oriental standpoint. Our only serious criticism of *The Forest Officer* is this, that the courtship of the hero forms a tame and prosaic anticlimax to the strange and terrible tales of revenge, superstition, and witchcraft which occupy eleven out of its twelve chapters.

Deas Cromarty's story, *The Heart of Babylon*, is a well-written and interesting story of the career of a young Methodist draper's assistant from the provinces who, in a fit of bitter disappointment at the failure of his evangelising labours, migrates to London, finds employment in a monster shop, is taken up by women of fashion, drifts into journalism, and after many spiritual, social, and mental vicissitudes, settles down as a partner in the monster shop with the daughter of his first employer as wife and helpmate. Hugh Challoner, earnest, impressionable, and diffident, is drawn with skill and sympathy, and alike in dialogue and description the novel is far above the average.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Worldly Ways and Byways. By Eliot Gregory ("An Idler"). (J. Lane. 6s.)—This is a collection of racy little essays of varying merit upon many aspects of social life in the United States, in England, and on the European Continent. The author is an American, and to judge by the backward reach of his reminiscences, a man of middle age or more. This, in a censor of the times, is an important point,—the range of comparison depending among other things on how long one has lived. Mr. Gregory has a good deal to say about the modern woman, especially the modern American woman, who in his eyes does not compare favourably with the women who were mothers of Americans when he was a boy, or with the best kind of Englishwoman of to-day. After recalling what the words "mother" and "home" meant to his childhood, he says:—"I sometimes look about me and wonder what the word 'mother' will mean later to modern little boys. It will evoke, I fear, a confused remembrance of some centaur-like being, half-woman, half-wheel, or, as it did to neglected little Rawdon Crawley, the vision of a radiant creature in gauze and jewels, driving away to endless fêtes,—fêtes followed by long mornings, when he was told not to make any noise, or play too loudly, as poor mamma is resting." The account of the American society woman's "day" in the article called "The Treadmill" is certainly appalling, and the story of the beauty who wanted to be painted, but could never find time for one proper sitting, is amusing. The "Seven Stages of Furniture" confirms that view of American civilisation which confounds it with English provincialism of yesterday; and the protest against life in boarding-houses finds, with the present reviewer at any rate, a most hearty endorsement, though Mr. Gregory is mistaken in supposing that only Americans choose this way of life. "The material defects in board and lodging sink"—they were pretty bad, though, in the small summer hotel of the essay—"into insignificance before the moral and social unpleasantnesses of an establishment such as this. All ages, all conditions, and all creeds are promiscuously huddled together. It is impossible to choose whom one shall know or whom avoid. A horrible burlesque of family life is enacted, with all its inconveniences and none of its sanctity." Mr. Gregory envies us our literary and artistic society, and declares that America has nothing to compare with it. He also admires the plain dress of our great ladies when they travel in the "States." But he thinks differently of the style of the majority of the Englishwomen he meets on the Riviera. "On a fair day at Monte Carlo, Nice, or Cannes, the prevailing conversation is in English, and the handsome, well-dressed sons of Albion lounge along beside their astonishing womankind as thoroughly at home as in Bond Street." The astonishing women of England—this we think we have heard before—are the source of unending marvel and amusement to the French. "They can never understand them, and small wonder, for with the exception of the small 'set' that surrounds the Prince of Wales who are dressed in the Parisian fashions, all Englishwomen seem to be overwhelmed with regret at not being born men, and to have spent their time and ingenuity since in trying to make up for Nature's mistake." There is a touch of pathos in "Social

Exiles," a lament for the impoverished American families and individuals who come to out-of-the-way corners of Europe—and not of Europe only—to economise; find their incomes growing less and less; and never have the moral courage to go home again. The form and brevity of the articles suggest that they have appeared in newspapers, but there is no indication to that effect on the title-page.

'Twixt Town and Country: a Book on Suburban Gardening. By Roma White. (Harper and Brothers. 6s.)—"A small back-garden, within the limits or upon the borders of a town, should, I think, be chiefly a cloister; for thought, for memory, and for healing." That is good sooth; and the application of it in "Roma White's" most pleasant volume on suburban gardening is full of practical guidance and encouragement. It is rich also in associations of poetry and sentiment. The author knows all about the flowers in Shakespeare, Spenser, Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Herrick, and prettily suggests the dedication of gardens or garden-beds to one or other of the poets. She has ideas also for Pompeian gardens, and gardens dedicated to "Our Lady." And her pages are refreshingly lighted up by extracts, long and short, from the flowery passages of the poets she names and knows. She is liberal also with practical advice. We are warned against planting or tolerating forest trees in or near our urban or suburban back and front gardens. "One healthy elm—let alone six—would be sufficient to rob a little front plot of all the nourishment that it contained; what then can you look for in a tiny garden which has been called upon to support the constitutions of these forest giants for many months, or even years?" Some of us may prefer the trees to the flowers. Well, then, we may have the trees, but we cannot have the flowers too. Privet hedges are open, in less degree, to the same objection as forest trees; and for these, few, we fancy, will be inclined to sacrifice much. But what a long list is given us of trees and shrubs, flowering, evergreen, or deciduous, that will make our small patch pretty and not exhaust the soil too much. "Roma White" has a number of recipes for mixed hedges, one of which, holly and honeysuckle, is particularly attractive; and quite as many for mixed beds. Like Mr. William Robinson, she aims at doing away with the empty square or oval—which is the only really ugly feature of winter—and has her plans for so carpeting flower-beds that they shall never be naked and colourless. She has studied all the books, and she has learned from experience also. For the encouragement of beginners, bewildered by conflicting counsels, or depressed by too much criticism, she says:—"When we came to our present garden the thing in creation that it most resembled was a sand-dune. . . . We set to work to make a garden, and succeeded, I must say, beyond our hopes. . . . May I whisper that we never did anything in our garden that somebody did not either condemn or lay under a ban of depressing prophecy? We listened to the first two or three commentators with humility; to those who followed them with impatience; and to what, in sporting language, I may describe as 'the field' with ill-concealed bad temper. Finally, we announced that we should take no further notice of anybody, but should use our own experience; and—though I am willing to admit that we ought not to have layered our carnations on Christmas Eve—I do not really think such a spirit, in a modified form, is a very unwise humour in which to take up work." We said the writer knew all about all the flowers in all the poets. But she admits one exception: she cannot identify the "Chevisaunce" mentioned by Spenser in rhyme with "the pretty Paunce," and she confesses herself "somewhat comforted by the discovery that no more can anybody else!" Can anybody supply better comfort, till and furnish an explanation?

Wonder Stories from Herodotus. With Designs by H. Granville-Fell. (Harper and Brothers. 7s. 6d.)—This is quite a sumptuous book, with handsome page and artistically designed illustrations. The stories told are—Arion and the Dolphin, almost the loveliest of all the stories of antiquity; Ladronius, the Prince of Thieves, having a questionable moral and a gruesome picture; the Dream of Astyages; the Story of Croesus; the Conspiracy of the Magi; and the Story of the Ring of Polycrates. The best material for children's books is always found in the great books of old; and the compilers of this volume are to be congratulated on having thought of exploiting Herodotus.

The Flora of the Sacred Nativity. By Alfred E. P. Raymond Dowling, B.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 10s. 6d.)—This is a book full of profoundly interesting suggestion as well as much curious and fascinating antiquarian information. Mr. Dowling approaches the symbolism of flowers with a mind saturated with belief in the sacramental character of all natural phenomena. The Creator speaks to him in every created thing, the sparrow that falls, and the lily blowing in the field. The

blossoming of the thorn of St. Joseph of Arimathea on the night of the Sacred Nativity is no more improbable to his intelligence than the touch of festive decoration given by an affectionate human parent to a human home on the anniversary of the birthday of the child of the house. "The green book of Nature is one of God's witnesses to Himself no less than the book of the Scriptures,—in both, deep calls to deep; the strange and inscrutable pleasure that those gifted with the power of keen perception feel in the presence of natural beauty or in the expression of the writings of the Old and New Testament is probably because both appeal to man's inner consciousness, which recognises a fellow-feeling, a family likeness and affinity with itself in the message that both these Bibles convey; it is a touching of the note that vibrates through all, and that is its source and its end, viz., the divine life; a life which sleeps in inorganic matter, it has been said, dreams in the vegetable, wakes in the animal, but in man the child of God speaks; a life gradually unfolded to the world in the Word made matter, the Word made letter, and finally embodied in the Word made Flesh." But it would be to understate the mystical element in Mr. Dowling's essays to leave a passage like this to be understood as meaning only that there is what people call a "general influence" of Nature's good in the world of Nature. The aim of the book is to impress upon all who care for flowers, or art, or the ritual of religion, that just as there is a foundation, not arbitrary, for all the different languages in which different nations and kinds of men express the common thoughts of a common humanity, so there is a foundation, not arbitrary, for the sacred meanings and associations primitive and religious minds have found in flowers and herbs; and that, consequently, sacred art should use the symbolism of flowers, not ignorantly, but with reverent attention to the real tradition of the subject. In a notice necessarily shortened by our wish to speak of the book before the season to which it especially belongs is past, we are unable to touch upon more than one or two points of interest. But one point not to be passed over is the important warning in the first essay, "Flora Sacra," against a spurious ecclesiastical flower-lore taking origin in some works on the Kalendar published in 1824 and 1827 by a certain Dr. Forster. Dr. Forster pretended to have discovered a flower and a legend for every day of the year, and he supported his statements "by curious rhymes, proverbs, and verses, in every sort of language, diverting suspicion from their true authorship by appending to them authorities which have been the puzzle of bibliographers and students generally." Mr. Dowling has found a later work by Dr. Forster, published in French at Frankfort-on-Main in 1835, which confesses that these "authorities" were non-existent, and that the rhymes, legends, and references were all of the author's invention. Mr. Dowling enumerates the principal works dealing with flower lore and legend which have copied directly or indirectly from Dr. Forster, and thus puts his readers on their guard against prevalent errors connected with his subject. The bulk of his book, however, is occupied not with exposing false traditions, but with building up true. He makes a pleasant suggestion that we should revive the old fashion of church gardens, in which flowers of sacred symbolism should be exclusively grown. And he encourages us to believe that in some rustic customs still existing in Lancashire we have evidence of an older domestication of the Christmas tree in England than is warranted by the usually accepted theory of introduction by the Hanoverian Royal Family.

A Self-Willed Family. By E. S. Buchheim. (Cassell and Co. 2s.)—When the father of seven daughters marries a young woman of twenty-two, it is not unlikely that there will be "ructions." Such there are in the Marshall family. The seven champions of independence are cleverly discriminated; nobody is perfect; even the best people get into great rages; nobody is very bad. And after all the voices—some of them very shrill—there is quiet.—*The Villagers in Town.* By M. Bramston. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.)—The Theynes of Simthorpe, finding a good opening in London, take up their abode in a "block"; here they come in contact with some kinsfolk who lodge in a less fashionable part of the building,—blocks, it seems, have their East and West Ends. How the two families fare is very pleasantly told in this story. Miss Bramston's skill at this kind of work is well known, and there is little need to recommend her book to readers of experience.—*Christmas in French Canada,* by Louis Frechette (John Murray, 6s.), takes us to unfamiliar scenes, and introduces us to people whose ways of thinking are not a little unlike our own. Then there is that picturesque characteristic of Nature in Canada, its summer beauty, its winter terrors. Mr. Frechette's English needs no apology; it is not one whit the worse for the French *esprit* which one sees gleaming through it. And he has received excellent help from the pencil of his illustrator, Mr. F. S. Coburn.—*Tales*

for Toby. By Ascott R. Hope. (J. M. Dent and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)—A number of animals, from a mouse up to an elephant, tell their stories for themselves, or have them told for them. As they have been lucky enough to find an excellent interpreter, they will not fail to please their human audience. Naturally the elephant, a creature which has a long life and plays many parts in it, is as good as any of the *raconteurs*, even though, as one of his hearers scoffingly observes, his tale is like a trunk, "because most of it comes out of his own head." The illustrations, by Messrs. W. B. Robinson and S. Jacobs, give additional charm to an attractive book.

A Noah's Ark Geography. By Mabel Dearmer. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)—There is certainly a moral in this book, and it is very neatly expressed by the first picture and the last. In the first there is a weary-looking governess who is putting questions out of a book to a little boy who has reached the very extremity of boredom; in the last the governess is radiant with smiles, and the boy is full of the delight of a new acquisition. These dreary lessons mean something after all, and he knows what it is. But while we are passing from one picture to the other we are not bored with morals or anything of the kind. Story and pictures are pure fun; so it seems, at least; and if the child finds that he has learnt something after all from what he has been reading, it has certainly been done without his knowing. It is all cleverly managed; more than that, the fun is manifestly enjoyed by the fun-maker. The pictures—Mrs. Dearmer wields both pencil and pen—are in admirably good keeping with the text.

A pretty little volume, *Thoughts from Ruskin*, chosen and arranged by Henry Attwell (George Allen, 2s. net), is sufficiently described by its title. It may be mentioned, however, that Mr. Attwell gives a memoir of Ruskin, with an account of the chief incidents in his life and of his works.

We have to acknowledge various yearly or half-yearly volumes:—*The Captain* (G. Newnes, 6s.). "a Magazine for Boys and Old Boys," with a well-made mixture of the amusing and the serious. There are stories, recollections, hints about shorthand, about stamps, and sundry other matters, *quidquid agunt pueri* in fact.—*Friendly Leaves*, edited by Christabel Coleridge (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., 2s.), comes sufficiently recommended, we should suppose, to many readers, by the name on the title-page, as, indeed, does another periodical, *Mothers in Council*, edited by Charlotte M. Yonge (same publishers, 3s.)—*Our Darlings* (J. F. Shaw and Co.) is to be noticed for excellent illustrations, among other attractions.—*My Week-Day Picture Story-book.* (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.)—*Chatterbox Christmas Box.* (Same publishers. 1s. net.)

England's Hero Prince. By Gordon Stables, R.N. (J. F. Shaw and Co. 5s.)—The "Hero Prince" is the Black Prince. Dr. Gordon Stables, after a preliminary description of the misrule and general ill-doing of Queen Isabella and Mortimer, and of the early days of Edward III., takes us to the battle of Sluys, and finally proceeds to relate the achievements of his own hero. He tells his story with various digressions and moralisings, after his manner, but he does not fail to interest.

Penrose's Pictorial Annual. Edited by William Gamble. (Penrose and Co. 3s. 6d.)—The sub-title of this volume, "The Process Year Book," explains its purpose. It contains articles on various processes by which works of art are reproduced and multiplied, together with specimens of the results. Half a century ago these might be numbered on the fingers of one hand; now there is a variety which it requires an expert to distinguish. A very interesting book this to all who love art, whether ignorantly or with knowledge; to those who are professionally interested in it we should say indispensable.

The Guide to South Africa (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., 2s. 6d.) appears in its eighth edition. The editor gives a seasonable warning that great changes are taking place in the country, and that "a work of this nature can only deal with what actually exists." With this reserve the *Guide*, which has a high reputation in its class, may be safely followed. Of course, there are subjects on which the information is more or less permanent,—climate, health resorts, scenery, sport, &c.—Other periodical volumes are *The Englishwoman's Year-Book*, edited by Emily Jones (A. and C. Black, 2s. 6d. net), intended for the guidance of women students and workers. It contains a very full and, we should say, very useful account of all the employments in which women can engage.—*The Royal Navy List Diary and Naval Handbook.* (Witherby and Co. 3s. net.)

Low's Handbook to the Charities of London, edited by H. R. Dumville, B.A. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., 1s. 6d.), has reached its "sixty-second year." An interesting preface tells us something of the year's vicissitudes in the fortunes of hospitals, &c. On the whole, the result has been satisfactory. There have been efforts in new directions, but the old have not suffered as much as might have been expected. Benevolence is happily a growing force. We may emphasise, however, Mr. Dumville's emphatic warning that the object of the benovolent should be not to start new institutions, but to support those that already exist. We may add a word of regret at the lamentable quarrels among the supporters of charities. Many whose benevolence is not very strong button up their pockets when they read such a correspondence as that which has recently appeared about the Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes and the National Hospital for Epileptics.—Another annual publication is *The School Calendar* (Whittaker and Co., 1s. net), "a Year-Book of Scholarships and Examinations at Schools, Colleges, and Universities." This is in its fourteenth year.

We have received a parcel of diaries, memorandum-books, pocket-books, &c., of various kinds and sizes, from Messrs. De La Rue and Co. Some are portable, some stationary; some are truly pocket-books, inasmuch as they can be borne in any pocket without materially affecting the "set" of the garment; and some of the memorandum-books have the recommendation of being "indelible." It is difficult to specify them; indeed, some have no specific name. But the *Desk Diary* may be mentioned as being specially convenient. Of a pocket size, and notably complete, is the *Improved Indelible Diary and Memorandum-Book*, edited by Everard Roberts. Another with the same title, and appearing under the same editorship, but with the distinguishing "Size D," is a really handsome book, as well as convenient.—We have also received from Messrs. Hudson and Kearns specimens of a convenient combination of diary and blotting-pad, with pages ruled for accounts. These are of various sizes and prices, suited for the dimensions of tables big and little.—If a pen is not exactly a part of literature it is certainly not remote from it. The "U" pen with which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has enriched the apparatus of authorship is certainly an aid to good writing. The printers will bless it, and possibly the public.

NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS.—In the "Temple Classics" (J. M. Dent and Co., 1s. 6d. net per vol.), *The Romaunt of the Rose*, Englished by F. S. Ellis; *Vasari's Lives of the Painters*, translated by A. B. Hinds, Vols. IV., V., VI.; *Caxton's Golden Legend*, edited by F. S. Ellis, Vol. VII.—In the "Temple Classics for Young People" (same publishers, 1s. 6d. net per vol.), *Ivanhoe*, by Sir Walter Scott, 2 vols.; *Sintram and his Companions*, and *Aslauga's Knight*, by La Motte Fouqué.—*The Complete Works of John Keats*. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. Vol. I., Poems of 1817 and "Endymion." (Gowans and Gray, Glasgow. 1s.)—*The Pathfinder*. By Charles Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.)—*Bleak House*. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. Illustrated by Beatrice Alcock. (Methuen and Co. 6s. net.)—*The Parliamentary Poll Book from 1832 to 1900* (E. Stanford, 7s. 6d.) is a fifth edition, brought up to date by the inclusion of the last Parliamentary Election.—*Shakespeare's Life and Work*, by Sidney Lee (Smith, Elder, and Co., 2s. 6d.), is "a reprint, with some additions and abbreviations," of the "Life of William Shakespeare," and is described as being "chiefly for the use of students." Mr. Lee's original work—based, it will be remembered, on his article in the "Dictionary of National Biography"—took its place at once in the very highest rank of Shakespearian literature. That it has settled all controversies cannot be pretended. Probably the Baconians will go on in their fantastic belief for ages to come. Others, more sane than these, will hold opinions adverse to some of the conclusions to which Mr. Lee has come. But there is no Life of Shakespeare which can be said to rival this.

[** The author of the edition of the *Morte Arthure* noticed in our last issue was inadvertently described as Miss McLeod, instead of Mrs. Mary Macleod Banks.]

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Allen (A. V. G.), *Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks*, 2 vols. 8vo (Macmillan) 30/0
 Alton (Grant), *In Nature's Workshop*, cr 8vo (Newnes) 3/6
 Armstrong (J.), *My Friend Anne*, cr 8vo (Warne) 3/6
 Bailey (L. H.), *Botany*, cr 8vo (Macmillan) 6/0
 Baron (D.), *The Ancient Scriptures & the Modern Jew* (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
 Bates (K. Lee), *Spanish Highways and Byways*, cr 8vo (Macmillan) 8/6
 Binyon (Laurence), *Odes*, cr 8vo (Unicorn Press) 2/6
 Bradley (L. D.), *Our Indians*, oblong 4to (Sands) 6/0
 Burwash (N.), *Manual of Christian Theology on the Inductive Method*, 2 vols. 8vo (H. Marshall) 12/0
 Davis (N. N.), *Military Dialogues on Active Service*, cr 8vo (Sands) 3/6

Fitchett (W. H.), *Wellington's Men: Some Soldier Autobiographies*, cr 8vo (Smith & Elder) 6/0
 Fitzgerald (G. B.), *The Minor Canon*, cr 8vo (Digby & Long) 6/0
 Flowers of the Cave, edited by Laurie Magnus & C. Headlam (W. Blackwood) 5/0
 Frangipani's Ring, translated by J. F. C. L., 4to (Macquenn) 21/0
 Grant (Sadie), *Diamantelen*, cr 8vo (Digby & Long) 6/3
 Green (E. E.), *In Cloister and Court*, cr 8vo (J. F. Shaw) 5/0
 Hobbess (John O.), *The Wisdom of the Wise: a Comedy in 3 Acts*.... (Unwin) 3/6
 Hoffmann (E.) and others, *The Laws of Vint*, 16mo (Nutt) 2/8
 Huish (M. B.), *Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries*, 4to (Longmans) 42/0
 Hume (Fergus), *Shylock of the River*, cr 8vo (Digby & Long) 6/0
 Jennison (F. H.), *Manufacture of Lake Pigments from Artificial Colours*, cr 8vo (Scott & Greenwood) 7/6
 Kelly (W. J.), *Happiness: Its Pursuit and Attainment*, cr 8vo (Long) 3/8
 Lewis (E. H.), *A Second Manual of Composition*, cr 8vo (Macmillan) 4/6
 Lewis (H. E.), *Life of E. H. Evans, D.D., from his Letters and Journals*, cr 8vo (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
 Lilford (Lord): a Memoir, by his Sister, cr 8vo (Smith & Elder) 10/6
 Lloyd (J. B.), *One Thousand Miles with the C.I.V.*, cr 8vo (Methuen) 6/0
 Lucas (E. V.), *Domesticities*, 12mo (Smith & Elder) 5/0
 Macmillan (M.), *Tales of Indian Chivalry*, cr 8vo (Blackie) 2/6
 Melrose (C. J.), *Bridge: its Whys and Wherefores*, cr 8vo (L. U. Gill) 3/6
 Mowbray (Sir John), *Seventy Years at Westminster*, cr 8vo (W. Blackwood) 7/6
 Natural History Nursery Rhymes, by G. B., oblong 4to (Sands) 6/0
 Newbolt (W. C.), *Handbook to Gospel according to St. Matthew* (Livingtons) 2/6
 Ormond (A. T.), *Foundations of Knowledge*, 8vo (Macmillan) 12/6
 Plato, *Selections by L. L. Forman*, 12mo (Macmillan) 7/6
 Pollock (A. W. A.), *With Seven Generals in the Boer War*, cr 8vo (Skeffington) 6/0
 Preacher's Dictionary (The), arranged by E. Cavaller (Hodder & Stoughton) 12/0
 Radcliffe (J. B.), *Ashgill; or, The Life and Times of John Osborne* (Sands) 21/0
 Robin Hood and the Curtal Fryer, Illustrated by Hinscliff, 4to.... (Simpkin) 6/0
 Simonson (P. F.), *The Companies Act, with Commentaries*, 8vo .. (E. Wilson) 5/0
 Speight (T. W.), *Second Love*, cr 8vo (Digby & Long) 6/0
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 Trench (H.), *Delude Wed, and other Poems*, cr 8vo (Methuen) 5/0
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WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1900.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE news from the front during the past week has been 'bad.' We give below the details of the action at Nooitgedacht, but in addition to that disaster comes the telegram that two bands of Boers have crossed the Orange River, one at Rhenoster Hoek and the other at Sand Drift. They are said to number some six or seven hundred each, but possibly they may be two thousand in all. Naturally this invasion of Cape Colony has caused a good deal of anxiety and alarm, and dread is expressed that the appearance of the enemy may lead to an insurrection in the disloyal districts. We do not, however, think it likely that the rising, if it takes place, will be serious. If any large number of men show active sympathy with the Boers, the only result will be that they themselves will receive punishment in their lands and persons, while the party which is in sympathy with them in the Colony will also suffer punishment by the loss of their votes. It must not be supposed that the Boer bands broke into the Colony under any deeply planned scheme. They probably made their so-called invasion chiefly because all other ways were barred, and because they wanted to get into an unwasted country. Though we cannot, of course, help feeling annoyed that the war should thus linger on, we are by no means inclined to be seriously depressed as to the situation. In spite of the bad news of the week, we should not be surprised if by the New Year a considerable part of the Boers now in the field were brought to book. While a fight is going on it always seems as if it will never end, but it does for all that.

Parliament was prorogued on Saturday last. On the Friday previous there was a debate in the House of Lords in regard to Lord Hardwicke's connection with the Stock Exchange, raised by Lord Rosebery, with which we have dealt at length elsewhere. On Saturday in the Commons Mr. Bryn Roberts made a speech so foolish, so mischievous, and so incorrect that we do not care to summarise it. We may say, however, that we entirely endorse Mr. Brodrick's action when he declared that he held up Mr. Bryn Roberts "to the censure of the House, and the reprobation of every fair-minded man in the country." That reproof was severe, but it was well deserved.

The action of the United States Senate during the past week has been anything but calculated to raise that body in the opinion of serious people. It has not only treated a diplomatic instrument of great importance in itself, and prepared by one of the ablest and most patriotic of American statesmen, as if it were the work of the merest ignoramus in

foreign affairs, but it has tolerated a levity and recklessness of tone in regard to solemn treaty obligations which shows that the Senate as a body is losing its sense of the high responsibilities with which it is entrusted under the Constitution. As our readers know, we do not in the least dread the Americanisation of the Nicaragua Canal, but that cannot blind us to the way in which the whole question has been handled in the Senate. The object apparently has been not to attain a particular object so much as to insult a friendly Power and make it difficult for her to negotiate in a conciliatory spirit. The bare facts of the situation are as follows. At the end of last week the Senate adopted the Davis amendment of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, by which the stipulations of that Treaty are not to apply to such measures as the United States may find necessary for securing by its own forces the proper defence of the canal and the maintenance of public order. On Thursday the Foraker amendments were agreed to. One of these declares the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty superseded. The other strikes out the clauses requiring the adherence of other Powers. After these amendments had been passed the Senate ratified the Treaty by 55 votes to 18,—the majority being larger by 5 votes than the necessary two-thirds.

It now remains to be seen whether the President will present the amended Treaty again to Great Britain, or whether he will simply allow the whole matter to drop for the present. If he adopts the latter course there is naturally nothing more to be said here. If, on the other hand, he presents the amended Treaty for our further consideration, Lord Salisbury's Government will have to decide whether they care to go further in the matter. In deciding this point it seems to us that, bad as has been the action of the Senate, Ministers should banish all thought of its vagaries from their minds, and consider solely the question whether or not it is for the interests of this country that a canal should be made. If they hold, as we do most strongly, that a canal between the two oceans will be to the advantage of Great Britain, then they should try to facilitate its construction by meeting as far as possible any reasonable demands from America. Our interests, we believe, are to have the canal made, to have it neutralised, and to have the guardianship of that neutralisation placed in strong hands. Hence it seems to us that we should not object to fortification, but need only insist on neutralisation, including, of course, equal treatment. Fortification, as far as we are concerned, is a guarantee of neutralisation. One other point is to be noted. We shall not be in any way punishing the Senate by preventing the canal being made. It seems highly probable indeed that the Senate, influenced by the opponents of the whole scheme, in reality wanted to kill the Treaty, and so stop the construction of the canal. They acted, in fact, as secret opponents of a Bill are sometimes said to act in our House of Commons. They make the measure as violent as possible in the hope that the House of Lords will perform the ungrateful task of killing it. We need not lend ourselves to any manœuvres of that kind.

It is quite impossible to ascertain clearly what is going on in China. The rivers in Chi-li are frozen, and the "armies" at Pekin and Tientsin are hanging on to the coast by a single line of railway. At present, however, there appears to be no lack of supplies, out of which the Allies are feeding the poorer Pekinese with rice. Small punitive expeditions are going out into the neighbouring villages, in which they kill many "Boxers," and from which they bring away much plunder, but no serious fighting is reported anywhere. There are rumours that Chinese troops are hovering in the neighbourhood of the capital and threatening the railway, but they are unconfirmed, as is also the rumour that a really

large force is being collected on the road between Pao-ting-fu and Sian. The Chinese Commander-in-Chief, General Tung, has been sent by the Empress to Kansu, as an exile the gossips say, but as he is supreme at Court and absolute in Kansu it is probable that his mission is to raise an army. The Kansu men fight a little better than most Chinese.

The negotiations with Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching go limping on, and must cost a fortune in telegrams to Europe, no one on the spot being trusted to arrange the smallest detail. According to the latest reports, which may be corrected to-morrow, the Plenipotentiaries have agreed upon the ten clauses of a futile preliminary treaty, long since discussed, which are to be accepted by the Chinese Court before serious negotiations are commenced. As Chinese patience is inexhaustible, and as the Court wants time to raise armies, the preliminaries will occupy weeks at Sian, and then the "actual" treaty will take a few months more. The cost to China is nothing, and to Europe only some two millions sterling a month. It is rumoured, with some show of authority, that in order to expedite proceedings the Allies, or rather Great Britain and Germany, have threatened to retain Peking and the province of Chi-li until the Treaty is signed, but as the Court does not believe Europe, and does not care how long it stays in Peking, the expedition thus secured will not be great. What one would like to know is why, if the Court is so complaisant as represented, the Allies cannot select a common Ambassador and send him to Sian to demand an audience of the Empress, and so settle matters in a month. He would be decapitated? Then what is the use of all this "negotiation"?

General André, the French Minister of War, has done a very good and bold act. He has ordered forty boxes of loot belonging to General Frey which have arrived in Marseilles to be seized, with a view to sending their contents back to China. His motive is said to be to prevent quarrels within the Army as to prize-money, but his colleagues in the Cabinet declare, through M. Delcassé, that they are entirely opposed to the system of looting which has been allowed to prevail in China. That system is unfair to the Army, which may thereby be robbed of half its legitimate prize-money, fatal to discipline, as a soldier loaded with loot thinks of everything but his duty, and cruel to the civil population. The German Government also has awoke to the danger, and looting has been severely prohibited; but we fear, when the secret history of the Peking tragedy is written, it will not be pleasant reading for those who believe in Rousseau. Men in a state of nature may be angels in Paris or Berlin, but they are devils in a captured city inhabited by a half-civilised population.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau has carried his Amnesty Bill by an enormous majority,—the opponents, in fact, having been gradually reduced to two. This Bill forbids criminal prosecutions against any one concerned in the Dreyfus case, thus pardoning indiscriminately Colonel Picquart, M. Zola, General Mercier, and all concerned in what is called the Henry case. The Bill was opposed by M. Vazeille as radically unjust, those who had been injured being entitled to the benefit of the Law Courts, and by many Nationalists as insufficient, they wishing to include M. Déroulède and his associates. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's argument is, however, unanswerable. He does not like the Bill, which offends his legal conscience, but he holds it to be essential to the peace of France to terminate a veiled civil war. After a civil war we all know that amnesties must cover acts which in time of peace would be traitorous or criminal,—a doctrine it will be good to remember when the time comes for an amnesty in South Africa. Nearly the whole Chamber is with the Government, though it is believed that the Clericals are passionately anxious for delay in order to arrest the Bill against religious Associations which is shortly to be brought on.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau intimated during the debate of Monday that he intended to proceed with his "measures of Republican defence," of which the Bill against religious Associations is one. It is said this Bill will be carried, though the Pope has declared against it, and with him a majority of

Clericals and Royalists. The Republicans are all of one mind about it, and it is said that the regular clergy, the Bishops excepted, are by no means hostile to it, they finding that the stream of benefactions is carried under the present system into channels over which they have no control. Their contest with the monks is, in fact, as bitter as with the Protestants. That does not justify either confiscation or persecution, but it makes the revolutionary action of Catholic Governments much easier. We hold the proposal, with the exception of its mortmain clauses, to be a bad one, but we believe it will pass. In our experience we have never known a French Chamber to reject a measure levelled against the Church unless it was a Bill for Disestablishment. That, the majority think, would enfranchise the clergy too completely.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* reports a speech delivered by M. Szell, the Premier of Hungary, on the 13th inst., the reception of which by the Chamber of Deputies is of some importance to Europe. M. Szell declared that the Triple Alliance was as valuable to Hungary as to Germany, and that even if the *Ausgleich* were terminated, and the Austrian and Hungarian Monarchies were separated, it would still be the interest of all Hungarians to support the Dreibund. He said this while well aware that the economic interests of Hungary suffered from German fiscal policy, an evil, however, which he hoped to correct in the forthcoming commercial treaty. The speech was enthusiastically cheered by a large majority of the Deputies, who evidently do not share the French impression that Buda-Pesth always sympathises with the ideas of Paris. It does sometimes, but not when Paris lies prostrate before a Russian Emperor, whose interests as well as his nationality must always make him hostile to the Magyars.

The German Emperor, to use a pedantic phrase now coming into frequent use, is getting "obsessed" with his Navy. The Germans have not had formidable enemies to meet in China, but in speaking to some sailors returned from thence on the 16th inst. his Majesty declared that when they had fought "no eye quivered, no hand trembled," and expressed his own joy in "their victories." He ended by saying: "Where I place my lads in blue no other shall place himself," which may be a hint either to Lord Salisbury, or to President McKinley, or to Count Lamsdorff. It can hardly be to Lord Salisbury, for two days after William II. telegraphed to the British Admiral commanding in the Mediterranean, who had sent a warship to assist the 'Gneisenau,' the training-ship wrecked off Malaga, thanking him warmly, and declaring his action a proof that "blood was thicker than water." This wreck, by the way, though a great disaster to the German Navy, did not involve the immense loss of life at first reported. Thirty of the crew were drowned, but of the hundred and fifty cadets on board only one is certainly missing. The catastrophe was due to an error of judgment on the part of the Captain, who, though warned of a coming storm, refused to take shelter in the harbour. When the storm came he fulfilled his duties thoroughly, and refusing to quit his ship, died there, like a true, obstinate, duty-doing Teuton of the old breed.

Further news of the reverse sustained by General Clements at Nooitgedacht, briefly mentioned in our last issue, makes it clear that the British troops, though surprised by superior numbers—the proportion must have been three to one—behaved with great gallantry, inflicted heavy loss on the enemy, and retreated in good order to Rietfontein. The attack of the enemy on the British position at the foot of the Magaliesberg was repulsed, but the Boers carried the heights occupied by four companies of the Northumberland Fusiliers, overpowered them after a desperate resistance, in which all the ammunition was expended, and took some four hundred prisoners. General Clements's camp being thus rendered untenable, a general retreat was commanded and carried out in perfect order, all the guns being got safely away, and the retirement splendidly covered by the 12th Brigade of Mounted Infantry. The casualties on both sides were severe, the Boers suffering heavily from our artillery fire; while the British lost Colonel Legge, a gallant cavalry officer, who is said to have shot five of the enemy with his revolver before he fell, six officers, and about fifty of other ranks killed outright. The great bulk of the men captured

on the heights were shortly released, and all the wounded have been safely brought into Pretoria. Many instances of individual bravery are recorded, General Clements distinguishing himself by his coolness under heavy fire, while the reckless bravery shown by the Boers in rushing the heights amply disproves the imputations cast on their courage at close quarters.

On Tuesday Lord Salisbury made a short speech at the Conference of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations. His chief point, after reminding his audience of the extraordinary change which had made London the haven of Conservatism instead of the hotbed of Radicalism, was to insist that if the Conservatives were to keep their hold on London they must take up the housing question. "They should devote all the power they possess to getting rid of that which is really a scandal to our civilisation,—the sufferings which many of the working classes have to undergo in the most moderate, I might say the most pitiable, accommodation." They must not be frightened away from the remedies for social evils by the fact that they are made a cover or pretence for attacks upon property and other institutions. "You must repel these attacks, but at the same time you must not allow your attention to be diverted from the stern necessities which the vast social changes of our time are imposing upon all who cherish the prosperity of this country." We sincerely trust that this means that Lord Salisbury intends to take up the slum question in earnest. It is a vital problem. Unhappily there are at this moment thousands of children growing up in London and the great towns under conditions which do not allow them to become good citizens, morally and physically. Unless that state of things is stopped, and we cease to produce a slum population, the State is in danger of an invasion of the worst possible kind,—the invasion of an unfit and demoralised population, not from outside but from within. No doubt the destruction of slums is costly, but remember that the essential thing for getting rid of slums is not money, but care and trouble and keeping watch that England is not fouled by recklessness or laziness. The pollution of the air by smoke and of the earth by refuse is not an economic necessity, but largely due to callous indifference to a clear sky and a clean land.

One of the numerous charges levelled against Mr. Chamberlain was that of having sent an electioneering telegram stating that "every seat won by the Liberals was a seat sold to the Boers." Mr. Chamberlain at once denied the accuracy of this version, but in view of the fact that on its arrival the message contained the incriminating words, his denial was impugned, and a demand made for the production of the telegram. Mr. Chamberlain replied by publishing a statement from the Birmingham Postmaster admitting that a mistake had been made in the transmission of the message, and confirming the accuracy of Mr. Chamberlain's statement that what he had written was not "sold to" but "gained to." Even this was not enough for Mr. Chamberlain's opponents, and the question was brought up in the House last Saturday, Mr. Chamberlain readily consenting to the production of the original telegram. As, however, Parliament was prorogued that day, and the document cannot be laid on the table till next Session, the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, having obtained the consent of the Postmaster-General and Mr. Chamberlain, has inspected and photographed the telegram, a facsimile of which appears in its issue of Wednesday. The message is dated King's Heath, October 4th, and the words are as Mr. Chamberlain declared them to be. The incident would be hardly worthy of comment were it not illustrative of the extraordinary methods of the campaign of calumny of which Mr. Chamberlain is the object. His enemies seem to have adopted for their motto, with the necessary modification, the maxim of the Greek misogynist, "Do not believe a woman even when she speaks the truth."

The peerages conferred on Mr. Goschen and Sir Matthew White Ridley were gazetted on Wednesday. Mr. Goschen becomes Viscount Goschen of Hawkhurst, and Sir Matthew White Ridley Viscount Ridley and Baron Wensleydale. Sir Matthew White Ridley, it is interesting to note, has commemorated in his second title his connection with that great lawyer and Judge, Baron Parke, the man who was made a

life-Peer, but not allowed to take his seat in respect of a patent so limited owing to the decision of the Peers—a decision of very doubtful validity—that the power of the Crown to grant life-peerages had lapsed from want of use. Mr. Goschen's retirement to the House of Lords cannot be recorded by us without an expression of our sense of his great public services. His record as a statesman stands very high. Especially are all Unionists bound to remember him with gratitude, for it is not too much to say that without his aid and the courage and devotion which he displayed in resisting the demand for Home-rule, the cause of the Union might have been defeated. He was sometimes accused of a lack of grip and decision in regard to ordinary political questions, but there was nothing half-hearted in the way in which he threw himself into the great struggle of 1886.

The Brussels correspondent of the *Times* reports that the dominant question in Belgium now is the strengthening of military defence. It is proposed to raise the Army from a hundred and fifty thousand to a hundred and eighty thousand men, to increase the yearly draft from thirteen thousand to eighteen thousand, and to make personal service obligatory on all men. At present a man who can pay £64 purchases exemption for life, and all to whom it is possible avail themselves of the privilege. The Liberals, the Socialists, and all soldiers are said to be in favour of these changes, but they are disliked by the Clericals, who, however, though they are a majority, may yield to pressure from the King and the alarmists, who are afraid of a German occupation. The changes, if made, will not alter the European situation, but they are of great interest in another way. They show that in Europe the neutrality of a State does not involve exemption from the conscription or its consequence, barrack life for the young. That fact does, and must, diminish the reluctance of the small States to be absorbed in large Empires.

We note with satisfaction the favourable report of the Whitechapel Guardians on the system of "Labour Homes," devised by Mr. Noel Buxton, one of their number, with a view to assisting the "genuinely workless" to independent life. The Labour Home is described as a combination of boarding-house and place of labour; neither a temporary shelter nor a permanent provision for any class, like the workhouse, nor an experiment in any new system of land tenure, but a species of reformatory where those not at present self-supporting may be helped to become so by regaining their health, hopefulness, and energy, perhaps by learning useful work and by being assisted to find a situation. The Guardians are so impressed by the excellence of the work done at these Homes—where the number of beneficiaries is sufficiently limited to admit of their being individually befriended—that they encourage their officers to introduce hopeful cases to the agents of the Homes, and avail themselves of these institutions for bringing the workhouse *habitué* who refuses to work except under compulsion within the reach of the law. Lastly, they regard them as a valuable means of educating public opinion to a sense of the evils of indiscriminate charity to the army of loafers who live on gifts obtained in the street. The experiment is a very interesting one.

The special service held at the Great Synagogue in Aldgate last Sunday for Jews serving in the Regular and Auxiliary forces was attended by about two hundred and fifty men, including some twenty officers and several members of the C.I.V., and attracted an immense congregation. In the course of his sermon the Rev. F. L. Cohen mentioned that more than eight hundred Jews had taken part in the campaign in South Africa, and that, in proportion to their number in the Empire, they had actually borne more than their share in their contribution to the fighting forces. These striking figures deserve the widest possible currency, as they effectively and convincingly dispel the view, still entertained in some quarters, that the Jewish community always constitutes an *imperium in imperio*, that it is incapable of true loyalty to the land of its adoption, and that it never breeds fighting men.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

SOME SOUTH AFRICAN PROBLEMS.

IN spite of the fact that the past week has been a bad one for the British forces in South Africa, and in spite of the natural indignation that arises at another "regrettable incident," we do not feel any necessity for adopting a feeling of gloom or anxiety about the war. Guerilla warfare is always long, always full of surprises, and always heart-breaking to watch as well as to carry out—no one ever felt happy in fighting a swarm of angry wasps—but in spite of that guerilla warfare only ends one way. It may take three or it may take six months to finish the war, but it will be finished, and by the complete subjugation of the Boer forces now in the field. Meantime the best thing the civilian at home can do is to turn his thoughts away from the military details—except to note for use in the reorganisation of the Army the folly of keeping to antiquated tactics, and of pitting riflemen on foot against riflemen on horses—and to give his mind to the problems of the future. These problems are of great and far-reaching importance, and the sooner they are faced the better both for South Africa and the Empire. The first of these is the military situation that will come into existence at the end of the war. When the Boers are finally conquered they will doubtless be well conquered, and for the moment very little inclined to begin another war. At the same time they will be very sore and very uncomfortable, and even though we shall, of course, do all we can to reconcile them to the new conditions, they will be restless and discontented. Their lives will be far harder than before the war, owing to the wasting of the country, and they will be sure to regret bitterly that they cannot be permitted in territory within the British Empire to treat the natives as they were accustomed to treat them when the Boer not only made the law but administered it. Hence the possibility of a rising two or three years hence is a possibility that must be faced. The Boers may remain quiet for a couple of years, and then, if they see a chance, may be tempted to renew a guerilla war.

What means ought to be taken to prevent that possibility? In our opinion, we should insure against a second Boer War, not so much by attempts, which are sure to be ineffective, at depriving them of rifles and horses, as by having an irresistible force at hand ready to crush any rising. But this cannot be fully accomplished by keeping a British garrison in South Africa. Some Regular troops we must of course keep there for several years, and we must also keep a large body of mounted police in the Free State and Transvaal. But to maintain forces of this nature sufficiently strong, not merely to put down a rising in the mountain districts, but to take away all temptation to a rising—and that is what is really wanted—is a burden which could not be undertaken by the British Empire without very serious consequences. What, then, is to be done? In our opinion, the proper thing to do is to organise the loyal portion of the population of South Africa, and especially of the Transvaal, into an efficient military reserve force which can be called out if necessary to suppress a Boer rebellion. The task is, fortunately, not a difficult one. A very large portion of the loyal population of South Africa have been under arms during the war, and have not only borne themselves with extraordinary gallantry, but have shown the highest military qualities. The men of the various corps raised locally will naturally be disbanded, and will return to civil life, but there is no reason why the corps should cease to exist. In fact, there is every reason why they should be maintained, for their record is as honourable as that of the best regiments in the British Army. Look, for example, at the record of that magnificent regiment, the Imperial Light Horse, formed from among the Outlanders,—the "scum of the earth" of whom the Pro-Boers are so fond of talking. These men have been again and again engaged in the most serious actions of the war, and on two notable occasions they can be said, in no metaphorical sense, to have turned the tide of battle. Yet not one of them has ever been taken prisoner by the enemy. Other South African corps have done hardly less splendidly. These corps should, in our opinion, remain

in existence with a local habitation and a name, and some permanent official to keep, say, the register of the body. All the members of the corps when disbanded, or rather demobilised, should be asked to remain in it as members of a South African Reserve force, willing to be called out in cases of grave emergency. There should obviously be no onerous conditions attached to membership of this Reserve, but it should be understood that if necessary the men would rally to the call to arms. Needless to say, the corps should appoint their own officers, with, say, the approval of the High Commissioner in the case of the Colonel. But, of course, membership of these Reserve corps should not belong exclusively to old members,—i.e., to men who had fought in the present war. New members should be encouraged to join, and though there must be no compulsion, it should be considered part of the duty of every loyal man to belong to one or other of the corps, and so be ready if need arise to turn out and keep the peace in South Africa. In this way a Reserve of some twenty-five thousand men might, we believe, be ultimately formed, and thus a force would always be ready to hand to nip incipient rebellion in the bud, and to make it clear to the Boers that the way to complete freedom for them lies not through any attempt to break up South Africa once again into two armed camps and to treat men of English race as Outlanders, but through living peaceably side by side with the English settlers. That the loyal South Africans would be perfectly willing to form such Reserves we do not doubt for a moment, and if our civil and military authorities neglect to make such valuable provision for the future safety of South Africa they will be committing a most grave error. The thing can be done now when the men are still in arms, but if it is delayed the opportunity will be lost. If then the soldiers prove too limited in vision, and will attend to nothing but how to get more men in the field, then the High Commissioner himself should intervene at the moment, and insist on proper attention being paid to the local Reserve question.

While on the question of the Reserve to be formed out of the irregular corps we desire to say one word which, though in appearance it may seem more a matter of sentiment than of business, is a matter of great importance. The Colonial and military authorities here should see to it that proper rewards and decorations are given to the irregular corps, and given in a way which will please and touch the hearts, not only of the present, but of future generations. For example, if corps like the Imperial Light Horse could be presented with colours or insignia of some kind by her Majesty, and if all members were allowed to wear some form of military badge specially assigned to them, the result would be of the happiest, and would keep up in South Africa the memory of the comradeship in arms formed between the British Army and the South African troopers. The formation of a South African Reserve would, too, be more than merely locally useful. If we were engaged in another war the South African Reserve might, and would, furnish us with Volunteers of the most valuable kind. In fact, from every point of view it will be wise not to let the South Africans who have been fighting in this war sink back undistinguished into the population. We must encourage them to be enrolled in voluntary Reserve corps, on whom the future peace of the country may be to a great extent founded.

We have left ourselves little room on the present occasion to deal with the other problem of the future,—the financial problem. We will only say now—we shall return to the question later and deal with it at length—that we are most anxious that the matter should be approached with the utmost caution and good sense. We admit that the Transvaal must bear a portion of the cost of the war, but we are most anxious that its contribution should not be of a kind (1) that will interfere with the rapid development of the country—for from such rapid development will come the cure of the political evils—nor (2) that will take a form that can in after years be regarded or represented as a tribute. The best thing for South Africa would be that the mineral resources of the Transvaal should be developed as quickly as possible, and that the face of the country should be changed by the making of roads and railways and irrigation dams. Therefore, though taxation of the gold mines there must be, we do not

desire to see it heavy enough to prevent the working of the inferior ores. Thus, again, we do not want to see the proportion of the product of taxation taken to pay for the war so large as to prevent the Government of the new Colonies spending largely on opening up and developing the country by means of communication and other useful public works. As may be imagined, we have no special desire to favour the gold mines, but we do not, because a certain prejudice—possibly well founded—exists in regard to the promoters of gold mine companies, wish to see the greater interests of South Africa and of the Empire suffer. We would rather that Britain now, as so often in the past, bore more than her fair share of the burden of Empire than that the new Colonies should be in the least crippled. And after all, even from an economic point of view, England will benefit more by a flourishing Transvaal than by a heavy war contribution. What we must think of is rather how to make the new Colonies prosper than how to get our absolute fiscal rights. But fortunately there are means of recouping ourselves without either crippling the new Colonies or levying what might be represented as a tribute,—a thing foreign to all our Imperial traditions. The Transvaal Government was possessed of a great deal of very valuable property not dependent on taxation. This property we may very rightly take and realise in order to pay a portion of the cost of the war. For example, there are the State rights in the Netherlands Railway, the State lands, and certain valuable mineral rights not yet parted with. However, we do not wish to go into these details now, but merely to state the principle that care must be taken not to handicap the Government of the new Colonies in the work of developing their trust, and also that when providing for that portion of the cost of the war held to be equitably placed on the Transvaal, the chief aim should be to place it as far as possible, not on taxation, but on the realisable property of the State.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN CHINA.

THERE is one point in the politics of to-day upon which we fail to understand the English people. They obviously take no interest in their position in China. No one ever refers to it in conversation; the journals, though their proprietors spend thousands in telegrams, most of them deceptive, scarcely discuss the "operations"; and the House of Commons, though it voted three millions for expenses, refused twice over to debate upon the subject. The people either cannot conceive of China as anything but a place where men with almond eyes live in willow-pattern scenery, or they are bored by the subject till they refuse, unconsciously, to consider it further. Yet this country has in China, and is itself paying for, an army of nearly twenty thousand men; three Great Powers—Russia, Germany, and America—are watching our action there with intent eyes in which there is sometimes a gleam of suspicion; and the position itself is full of dangers which it is foolish to describe as merely diplomatic. We are not out of the military trouble yet. There is a considerable army of Indians and Germans in Pekin and the province of Chi-li, supported by another army of Japanese, but this army is dependent on supplies forwarded over a single line of railway, for the rivers and canals are frozen, and food in the province shows signs of failing to a dangerous degree. The Allies, in fact, are keeping Pekin alive by doles of rice. The population, which has been looted, harried, and slaughtered with a recklessness unusual in modern warfare, must be intensely hostile, and according to little-noticed telegrams considerable Chinese forces are hovering in the neighbourhood of Pekin, eager, no doubt, to take advantage of the winter, or any failure of supplies. There is no evidence that the fierce Empress is not raising further troops in the more martial provinces, and this evidence that she is, that Tung, her best general, who "controls the Court," has betaken himself to Kansu, where he is all-powerful, nominally as an exile, but really, it may well be suspected, to raise more men among the fighting tribes of the West. He has cleared out the arsenals, it is said, in order to arm his new recruits. "Controlling" generals do not go into exile just when they are strongest, nor are they sent as a punishment to provinces where their authority is absolute. We see much evidence that the Empress, while using the feeble Emperor's name in illusory negotiations,

is straining every nerve to defeat the foreigner, and intends in winter to make a final effort on Pekin, which she may supplement, as Sir Robert Hart hinted, by another rising of volunteers against the detested intruders extending throughout the Empire. People here fancy that Southern and Central China are safe, and do not see that the Viceroy in the Centre are forwarding supplies to Sian, and in the South are trying to maintain their authority by incessant executions, which the local Europeans applaud as evidences of "vigour" without in the least knowing who the persons executed are. We predicted months before the explosion that if the old whale died it would be after a most dangerous flurry, and we do not believe that the harpoons have gone deep yet. If the Empress succeeds she will gratify her vengeance to the full, and if she fails what has she to fear? It is quite comfortable in Sian, and there are a dozen Sians in China from any of which the Chinese Semiramis can watch Count von Waldersee killing "Boxers" and villagers with perfect indifference and a certainty that he is binding all who are not killed closer to the throne. What does she care if, in pursuance of her policy, a million mice out of three hundred millions cease to gnaw their grain?

We repeat the military danger is not at an end, and the negotiations so far are purely delusive. The very preliminaries are hardly arranged, and out of them the Empress has already cut the only two important clauses, the execution of the guilty nobles and the immediate indemnity. The former is gone, avowedly, and the latter cannot be exacted in the teeth of protests from America and Russia that it is unjust. The remaining clauses are either precautions quite useless if the Court remains at Sian, or mere promises only to be fulfilled under threat of a second "concerted" war, which Europe will not undertake. It is now asserted—we dare say falsely, for the Americans deny it—that the demands contained in the preliminaries of a treaty are to be declared "irrevocable," and that Pekin and Chi-li are to be retained until they are conceded. But is anything in this world irrevocable when circumstances demand a revocation? and what is the good of occupying or devastating Cathness if you cannot march south, and if all the rest of Britain is determined not to yield? There is the root of the error our countrymen are committing. They fancy this and fancy that, and hope this and hope that, and refuse to see that the Empress is and will remain absolute while her people are pleased with her, and that they are pleased by her effort to expel the barbarians. They are a disorganised people, unused to battle, but that does not make them hostile to the Empress, or averse to sending rice and silver to Sian instead of Pekin. Suppose we do stop in Pekin for three years, thereby risking many troubles and many doubts in India, which is used to quick campaigns, as to whether the Chinese are not too strong for us, what shall we have gained? Nothing at all, except the deadly hostility of Northern China, which always considered us a pack of barbarians, ignorant of the Confucian maxims and the decencies of life, and is now quite sure of it. We are not going, we presume, to keep Northern China for ever, or to consent to its being kept by the German Emperor, who, for his part, begins to think of the condition of his Treasury, and the effect which further demands for money may have upon his subjects and their representatives. The position we have assumed is, in short, a wearisome, a costly, and apparently a fruitless one.

What, then, ought to be the alternative? We might reply that this is the business of the Ministry, but we will be perfectly frank, and acknowledge that we have no more idea of an alternative than Lord Salisbury has, or the German Emperor, both of whom are beating time in the hope of some loophole of escape, possibly a treaty, which, though utterly worthless, they may be able to describe as creditable to their diplomatic ingenuity. It will be creditable in one way, for it seemed at first to be beyond the wit of man to draw up an agreement with which both parties could even make believe to be contented, and that has apparently been accomplished. Still, it will only be make-believe, and it is that which we wish our countrymen to see. They have not been defeated in China; they are not victorious in China; they are simply embedded in a quagmire of lies, promises, and appearances, out of which, when they emerge,

as we presume they will emerge before A.D. 1910, they will find that they have gained nothing, that China is less afraid of Europe than she was before, that the people are much more hostile to the foreigner, and that trade for the future must be conducted under the shadow of the great fear that a second massacre is immediately at hand. That is not a pleasant position, or one consistent with the pretension of Europe to control three continents, but there is no visible way of avoiding it either by advance or by retreat. The Allies ought either to have chosen a single Power as their mandatory, or to have refused from the first to recognise the Empress-Regent, trusting that her internal enemies would then pluck up sufficient courage to depose her. It is too late for that now, and we can only go on waiting, not indeed for victory, which will not come, but for such a loosening of the bog that we can get our feet out, thankful only to have lost some millions and a few valuable lives. The figures on the willow-pattern plate have been dancing a dance of contempt, and we are greatly offended; but as we can neither erase the figures nor break the plate, we must just lay it gently down and swear among ourselves that the figures never danced. We shall not hear them chuckle, though our unhappy missionaries will, and shudder.

LORD HARDWICKE AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

WE cannot rest satisfied with Lord Salisbury's decision that Lord Hardwicke may remain a member of the Stock Exchange and a sleeping partner in a firm of stockbrokers while a Minister of the Crown. Nor do we believe that the country will ultimately be content to accept that decision as embodying the true principle in regard to the question of public office and private interests and employments. But before we deal with the problem as a whole we desire to state in the strongest possible way that we hold no blame to attach to Lord Hardwicke. He seems to us to have behaved in the most honourable and straightforward way throughout. When he was offered the important post of Under-Secretary of State for India which he now holds, he most properly explained his exact position in regard to the Stock Exchange to the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister, in effect, declared that there was no need for Lord Hardwicke to cease to be a member of the Stock Exchange, or completely to sever his connection with the firm of stockbrokers in which he was an active and remains a sleeping partner; and that declaration, in our opinion, must be held to have made it perfectly legitimate for Lord Hardwicke to accept office. He is a young man and possessed of no special knowledge of or experience in the political world, and he could not be expected to set up an opinion contrary to that of Lord Salisbury. He may well be excused, even by those who most regret the precedent of his appointment, if he argued:—"It is not for me to teach the Prime Minister on a matter of this kind. If he, the most trusted of public servants and the wisest statesman of the age, considers that I have a right to remain a member of the Stock Exchange and a member of my old firm, my course is obviously quite clear." In the same way we desire to make it absolutely clear that we do not hold that a connection with the Stock Exchange ought to be considered incompatible with high political office because we in any way share the ridiculous notion that there is something *per se* mean or discreditable about the professions carried on on the Stock Exchange. Needless to say, we do not regard a stockbroker or stockjobber as a kind of leper. Members of the Stock Exchange are, of course, just as honourable as other men, and there is nothing in their profession to render them in the least degree suspect.

We want to avoid any connection, or appearance of connection, between holders of political office and the Stock Exchange, not because the profession is an unworthy one, but simply because it happens to be a profession in which political information is of such special importance, and in which knowledge in regard to the action of Governments is most eagerly desired. The obtaining of knowledge a day, or even a few hours, before the rest of the world may mean on the Stock Exchange opportunities for acquiring wealth on the largest scale and in the most rapid manner.

So keen are the members of the Stock Exchange for news, and so suspicious as to early information, that the writer of a letter to the *Times* suggests that people would probably be suspicious of dealing with the firm in which Lord Hardwicke is a sleeping partner for fear that they had obtained some secret information. It is true that the writer of the letter to the *Times* uses this fact as an argument to show that a firm of stockjobbers would not be helped, but injured, by any supposed connection with Government; but it seems to us to prove rather the keen atmosphere of suspicion which prevails in the Stock Exchange. It is unnecessary, however, to dwell upon the evils of any direct connection between Government and the Stock Exchange. They are as much admitted by those who agree with Lord Salisbury that Lord Hardwicke's appointment is justifiable as by those who take the other view. The only difference is that Lord Salisbury and those who agree with him declare that there is no danger of any corruption arising because a Minister of the Crown remains a member of the Stock Exchange and a sleeping partner in a firm of jobbers. Lord Hardwicke, they point out, can be trusted not to make use of his political position to help himself or his firm, and therefore there is no need for him to sever his connection with the Stock Exchange if he accepts office. Now we entirely agree that Lord Hardwicke is to be trusted to act as an honourable man, but that is, we submit, by no means the final word on the question. Lord Hardwicke would no doubt never take advantage of his position, and would never be so indiscreet as to let other people do so, but how can we be sure that in time to come there will not be some less scrupulous or less careful Minister? Some people think that because solicitors as a whole are a highly honourable body of men, no precautions ought to be taken in regard to their possible dishonesty, but all prudent men of the world admit that a knowledge of the honourable character of solicitors generally does not absolve a wise man from taking all reasonable precautions against dishonesty. The fact that Lord Hardwicke and his firm of stockjobbers are honourable people does not, in fact, in the least affect the general argument. Equally futile, it seems to us, is the plea that if a man wanted to make an improper use of his knowledge he could do so just as well after he had ceased to have any direct connection with the Stock Exchange as before. That argument strikes at the heart of all precautionary measures. In a sense it is true, but it is one that the world cannot act upon in practice. The clerks of stockbrokers and bankers and of great City houses in general are, we believe, forbidden to speculate in the Stock Market, but nobody proposes to do away with the prohibition because it can be secretly evaded. You must do what you can, even though you may not be able to ensure complete success. You must stop as many holes as possible, even though you cannot stop all. We must remember also that if in the future any danger were to arise from a relaxation of the rules in regard to a connection between the Stock Exchange and the Government, it would probably come, not in the simple and melodramatic shape of a great speculation made on secret news by a Minister, but rather through a certain vague and indefinite assistance and half-imparted advice given not in exchange for money down, but in order to lay important persons on 'Change under an obligation, or to do them a good turn which might be reciprocated later. The temptation to make use of an official position comes in ways of this kind and not directly. But that being so, who can doubt that the more completely the severance of a Minister from all connection with the Stock Exchange is prescribed by the etiquette of political life, the better for our public life? Men are not logical machines, but are very easily influenced by what may in theory seem rather arbitrary standards of conduct. If it is laid down strictly that when a man takes political office he must sever all connection with the Stock Exchange, we may be sure the rule will greatly help him to shut his ears to all suggestions as to transactions of the kind that are described as "perfectly innocent *per se*," or as "only capable of misconstruction by malignity or pedantry."

That a precedent should be made for holding office while retaining a dormant connection with the Stock Exchange is bad, but it is, in our opinion, particularly bad that this precedent should have been created at the India Office.

The Indian Administration, from the Governor-General down to the youngest civilian, is governed by very strict rules designed to prevent those who conduct the government of India from being able to make any use of their official position in order to obtain private gain. The general result of these rules has been excellent, though taken in detail they are often galling to individuals and appear pedantically severe. Under them it is inconceivable that a Member of Council could remain a sleeping partner in a firm of Calcutta stockjobbers. But it must be remembered that Lord Hardwicke as Under-Secretary of State may have to take his share in enforcing this very strict code,—a code which sometimes seems harsh, but which nevertheless could not be relaxed without the gravest possible risks. Again, the Indian Government is very largely concerned with Stock Exchange transactions,—as a rule far more so than the Home Government. Its railway policy, its currency problems, and the nature of its public Debt compel it to come very frequently into contact with the Stock Exchange, and thus may give cause for suspicions which, though entirely unfounded, may yet be made to appear serious. And remember that the inhabitants of India are suspicious in a high degree, and that the creation of an atmosphere of suspicion is one of the commonest artifices of native agitators. We are aware that we shall be told that suspicion does not matter, and that it should be treated with disdain and not encouraged by any anxiety to avoid it. We do not agree. We hold that suspicion is a thing to be got rid of by all reasonable means. The integrity of the public service is, in our belief, so precious that it is essential not only to provide against actual corruption at the moment, but also against the possibility of corruption growing up in the future and against any plausible ground being given for suspicion. The way to stop an atmosphere of suspicion growing up is not to encourage a blind and reckless trustfulness, not merely in known men, but in all future holders of office, but instead to have an etiquette as regards high political office which shall banish as far as possible the opportunities and temptations of misconduct.

We have one more word to say. Lord Salisbury in his speech argued that if too many restrictions were laid down as to the holding of office we should be unable to fill the offices in the Government. We agree if the restrictions were unreasonable or pedantic, but they can easily be prevented being either. Take for example the case of Lord Hardwicke. If there had been a statute compelling the resignation of membership of the Stock Exchange on the acceptance of office, it would no doubt have excluded Lord Hardwicke, but he is probably the only man in the House of Lords it would have excluded. No reasonable person can want for a moment to make rules which would exclude members of ordinary commercial firms from the Government, or to force them to resign all connection with their businesses if they accept office. All we would do would be to say (1) that Ministers must cease to hold directorships while in office; (2) that they must cease to be active partners in ordinary commercial houses while they hold office; and (3) that in the case of members of the Stock Exchange, or of firms contracting with or having large dealings with Government, they must on taking office sever their connection entirely with such businesses. In the case of Ministers holding shares in companies doing business directly and on a large scale with Government, we hold, further, that they should sell their shares. It is said that when Lord Lansdowne became Secretary of State for War he sold his shares in Armstrong's, thus setting a most excellent example. No doubt in this matter it is difficult to draw any very hard-and-fast line, but the public has a right to demand that in cases of doubt Ministers should err on the side of caution. The question in detail is largely one of delicacy. Ministers should feel proud and anxious to show that their service of the State could not by any possibility be inspired or influenced by selfish aims. No doubt in order to exact this high standard Ministers should be well paid. We would have no Cabinet Minister paid less than £5,000 a year, and no member of the Ministry less than £2,500. That the country would object to the necessary additions to present salaries we do not believe for a moment. Any Government which had the courage to make such a proposal would be rewarded by the ready assent of the country.

We must exact the highest standard for our public servants, but we must also pay them well. In any case, let the public insist on refusing to listen to the absurd plea that in demanding great precautions against the possibilities of corruption they are doubting the honour of their public men and degrading our public life. That is sheer nonsense. When the butler has been careless about the wine or the silver, and his master takes him to task and insists upon proper regulations, the butler is, no doubt, very apt to declare in a rage that he is being charged with theft, or, at any rate, to ask "whether he is suspected." The wise master, of course, refuses for an instant to treat the matter on that footing. His reply is: "I do not doubt your honesty, and I do not suspect you of being a thief, but I do intend to have my cellar and my plate-closet put under proper rules,—rules which would prevent harm arising if, instead of having an honest butler, I should some day have the misfortune to have a dishonest one."

THE AMNESTY DEBATE.

THE Dreyfus affair has served many purposes in its day, but there is one in particular which it seems destined to go on serving till the end of time. It is to be a standing puzzle to Englishmen. They began by thinking that they understood all about it. They saw, on the one side, an innocent man unjustly condemned and sentenced; on the other, a group of highly placed officials bent on preventing his rehabilitation as the only means of averting their own defeat and punishment. But as the case dragged on through all its successive stages, it became more and more evident that this simple theory did not account for all the facts. It explained the verdict of the first Court-Martial; it explained the judgment of the Court of Cassation. But it did not explain the verdict of the second Court-Martial, nor the action of the present Cabinet in determining to stop all further investigation into the merits of the case. If the parties confronting one another were simply an innocent prisoner and his guilty accusers, how was it that each fresh step in the affair showed France divided more sharply into two opposing camps, and the Government more profoundly impressed with the need of caution in dealing with it? And so by degrees even Englishmen have come to see that there is more in the situation than they at first supposed, and that they have really left out of account two material circumstances,—an unsuspected resemblance, and an equally unsuspected difference, between English and French habits of thought. They have forgotten that the majority, or at all events a very large minority, of non-political Frenchmen are quite as unwilling to think ill of persons in high official position as Englishmen are. Where the persons in question are Generals and Ministers of War this unwillingness is greatly increased. During the last thirty years French institutions have had a very rough time, and on the whole the Army has come best through the ordeal. It is the one institution that still commands general respect; for the Church is hated as well as loved, while the Government excites only a languid affection in any but official breasts. The Dreyfus case revealed an unexpected solidarity in the French Army,—a tendency to move all together, if it moves at all, and a consequent readiness to accept without inquiry the opinions of its chiefs. Consequently France was confronted by two facts, the fact that almost all the chiefs of the Army seemed convinced of Dreyfus's guilt, and the fact that the Army as a whole was of the same mind as its chiefs. To get at anything like this state of things in England we must imagine two or three Secretaries of State, the Commander-in-Chief, and most of the holders of conspicuous Staff appointments pledging their honour again and again to the verdict of a Court-Martial, and the whole Army—increased to five times its present size and a hundred times its present weight in the country—taking the same view. Might not that produce a very sharp division in English opinion?

This is the argument from resemblance as regards the two countries, and it is greatly strengthened by the argument from difference. Frenchmen and Englishmen approach the question of the guilt or innocence of an accused person from nearly opposite standpoints. The whole course of criminal procedure in the one country starts from the assumption of a prisoner's guilt; in the

other from the assumption of his innocence. In England the evidence may be very much against a man; it may even be enough to create something like a moral certainty that he is guilty; and yet we still go on asking ourselves, Has he been *proved* guilty? If he has not, we accept his acquittal with perfect composure, or, at most, with a regretful admission that some miscarriages of justice there must be if innocence is to be adequately protected. In France, we imagine, people would be very much more shocked at the escape of a man who, if he had his deserts, would have been condemned. It is obvious that this way of looking at an acquittal must predispose men to pass over flaws in the process by which the truth has been reached, provided that they are satisfied that it has been reached. Probably, if a hundred Englishmen and a hundred Frenchmen had been told, before ever the Dreyfus case was heard of, that a prisoner had been convicted on evidence not produced in Court, the instinct of the one would have been to ask if the counsel for the defence had had full opportunities of cross-examination, and of the other to ask whether the effect of the new matter was to establish the prisoner's guilt. The circumstance that the Judges in the first Court-Martial arrived at their conclusion on evidence communicated to them, and to them only, did not shock Frenchmen as it shocked us. They recognised, as we should, that in a matter of this delicate kind it may have been impossible to produce all the facts necessary to sustain a conviction in a public Court; but they argued, as we should not, that in such a case it was better that a guilty man should be condemned by an irregular process than that he should escape in deference to exaggerated scruples about procedure.

These are some of the considerations which account for the fact, which at first seems so unintelligible, that Frenchmen are divided upon the Dreyfus case in a degree which might easily land the country in civil war. When once this state of things is realised all that has happened about the amnesty follows quite naturally. To the Government it is a matter of life or death to get the question out of the way. So long as it can be raised at any moment either in Parliament or in the Law Courts, the danger of an explosion is constant and imminent. On each side strong convictions are pitted against one another. The men who hold that Dreyfus is the victim of a singularly base conspiracy are eager to bring the authors of that conspiracy to justice. The men who hold that the Army, in the persons of its chiefs, has been subjected to foully false accusations are eager to reopen proceedings which, as they hold, can only end in the rehabilitation of the men against whom these unjust charges are levelled. How can any Government allow such an issue as this to be fought out? Such a conflict could only end in open warfare, followed by the disastrous defeat of one combatant or the exhaustion of both. M. Waldeck-Rousseau is to be neither praised nor blamed for what he has done, since he could have done nothing else. As M. Cornély says in the *Figaro*, if the Opposition were called on to form a Cabinet to-morrow, their first act must be to ask Parliament for an amnesty for all concerned in the Dreyfus case. It is the indispensable condition of peaceful life for Frenchmen, and as such no Government can afford to neglect it. But the attitude of the opponents of the Government is quite as intelligible. An amnesty is almost equally odious to the friends and to the enemies of Dreyfus. To the one it means the escape, untried and unpunished, of General Mercier and his colleagues in crime. To the other it means the triumph of the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet. But the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet is in their eyes the creation of certain Semitic capitalists. Their object was to ensure the ultimate immunity of an offender who owes his escape from punishment, though not from conviction, to a trumpety informality in the original procedure, and to this miserable intrigue M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his colleagues have lent themselves.

It was clearly difficult to keep these divergent forces in line. But a common enemy, like adversity, brings together men who would naturally remain apart, and for a moment it looked as if the amendment moved on Monday by M. Vazeille would have this effect. M. Vazeille is a Socialist and a "Dreyfusard," and he is indignant that the Government Bill should shelter General Mercier. To avert this result he proposed to exclude forgery from the list of offences

included in the amnesty. Unfortunately, as M. Waldeck-Rousseau showed, this virtually allowed the whole "affair" to be reopened, and against this the Government had from the first set its face. But to reopen the whole question is precisely what the Nationalist and Monarchical Opposition desire. They are quite as keen upon this point as M. Vazeille himself, though from wholly different motives. Consequently, they had no difficulty in promising to support the amendment. The more clearly M. Waldeck-Rousseau showed that it would knock the bottom out of the Bill, and so entail his resignation, the plainer the path of the Nationalists became. When to these and their momentary allies, the Radicals and Socialists, were added the Moderate Republicans who dislike the present Cabinet and distrust its ecclesiastical policy, the overthrow of the Government seemed quite on the cards. It was a pretty scheme, but it proved easier in conception than in execution. When the division came each of the sections we have enumerated contributed its quota of abstentions, and the crucial clause of the amendment was rejected by 341 votes to 90. The Radicals may not love M. Waldeck-Rousseau, but he has offered them a very large instalment of their favourite policy in the shape of the Associations Bill, and they would certainly be losers by his fall. The Republicans who follow M. Méline are willing enough to take office, but there are obvious objections to doing this with the burden of the Dreyfus case once more on their backs. Thus only the Nationalists remained, and even they probably did not bring their full strength to the division. The Amnesty Bill is safe, and the next point of interest will be to note how much of the Associations Bill, which is the price M. Waldeck-Rousseau has offered for the Radical vote, will be forthcoming when the day of payment comes.

MR. BRYCE ON BRITISH IDEALS.

WHEN Mr. Bryce speaks as historian he is always worthy of study. He observes patiently, he thinks in a large way because he knows much, and he endeavours almost painfully to see the actual facts. We should not, for example, dispute with him seriously as to any detail in the remarkable contrast that he drew in his speech of Friday week delivered before the School of Economics on the contrast between the ideals of 1850 and those of 1900. We should not indeed admit, as he does, that the belief that "the people" was always right was "a beautiful and winning belief," for we hold that the mass of mankind may err just as a King may or a class, and from their inevitable ignorance are much more likely to do so. The worship of humanity, therefore, seems to us something of a sycophantic as well as a baseless worship. Still, we agree fully with Mr. Bryce that it prevailed in strength in 1850, and produced some pleasant dreams which, with the belief, have died away, to the loss of some happiness among thinking men. Is not the reason for that, however, a fuller experience, which has produced its natural consequence, disillusion? The people have been seen closer, and have appeared, therefore, in colours more nearly true, sometimes good, sometimes bad, usually selfish, always prejudiced, and as capable of violence as the Kings. We see little in this change to deprecate, for it is but a result of the painful teaching of experience. It is true that Republicanism was in the air in 1850, and has now almost ceased to be discussed; but has that change arisen from any mental modification, or from a clear perception, born of the history of the half-century, that Republicanism is consistent with immense contempt for human rights, with much sordid corruption, with rushes of foolish spite? The Southern slaveholders were, as regarded all white men, genuine Republicans, yet died in defence of slavery; the French were Republicans when they pardoned the Panama frauds and sentenced Dreyfus for the second time in the teeth of evidence; the Monarchies do not hate England for her prosperity more than the Republics do. England, as regards Republics, is not changed, but disillusioned. She admits still, as we do, that the Republic is the ideal organisation of government for a people which is worthy of it, and only perceives more clearly than of old that no people is worthy of it—yet. It is quite true, as Mr. Bryce says, that there was in 1850 a trust in the doctrine

of *laissez faire* which has almost disappeared, but that is because it has been discovered that law is as valuable as liberty, and may be applied to other ends than the repression of crime. Freedom is still the Englishman's ideal, but he has discovered by experience that law can promote education, and therefore suffers the constable to catch the truant. It is true that the belief in the Press as "a source of wisdom" is much less; but, then, in 1850 the world had not seen the Press of whole nations preaching up Anti-Semitism, or urging that England was the universal enemy because she was so rich. As to the idea of nationality, we doubt if it ever was quite so deep in English minds as Mr. Bryce assumes. England wished to free Greeks and Italians because, from the method of our education, both appealed strongly to British sympathies; but in 1855 England fought for Turkey, the great oppressor of nationalities, and her sympathy for Poland was from the first very much like antagonism to Russia. The struggle with Ireland has only deepened a doubt which was always there, the doubt whether, if nations were wise, they could not maintain without loss or suffering a useful political unity. Certainly that was the feeling when seventeen years later, but still thirty-three years ago, the Canadas were united; and the successful result of that experiment has helped to eradicate the notion, never quite clear, that separateness is an essential condition of happy or free nationality. And lastly, as to the great change of all, the growth of the material, as opposed to the moral, element in national ideals, has that not arisen, in part at least, from a swerve in the moral ideal towards the philanthropic side of Christianity as opposed to the ascetic side, towards an ideal time in which, owing to the self-denying virtue of the rich, the poor shall always be content? Nobody denies that this has happened, and the substitution of one lofty ideal for another is not identical with the suppression of ideals in the pursuit of gain. It seems to us that the total change which has occurred has not been so much a degradation as a disenchantment, such as falls upon us all when we grow old, and learn to recognise that there are no panaceas, no elixirs of life in politics any more than in medicine, that improvement is always slow, and that health depends first of all on some inherent or inherited qualities in the body which physicians, however able or however devoted, cannot bestow. England, we think, has grown in the half-century a little more experienced, a little more doubtful of Utopias, a little more thoughtful about money,—in short, a little older. We forget too often that the ideals of the educated are not the ideals of the ignorant, and that events educate us all faster than words can ever do.

Mr. Bryce is eager, we gather—we are relying on an over-condensed report in the *Daily News*—that the belief in Utopia, the strong hope in a coming golden age, should not entirely die away, and he is, we suppose, in the right. Without hope and without youthfulness a nation is in a bad way, and where there are youthfulness and hope there will also be dreams which, when they become concrete, are dreams of Utopia. Even the Apostles, who had a certainty which we have all partly lost, had to keep up their energy with visions of the immediate coming and the personal reign. The Utopia of the moment, to take a practical illustration, is called the rehousing of the people,—that is, the hope that every family in these islands will have a sufficiently comfortable and civilised dwelling even if it cannot pay for it. We all know that is a Utopia, that the people are not yet civilised enough to demand it, and that if they were they could not get it without a dead heave in the wages of the half-skilled, and a great change in the willingness to sacrifice all other luxuries for the sake of obtaining a decent dwelling. Suppose, however, we give up that Utopia. Instantly the thousands of men who are willing now to make sacrifices to secure "better homes for the poor" would give up their effort, landlords would charge what they pleased, and from the increased reluctance to make repairs there would be a distinct falling back in the housing of the people. The thing happens every day in "close" villages which have fallen, through a death or bankruptcy, into harder hands. Clearly hope, even visionary hope, is a good influence here, and Mr. Bryce is substantially right. And yet it is difficult not to grow impatient with him, not to doubt whether self-deception can ever be beneficial, not to ask whether, if we pressed forward like sensible men, seeking only the

attainable, we should not in the end accomplish more. Is it worth while, if we adhere to our illustrative case, to sing psalms because some Council or benevolent millionaire houses two or three thousand families, and thereby thickens the congestion by attracting into the packed city a new swarm of immigrants? We declare that we cannot answer the question, for while our reason gives one answer, our inner conviction gives the other. Only this we can say for certain, and it is as true of rehousing as of everything else,—the races that never dream of Utopias are Chinese races, and ultimately rot.

JEWS AND MAHOMMEDANS.

IT is very difficult, at least for observers who are outside their community, to understand the precise relation between Jews and Mahommedans. Though the latter in some places persecute them horribly, as, for instance, in Morocco, where the life of a Jew, unless he is protected by a European Consul, is hardly of more value than that of an animal, they are, we imagine, held to be nearer to the ruling caste in Mussulman countries, more like kinsfolk, than they are held in any Christian country, except perhaps England, where the distinction of creed and race is very often forgotten. This is due, we imagine, first of all to the fact that the Mussulman races which have borne rule have always been Asiatics, and have recognised in Jews that comity of Asia which is at least as strong as the bond which, when men of other colours assail them, binds the white peoples together for defence. A Jew and an Armenian are safe in many Asiatic bazaars where a European, if recognised as such, would owe his life to some personal or political protection. It was this comity perhaps rather than traditional history which induced the Persian Monarchs through so many ages to recognise the descendants of David as Princes of the Captivity, and leave to them a delegated authority as of Princes over their own people. There is something more, however, in the relation of Jews to Mahommedans, who, though regarding them as infidels, and sometimes as specially offensive infidels, still find it easier to form relations with them than with Europeans. Mahommed himself, we fancy, never quite knew whether he thought of them as a sacred people or as a people specially inimical to himself, and therefore to God. He certainly hoped at one time for their support, and was even inclined to make of Jerusalem the keblah, or sacred point, to which his followers should turn in prayer. He mixed Jewish legends with his own "revelations," and to this hour the only history of the world in which Mahommedans place any faith is a variant upon the history in the Old Testament. The Khalifs occasionally raised Jews to posts of great confidence, and in Spain under the Arab or Moorish dynasties they were allowed to claim a position almost of equality. They were sometimes nobles, so far as there can be nobles under a Mussulman dynasty, they filled the professions, and it is still doubtful whether most of the high civilisation of Granada and Seville might not be fairly ascribed to Jewish intelligence and freedom from scruple in investigation. Even now, though the Turk will tolerate no equal near him, and though the Jew, who is essentially Arab, is as far divided in blood from the Turk, who is essentially a Mongol, as the European is, the Jew sometimes obtains in Turkey a very remarkable position. He is said to rule in Salonica, for instance, in a way which would not be tolerated in the case of any Christian sect; and to use his curious undefined influence with the officials—which does not wholly depend on bribery—greatly to his own commercial advantage. The Mussulman feeling, in fact, towards the Jew appears to resemble closely that of a European gentleman towards a kinsman who is regarded as a *mauvais sujet* to be avoided and kept down, or, if necessary, to be given up to the authorities, but, nevertheless, to be reluctantly acknowledged to be a kinsman. The feeling towards him may be as bitter as in any Continental country, but it is differentiated by the fact that the contempt is not complete. A curious instance of this has just come to our knowledge. The present writer ought to have heard of it long ago, but there are strange lacunæ in the knowledge of all men, even upon subjects which intensely interest them. It is a proclamation issued by Abdurrahman Khan, the present Ameer of Afghanistan, in 1882, addressed to his entire people, and, we believe, posted up in Herat. In this singular paper the Ameer

treats the identity of the Afghan tribes and the children of Israel as a fact known and admitted, narrates the history of the latter up to the Captivity with fair accuracy, and then with one superb jump accounts for their presence in Afghanistan by an emigration from Arabia to "Ghour," where, by the mercy of Allah, they were converted to the true faith. In it the Amcer speaks of "the Covenant of God made with your ancestors," and holds his people because of that Covenant and their common ancestry bound to abstain from their incessant, and to him most annoying, internal quarrels. It is simply impossible that such a proclamation could have been issued to any people who despised the lineage attributed to them, and we may, we think, assume it to be a fact that Afghans, whether or no they fully believe in their legendary descent from the children of Israel, are proud rather than otherwise of the legend. There is nothing, therefore, inherently antipathetic between the Jews and the Mussulmans, and we are driven to reflect, as we have often been driven before, whether the author of "Daniel Deronda" may not have been better inspired than some of her critics, whether, that is, the Jew may not some day turn out to be the necessary link between the West and the East. It is rather an important question, for West and East are being driven together as by supernatural machinery, and begin to feel their inability to understand each other as an immediate political and social impediment. The Jews as a race understand both, and though they probably dislike both, having the gravest of all reasons, still there is a sympathy of dislike as well as of love, and it often gives keen insight. After all, the Book of Job is probably the one poem in the world the inner meaning and beauty of which is as patent to Asiatics as to Europeans. We can personally testify that Asiatics understand every word of Bunyan's "Holy War," and Bunyan was penetrated through and through with thoughts which he derived from Hebrews.

We rather wonder, all the more because, of course, we shall never know, how much there is in the Afghan legend of their descent from the Patriarchs. It seems most probable that they simply imagined it, as the Romans, and after them the English of Milton's time, imagined their descent from Trojans, the fancy in all cases being born of a wish for relation to a people celebrated in the literature they most admired. A good many of us think ourselves of Norman descent on equally fanciful grounds. Descent through the main stock of Israel is most improbable, if only because the race, once annealed by the Babylonian captivity, has shown an incapacity for wholesale conversion to any creed hardly to be paralleled in history. The sword has failed, as well as the scimitar, to make them either Christians or Mussulmans. The Ten Tribes were never lost as a body, but became, as many Jews believe, the ancestors of the Jews who wandered into Eastern Europe, and produced the modern Ashkenazim, and will no more be found in Afghanistan than in America. But is it quite impossible that the Afghan descent is from Esau, that an Arab tribe, expelled by some internal commotion, wandered East from Arabia, and settled as conquerors in Afghanistan? They may have carried with them families of Jewish Arabs, such as Mahommed declared war on, and have crossed their blood with some half-Persian, half-aboriginal tribe. That is what Afghans look like, their best families retaining, moreover, even a deeper trace of the conquering blood. The present writer has a photograph of Shere Ali which might be the photograph of any great Arab Sheikh, and in its mournful, or rather melancholic, grandeur suggests Saul. The question is not of much importance, but the wanderings of the great races always excite historic curiosity, and it is as interesting to inquire into the source of Arab features in Afghanistan, as into the whiteness of some tribes in the Atlas, or into that greatest puzzle of all, the true origin of the semi-civilised tribes of native America. Proof could only come from a revelation which we shall not get, but strange little gleams of light dart out now and then, and though usually only will-o'-the-wisps, it is hard not to be beguiled by them into momentary pursuit.

UNIVERSITIES AND FREEDOM OF TEACHING.

UPWARDS of two years ago America was scandalised by the dismissal of Dr. E. B. Andrewes from the Presidency of Brown University, Rhode Island, because, it was

alleged, of the position he took up relative to the silver question. We drew attention at the time to the fact, and pleaded for entire freedom of teaching inside a University, so long as no incompetence on the part of the teacher was alleged. We have now again to chronicle what seems to be a similar case in the Leland Stanford University in California, which has occupied the attention of many of the American newspapers. Professor Ross, who held a chair in Sociology at that institution, has been compelled to give it up, and the ground taken against him seems to be the same,—viz., that he has taught doctrines to the students which are not approved by those who have endowed the University, or at least those who now keep it going. Leland Stanford University was founded by the late Senator Stanford, a "multi-millionaire," a great railway magnate, and a member of the American Senate. It was endowed with millions and became the foremost seat of learning on the Pacific coast. Senator Stanford, at his death, appears to have left the ultimate governing authority of the University in the hands of his widow, and it is she who is formally responsible for the dismissal of Professor Ross. There are numerous claims and counter-claims as to his compulsory dismissal, but the gravamen of the charges alleged against him is that he has attacked, on ethical and economic grounds, the great monopolies, particularly the railway monopoly, flourishing in California.

We have not the least intention of entering into the question as to what the State of California or its cities and towns should do as regards their railways, or any other form of economic monopoly which may obtain within their borders. So far as we are concerned Professor Ross, may conceivably be as wrong in his economic ideas as many persons believed Dr. Andrewes to have been in relation to the currency problem. The error or correctness of particular ideas is not the question; what we and all who believe in the true idea of a University are concerned in is the maintenance of absolute freedom of teaching, subject only, as we have said, to the general competence of the teacher. If either Dr. Andrewes or Professor Ross was incompetent, *cadit quæstio*; there is no more to be said. But this is not suggested or alleged; the point is that doctrine was said to be taught displeasing to the moneyed power which had endowed either University. Now we hold that any such claim to control teaching is entirely fatal to the very idea of a University. That idea (though he was not dealing primarily with Universities) has been stated for all time by Milton in the "Areopagitica": truth and error are to wrestle with the implicit conviction that the inherent might of truth is such that it can never ultimately be defeated. A University which is not built upon that foundation is not worth having.

The question is a serious one for America in view of the huge endowments given by rich men to so many learned institutions. We in England, who have to send round begging letters in behalf of our old seats of learning, and who have seen College incomes shrivel up to one-third of what they were a generation ago, have been tempted to envy some of the great American Universities on account of the millions which have fallen to them from the lavish hands of millionaires. Undoubtedly many distinct gains have accrued, and precisely in those things in which we are behind. The great development of science has entailed expenses undreamed of in the time when classics and mathematics and theology practically constituted the limits of an academic curriculum. To build great museums, galleries, observatories, laboratories, engineering and electrical workshops means an immense expenditure of money; and as compared with the chief American Universities, ours are somewhat behindhand in these things. In his recent work, "Essays, Scientific and Social," Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace describes the great museums at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in such a way as to move with envy the scientific student of the older Cambridge; while Huxley was amazed and delighted with the splendid Museum of Comparative Anatomy of which Yale University boasts. We may well suppose that it was largely to secure these great instruments of scientific research that American University authorities consented in so many cases to receive huge endowments from the wealthy men who command the resources of the great railways, banks, and industrial Trusts of the United States. We cannot suppose that it was dreamed of that endowment would

fetter the free communication of ideas. We have no doubt that in many cases it has not; but there seems to be little room for doubt, on the other hand, that some donations have involved loss of freedom, and that a certain commercial atmosphere now envelops some American Universities quite out of harmony with the essential academic idea. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes* might well be the exclamation of the true American scholar.

We have regretted the pinched financial condition of Oxford and Cambridge, but we do not hesitate to say that we would rather see those institutions poor than shackled, free than rich. We think it honourable and conducive to high intellectual life that a Tory Chancellor at Oxford should have helped to elect a Radical to the chair of Political Economy simply because he thought him the best man. It is particularly in this field that the pressure comes from the rich giver. He cares nothing as to what is taught in Sanskrit or logic or pure mathematics, for these subjects have no obvious relation to material interests. But political economy deals with capital, wages, rent, and therefore may, in its teaching and implications, affect his income. Now, either his income can be defended on rational social grounds or it cannot. If it can, what reason has he to fear a calm exposition of those grounds, not in an excited public meeting with its banal clap-trap, but in the silence of an academic lecture-room? If it cannot be so defended, he must not wonder if some irreverent persons suggest that his endowment is a kind of hush-money, and the professor whose salary he pays is a species of agent whose business is not the investigation of truth, but the defence of a vested interest and the postponement of social reform.

We do not say that it is the duty of a University to promote social reform directly; but it is its duty to promote truth with a singleness of purpose, in the doing of which it serves the general cause of mankind. Whether this, that, or the other social measure can or should be embodied in law is not a task for the consideration of a University. But the ground of truth and reason on which all law must rest is not only the business, it is the one supreme business of a University. To discover that ground it is essential that truth and error should, as Milton said, wrestle; and where can the mental wrestling-match be so fairly carried out as in a University? Had the vested economic interests controlled free teaching then, Adam Smith could never have taught the new economics at Glasgow; and if a few Trust millionaires are to have their way, economic truth cannot be reached in some at least of the American Universities. Again we say, let us rather have poverty and freedom than wealth and slavery. Look at the German Universities, which on small endowments have, in every field of human knowledge, done more for the extension of truth and culture during the last hundred years than probably all other academic institutions put together. Why? Because, politically hampered though Germany has been, her higher learning has been free. It would, indeed, be a sad thing were America, with her free political life, to permit any kind of intellectual tyranny to raise its head in her midst. "Colleges on bounteous Kings depend," wrote Dryden. Yes, but the King is outside and above special economic interests. That may not be equally true of the railway or Wall Street monarch.

EXILED AND "OUTLANDER" BIRDS.

WHEN the English army was in the Crimea, we suppose after Alma, the Irish regiments got into trouble for shooting at game when on the march. Bustards of great size and most excellent flavour were numerous, and the men excused themselves by pointing to the flocks of "fine ateable eagles" retreating before them. This agreeable anecdote of natural history on the battlefield is embedded in an interesting account, contributed by Lord Walsingham to the November number of the *Eastern Counties Magazine* (Jarrold and Sons, 10 Warwick Lane, E.C.), of an attempt on a large and practical scale to restore the bustards to their old home in East Anglia. The bustard should be the "totem" of the sister-counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. It stayed there later than in any other part of England, and was the largest bird, not excepting the swan, of any which breeds in Europe. An old cock bustard will weigh as much as 40 lb. The flesh is white and of excellent flavour,

and Lord Walsingham is probably right in thinking that the carnivorous appetite of the shepherds and fowlers of the Norfolk heaths was largely responsible for their complete destruction. This latest effort to restore the birds has many of the elements of success, though it is too early as yet to do more than hope for a good result. Sixteen birds have been imported and put down on a large estate, not Lord Walsingham's, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk. They were sent over by a public-spirited English gentleman living abroad; but corresponding arrangements for their hospitable reception and start in life have been made in Suffolk. Their safety is guaranteed over a block of fifty thousand acres owned by good sportsmen with a friendly interest in natural history. That is their future sanctuary; but at present, as their wing feathers were cut before they were sent across the sea, they will enjoy a run of eight hundred acres of open land surrounded by low wire netting.

The ground where they are to be liberated is very peculiar, a region of high, stony, unfertile land of the kind known in Norfolk as "sheepwalk," though both there and on the same area in Suffolk it is known as "sheepwalk." It forms the hinterland and watershed of the more fertile easterly districts. The parishes, as is always the case in barren districts, are of immense extent, because it took ten acres to produce what one did in the cultivated districts. There, between Midenhall and Thetford, by Lakenheath and other heaths, are tens of thousands of acres of this stony, rabbit-cropped warren and "breck," and if the birds do not dislike the plantations by which it is now broken, and the eggs are not destroyed when the early wheat is rolled, as they used to be in the rye, there is every chance that they will be restored. Lord Walsingham calls it a "curious coincidence" that when asked to choose the best place for turning them down, he found he had selected the very land on which the last breeding colony of the birds existed in England. The oldest residents still remember that there was a flock of forty there, and that the labourers used to approach them with a gun behind their plough-horses. Until some body of evidence as to the principles of acclimatisation is collected, it is pure guesswork to try to plant on a new soil any bird from foreign parts, or even to restore old species. Sometimes the success is astonishing. In New Zealand, for instance, both the Virginian and Australian quails may now be found in numbers on some estates, and the pheasant is thoroughly naturalised. The capercaillies in Scotland have increased and multiplied, while the indigenous black game are slowly decreasing. But in this thickly peopled and over-gunned island, the would-be introducer and restorer of bird life, new or old, has to encounter the double difficulty of keeping his birds alive himself, and preventing other people from killing them. Only experiments can show what birds do, and what do not, adapt themselves to our climate.

The latest and fullest account of efforts of this kind is contained in a well-illustrated and pleasantly written volume by the Rev. Hubert D. Astley,* who for many years and from many lands brought back and kept different kinds of birds at that very charming and ancient house, Chequers Court, in Buckinghamshire. His experiences were rather mixed,—hopeful and the reverse. A pair of the brilliant scarlet "Virginian nightingales," or cardinal grosbeaks, were let loose on a fine spring day in a large wild garden. In twenty-four hours they began to build a nest in a yew-tree. Later they laid four eggs, and hatched four young, which were all killed by a cat or some other enemy. A week later they began building another nest in a hollybush, and hatched three young ones. These were taken, and it was tried to rear them by hand. They died. The indefatigable birds then made a third nest, and hatched two young. One was left in the nest, and was killed by some enemy; the other was reared by hand, grew up, and "lived happily ever afterwards." His food was grapes, skinned, stoned, and cut up. Fifteen years later another pair were released, and at once made a nest and laid three eggs,—all of which are in the Rothschild Museum at Tring. Mr. Astley suggests similar experiments with American robins and Pekin robins and some parrakeets. But it is evident that when birds are to be let out in this way the grounds and gardens need trapping, just as

* *My Birds, in Freedom and Captivity.* By the Rev. H. D. Astley. London: J. M. Dent and Co. [12s. 6d.]

much as does a pheasant preserve. The present writer believes that the proportion of wild birds' eggs destroyed by rain, and cold, and by cats, rats, squirrels, mice, weasels, stoats, hedgehogs, and cuckoos, all of which love to haunt good and tempting gardens, orchards, and shrubberies, amounts to about two-thirds of the total, and that of the young birds hatched not more than half survive. If this is so, a wide margin must be allowed for losses when birds are introduced artificially. Mr. Astley's experience covers a wide range over not commonly appreciated varieties of birds. He has brought to this country the young of the lesser birds of the Alps, such as the blue thrush and the rock thrush, hoopoes from Egypt, and cranes and storks. His search for the former in the mountains of Auvergne and above the Italian lakes (where peasants keep a greedy eye on a nest of young water wagtails, and take them to fry for Sunday's dinner) makes several pages of very pleasant reading. But he never turned out the Alpine birds in Buckinghamshire, though there is no reason why they should not flourish there. The hoopoes, which he brought from the banks of the Nile, had an eventful career. As this species constantly visits England, where it is nearly always shot, and is quite common in France, many people believe that it might, if let alone, establish itself here. This is by no means certain. We never hear of hoopoes as common before guns and shot were available to kill down rare birds. The woodchat shrike, which is quite plentiful across the Channel, is one of our rarest birds, though the red-backed shrike, its cousin, also a migrant, is common. Mr. Astley's seven hoopoes were taken young by Arab boys on the Nile. By the time he returned to Cairo they could fly. On the French steamer the captain declined to allow them in a cabin, but demanded that they should be scheduled as *quails*, and put with the quail cages. But they reached Buckinghamshire safely, and all seven remained free in the gardens, making most tame and attractive pets. Yet every one of these birds died in September after the moult. Probably hoopoes never would become indigenous birds, though stray pairs would nest here, and perhaps return. A bolder and more striking experiment which the same lover of birds carried out for several years was the rearing of storks and cranes, which were turned out and allowed to migrate at their appointed season. For several years he bought nestling storks in Leadenhall Market, generally in the beginning of June, when too young to fly. They were allowed to grow up on the lawns, and to learn to fly. Soon the whole brood would take to roosting on the chimneys and "flying spirals" at an immense height above the park, just as Mr. J. G. Millais used to watch them in the evenings on the rivers of Matabeleland. Rings were put on their legs stating whence they came, and at the end of August they used to take their flight away to the Nile. None ever came back, mainly because they were nearly always shot before leaving England, and their death duly chronicled in that "obituary column," the Natural History Notes of the *Field*. European cranes, Sarus cranes, and Australian "native companies" were kept in the same way, wild in the park, and most cruelly shot—or murdered, as Mr. Astley terms it—elsewhere, though the cranes would fly out on to the Chiltern Hills, and return to their home. Perhaps the worst story is that of five white storks reared in Berkshire, which on their migration settled on the tower of the waterworks at Gosport. Here the whole family were shot by a local doctor! It is fairly certain that no efforts to restore lost birds can succeed in this country until public opinion makes it as "bad form" to shoot a rare bird as to kill a fox in a hunting country.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PRELIMINARY EDUCATION OF OFFICERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—This is a humble attempt to justify the existence of myself and others. I cannot answer for the grammar, but I have looked out all the long words in the dictionary. There cannot be much wrong with the teaching of a public school that passes a boy straight into Woolwich or Sandhurst, and the leading ones have competed successfully with the crammers for some years. The subjects a boy has to devote himself to certainly limit his general education,

but that is the fault of the examination syllabus; and, after all, if he can creditably qualify in arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, Euclid, French, dictation, geography, essay writing, and obtain good marks in the voluntary subjects, a sufficient foundation has been laid for the technical instruction that follows at the military Colleges. Dr. Maguire mentions history, and for the reasons he gives perhaps it should be made an obligatory instead of a voluntary subject, though this war has to a certain extent rendered obsolete the lessons to be learnt from the military history of the world. Personally I did take it up, and am well acquainted with every move of "Bonaparty" in the period 1790-1820. On the other hand, I am a little sketchy as to the construction and measurements of Ulysses's wooden horse, but the slim Boer would never have been taken in by it. The opinion seems to prevail that the officer, once he joins his regiment, does as little work as he possibly can. How can he do more when his area for training himself and his men is in most stations practically limited to the barrack square and country roads? My first battle in South Africa was the first time I had seen the units of different arms co-operating since 1891; the only manœuvres I have been present at in eleven and a half years' service, spent entirely with my unit. I passed all that time at out-stations where the garrisons were composed of one or more batteries and an infantry battalion, or at dépôt. At two stations there were small drill-fields, at a third a town moor, none of them of sufficient area for practical field-training or combination of the two arms. Am I right in imagining a very different procedure in a German military station? Would not officers there frequently have the opportunity of training their regiments, battalions, and batteries in the attack and defence of positions across the open country? Would a year pass without one's unit combining with the other arms? Would not fighting in all kinds of country be practised? If the grouse on Herr von Schmidt's moor, or the partridges on Count von Schneider's fen-lands were disturbed, would it not be regarded as a military exigency, and the Herren compensated or otherwise? I attended classes at Dr. Maguire's for my promotion examination, and well remember the contempt of the German ex-officer who lectured on tactics when he found that his class required teaching in much of the A B C of the subject; details that only practical experience could keep fresh in the memory, experience which most of us had never had. The lowering of the social status of officers by making it possible for all classes to compete for commissions would be a dangerous experiment. "Tommy" will follow his officer anywhere because he knows and appreciates a gentleman; he does not like the other sort. With exceptions, only a gentleman acquires the gentle art of friendliness without familiarity, of exacting ready obedience without nagging or bullying; those who were out there understand how instrumental was this feeling of man for officer in getting troops across ground exposed to heavy fire. With regard to private incomes, there can be no doubt that certain pastimes requiring money to indulge in develop qualities inestimable in war,—the nerve of the steeplechase rider, the eye for country of the hunting man, the pluck and endurance of the big-game shot. Glance at the records of most of the leaders of our mounted infantry and irregular Colonial horse; it cannot be a coincidence that many are as well known between the flags and in the hunting-field and polo-ground as they are for the dashing qualities they have displayed in South Africa. In conclusion I would say: The brain of a boy who can pass into Woolwich or Sandhurst is far above the average; any school that can educate him sufficiently to pass the entrance examination should encourage him to develop his physical powers; when he becomes an officer make it possible for him really to work at his profession, and he will not leave much to learn from any Continental officer.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ONE OF DR. MAGUIRE'S LAZY BOYS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "F. E. B.," whose initials have been familiar to me for the best part of thirty years, is no doubt right in advocating an increase in the pay of officers; but there is something which, in my opinion, should go before that,—viz., a reduction in the mess expenses of the Army. The Army as at present constituted is a rich man's club, and

the spectacle of a subaltern sitting at dinner with a soldier-servant behind his chair to help him to wine is not calculated to bring out the Spartan virtues which we expect in a soldier. The German Emperor has put down extravagance in his Army with a strong hand, and unless this is done in England with an equally strong hand, an increase of pay would only tend to aggravate an already very serious evil. The pay and expenses should be so adjusted that a subaltern might be able to live without any excessive allowance from home, so that the plebeian might have some chance along with the parvenu and the patrician. As to education, if it be true, as Lord Rosebery says or suggests, that the chief product of our public schools and Universities is only "learned mummies," had we not better look to the ranks, and to the Militia and Volunteers, for our officers in future? After all, soldiering is not a matter of the classics, or the binomial theorem, but for practical knowledge of the art of war, and surely this can be better acquired in the field than in the form or the forcing house.—I am, Sir, &c., R. W. J.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Dr. Maguire writes of what he has seen (*Spectator*, December 15th). But does he ever see the better class of public-school boy, and is it fair to condemn such schools because the boys who do come to him have idled there? From Eton my son passed eleventh into Sandhurst, and came out with honours. He was then as well educated as any man taking a low honour degree at a University. But from South Africa he writes that nearly all he has learnt since leaving Sandhurst is valueless. There is the rub,—not a want of mere book-learning, but a want of practical technical training. Allow me to give an instance of what the training even now is. In the summer another of my sons was out with his Yeomanry regiment. Along comes a general, who thus accosts my son: "Why have you not got an outpost on the hill there?" My son replies that he has. Then says the general: "Well, I don't see them." My son, in explaining that he had ordered his men to take cover, did not, of course, venture to point out that an outpost was probably both safer and more useful when it did not serve as a signpost to the enemy.—I am, Sir, &c., J. A. M.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Would not outbursts like that of last summer be best prevented in the future by conditions of peace which both humiliated the Chinese Government and tended to disillusion the Chinese masses respecting the character and aims of the missionaries and the results of the fighting during the last few months? These objects might perhaps be achieved to some extent were the Powers to adopt the measures which the Chinese themselves have used with so much success, and to insist that edicts be issued and placarded throughout the country, setting forth the terms of peace, repudiating the charges made against missionaries and Christians, and instituting penalties against those who circulate them. To see that such measures were fully carried out would be impossible; something, however, might be achieved, especially in those districts which have taken a prominent part in the rising, and where there are Europeans and Christians to be protected. Some thirty years ago the anti-foreign feeling quieted down considerably in consequence of an edict which the Chinese Government was compelled by some of the Powers to issue, declaring Christianity to be a moral religion.—I am, Sir, &c., C.

WAR OFFICE REFORM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The signs of the times lead one to believe that the talk about War Office reform will end in talk. Ministers' speeches have mentioned it, but only vaguely and half-heartedly. People are saying that what is wanted is improvement in the regimental officers. If necessary improve them by all means, though that does not touch the real point; and allow me to say, by the way, that I do not believe any Continental army, either officers or men, would have done as well as ours has in the struggle of the last twelve months. It is reform at the top that is wanted, a reform that is not likely to come from people whose one reform

hitherto has been to make the chiefs of the military departments report direct to the Secretary of State; a plan as sensible as it would be to make a regimental quartermaster report to the general commanding the district, ignoring all responsibility to his own commanding officer. Is any grasp of the problem to be expected from them, men who are proud of themselves because they sent two hundred and fifty thousand men and seventy thousand horses out, and dumped them down anywhere and anyhow on the coast of Africa, and think that is the way to organise an army? How different from our Indian troops? They arrived complete with every store for three months, and those who were in Ladysmith throughout the siege will tell you that it was greatly their completeness that saved the situation. Lord Salisbury has shuffled his Ministry, but not to much purpose. He himself is supposed neither to know nor care very much for the Army. If, therefore, the British public does not make its voice heard, and loudly too, nothing will be done. We shall be as unprepared for the Mercier of the future as we were for the Kruger of the past.—I am, Sir, &c., C. M.

WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I venture to express an opinion on this subject (*Spectator*, December 15th) because in connection with my duties on the staff of a daily paper I have had exceptional opportunities of ascertaining why, when, and to what extent war correspondents were hampered by censors and other Staff officers. I have, moreover, heard many an instructive anecdote from officers who have returned at the expense of pressmen against whom these particular officers could have borne no personal animosity. There seems, on the whole, to have been no more judgment exercised in the selection of the representatives of some of the newspapers than would have been thought necessary for the purpose of reporting a meeting in Trafalgar Square. Apart from ignorance of all matters appertaining to military organisation and methods, several of the correspondents were so lacking in ordinary intelligence as to suppose that they were going to terrorise Staff officers by merely uttering the magic word "Press." When this type of correspondent found his level he openly expressed his opinions of censors and British officers in general, more than suggesting that on his return home he would have something to say that no censor could eliminate. One correspondent stated freely on the spot that all the officers at Magersfontein were drunk, and at least three made no secret of their Pro-Boer sympathies. These are the men who have returned with personal grievances against the censors. But, on the other hand, the experiences of the better class of correspondent who has returned with no personal grievance (except, perhaps, against those of his colleagues who gave the whole band a bad name) point to inexcusable stupidity, laziness, favouritism, and insolence on the part of some of the censors,—men to whom was relegated the delicate duty of opening private correspondence and dealing with it as they chose, apart from the "editing" of cablegrams. There can be no doubt that the presence of so many Press representatives was distasteful to the perpetrators of military blunders, but the unquestionably rough treatment suffered by the correspondents as a body with certain columns was due more to the ignorance and bad tone of several of the men whom their employers apparently thought good enough for the occasion.—I am, Sir, &c., A LONDON PRESSMAN.

THE MORALITY OF "EXPERTISING."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—As germane to the subject of "X.'s" letter (*Spectator*, November 17th), I might tell you that I recollect an occasion in 1867 when the late Mr. Ruskin evidently felt himself called upon by the voice of conscience to "give something in return" to the vendor of certain pencil-drawings by S. Prout that the vendor had not asked him for. The "price" of the drawings was stated as either £80, or guineas (I forget now which); Mr. Ruskin took them home in his brougham that he might see them there, at leisure, by daylight. I was staying with him at the time, and found him early next morning on his knees before the drawings, ranged on chair-seats, at Denmark Hill, carefully and critically examining the treasures. He at once told me he was exceedingly pleased to have the chance

of getting these Prouts; but added:—"However, I cannot take them at the price that Mr. — has offered them to me for; *because I know they are worth more; and I believe myself to be a judge on that subject.* If I take them, which I think of doing, I shall give £100 (2 or guineas) for them." I said: "Really? But as Prout is dead, and *he*, the creator of the drawings, would be the one who should get the full reward for them, is it any use now stirring that matter,—doubtless Mr. — has got his profit?" I well remember the answer: "My dear —, that is not a question for me to go into, and Mr. — must do as he chooses. *I know the value of this work, and, if I take it, I am bound in honesty to pay for it!* Mr. —, when informed of the full value, and receiving it, ought to be willing, in the proper degree, to further remunerate those from whom he himself received the drawings; and so, if it be possible, step by step, let the advantage trickle back; perhaps even to the widow of the dead worker, if there yet is one. Anyhow, I have *my own duty to see to.*"—I am, Sir, &c.,
YORNTA.

RITUAL LICENSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The letter of my friend Dr. Llewelyn Davies (*Spectator*, December 1st), if he will allow me to claim his friendship, suggests some observations. I agree with him in deprecating so chaotic a state of things as "that a clergyman, ministering in one of the public churches of the land, should be at liberty to do what he likes in the way of ritual." But would Dr. Davies draw the line at ritual and allow a clergyman "to do what he likes" in other matters? For instance, Dr. Davies has more than once in your columns justified the omission of the Athanasian Creed by himself and others on the days on which the Church orders that it "shall be sung or said." There is no ambiguity here. Dr. Davies deliberately breaks, and justifies others in breaking, what he acknowledges to be a plain and peremptory law. In this matter his rule is, *sit pro lege voluntas*. On what ground, then, does he deny to others the license which he claims for himself? It will not do to say that he thinks the omission of the Athanasian Creed a matter of slight importance in comparison, for instance, with the Liturgical use of incense. The very essence of lawlessness is to pick and choose among the laws which we will obey. The Ritualists whom he condemns believe that the use of incense is legal. Supposing them to be in error as to the fact, still the temper which obeys what the man believes to be the law is not a lawless temper. But let us assume that in a fresh trial the Ornaments Rubric will be held to justify the practices which Dr. Davies dislikes, would he acquiesce? I have gone very carefully into the law and history of the matter, and I have no doubt at all that if the question is fully argued before a competent legal Tribunal, which will regard the law only without any ulterior considerations, the Ornaments Rubric will be found to cover the condemned usages. I have given my reasons at length in the cheap edition of my "Reformation Settlement," and my reviewers, with only one exception, agree that I have made out my case. Now, it is well to be prepared for such a contingency as I have suggested. Assume a decisive judgment in favour of the condemned usages, and what will happen? An Act of Parliament to alter the law? I question whether public opinion would sanction so equivocal an exhibition of justice. On the other hand, let the legality of the usages be vindicated, and you will see the mass of the High Church party, and, I believe, the large majority of the Ritualists themselves, supporting the Episcopate in controlling and regulating ceremonial usages. The condemned usages have no necessary connection with what is called "Popery," and they have an undoubted historical and ecclesiastical value. Concede that the Church of England starts from the reign of Henry VIII., or of Elizabeth, and you surrender the whole ground of controversy with Rome. A Church which cannot trace its origin back beyond the sixteenth century is obviously not the Church which Christ founded. It is just because I am a loyal Churchman that I deprecate the repudiation, as illegal, of visible emblems and tokens of our connection with the Church which vindicated the liberties of England against the Pope at Runnymede and elsewhere; just as the dresses and other insignia of our Judicature and Parliament indicate the continuity of our civil polity. They are short-sighted,

indeed, who would abolish these things. But vindicate their legality, and then devise means by which the legality shall not be abused. I am in favour of giving the Bishops large administrative power in the regulation of things undoubtedly legal. But this will not be done while a large body of clergy and laity are convinced of the legality of things which are denounced as illegal. May I say that I believe the late Archbishop Tait would support the policy which I advocate? He was so good as to ask me to spend a day with him at Addington, during the sitting of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, for the purpose of discussing these matters. In course of conversation he asked me what I would suggest, and he thought that a *modus vivendi* might be found in the following suggestion. In parishes where even a small minority dislike the ceremonial complained of, let these have a plain service at the usual hour for matins, and let the rest have at an earlier hour the service which they find edifying. It is undoubtedly a hardship that a new incumbent should come into a parish and upset suddenly the accustomed service, and it is a hardship which tells both ways. An incumbent of tact and good feeling will generally have small difficulty. Once the legality of the condemned usages is conceded, the Bishops—backed by the vast majority of Church people—will, I believe, find it comparatively easy to prevent excesses or eccentricities of ritual. I should be sorry, for my part, to see the law put in force against Dr. Llewelyn Davies for his omission of the Athanasian Creed.—I am, Sir, &c., MALCOLM MACCOLL.

P.S.—In the conversation referred to above, I ventured to say to Archbishop Tait that I believed the first step towards order and peace would be the prevention of prosecutions. "I agree with you," he said, "and I think you may take it from me that the Bishops will do their best to stop prosecutions." The report of the Round Table Conference seems to me a most encouraging augury, both for the temper exhibited by all the members, and for the substantial agreement even where superficial critics may discern an irreconcilable discord.

CHRISTIANITY A HEROIC ADVENTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your article on St. Francis of Assisi in the *Spectator* of December 1st you expressed a wish for men who would look on Christianity as a heroic adventure. Would you be surprised to learn that there are thousands among us (besides the writer) who view it exactly in that way?—workers in the Church Army and Salvation Army; preachers and evangelists of all denominations, with their fellow-labourers; all helpers of temperance and rescue work. To such Christianity (by which I understand you to mean the carrying out of its obligations) is indeed a heroic adventure. You may reply that these are mostly narrow-minded, one-idea'd people. I can only say, So was St. Francis,—indeed, rather more so.—I am, Sir, &c.,
A LAY WORKER.

HELL RATHER THAN ANNIHILATION?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I suppose your readers by this time are pretty tired of the correspondence on "Hell and Annihilation." But if you care to print another note on the subject, may I refer your correspondents to the thirty-eighth chapter of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, in which the following portion of a dialogue will be found?—

"Miss Seward. There is one mode of the fear of death, which is certainly absurd, and that is the fear of annihilation, which is only a pleasing sleep without a dream.

Johnson. It is neither pleasing nor sleep; it is nothing. Now mere existence is so much better than nothing, that one would rather exist in pain, than not exist."

—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. GOODWIN.

Orton Hall, Westmoreland.

THE PLAY OF "HEROD."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May one who has in his time, as the *Spectator* knows, been something of a poet as well as of a dramatist, add to the well-worthy remarks of your reviewer in your issue of December 15th one of his own? Namely, that after watching *Herod* closely twice within a week (so far I have not read it)—current criticism having given me no idea of its true value—I

deliberately hold it to be the finest acting tragedy produced upon the English stage in my time, or, as far as my own rather wide reading goes, for very long before. For it does what the tragedies of many very great as well as very small poets do not,—it “moves” from start to finish. And the very word “drama” means something to be done; not, with all respect to many of the moderns, something to be said. To the dramatic insight with which Mr. Phillips has seized upon Josephus your critic pays a very worthy tribute. So Shakespeare seized on Plutarch, in the block. Better be incorrect on one fine authority, for the purposes of stage-poetry, than struggle blindly against many. As for Mr. Phillips’s lines, they ring their passion for themselves. It is not for me to make a comment on them. Love-stories are the life of drama, and this is one of the noblest I have ever heard. I do not speak in any spirit of criticism, but from a deeper motive,—quite overpowering feeling.—I am, Sir, &c.,

HERMAN MERIVALE.

[Mr. Merivale’s declaration as to something more than words being needed for the drama recalls the French saying, “On ne fait pas les drames avec les mots, mais avec les situations.”—*Ed. Spectator.*]

COVENTRY PATMORE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE “SPECTATOR.”]

SIR,—As one who was on visiting terms with Mr. Patmore the last fourteen years of his life, and enjoyed many and many a *tête-à-tête* with him, and an astonishing amount of his confidence, may I suggest that a clue to some of his paradoxes is to be found in his humour for perfectly Brobdingnagian exaggeration? If there was a landslip of the cliff, the thunder of its fall resounded over Hastings like the crack of doom; a storm bursting on the shore sent up a fountain 300 ft. in height; if he drew a cheque for less than £300 for a begging friar, he only got called an old scoundrel for his pains; he had read the whole of St. Thomas twice through, but explained that he meant the *index rerum* of the Summa; to burn logs only in the dining-room fire at Lymington would have cost £1,300 a year (or was it £13,000?); a certain firm made £3,000 a year profit on *articles-de-piété*; the abstract Church was indeed as a knight riding in the sunshine, but the concrete as the grotesque shadow on the ground. Accordingly, after a quarrel with certain priests, his share of the dialogue quoted in your review of Mr. Champneys’s work is most characteristic. But his family and friends knew the language, and I feel confidence in denying that he really hated priests, in the full sense of hate. His dislike of Cardinal Manning went back to the Cardinal’s Anglican days, and arose from special circumstances. On the other hand, he had an unalloyed devotion to the Jesuits, and liked their whole *ethos*, so that I easily elicited from him the pronouncement that they were all poets. That was, in a certain respect, then under discussion (and God forbid that I should insinuate that that too was an exaggeration, though the whole world only produced three poets in a generation). His chief admiration, however, among priests was a secular whom he entitled “the first theologian in England.” Mr. Patmore was on good terms with his *parochus*, and I doubt if he knew any other priests except your humble servant, and I am not going to break my heart now by supposing that I was among the hated.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A WESTMINSTER PRIEST.

POTTERY MADE WITH LEADLESS GLAZE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE “SPECTATOR.”]

SIR,—Probably many of your readers are aware of the lamentable and widespread effect on the health of the workers of the lead which has been hitherto used for the purpose of glazing china and earthenware. It is true that some part of the mischief has been due to the lethargy of the workers themselves in the use of precautions and remedies. But this makes no real difference to the duty of the public. It is our duty to do what we can to secure that the conveniences and luxuries of life which we enjoy shall not be produced at an unnecessary risk to the health of those who make them. Some of us have, therefore, been anxious to encourage the production of an innocuous and leadless glaze. There is now an exhibition at Messrs. Mortlock’s, in Oxford Street, of china and earthenware glazed without the use of lead. To get such pottery, the cheapest as well as the more expensive, put upon the market,

in small as well as large quantities, is now simply a question of demand. As to the quality of the pottery, the examination of that being exhibited by Messrs. Mortlock at the present moment will, I think, satisfy every one. May I, then, make an urgent appeal to people of Christian and brotherly feeling to ask for pottery made with leadless glaze, and to go as far as they can in insisting on getting it? It is not more than the truth to say that if the purchasing public show an interest in this matter leadless glaze will be generally used and a real and serious cause of disease, especially among women, in the districts where pottery is made will be obviated. Some Government offices, I may add, and other public bodies have already made it their rule, in placing their large contracts for pottery, to require the use of the leadless glaze. It remains for the ordinary consumers to show by their demand that pottery glazed in this way must be put upon the ordinary retail market.—I am, Sir, &c.,

CHARLES GORE.

4 Little Cloisters, Westminster.

THE FRENCH NAVAL PROGRAMME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE “SPECTATOR.”]

SIR,—On November 13th I read in the paper the French naval shipbuilding programme. The night before I chanced on the following in De Pradt’s history of his Embassy to Warsaw in 1812:—“C’est à cette occasion qu’un des auditeurs répliqua à Napoléon, qui disait qu’il aurait deux cents vaisseaux de guerre à opposer à l’Angleterre: ‘Eh bien, elle en aura six cents’—Cette réponse fut payée d’un regard de mépris.”—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. MUNRO.

Fairfield, Lyme Regis.

THE WORKING MEN’S COLLEGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE “SPECTATOR.”]

SIR,—At a meeting held on Thursday, December 6th, at the Working Men’s College, Great Ormond Street, by persons deeply interested in the welfare of the institution, it was resolved to appeal to the public for subscriptions to the amount of at least £5,000. This sum is necessary for the needful repair and extension of the College buildings, and generally for placing the equipment and maintenance of the College on the footing demanded by modern standards of education. The appeal had already been brought to the attention of many friends of the Working Men’s College, and has both before and since the meeting of the 6th inst. met with a generous response from many individuals. Will you allow me to state some of the reasons why, even at a time like the present, when so many demands are made upon the benevolence or generosity of the public, the appeal on behalf of the Working Men’s College deserves support?—

- (1) The College was founded by F. D. Maurice and his friends in order to provide for working men in London a course of liberal and collegiate education, and thus give them not only the educational training, but also some of the social education, which persons belonging to the richer classes gain from years spent at our Universities. The attachment of the students to the Working Men’s College, exhibited in many cases by their lifelong connection with it, and their active participation in the teaching given there gratuitously by volunteers, proves that the idea of raising up a generous collegiate feeling among working men was sound and has borne good fruit.
- (2) The College appeals for public aid, not because it has failed, but because it has succeeded. It was the earliest institution of its kind, and by its existence has done much to excite that demand among working men for a really superior and liberal kind of education which has raised our standard of educational efficiency and has necessarily increased the expensiveness of education.
- (3) The College, though requiring endowments for its efficiency, has always largely relied, as it always will rely, on the principle of self-help. Teaching has been there given to a great extent by unpaid volunteers, consisting either of members of our Universities, or of men who have as students received their education in the College itself.
- (4) The College, in providing for working men a liberal and literary education, has attempted to carry out, and it is hoped does carry out, the ideas of Maurice, Kingsley, and Tom Hughes, and generally of the eminent men who either actually founded the College or aided it during its early years. To promote its efficiency is surely to raise the best of monuments to the memory of its founders.

—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. V. DICEY,

Principal of Working Men’s College.

WHAT IS "A COLLOP"?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Referring to the letter on the above subject appearing in the *Spectator* of the 8th inst., not having read Miss Tynan's novel, I do not know the context of the passage quoted, but the term "collop" is very well known in Ireland, and in almost daily use in cases before the Land Commissioners when fixing fair rents, to indicate the carrying capacity of land. Sir Richard Griffith when making the valuation of Ireland known as "Griffith's Valuation" in his instructions to his staff defines a "collop" or "sum" as a three-year-old heifer, or its equivalent,—viz., three yearlings, or one two-year-old and one one-year-old, or four ewes and four lambs, or five two-year-old sheep. A horse he considers a "collop" and a half. Your correspondent can fit this definition to the several quotations he gives.—I am, Sir, &c.,

R. NORMAN POTTERTON.

Westmoreland Chambers, 42 Fleet Street, Dublin.

MR. JESSE'S WORKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your review of Jesse (*Spectator*, December 1st) you speak of the hideous scandals which implicated the King (James I.) in the death of his son, and say that "we are left with the half-impression that the writer believes them. The chief argument seems to be that the King forbade the wearing of mourning," &c. I do not know upon what ground Jesse formed his opinion, but I venture to submit that there was ample ground for the scandals. Not only was the opinion of contemporaries practically unanimous that Prince Henry died of poison, but both Bacon and Coke, who never agreed if difference were possible, were of the same opinion. Coke, who, "pedant, bigot, and brute as he was," was yet a trained and very able lawyer, and who made a minute and searching investigation of the facts, in connection with the trial of Somerset for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, was convinced that Prince Henry was poisoned, and he publicly accused Sir Thomas Monson of the crime. The complicity of James with Somerset in some horrible transaction is sufficiently proved by the commerce between the two at the trial of the latter. Somerset boasted that the King durst not bring him to trial, and declared that if he was to be tried, they must carry him to trial upon his bed, for he would not walk. Upon hearing this, the King burst into a passion of tears and cried that "on his soul he knew not what to do." When Somerset was placed on his trial, there were placed, by the King's orders, two servants one on each side of him, with orders that if Somerset said anything of the King, they were to throw a cloak over his head and carry him from the Court. Immediately after his conviction Somerset wrote to the King a letter containing thinly veiled threats, upon receipt of which the King not only pardoned him, not only ordered that he was not to be deprived of his Garter, but settled £4,000 a year upon him. It may be said that there is another explanation of this leniency, but this other explanation will not account for the pardoning of Monson. James not only refused to go into mourning for his son, but would not visit him upon his deathbed.—I am, Sir, &c.,

CHAS. MERCIER.

The Flower House, Southend, Catford, S.E.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SPEED TO COMMERCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Ackworth's letter in the *Spectator* of December 15th. How many letters could the Post Office deliver without delay if the addresses they bore were, say—

135

J. G. & N. 19

or

FL

75

K

(the first meaning "J. G***n and Nephew, London," and the second "To F****n, London, from K*****m")?

And yet hundreds of thousands of crates of earthenware identical in appearance in Staffordshire, and hundreds of thousands of bales of goods in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and millions of casks of ale throughout the country are handed to the railway companies with similar cabalistic marks, and without anything further to indicate their destination; the

reason being that manufacturers are so afraid of their rivals and competitors finding out who their customers are, that the only "address" they put on their goods is intentionally such that even the "cutest" of their rivals if he gets a chance view of them shall be unable to tell who they are for or where they are going; and where, as it is so often the case, the goods are purchased through a "middleman," he is so anxious that neither the manufacturers shall know who the consumer is, or the consumer who the manufacturer is, that he takes even greater precautions to "blind the trail," and then because *occasionally* one of these packages gets astray the railway company is blamed; for this sums up the complaints which have been made in your columns.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. D. PHILLIPPS.

North Staffordshire Railway, General Manager's Office,
Stoke-upon-Trent.

THE ETHICS OF QUOTATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon" the following words of the Duke of Wellington are quoted:—"Sir Hudson Lowe was a very bad choice; he was a man wanting in education and judgment. He was a stupid man, he knew nothing at all of the world, and like all men who know nothing of the world, he was suspicious and jealous." A few pages further on we read, with reference to an unsuccessful application on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe: "This was cold comfort from the Duke for the man whom the Duke professed to think hardly used." The reader would naturally suppose that the words first quoted were uttered by the Duke at one and the same time and without any qualification, and would infer from the remark quoted that the Duke did not really think Sir Hudson Lowe hardly used. As a matter of fact, they are three quotations from remarks made at long intervals of time, and with the suppression of all that is favourable to Sir Hudson Lowe. In justice to his memory I here beg to give the quotations entire. They are to be found in Vol. II. of Lord Stanhope's "Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington":—

"Oct. 31st, 1835.—The Duke, in answer to my inquiries, said that he thought the treatment of Napoleon at St. Helena gave no substantial ground of complaint, but that Sir H. Lowe was a very bad choice. He was a man wanting education and judgment."

"Oct. 19th, 1837.—Is it true, Sir, that at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, Austria remonstrated on our treatment of Napoleon as severe? 'Nothing of the kind happened. Without being any great admirer of Sir Hudson Lowe, I must say that I think he has been shamefully used about this business—shamefully.'"

"Dec. 21st, 1848.—I told the Duke that I had lately read some proofs of the forthcoming book, compiled from the papers of Sir Hudson Lowe at St. Helena. The Duke said he was confident they would prove to be false, the principal charges flung out against Sir Hudson. I agreed to this, and observed that I supposed the Duke had scarcely known Sir Hudson Lowe personally. 'Yes, I did; I knew him very well. He was a stupid man.' I conceive, said I, that he had a bad irritable temper, and in that point was ill-qualified for his post. 'He was not an ill-natured man. But he knew nothing at all of the world, and like all men who know nothing of the world, he was suspicious and jealous.'"

The Duke of Wellington then goes on to say how much greater latitude he would have allowed Napoleon at St. Helena, apparently forgetting that Sir Hudson Lowe's liberty of action in this matter was strictly limited by orders from home. This may partly account for the Duke's rather harsh judgment. But what are we to think of Lord Rosebery? I submit it to the judgment of the reader whether these quotations put in their proper context do not materially alter the impression left by the one quotation and remark in the condensed form in which they are made. I maintain that no reputation is safe if subjected to this partial and misleading method of quotation.—I am, Sir, &c.,

R. C. SEATON.

Oxford and Cambridge Club.

[We publish our correspondent's letter as the point is of historical importance, and because we think Sir Hudson Lowe has been hardly used; but it is not in the least fair to assume that Lord Rosebery wittingly gave a false impression of the Duke of Wellington's words. Writers of short books are always under temptation to condense their quotations.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

THE AMEER'S MEMOIRS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It may be of interest to point out, in connection with your review of the Ameer Abdurrahman's memoirs in the *Spectator* of December 8th, that one small incident in his career, as told by himself, bears a striking resemblance to a story in the "Siasset Nameh" of the Vizier Nizam-ul-Mulk, a treatise on the art of government composed in Persian by the statesman Abu Ali Hassan for his master Malik Shah, a Seljuk Monarch of the eleventh century. In the third chapter of that work it is told how Amru ibn Lais of Bokhara was routed and taken prisoner by Ismail of Khorassan, some two centuries earlier. The defeated general was left to cook his meagre dinner by a camp-fire, when the smell attracted a prowling dog. The dog poked its nose into the pot, scalded it severely, and being unable to get its head free, dashed off howling with pot and dinner. Amru turned to his guards and said: "Take example by this! This morning four hundred camels carried my kitchen furniture,—to-night one dog has borne it away!" These seem to be the very words quoted by the Ameer in somewhat similar circumstances.—I am, Sir, &c.,

M. C. SETON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The anecdote of the dog and the saucepan referred to by your correspondent, Mr. B. Calvert, in the *Spectator* of December 15th, and traced back by him to the "Percy Anecdotes," is one that is very familiar in the Mahommedan East, and may be found in almost all Persian histories dealing with the Sámánid dynasty. The hero of the story is 'Amr ibn Lays, the Saffárid, who in the year A.D. 900 was taken prisoner by Amír Isma'íl, the second King of the Sámánid line. It is strange that the translator of the Ameer's memoirs makes no allusion in his notes to the historical coincidence, for one can scarcely believe that a well-educated Afghan had never heard the original anecdote.—I am, Sir, &c.,

University College, London.

E. DENISON ROSS.

MR. HARE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The story of the two brothers and the corpse is quoted in "The Annals of the Warwickshire Hunt," by the late Sir C. Mordaunt and the Hon. and Rev. W. Verney. The names are not given, but the brothers were always considered to have been two of the Mr. Finches,—brothers to the fifth Earl of Aylesford (Heneage), who was born in 1786. They were renowned for their taciturnity; and I can recollect how pleased my father was some thirty-five years back at the survivor, Mr. Daniel Finch, complimenting him on my appearance when a little girl as bridesmaid at some family wedding. It was so unusual for "Old Dan," as he was called, to volunteer anything, that the remark was obviously sincere.—I am, Sir, &c.,

M. L. M.

POETRY.

CHRISTMAS.

Now the year is closing to the season set apart
When the mother draws her wanderers homeward to her heart:

As through air enchanted currents on man's errand run,
So at Christmastide the crying of a mother to her son
From the tense soul leaps and thrills out, questing till it find
Answering thrill of dear remembrance, yearning down the wind,

And is heard.—How many thousand mothers by the fire
Sit in silence, and this Christmas, lingering in long desire,
Gaze with inward eyes a-strain to picture what is felt,
What is prayed, what done, what suffered, yonder on the veldt!

And how many sons, by camp fires, or in morning's chilly start,
Feel a silent mother draw them homeward to her heart!

Not yours only, O you English mothers. Yonder where
Blackened walls and hearthstones naked in the noonday glare

Cry of your sons' passage on the desolated plain,
Tears remember the belovèd slayer, the dear slain.

Other women send their aching souls out on the wind,
Other sons with tender aspiration of the mind
Seek a home, now hid in ashes.—Let the long-drawn fight
Flame and smoulder, droop and rally—God defend the right;
But let mothers on all mothers' woe have pity, sire on sire—
For where merchandise of war is bartered, blood and fire,
Still some woman claims each dealer in the dreadful mart,
Draws him, gaunt, fierce-eyed, and weather-beaten, to her heart,

In the season, in the blessed season,

When the mother draws her children homeward to her heart.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

BOOKS.

RICHELIEU.*

THE career of Richelieu has interested novelists and enthralled dramatists because it is marked by all the changes and contrasts which popular taste demands. But he interests the historian for the far deeper reason that he was the greatest statesman that ever swayed the destinies of France, and that for eighteen years he governed his country with a firm and quiet tyranny which made France great among the nations, and gave her an administration which she has never shaken off.

Yet it is impossible to forget in his grandeur the splendid ironies of his state. Born a poor nobleman of Poitou, he passed an uneventful youth at the Château of Richelieu, and he seemed destined for nothing better than a commission in the Army. But when he was twenty-one the See of Luçon, to which his family appointed the Bishop, fell vacant, and his brother declining it, Armand de Richelieu by a dispensation of the Pope was promoted unexpectedly to a spiritual throne. But Luçon was not a wealthy See, and the ambitious youth was pinched in his pocket and checked in the love of splendour which was essential to him. "If I could have some silver plates," he wrote to a friend, "my position would gain a little dignity." However, he had no cause to despair, and his ambition made the future certain in his eyes. Yet first of all he must get to Court; it was idle to move France or the world from the poverty-haunted bishopric of Luçon, and in 1614 he took the first step towards preferment by attending the meeting of the States-General in Paris. Young as he was, he was appointed spokesman of the clergy, and two years later, favoured by Concini and Mary de Medici, afterwards his inveterate foe, he became a Secretary of State. But it was a time of plot and counter-plot; Concini was murdered; Mary de Medici disgraced,—for the first of many times; Richelieu laid down his newly acquired honours, and retired sullenly to his bishopric. He made the best of his disgrace, and with a forced philosophy pretended satisfaction. "I live contentedly in my diocese," he said, "engaged with my books and the duties of my office. . . . I am resolved to pass my time peaceably among my books and my neighbours; thus I shall live free from calumny." And as activity was natural to his intellect, he devoted himself to the study of theology; he even published a treatise entitled the *Instruction of a Christian*; and had he not been recalled to Paris, he might have died an eminent Churchman.

But in 1621 Luines, the falconer whom Louis had made Constable of France, died, and three years later Richelieu was a Minister again; nor did he desert the Councils of his King from this moment until his death. Yet the odds were heavy against him. Louis XIII., weak as he was, was shrewd, and he knew the ambition of his Minister as he feared his tyranny. He shrank from entrusting the reins of government to the Cardinal, and felt none the less that the Cardinal's genius was necessary to the salvation of France. So he acquiesced with a bad grace, and while he was always pleased to turn an ear to the calumnies of the Cardinal's enemies, he was helpless without the Cardinal's advice, and Richelieu made himself master of France without much difficulty. His cunning, indeed, removed all obstacles. He knew the King loved flattery, and he gave him as much as he could wish. He did as he liked, he took whatever measures he deemed expedient, but he was

* *Richelieu, and the Growth of French Power.* By J. B. Perkins, LL.D. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. [6s.]

always careful to let his master have the credit of success. Again, he understood Louis's taste in favourites, and he gratified the taste willingly so long as the favourites abstained from plots against himself. That he was a patriot there is no doubt; in glorifying France he enriched himself; but the country was always his first thought, and he left France more prosperous than he found her. It is thus that he sketches his achievement in his testament quoted in Mr. Perkins's excellent biography, and the testament does not contain a boastful word:—

"When your Majesty called me to your councils," he wrote, "I can truly say that the Huguenots divided the State with you; the nobles conducted themselves as if they were not subjects, and the governors of provinces as if they were independent sovereigns. Foreign alliances were despised, private interests preferred to public, and the dignity of your Majesty so abused it could hardly be recognised. I promised your Majesty to use all my industry and power to ruin the Huguenot party, to lower the pride of the nobles, to lead all subjects to their duty, and to restore the country's name among foreign nations."

And he accomplished all he promised. After the siege of Rochelle, Richelieu was the most powerful and the best hated man in France. He had compelled the Huguenots to resume their allegiance, and so had made a homogeneous country. But he had not adopted the foolish policy adopted later by Louis XIV.: he had not driven from France her best citizens. He had exacted a proper obedience to the laws, that is all, and it was not his fault that forty years after the Edict of Nantes was revoked. To curb the insolence of the nobles was a more delicate task, because Mary de Medici and Gaston of Orleans were always ready to put themselves at the head of any conspiracy. But an ingenious system of spies revealed to the Cardinal the plans of his enemies, and a firm hand carried out their punishment. Thus he drove the Queen-Mother into exile; he put to death Marillac and Montmorenci, Cinq-Mars and De Thou. Vendôme and Ornano died in prison, poisoned, it was said, by his hand; Bassompierre passed twelve years in the Bastille; and though Richelieu was without mercy, he was not cruel, a point which is very justly brought out by Mr. Perkins. Before France could be great, she must be freed from the petty plots and rebellions by which the nobles hoped to aggrandise themselves. And when once a stable government was assured, Richelieu had leisure to increase the borders of his country, and to pursue a colonial policy of spirit and resource. So long as he was at the helm, then, France was rich at home, and respected abroad. The burden of taxation was heavy, no doubt, but it was laid upon the people's back with equality, and it was imposed for the general good. The farmers, at any rate, were no longer masters of the sums which they collected, and every penny that was withdrawn from the Treasury was spent to some purpose.

Thus it was that for eighteen years France was governed by a strong and a wise hand. By temper and genius she is best suited to a tyranny, and Richelieu ruled her as no man ever ruled her before or since, save only Napoleon the Great. His foreign policy was to check Spain, and in espousing the cause of Holland he proved that he loved his country more than his Church. As for France, he wished to restore to her "the limits which Nature designed for her," to identify her with Gaul; wherefore he looked with eager eyes towards the Rhine, and if he did not succeed in his ambition, he designed the work, as Mr. Perkins says, and made it possible for others to carry it out. Again, as we should expect from a Minister who attended to every detail of the administration, and who, Cardinal though he was, planned the campaigns which his generals should fight, he did not believe in giving power to the provinces. Concentration was his policy, and he pursued it as energetically as did Napoleon after him. Thus he served his country with fidelity until he was worn out in her service, and if nowadays we do not approve all his methods, if we find his sentences of death too frequent and severe, if we shudder at the cruelty of his omnipresent spies, we must acknowledge his genius, and confess that his stern rule best fitted the lawless nobles and rebels whom it was his lot to govern.

Such is the man of whom Mr. Perkins has given a fair and lucid account. His biography, though based to a certain extent upon the larger work of M. Hanotaux, is none the less independent in judgment, and its conclusions are supported by original authority. The book, in fact, is a respectable

member of a respectable series, and may be recommended to those who do not care to dig in the memoirs and archives of the seventeenth century.

REMINISCENCES OF OXFORD.*

THE interest of Oxford is perennial, and every book of genuine reminiscences is sure of a welcome. We wish indeed that every senior resident member of the University would commit his memories to paper. A few of the stories would no doubt be repeated; but from the multitude of versions it would be possible for the critic to reconstruct the original fact; and the interest of seeing the same fact from various sides would be considerable. There are still in Oxford at least two heads of Colleges who, if they cannot be prevailed upon to put pen to paper, should be inveigled into talking to a phonograph. Mr. Tuckwell has had more facilities than fall to the lot of most Oxford men for knowing succeeding generations. The son of a distinguished Oxford physician, his youth was passed in Oxford; and after he took his degree he was for many years Head-Master of the New College choir school. His reminiscences, therefore, up to 1864, when he went down, are particularly full and interesting.

The early chapters are devoted to thumbnail sketches of the oddities who made Oxford in the "thirties" and "forties" a paradise of quaint creatures. There is Mr. Foulkes, the Principal of Jesus, who walked the High Street upon St. David's Day with a large leek fastened in the tassel of his cap; there is Miss "Jack" Burton, daughter of a Canon of Christ Church, who wrote for the Newdigate prize, and won it, or would have won it if she had been a real undergraduate; there is Routh, the President of Magdalen, and there is Mrs. Routh; there are Frowd of Corpus and Mo Griffith of Merton, who bewailed to each other the decay of original characters in Oxford, till it struck one of them that perhaps they themselves were the "characters" of their day. One repartee of Griffith here quoted is excellent. To the physician who recommended him to eat and leave off hungry, he replied, "Why not wash and leave off dirty?" A great many of Mr. Tuckwell's sketches belong to the early history of the scientific and musical movements in Oxford. We have interesting stories of the first chemical and microscopical lectures, and of the building of the Museum, and also of the gradual dawn of respect for music through the efforts of Corfe and Ouseley. These chapters are probably what will make the book of some permanent value.

The animadversions upon character throughout the volume must be received with a good many grains of salt. Mr. Tuckwell is, to judge from his comments, a Liberal in both politics and theology, and this must be remembered by any one who is inclined to attach to his judgments the weight of an *ipse dixit*. Pusey comes off pretty well, because Mr. Tuckwell knew him intimately as a family friend; though even about him he cannot refrain from quoting a remark of Jowett's "that he had deteriorated." But the character of Newman is a mere grotesque caricature, and the attempt to pit Manning against him as the truer Christian because he was a good Radical has come rather too late in the day. The Life of Manning was not pleasant reading; and the additional light thrown upon him by more recent biographies has only deepened the unfavourable impression; but of Newman it may at least be said that he has not yet been "shamed" by any records that have "leapt to light." Conington is among the people who are vilipended by Mr. Tuckwell, on the authority, it would seem, of Professor Robinson Ellis (we should much like to hear Mr. Ellis's version of the remark here attributed to him); but possibly the reason for the slight appears a sentence below, where we are told that "from an *esprit* and a Liberal he suddenly became Conservative and Puseyite." Of Bishop Wilberforce the writer allows himself to note that at the British Association meeting of 1860 he was "crassified somewhat, even plebeianised, by advancing years." As Mr. Tuckwell is himself advanced in years, the remark does not strike us as humane. There are not a few other passages, such as the unkind pictures of Dean Burgon, "fussy, obsequious, adulating," and Dean Lake, which we have marked as showing a want of

* *Reminiscences of Oxford*. By the Rev. W. Tuckwell. London: Cassell and Co. [9s.]

generous feeling; but we do not care to collect them. Mr. Tuckwell, amongst the many wise "tags" scattered through his pages, quotes "Est et fidei tuta silentio merces," and from a higher authority, "Judge not"; we wish he had practised a little more carefully what he preaches.

Most of the stories in the book will be old friends to most Oxford men; at least one is to be found in Mozley's *Reminiscences*; but several are new to the present writer. One is of the preacher in Durham Cathedral before the British Association, who had prepared a violent sermon against *Essays and Reviews*, but whose heart failed him when he saw Jowett in a stall; so that he borrowed an inoffensive and irrelevant homily which he knew a brother-Canon carried in his pocket against emergencies. Another is of Pusey's having got his Hebrew Professorship through the Bishop of Oxford by chance getting a sight of the notes in his Hebrew Bible; a story given on the authority of Dr. Pusey himself. Another concerns Calverley. "The Excursion lay on the table. Calverley handed it to his friend: 'Read me any five-and-twenty lines.' Wren did so. 'Again, more slowly.' Then for ten or fifteen minutes Calverley sat with his head in his hands. 'Now write'; and he dictated the translation in fluent Virgilian hexameters."

Mr. Tuckwell bewails the loss at Oxford of the wit that he remembers as marking the ordinary common-room talk of the "forties." Certainly some of the impromptu epigrams he quotes are remarkable enough; though we should like some better proof than oral tradition that they were impromptu. Some of the comic verses in the production of which Oxford has always abounded are collected into appendices. We regret to see among them certain undergraduate rhymes written twenty years ago in Balliol about all and sundry members of the College, which, we happen to know, were never meant for publication. It is one thing for an undergraduate in the fulness of animal spirits to lampoon his tutor, and quite another for an outsider to collect the lampoons from hearsay and print them, with conjectural ascriptions of authorship. That the verses have not been supplied to Mr. Tuckwell by their authors is obvious to any contemporary member of the College from the errors in the text. We trust that they may disappear from any future edition of Mr. Tuckwell's book. We have noticed one or two blunders, which a little detract from the air of infallibility proper to a book of reminiscences. Fitzjames Stephen is twice referred to as Stephens; J. R. Green becomes T. R. Green. We believe an examination of the archives of the Oxford Browning Society will disclose no paper on "James Lee's Wife," by Mark Pattison, though he once read "Holy Cross Day" at a meeting, looking very Jewish as he did so.

CONSTANTINOPLE.*

ONE almost feels that an apology is necessary for the heading of this article. It should have been Pekin: so completely has the old Eastern question been obliterated in the question of the Far East. But Mr. Hutton's book, we are thankful to say, is not about anything so remote in distance and associations. After all, whether its political importance has waned or not—for this remains to be seen—Constantinople holds an interest and a beauty that a wilderness of Pekins could never approach. There is no capital in the world more exquisitely placed; there is none, not even Rome herself, with such majestic monuments and such strangely mingled memories of varied rules and races, with such a motley past and so vital a part in the tradition of learning:—

"I was the daughter of Imperial Rome,
Crowned by her Empress of the mystic East:
Most Holy Wisdom chose me for her home,
Sealed me Truth's regent and High Beauty's priest.
Lo! when fate struck with hideous flame and sword,
Far o'er the new world's life my grace was poured."

Constantinople, too, thanks to the unchanging Turk, is not ruined by restoration or degraded by modern bricklayers, in the fashion so pathetically deplored by the most experienced of Roman ciceroni, Mr. Augustus Hare. The Turk does not restore, except under pressure from the West; and when at last the grave condition of St. Sophia imperatively called for repairs, the work was done by Fossoli in the purest spirit of

conservatism. Had the noble church been at Oxford in 1847, we should have had, probably, a variation on the familiar "new buildings" of we will not say which College. A great deal of Imperial Constantinople remains, partly hidden or buried, partly transfigured or misused, but still there; and the rest, after all, is Stamboul,—no wretched modern arrangement of boulevards and ronds-points, but the Stamboul of Mahommed the Conqueror, of Suleiman the Magnificent, of Mahmoud the Reformer. In spite of riots and conflagrations and massacres, there is still Justinian's St. Sophia, the "completed glory" of Byzantine art, crowned by the genius of Anthemius of Tralles; there is still the tomb of the Conqueror, the mosque of Suleiman, the Eski Serai of a thousand traditions, the Roman walls of a hundred sieges. Who cares for the famous smells and Softas, dogs and dragomans, so long as Stamboul is still herself, the glory of the Levant and the meeting-place of the nations?

The old Eastern capital has ever been so,—a meeting-place, but never a national metropolis. All races collect there, and form its mongrel population,—not the cleanest or the most honest in the world, we will admit. It was just as mixed in the days of Theodora as in those of his Majesty Abd-ul-Hamid II.,—always a cosmopolis; and in the middle point between the two we find its condition practically unchanged. Mr. Hutton, who has been so fortunate as to contribute a monograph on this enchanted city to Messrs. Dent's "Mediaeval Towns," thus describes Constantinople at the beginning of the thirteenth century; and as we mean to quote no more, a long extract may be permitted to show the manner of the book:—

"First and most prominently, it was a great commercial centre. Subordinate to its commerce were its art, rich and wonderful though that was, its military power, even its popular and all-embracing religious ideas. Commerce influenced all these. It gathered together all the nations of the earth, and it inspired them with greed for its treasures. . . . All the traffic of Asia naturally came that way; the great caravans of Central Asia, the trade of Palestine, Asia Minor, Persia, even Egypt, journeyed naturally to the New Rome. So naturally was Constantinople the centre of trade that she acted as a sort of universal banker. Her coins were in use in India and in distant England. And the merchants who made their living in Constantinople had, like those of the Hansa in London, their own permanent settlements. You may see to-day the great khans or caravanserais where the merchants and pilgrims congregate, the walls strong to resist attack, the gates closed at nightfall, the arrangements for common meals and common ablutions; and as you pass by you see the dark figures clustering in the doorways, or sitting on the marble steps, in their picturesque colours, and with that strange far-away look on their faces that you learn to know so well in the land where there is never any more pressing need than repose, or any delight more sweet. The custom of these great common lodgings, and very often the buildings themselves, go back far into the Middle Ages. In the thirteenth century they held great colonies of merchants, strong for mutual combination and defence. . . . As the Turks advanced over Asia, scattering ruin and blight before their path, the riches of the devastated cities fled to shelter behind the Byzantine walls. No city, it seemed to a Jewish observer of the time, was so rich or so full of business, save Baghdad. Gold was nothing accounted of; it covered the walls and pillars of the palace, it made the throne of the Emperor, the lamps of St. Sophia, the vessels of many an almost forgotten church. All who saw the city were amazed at its riches, at the magnificence of its buildings, its churches, palaces, houses of nobles and merchants. Marble and stone houses filled the chief streets; the splendid marble from the quarries of the Proconnesus, the stone which still stands firm in the massive dwellings of the Phanar. There were, of course, then as now many houses of wood, and fires were constant, but those who noted the fine houses destroyed as more than the three largest cities of France, noted also that of those that remained, as of the treasures of the churches, there was 'neither end nor measure.' And with all this there was a profound sense of security, so often and so unwarrantably contemporaneous with a marked development of luxurious life. Constantinople had never been captured; men easily believed that it never would be. Its walls, so magnificent in their decay, had proved and were thought still to be impregnable."

The passage immediately precedes the conquest by the Crusaders in 1204, which taught the unfortunate city its mistake with a ruthless barbarity which the Turkish conquest of 1453 scarcely rivalled. If Mr. Hutton is fortunate in his subject, on the other hand the subject is in safe hands. It would be easy to ruin it—by "gush," by ignorance, by bigotry—in a hundred different ways. Mr. Hutton has succeeded in a delightful but far from easy task. He is a serious historian, and his work on the early Church showed that he had not neglected the study of the East Roman Empire, even while wandering so far afield as to relate the achievements of the

* *Constantinople: the Story of the Old Capital of the Empire.* By William Holden Hutton, Fellow of S. John Baptist College, Oxford. Illustrated by Sydney Cooper. "Mediaeval Town Series." London: J. M. Dent and Co. [4s. 6d. net.]

Marquess Wellesley in a very different field of Empire. He is more in sympathy with Byzantine thought than earlier writers on the subject, and whilst, as an English clergyman, in no wise recommending the worship of icons, he knows the firm distinction between relative service, *σχετική προσκύνησις*, and that *λατρευτική* or worship which, directed to images, would be properly termed idolatry. Like Professor Oman, whose clever sketch of Byzantine history was almost impertinently aggressive to Gibbon's sarcastic view, Mr. Hutton is no believer in the effete degeneration of Eastern Rome, and he brings out her virtues and her faults with equal skill and temperance. We are accustomed to hear the "Scriptores historiæ Byzantinæ" held up as examples of the perfection of arid chroniclers—and to say sooth they are not often lively to read—but Mr. Hutton has shown that Byzantine history, and even Byzantine theology and heresy, may be made emphatically interesting even to those who come quite fresh to the subject. He is less sure in his treatment of Ottoman history, for which he has probably had no special training. One ought to know Turkish before one writes of the Turks, and numerous little slips show that Mr. Hutton knows none, except the too familiar "Yasâk!" "Forbidden"! He might at least have discovered that the name which he variously spells "Bairaciktar" and "Baraicktar" is the Persian word "Bairâkdâr," meaning "standard-bearer," though generally pronounced "Bairaktar" in Turkish. "Irardé," "Teheshmeh," "Kapou," "Gül Kkâneh," are doubtless misprints, as is the statement that the armour of Murad IV. in the Seraglio Treasury was worn at the siege of "Belgrad" in 1638—meaning Baghdad. But apart from slips of this kind, the Turkish period is hurriedly and rather carelessly written. No doubt it is less interesting than the period that preceded it, from Mr. Hutton's point of view, and the authorities from which the narrative is compiled are less graphic. It is not easy to make von Hammer's *Geschichte des Osmanischen Reiches* light reading, and so far as we can see Mr. Hutton did not even get beyond the *Vte. de la Jonquière's essai de vulgarisation*. Still, nine pages from the Conquest to Lepanto, 1453 to 1571, are short rations. On the other hand, when we have done with the history, which fills too large a share of the book, and come to the archæology, our author is himself again, an excellent guide and appreciative expounder of much learning that he has extracted from the elaborate works of van Millingen, Lethaby and Swainson, or the more dubious Paspates. Mr. Hutton borrows extensively, with the most affable acknowledgments, from these authorities, from Professors Bury and Lane-Poole, and others; and frankly he could not otherwise have written the book. But he has borrowed from the best lenders as a rule, and the result, although unequal and sometimes oddly pieced, is a very creditable compilation, which our readers would do well to put in their breast-pockets (but not their portmanteaus, having regard to the Custom House) when next they revisit Constantinople. It is not a guide-book, yet it is a most desirable *vade mecum*, and it is produced, as a pocket companion should be, in an irreproachable costume, elegant type, and adorned with Mr. Sydney Cooper's charming illustrations.

SIR EDWARD FRY'S STUDIES.*

THE recreations of a busy and distinguished man have always for us a charm above their intrinsic value. The essays of a *littérateur* may be good or bad, but they are parcel of his profession; but when a great lawyer or statesman comes into the same arena we are interested whatever the merit of the result. In this book Sir Edward Fry has given us an epitome of the subjects which formed the relaxations of his busy life. "To commit something to paper upon subjects which interest me has been a very old habit of mine," he writes in his preface, and he disclaims any pretence to add to the sum of human knowledge. The essays are a kind of note-book or diary of his literary recreations, and the temper of mind which they illustrate is that of an elder generation. Seriousness, a love of classical scholarship, a strong theological interest, are some of its characteristics, and when he writes on law his manner is as unlaywerlike as possible. He discusses punishment like a moral philosopher, and on the beauties of

conveyancing he writes with the remote æsthetic appreciation of one who might have known law only from the Universities. No foreigner taking up the book would ever guess that its author had been an eminent Judge and had exerted a great influence upon English jurisprudence. It is this happy air of aloofness, this holiday attitude, which gives the book its charm of contrast, and the leisurely scholarship is pleasing in these days of a glib smattering of all things.

It is rather, as we have said, the note-book of an enthusiast than a collection of critical studies. Sir Edward Fry writes of nothing which he does not frankly praise, for we do not expect a man to keep a commonplace-book of matters with which he has no sympathy. The essay on Dante's *Il Convito* is purely expository, and mainly a string of quotations. The large questions of Dante's metaphysic of life, his political philosophy, and his canons of criticism, all of which the work raises, are passed over with a bare reference. So with the charming study of Hesiod and the papers on travel in Greece and Sicily. Whether the author's excursions lie in books or on the shores of the Ægean and Mediterranean, his attitude is the same,—appreciative, full of reminiscences and quotations, but never critical. He has all the interests of an accomplished traveller, and whether on architecture, or landscape, or the flora of the Archipelago, he writes with the same reminiscent enthusiasm. He has that intimate knowledge of the classics which is too rarely present in our own day of more scientific scholarship, and he has in a high degree the historic imagination. He writes thus of Sicily:—

"Sicily is in some sense a land of shadows—a land where the dead are more present to the mind than the living—a land where one feels oneself to be a breathing man visiting, like Dante or like Hercules, the realms of phantoms. Everywhere you are haunted by the ghosts of great men or the memories of great events or of great and departed nations. In the lemon groves of the promontory of Naxos one fancies the sickly Nicias whiling away the winter, whilst his fleet rides in the bay outside the Greek harbour; at Syracuse we see a whole host of great shades—Nicias again, and Lamachus, slain near the Anapo; and the ghosts of thousands of Athenians perishing in the great harbour and on the cliffs of Epipolæ, and last of all in the quarries, and so vanishing into thin air; and again by the shores of Ortygia we think of Plato and Pindar and Bacchylides and Simonides, the visitors at the court of the stately Hiero; and last, but not least, of St. Paul tarrying for a short space in the harbour, and perhaps preaching in some of the squares and streets of the old city. There is yet another figure who follows one's thoughts through Sicily—the haughty and mystical Empedocles:—we remember him on the slopes of Etna, in his native Acragas, and again at Selinus. And even in bright and busy Palermo the dead are more to us than the living. It is of Hamilkar, or Marcellus, or Frederick the Second, and the brilliant Norman Kings that we think the most. So thoroughly in Sicily do the shadows of the past dominate the living present."

Of the two theological essays, the one on the Old Testament is scarcely more than a fragment, but the paper on "Sermons" is a curious illustration of the author's habit of mind. Pursuant to his custom, he has recourse to the classics, and notes with regret that "classical literature in its prime affords no precedent for sermons, offers no models on which to form our taste." He makes the calculation that over three million sermons at least are annually delivered in the land, which is a melancholy reflection for pessimists on national morals. He defends the practice which prevailed in the early Church, when the preacher might deliver, "not a sermon of his own composition, but one which was written by some other person, generally a preacher of authority and reputation," and he instances the publication of the Book of Homilies as a proof of the adoption of that practice by the Church of England. From which it will be seen that Sir Edward Fry belongs to the older school of church goers, who prefer the reasoned discourse to the brief spontaneous word of these latter days. But he, too, has declined a little from the austerity of our forefathers, for he thinks that "few would now endure without bitter complaints the hour which George Herbert recommended as the limit of length, 'because all ages had thought that a competency'"; whereas to David Deans, in *The Heart of Midlothian*, two hours and a half seemed but "a short allowance of spiritual fodder."

We have reserved the legal essays to the last, for in every respect they are the most notable, and the matter of one is highly controversial. "Conveyancing" is a charming piece of work, but in our opinion it makes too much of an art out of what is after all only a mosaic of traditional inconsistencies. Conveyancing, if it resembles any art, is like the trick of

* *Studies by the Way.* By the Right Hon. Sir Edward Fry. London: Nisbet and Co. [10s. 6d.]

writing extremely frigid and elaborate Latin verse, which is largely a fitting together of "tags" from various sources. But to Sir Edward Fry the practice is invested with all the glamour of long descent; he deduces it from patriarchal customs and the records of Assyrian tablets; and his picture of the learned conveyancer is touched with this romance:—

"They breathe a highly rarefied and transcendental atmosphere; their thoughts are of estates tail and remainders, and springing uses, and other legal concepts; and if they are concerned in the drawing of a marriage settlement or of a will they do not, like the solicitors, come into touch with lovers living in 'the purple light of love,' or with the sick man who, perhaps with sad heart and many doubts as to the future, is making the last disposition of his goods. They only see in most cases some papers,—at best the figure of the grave solicitor or his dowdy clerk."

The essay on "Punishment," which Mr. Justice Kennedy has approved of and Mr. Montagu Crackanthorpe criticised, is typical of the high seriousness of the author's mind. Is the intention to be considered or merely the result of a crime? Are social evils to be the sole criterion of punishment, or are we to admit a moral element? Is the aim of punishment solely reformatory and repressive, or does it admit of a penal side? Such are some of the questions which the subject raises, and we are bound to admit that Sir Edward Fry discusses these with great fairness and acumen. He finds, and in our opinion correctly, that the moral idea is the fundamental one, and that, in the belief that injustice and pain, which are both contrary to our nature, ought to go together, "punishment is an effort of man to find a more exact relation between sin and suffering than the world affords us," so that "in the apportionment of penalties we have to regard primarily and directly the moral nature of the crime." This is the primary idea; the secondary ones are the reformation of the offender, the prevention of further offences by the offender, and the repression of offences in others. This theory has no necessary antagonism to Mr. Crackanthorpe's standardisation of sentences. There may still be a rough calculus of penalties, which is understood to prevail as against the caprice of any particular tribunal, but by Sir Edward Fry's doctrine another and profounder element will enter into the making of such a calculus than is ordinarily admitted. But indeed all theories of punishment have only a speculative interest, serving to explain the judicial temper, which is a personal matter, composed of, but not entirely created by, many theories. Such a temper has of course its calculus of penalties, which is roughly the prevailing one, but its supreme merit is that it can use such a calculus intelligently and liberally, inasmuch as it is bound down to no one-sided dogma.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

MISS PEARD, who in her outlook on human life steers a mean course between placidity and acidity, has once more laid her readers under an obligation in the excellent story to which she has given the name of *Number One and Number Two*. Bride Kennedy, the heroine, is a young woman of charm and talent resolved at all hazards and costs to maintain her imperviousness to the tender passion. She is no scalp-hunter, but at the same time by no means averse to inflicting suffering on disappointed aspirants, and it must be admitted that her conduct, if not wholly justifiable, is thoroughly intelligible. Her cynicism is the outcome of a shattered romance. "Number One," to whom she had freely given her heart, had thrown her over in a heartless and cowardly manner, and subsequently disappeared into space. So Bride, "as she had failed to hold love, meant to enjoy admiration," and in the fulfilment of that plan of campaign we find her making havoc of the peace of mind of a long, lean, simple-minded Major and a blameless though unintellectual Baronet. Bride Kennedy, who is an independent orphan, is staying with friends in Egypt on her way home from Ceylon. Her love for Arthur Myles—"Number One"—is dead, killed by neglect and consciousness of his worthlessness; but to indulge an idle curiosity as to his subsequent career she employs Major Mostyn to make

inquiries as to his whereabouts, and in so doing contrives to convey the erroneous impression that she is still in love with Myles. Now Mostyn, whose brother had been victimised by Myles, has only too good reason to know how unworthy the missing man is; he is himself in love with Bride; but, like the chivalrous, Quixotic officer that he is, proceeds on his quest in the most thoroughgoing and conscientious manner. Of course in the long run he makes the delightful discovery that he was mistaken, and Miss Peard is so far old-fashioned in her methods as to contrive that the discovery should be made in time. We have only to add that the Egyptian scenery and surroundings are most artistically handled, that the minor characters are capitally chosen and contrasted, and that in the heroine Miss Peard has succeeded in the difficult task of portraying a character which, underneath a superficial hardness and air of defiance, is essentially womanly and generous.

In *One of Ourselves* Mrs. Walford describes with great profusion of detail the mutual relations between a family of impecunious orphans of aristocratic lineage and a clan of provincial bankers named Farrell. One of the latter, a bachelor of insinuating manners, pays his attentions to the three Colvin girls with great assiduity, and ultimately persuades one of them to elope with him. But by the fortunate intervention of Mr. William Farrell's actress-wife, of whose existence no suspicion had existed, Miss Colvin is rescued from a bigamous marriage to a dissipated swindler, and ultimately weds a Peer. Mrs. Walford retains her vivacity and high spirits, and as a mercilessly faithful delineator of the manners and customs of the middle-class husband-hunter commands respect. But we do not like to think that well-born girls habitually indulge in such hideous slang, such effusive vulgarity, as that ascribed to the three Misses Colvin. It may be true to life, but after nearly four hundred and fifty pages unrelieved by a single deviation into the distinguished—whether in style or sentiment—the reviewer cannot be expected to display enthusiasm over this artistic fidelity to the "up-to-date."

The hero of *The Inimitable Mrs. Massingham* begins life as an apprentice to an apothecary—a trade immortally associated with romance by Shakespeare—falls in love with the beautiful daughter of his master's lodger, and when the latter is arrested for forgery, by his chivalrous exertions in securing the girl's escape is implicated in her father's ruin, and sent to Botany Bay. The middle part of the story deals with his experiences and sufferings as a convict in Australia, his unfortunate marriage with a female convict, his meeting with his old sweetheart, who has come out from England to marry him; and finally we have his long-deferred but complete rehabilitation—his wife proving a bigamist, and he himself earning pardon and reward by his share in suppressing a convict outbreak—and reunion with the heroine. The story moves on somewhat familiar lines, but the treatment, though in places rather too frankly realistic to suit fastidious tastes, is vigorous and effective in its spirited, full-blooded way. The portrait of Robert's cousin Patty, the shrewish maiden who, mortified by his preference for the heroine, avenges the slight by giving evidence which procures his conviction, is a clever study in vindictiveness, and the pictures of convict life are evidently based on careful study of authentic records. The period is the first decade of this century, and Mr. Compton has shown skill in imparting to his recital, alike in narrative and dialogue, just the right old-fashioned precision of phrase.

There is a perennial interest in the theme which Mr. B. K. Benson has chosen for his story and a certain originality in his method of handling it. Jones Berwick, the hero and narrator of *Who Goes There?* has, in consequence of an accident in early childhood, been liable to occasional strange lapses of memory. In certain respects, however, his memory is peculiar and indeed remarkable. Shortly after his enlistment on the side of the North he encounters and is rescued by a certain Dr. Khayme, a friend of his boyhood, and now attached to the Sanitary Commission in the field, who inspires him with the conviction that his peculiar mental gifts fit him for secret service work. Acting on this conviction, Berwick penetrates the Confederate lines, and ultimately enters the rebel army as a Union spy. The strange situations into which his assumption of this hazardous rôle leads him are set forth at great, perhaps too

* (1.) *Number One and Number Two*. By Frances Mary Peard. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(2.) *One of Ourselves*. By L. B. Walford. London: Longmans and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *The Inimitable Mrs. Massingham*. By Herbert Compton. London: Chatto and Windus. [6s.]—(4.) *Who Goes There?* *The Story of a Spy in the Civil War*. By B. K. Benson. London: Macmillan and Co. [6s.]—(5.) *Love in our Village*. By Orme Agnus. London: Ward, Lock, and Co. [6s.]—(6.) *The Flowers of the Forest*. By David Lyall. London: Hodder and Stoughton. [6s.]—(7.) *Jean Keir of Craignell*. By Sarah Tytler. London: John Long. [6s.]—(8.) *Verity*. By Sidney Pickering. London: Edward Arnold. [6s.]

great, length, but the psychological motive of the story is original, and the narrative, though somewhat difficult to follow, is by no means lacking in exciting incident. The weakness of the story resides in the fact that the mysterious doctor Khayme, with his powers of clairvoyance, had he really existed, would have altered the whole course of the campaign.

Readers wearied of the amenities of the romance of society or the strenuous disquietude of the "problem" novel will find a welcome change in "Orme Agnus's" homely comedies of rural courtship. That he is capable of dealing with the seamy side of Wessex life has been proved in his earlier work. In *Love in our Village*, however, with one exception, he is content to exhibit the tyranny of the tender passion in a humorous light, whether the victim be a shy stripling or a rotund and middle-aged policeman. One of the best sketches describes the rude discomfiture of a male flirt by the co-operation of the two girls whom he had been simultaneously courting; another narrates the rout of a *miles gloriosus*; but most of them end happily. The exception is a really touching story of the consumptive village poet, the only child and idol of his parents' age. His mother's innocent pride in his doggerel, her tender welcome of his sweetheart, and the drawing together of the two women by the consciousness of their approaching loss, furnish "Orme Agnus" with the motive and material for a delicate idyll in which no jarring note impairs the sincerity of the pathos.

"David Lyall's" new volume, *The Flowers of the Forest*, consists of a series of sidelights on the war as viewed by "David Lyall" in the character of imaginary war correspondent of the *St. George's Gazette*. The narrator takes part in Methuen's advance, is present at the disaster of Magersfontein, the relief of Kimberley, and the capture of Cronje at Paardeberg. But the interest of the narrative is not centred in the military operations so much as in the personal histories of those with whom he is brought in contact, and, in particular, an aristocratic wastrel named Hughes, who gains a commission by gallantry in the field, wins the V.C., and regains the affection of the high-born lady whose mind had been poisoned against him by a rival. The obvious criticism of these pleasant stories is that they presuppose in the narrator an intimate first-hand knowledge of what went on in the field which, had it really existed, would have revealed itself in half-a-hundred vivid touches for which we look in vain.

The heiress-heroine of Miss Tytler's new story is a very straightforward, sincere, and charming young lady. Her two suitors, the unintellectual soldier and the earnest but voluble enthusiast, are excellently contrasted, nor can we altogether quarrel with Jean's decision in favour of the latter, as she has "ballast" and sense enough for both. *Jean Keir of Craignell* is a well-written, pleasant, and wholesome story of to-day, and will not lower, if it does not enhance, the prestige of the author of *Citoyenne Jacqueline*.

We approached Mr. Pickering's story with grateful memories of his earlier stories, and the impression of his talent is certainly not impaired by a perusal of *Verity*. Yet this story of the slow martyrdom of a delicately nurtured English girl in the second and third decades of the century at the hands of her brutal father—a coarse-tongued clergyman who beats his daughters—and a selfish pleasure-seeking lover is anything but cheerful reading, though the interest is powerfully maintained up to the final catastrophe when *Verity's* father shoots her lover. In short, we cannot altogether acquit Mr. Pickering of the offence of gratuitous misery-making, engrossing and touching though his story undoubtedly is.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

BOOKS ON THE WAR.

In the Web of War. By H. F. Prevost Battersby. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)—*Campaign Pictures of the War in South Africa*. By A. G. Hales. (Cassell and Co. 6s.)—Both Mr. Battersby and Mr. Hales have acquired a distinct reputation among the war correspondents of the time. Mr. Battersby has been known as an unsparing critic of military matters; Mr. Hales has come out, with no little vehemence, as a *censor morum*. Each keeps up his character in his volume. Mr. Battersby has a fairly continuous stream of observations on the tactics and strategy of the campaign as far as the occupation of Pretoria, and by way of post-

script formulates a serious indictment of our military system under the title of "Remaking of an Army." It is interesting to observe that this was written at intervals between April 14th and June 28th. We have no intention of estimating either the particular or the general criticisms. They have all the appearance of being carefully considered, and they are not personal. There is no lack of severity when a system is arraigned. Nor is the comment made on this or that operation always laudatory,—very far from it. But Mr. Battersby understands that there is no more difficult thing than to apportion justly the praise, or blame, or victory, or failure. One remark we may quote about Cronje's surrender. The trenches in the Boer position "might," he says, "have been drawn by a man with no military knowledge, but they could only have been dug by experts in war." That sums up Boer warfare in a few words. Nor can we omit Mr. Battersby's tribute to Lord Roberts's magnificent self-control when the great scheme for cornering the Boers at Seven Sisters came to nothing. "He stood there with the quiet smile on his face, when many another man would have been mad with anger, knowing well where the blame should be laid, but speaking not a word of it." "In war you can't expect everything to come out right" was all he had to say. Mr. Hales's book of "Letters from the Front" is largely personal. He has a good deal to say about the Australians, and we are glad to read it. Happily we are all agreed about their merits. Indeed, one is tempted to say as the Greek wit said to the rhetorician who pronounced a panegyric upon Hercules, *Quis vituperavit?* There is a foolish passage, which surely Mr. Hales might have had the grace to cancel, about the rage of the Australians at a rumour that it was intended to keep them in the background. Elsewhere there is a chapter on the "Camp Liar." This rumour seems to have been of his making. But it seemed to give an opportunity of abusing Mr. Chamberlain (though what he had to do with the disposal of Australian contingents it is difficult to see), and that was enough. There are politicians and papers who imitate Cato the Censor with his invariable *Delenda est Carthago*. Mr. Hales had the luck to be taken prisoner, and so got the opportunity of writing what is the most interesting part of his volume, his life in the Boer laagers. This story must be read along with other narratives of captivity. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Hales was not in prison. His experience does not contradict, though it should be considered with, that of Mr. Adrian Hofmeyr. The captivity chapters are followed by some sketches of fighting, and these again by a miscellany of "pictures." One of these is of "President Steyn," and gives Mr. Hales the opportunity of laying on his thickest colours. "With unblenching brow he waits the falling of the thunderbolt." That is the President. "Human jackals howl to try with lying lips to foul his memory." These are the President's enemies. This is pretty good, but our author *vires acquirit eundo*. Here we have the President's followers:—"So did our forefathers staid round Harold when Norman William trod with armed heel on English soil. So stood our fathers when Blücher's laggard step hung back from Waterloo." That a man should write such stuff in hot haste when the rider is waiting for a letter is just conceivable, but to pass it in proof,—words fail to express our astonishment. To put by the President "Blücher's laggard step"! Old "Vorwärts" a laggard! But Mr. Hales often lets his pen run away with him. When he is fuming over the imaginary "coddling" of the Australians, we are told that the "troopers cursed artistically in their beards at the roasting they would get from the witty-tongued, red-lipped girls of Australia." It is a dangerous thing when a man cannot resist an epithet. We should say that Mr. Hales puts in a concrete form the war correspondent difficulty. —*Shadows of the War*. By Dosia Bagot. (E. Arnold. 10s. 6d.)—It is a great relief to get to a subject on which all Britons—the hopeless Irish and Welsh irreconcilables excepted—are agreed. Mrs. Bagot went to South Africa in charge of the Portland Hospital. She now relates her experiences there and elsewhere. Her first visit was to the No. 2 Hospital at Wynberg. What she saw and heard there is not wholly pleasant reading. It was filled with men wounded at Belmont and Magersfontein, and some, at least, felt that they had been but ill led. On the other hand, it does one good to read of the enthusiasm with which some names were received. That of Lord Winchester worked like a charm. "Was he not a little too reckless?" asked Mrs. Bagot. The question astonished the man to whom it was put. "Why," he said, "that is the kind of officer as makes us men fight; 'e warn't afraid of being shot, not 'e." And the others echoed "Not 'e! So we warn't afraid to foller him." It was a fine tribute, worthy of the descendant of the gallant old Cavalier who defended Basing House. Mrs. Bagot has much to tell us that is well worth reading. The indomitable cheerfulness of the

British soldier she is never weary in describing. And she pays a tribute of praise to many who helped in the work of looking after him. Mr. Rudyard Kipling must be used to this kind of thing, but he cannot fail to be touched by hearing how his presence seemed to radiate comfort and encouragement. The general question of hospital management is still *sub judice*. Yet one rises from reading *Shadows of the War* in a more cheerful spirit.—*From the Front*. By J. Kinahan. (Marshall Brothers.)—Here we have yet another side of the war. Mr. Kinahan went out as a lay evangelist among the soldiers, and he gives us here some of his experiences. It is not a book to criticise, or even to give extracts from; but we may say that it is a book to be read.

THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

In the "Oxford Library of Practical Theology" (Longmans and Co., 5s.) we have *Holy Matrimony*, by the Rev. Knox Little. We must be content to leave this book with but a very slight notice. The name of the author guarantees that it will be found one of solid worth, full of religious and ethical teaching, expressed with much earnestness and force. One remark we may make on the treatment of the question of the "Indissolubility of Marriage." Canon Knox Little grapples with it fairly enough. He does not elude the difficulty of the proviso in St. Matt. xix. 9 as we have seen it eluded by a writer of the same way of thinking, that the reading is so doubtful that it may be left out of consideration entirely. But he makes, we think, a great assumption when he says that *primâ facie* "it cuts across all our Lord's teaching on the marriage of Christian people." Surely it may be urged that His teaching on this, as on all points, was in strict accord with human nature, and that marriage, as the foundation of social life, is so destroyed by infidelity that it is *ipso facto* dissolved by it.—In the series of the "Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges" (Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d. net) we have *The Book of Daniel*, with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. S. R. Driver, D.D. Professor Driver's introduction is a contribution to Biblical criticism of more than common importance. The Book of Daniel cannot be adequately studied without an adequate knowledge of a considerable period of Eastern history. It is necessary to be familiar with the age to which it is supposed to belong,—the last days of the Babylonian Empire and the rise of Persia. It is also essential to know something of the Empire of Alexander and the kingdoms that rose out of it. Nebuchadnezzar and Antiochus Epiphanes both belong to it. In fact Professor Driver, though allowing as its extreme highest date B.C. 300, is inclined to believe that it really belongs to the period of the great struggle between the Jews and Antiochus. The prophetic portion can hardly be ascribed to any other time, and it would certainly be an advantage to believe, if it may be, that the historical and the apocalyptic portions belong to the same time. There is a section on "Apocalyptic Literature," a subject which has been pursued of late with much zeal and success. The notes are full. Professor Driver's knowledge of the Hebrew and of its cognate dialects stands him here in good stead.—*The Life of Christian Service*, selected and arranged by J. H. Burn, B.D. (Elliot Stock, 5s.), is "a Book of Devotional Thoughts from the Writings of Dean Farrar."—*The Book of the Future Life*, by Pauline W. Roose, assisted by David C. Roose (same publisher, 6s.), is a selection from the utterances of many thinkers, from Plato onwards, about death and life and immortality. It is something more than a compilation, for the thoughts have been linked together, and so arranged as to bear on various aspects of the subject.—*Letters of Spiritual Counsel*, by the Rev. J. P. F. Davidson (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., 6s.), is a volume of extracts from letters of Mr. Davidson, which may be described as the letters of a "director." There are some other letters and a few poems. A memoir of the author is prefixed, which gives an interesting account of his early life and of his ministerial work. Mr. Davidson was a pupil of Mark Pattison at a time when that teacher was not at his best, for it was after his great disappointment in 1851. And indeed at no time was he a maker of "First Classes." But Mr. Davidson's real gifts lay in other directions.—*Religion in Literature and Life*. Two Lectures by Stopford A. Brooke. (P. Green. 1s. net.)—These lectures were delivered in November of last year at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and have now been printed, after revision, by the author. There is no need to commend them to our readers, but we may say a word of admiration at the eloquence which is especially conspicuous in the closing paragraphs of "Religion in Life."—*Keep to the Right*. By Grace Winter. (S.S.U. 1s. 6d.)—"A book of Outline Addresses to Children." These are founded on things of common experience, are, in fact, "object-lessons" with a spiritual significance.—Two republications from the works of Leo Tolstoy

may be mentioned, *How I Came to Believe*, and *Work While Ye Have the Light* (Free Age Press, 3d. each). The latter is a tale of Christianity in primitive times.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

The Three Friends. By A. G. Butler. (H. Frowde. 3s.)—This story, the author tells us, "hovers between fact and fiction,"—i.e., as we take it, the characters are drawn from life, though possibly more or less composite, the incidents are imaginary, but strictly possible. Of course we are reminded of "Tom Brown." The time is a little later, the scene being laid in the days of Tait, who receives an appreciation not always paid him. And Fleming and Gordon, among the "three friends," are of the kind of boy which Arnold made; O'Brien would have been much the same at any school period. The trio are carefully drawn. The tale reaches its climax when Fleming is put on the sick-list. The pathos is genuine. Is it not a slight anachronism when Matthew Arnold is made to say that he had seen A. H. Hallam? Of course he might have seen him, but he was only eleven when Hallam died.

Scores of Eton and Harrow Cricket Matches from 1805. Edited by Franklin Brook. (F. E. Robinson and Co. 1s. net.)—The 1805 score shows the name of Lord Byron in the Harrow eleven (scores 7 and 2). Curiously enough, the name just above him is Shakespeare. These two classics did not save their school from being beaten in one innings. Harrow, however, leads by three victories in the 59 matches played out. There are about 1,200 names in the index; about 170 afterwards played for Oxford or Cambridge, nearly half of these being furnished to Cambridge by Eton. Two played five times,—H. Vernon, 1845-1849, for Harrow (his total of runs being 92, and 11 wickets), and Dowson, 1895-1899, also for Harrow. His runs were 281 in nine innings. As he was "not out" three times his average works out at 46.8. Besides this he got 35 wickets, exactly half of all the Eton wickets taken,—all the innings were not played out. This is doubtless the record of individual achievement. The record score is 152, made by Emilius Bayley in 1841. The family record is held by the Lytteltons. Eight have played for Eton. Between 1858 and 1875 five matches only were played without a Lyttelton. The record of "extras" was reached in 1836, when out of Harrow's score of 93, 43 were extras (b. 26, w. 17) in the first innings, and 14 (b. 11, w. 3) out of 21 in the second, being only two short of the half.

Thoughts on the Collects, from Advent to Trinity. By Ethel Romanes. (Mowbray. 2s. 6d.)—This second part of Mrs. Romanes's *Thoughts upon the Collects* has the qualities of its predecessor. Though written simply for simple people, it supplies a genuine, and in its measure a deep, initiation into religious thought.

Fra Angelico, by Virginia M. Crawford, and *Sandro Botticelli*, by A. Streeter. (Catholic Truth Society. 6d.)—These two little books are prettily got up in grey and white covers. The accounts of the painters are very slight, and a person who was ignorant of the subject would not get much information from these writers. There is a picture of the artist in each volume.

Lullabies and Baby Songs. Collected by Adelaide L. J. Gosset. With Illustrations by Eva Roos. (Dent and Co. 3s. 6d.)—This "posy for mothers" is a very good collection of poems for and about children who are more or less "reluctantly" going "bedward." Though many of the modern lullabies are charming pieces of writing, they will be more interesting to the mother than to the child. The best sort of lullaby is often a mere crooning of certain words. For instance, the French jingle of "Un maron, deux marons, trois marons" repeated indefinitely might have a better result than Tennyson's cradle-song. Here is the first verse of a charming "Australian Cradle-Song," by Mr. John H. Wagner:—

"Over the hills and far away,
Deep in the shady dell,
The crystal fountains leap and play,
A dream of delight is the livelong day,
Over the hills and far away
In the land where the fairies dwell."

Miss Eva Roos's drawings of children are delightful. The picture of Tom and his new bonnet is most engaging, and so is the little boy sitting listening to the elves in the long grass. She is not so successful where she attempts more imaginative illustrations as in the frontispiece.

The Magazine of Art, 1900. (Cassell and Co. 21s.)—There are a number of interesting things in this volume; among others, we should like to call the reader's attention to an article on Mr. Edward Stott by Laurence Housman, with reproductions from his work. The great feature of this magazine is the beautiful way in which pictures are reproduced in full-size plates. The smaller illustrations, too, are remarkably good.

Of "Manuals of Employment for Educated Women," edited by Christabel Osborn (Walter Scott, 1s. per vol.), we have three numbers before us,—*Secondary Education*, by Christabel Osborn and Florence B. Low; *Elementary Teaching*, by Christabel Osborn; and *Sick Nursing*, by the same. Should any reader be surprised that one hand should deal with subjects so diverse, we may explain that the manuals are for the most part devoted to information about facts. The educational manuals, for instance, give details about training colleges, salaries, hours of work, pensions, &c., or, in the volume relating to secondary teaching, the University examination. The manual of nursing contains a very interesting introduction by Miss Eva C. E. Lückes, of the London Hospital.

Burke's Peerage, Knightage, and Baronetage. Edited by Ashworth P. Burke. (Harrison and Sons. 42s.)—The editor shows a most praiseworthy desire to make this book as complete and as accurate as possible. He gives some interesting particulars, suggested by the beginning of a new century, on the *personnel* of the House of Lords. We have the Roll of the Lords Temporal in the Parliament of 1801, the first of the United Kingdom. The difference between this and the Roll now in force may be thus exhibited:—

	1801.	Extinct.	1901.
Dukedoms	19	3	23
Marquises	10	2	21
Earldoms	77	25	122
Baronies	99	39	257
Viscountcies	7	8	29

These numbers are approximate, for the double returns and merged peerages require more reckoning than we have time for (no account is taken of representative Peers). It is curious that the first House of Lords contained 49 lay and 90 spiritual Peers. An explanation, certainly needed, is given of the "Guide to Relative Precedence." When one sees that the Archbishop of Canterbury is numbered 993, one would think that there are 992 persons who have precedence of him. As a matter of fact there are not more than five; 993-999 include certain high officials; Dukes are numbered 1,000, Marquesses 2,000, and so on. We must own to being a little doubtful as to some details. The Duke of Norfolk is numbered, being premier Duke, 1,000c; the Marquess of Winchester, being premier Marquess, 2,001. Is 2,000 reserved for the Platonic *idéa* of a Marquess?—*Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., 10s. 6d.), while on a much smaller scale, is a very useful work, which, now that it is in its sixty-first year, it is needless more particularly to commend.—Even less wanting of introduction to the public is *Whittaker's Almanac* for 1901 (12 Warwick Lane, 2s. 6d.) The editor does not rest on his reputation, but is always adding and improving. Matters of interest relating to the South African War may be found in the appendix. About five hundred officers have been killed, of whom the Lieutenants and Second Lieutenants make up together nearly one-half. Three general officers have been killed.—*Herbert Fry's Royal Guide to the London Charities* (Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d.)

We have received what has been not inappropriately called the "greatest book in the world," the *London Post Office Directory* (Kelly's Directories, 32s.) It increases yearly in bulk, and it has, so far resembling Africa, *semper aliquid novi*. How much there is of the new in it few would inquire. One might suppose, for instance, that the number of trades would remain fairly constant, however much the numbers of persons practising them might vary. Yet in this year there are no less than one hundred and two added. Here are some specimens: "electric-rheostat makers," "fly-paper spreaders," "phonograph transcribers," "metal cement merchants," "wood flour merchants and agents." What, we wonder, is "wood flour"? Possibly sawdust, with which, indeed, cornflour is made in Norway. Probably some trades disappear, but very few. One never sees a valentine nowadays, yet there are three "valentine and poetry card makers," and one firm that supplies them with the materials. One trade shows no sign of disappearance. There are some three thousand eight hundred publicans, twenty-four firms fit them out with bars, and sixty-two buy and sell their businesses as "brokers." The "publishers" number, it would seem, between four and five hundred.

We have received Part XV. of *A Picturesque History of York-*

shire, by J. S. Fletcher (J. M. Dent and Co., 1s. net), containing "The Ribble from Sawley to Settle," "Round about Ingleborough," and part of "Dent, Sedbergh, and Garsdale."

Three picture-books of something of the same kind may be mentioned together,—*The Natural History Nursery Rhymes*, by G. B. (Sands and Co., 3s. 6d.); *Cats, Pictured* by Louis Wain and Versed by "Grimalkin" (same publishers); and *The Journal of a Rabbit*, founded on fact by M. T. W., Illustrated by E. B. L. (Grant Richards, 1s.)—Another picture-book is *Fairies*, Written and Illustrated by Mary Tudor Pole (Broadbent, Manchester).—Also *Songs of Near and Far Away*, Illustrated and Written by E. Richardson (Cassell and Co., 6s.), and *Nursery Rhymes*, Illustrated by F. D. Bedford (Methuen and Co., 2s. 6d.)

We have received the annual volumes of *Goodwill*, edited by James Adderley (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., 2s. 6d.), "a Monthly Magazine for the People," and containing, among other things, a record of pastoral work in London; and *The Boys and Girls' Companion* (Church of England Sunday School Institute, 2s.)

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.—*Who's Who, 1901.* (A. and C. Black, 5s. net.)—This appears in a fifty-third issue, and exhibits a steady growth in comprehensiveness. It consists of two parts, the first giving information about official persons and facts, the second being an alphabetical list of persons more or less distinguished in politics, art, science, literature, sport, &c. This second part occupies more than twelve hundred pages, and contains, on a rough calculation, about ten thousand names. We are inclined to think that the "Recreations," which are more commonly not given, might be universally omitted.—*Hazell's Annual, 1901*, edited by W. Palmer, B.A. (Hazell, Watson, and Viney, 3s. 6d.), is so well known for its convenient arrangement and the completeness and accuracy of its information that it is not necessary to do more than record its appearance. This is the fifteenth annual issue.—*The 'Daily Mail' Year Book*, edited by Percy L. Parker (Harmsworth Brothers, 1s.), contains "20,000 Facts of the Day," biographical, official, Parliamentary, commercial, &c.—*The Church Directory and Almanac* (Nisbet and Co., 2s. net) requires not a little correction, as far as omissions are concerned. The writer of this notice finds four names of clerical friends omitted.—*The Banking Almanac, 1901.* (Waterlow and Sons, 15s. net.)—*Knowledge Diary and Scientific Handbook.* (Knowledge Office, 321 High Holborn, 3s. net.)—*Live Stock Journal Almanac.* (Vinton and Co. 1s.)—*Thomas's Hunting Diary.* Edited by T. F. Dale. (Land and Water Office. 2s. 6d. net.)

NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS.—In the "Temple Classics" (J. M. Dent and Co., 1s. 6d. net per vol.), *Vasari's Lives of the Painters*, Vols. VII. and VIII., completing the work; *The Inferno of Dante Alighieri*; and *The Master Mosaic-Workers*, translated from the French of George Sand by Charlotte C. Johnston.—*Fairy-Tales of the Brothers Grimm.* A New Translation by Mrs. Edgar Lucas. With Illustrations by Arthur Rackham. (Freemantle and Co. 6s. net.)—*Horae Subsecivae.* By John Brown, M.D. 3 vols. (A. and C. Black. 2s. net each.)—A new edition of the three series, and most welcome. It is some time, as far as we have noticed, since these delightful essays were reprinted, and we are very glad to see them.—*Poems.* By Peter Burn. (Bemrose and Sons, 5s.)—A "complete revised edition."—In the series of "Flowers of Parnassus" (J. Lane, 1s. net per vol.), *The Nutbrown Maid*, and *A Ballade upon a Wedding*, by Sir John Suckling.—With these we may mention *A Little Book of English Lyrics* (Methuen and Co., 1s. 6d.), beginning with the Earl of Surrey's "Description of Spring" and ending with the "Annabel Lee" of E. A. Poe.—*Tennyson's Princess.* Arranged as a Play by Elsie Foggerty. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)—*The Forsaken Mermaid.* By Matthew Arnold. Decorated by Jean C. Archer. (J. M. Dent and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander (J. F. B.), <i>Runs in Three Continents</i> , 8vo	(E. Stock)	7/6
Ashley (J. M.), <i>The Minor Acts of Our Lord & Saviour Jesus Christ</i> (Hodges)		3/6
Barr (W. M.), <i>A Catechism on the Combustion of Coal and the Prevention of Smoke</i> , cr 8vo	(S. Low)	8/6
Berkley (H. J.), <i>Treatise on Mental Diseases</i> , 8vo	(Hirschfeld)	21/0
Bowdsh (T. M.), <i>Kingdom of Song</i> , 8vo	(S. Low)	2/6
Bunyan's <i>Pilgrim's Progress Retold for the Young</i> by Rev. D. Davies, 4to	(Simpkin)	4/6
Callwell (C. E.), <i>The Tactics of To-Day</i> , cr 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	2/6
Chalmers on Charity, edited by N. Masterman, 8vo	(Constable)	7/6
Christy (C.), <i>Mosquitos and Malaria</i> , 8vo	(S. Low)	6/0
Crouch (J.) and Butler (E.), <i>The Apartments of the House</i>	(Unicorn Press)	7/6
Cumming (J. E.), <i>After the Spirit</i> , cr 8vo	(Partridge)	2/6
Dugdale (Mrs. L.), <i>Days and Months</i> , oblong 4to	(Dean)	3/6
Elliott (A.), <i>The Workmen's Compensation Acts</i> , cr 8vo	(Stevens & Haynes)	5/0
Ellis (M. A.), <i>The Human Ear: its Identification & Physiognomy</i> , cr 8vo (Black)		3/6

Encyclopædia Medica, Vols. V.-VI., roy 8vo	(Churchill) each 20/0
Facsimiles of Biblical MSS. in British Museum, edited by F. G. Kenyon, folio (Oxford Univ. Press) 10/0	
Family Prayers for Morning Use, and Prayers for Special Occasions, compiled by J. M. G., cr 8vo	(J. Clarke) 2/6
Forgotten Melody (Tbe), by One Who Remembers It, cr 8vo	(E. Stock) 5/0
Gerard (W.), Una: a Song of England in the Year 1900, cr 8vo	(K. Paul) 3/6
Goodsall (D. H.), and Miles (W. E.), Diseases of the Anus and Rectum, in 2 parts, Part I., 8vo	(Longmans) 7/6
Hall (A. V.), My Boer Host, 12mo	(S. Low) 3/6
Harris (Hon. J.), Inferences from Haunted Houses & Haunted Men (Wellby) 2/6	
Herbert (A. R. K.), Picnics and Suppers, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein) 2/6
Hollowell (J. H.), Ritualism Abandoned; or, A Priest Redeemed (J. Clarke) 3/6	
Kenworthy (J. C.), Book of Vision, 4to	(Simpkin) 10/6
Longstaffe (J. L.), Diversities in Verse, 4to	(G. Allen) 5/0
Low (J. L.), F. G. Tait: a Record; being his Life, Letters, and Goiding Diary, 8vo	(Nisbet) 6/0
Lydon (F. F.), Ambidextrous & Free-Arm Blackboard Drawing, 4to (S. Low) 5/0	
Malcolm (Ian), The Calendar of Empire, roy 16mo	(W. Blackwood) 5/0
Marshall (Percival), Practical Metal Turnings, cr 8vo	(Dawbarn & Ward) 2/0
Martin (Mrs. H.), Elsa's Little Boys, cr 8vo	(Warne) 2/0
Martin (W. A. P.), The Siege in Peking, cr 8vo	(Olliphant) 3/6
Morris (Sir Lewis), Harvest-Tide, 12mo	(K. Paul) 5/0
Ridley (W.), Not Myth but Miracle, cr 8vo	(Seeley) 1/6
Shakespeare's Sonnets (Bibelots), 18mo	(Gay & Bird) 2/6
Smith (C. Fox), "Men of Men," cr 8vo	(S. Low) 3/6
Stevenson (Wallace), Some Songs and Verses, cr 8vo	(Constable) 5/0
Warren (W. T.), Kebleland, 8vo	(Simpkin) 2/6
Williams (H. S.), The Story of Nineteenth Century Science, cr 8vo (Harper) 9/0	

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FOR THE

No. 3,783.]

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1900.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE war news during the week has been meagre, but what there is is distinctly good. The Boer raiders into the Colony are not only meeting with no local support, but are finding it increasingly difficult to keep up their game of hide-and-seek. Moreover, they are gradually being forced north, which means their ultimate destruction, as the Orange River is not now fordable except at the drifts, which are well guarded. The western column has already broken up into small groups, which are being steadily followed up, while the eastern, which seems to have more cohesion, is being driven in the direction of Venterstad. In the Thabanchu region De Wet still remains uncaptured, but the news as we write is that General Knox is engaged with him. De Wet, that is, is trying to break south. He may, of course, succeed in this attempt, but if he fails it will probably be the end of him, for all other exits are believed to be barred. On the whole, we see no sign for uneasiness. The Colony is not going to rise, and the guerilla war will pursue its normal course to a normal close. No doubt there may again be anxious moments and annoying disasters on a small scale, but it is not worthy of the nation to be moved by such minor worries.

At the Spanish Legation in Pekin on Christmas Eve (Monday) the Joint Note of the Powers was presented to Prince Ching, who accepted it, to be forwarded to the Emperor. Li Hung Chang, who is still ill, sent an apology for his absence. The substance of the Note, as telegraphed by the *Times* correspondent, is as follows. After a preamble reciting as the chief crimes the murder of the German Minister by Imperial soldiers and the attacks on the Legations, denouncing the treachery of the Chinese Government in declaring by its representatives abroad that it was protecting the Legations while it was actually besieging them, and recalling the rest of the outrages, the Note declares that the Allies consent to the petition of China for peace on certain "irrevocable" conditions:—(1) An Imperial Prince to convey to Berlin the Emperor's regret for the murder of Baron von Ketteler, and a monument with an inscription in Chinese, German, and Latin, and also expressing the Emperor's regret, to be set up in Pekin. (2) Severe punishment to be inflicted on the persons named in the Imperial decree of September 21st—including Prince Tuan—and also on other persons to be designated by the Allies, and, in addition, examinations to be suspended for five years in the cities where outrages took place. (3) Honourable reparation to be made to Japan for the murder of M. Sugujama. (4) Expiatory monuments to be erected in all the foreign cemeteries where graves were desecrated.

After these expiatory conditions follow demands of a more political nature:—The importation of arms or *matériel* and their manufacture are to be prohibited. An equitable indemnity is to be paid to the States, societies, and individuals (and also to Chinese injured because they were employed by foreigners), China adopting financial measures acceptable to the Powers in order to secure the payment of the indemnity and the service of the loans. Permanent Legation guards are to be maintained in Pekin, and the diplomatic quarter is to be fortified. The Taku forts and other forts on the way to Pekin are to be razed, and the military occupation of points necessary to ensure the safety of communications between Pekin and the sea is to continue. Proclamations are to be posted during two years throughout the Empire threatening death to all persons joining anti-foreign societies, and describing the punishments inflicted by China on the ringleaders of the recent outrages. A revision of the present commercial treaties in order to facilitate trade is to take place; and finally, the Tsung-li-Yamen is to be reformed. Until these conditions are complied with it is declared that the Powers can hold out no hope of the evacuation of Pekin and the neighbouring provinces.

We cannot say that we feel any great hope that China will loyally accept and carry out these conditions. It is far more likely that, in spite of the conditions being declared to be irrevocable, she will try to negotiate, and will object to and discuss every detail. Indeed, that process has begun already, and two of the articles are said to be "impossible,"—those as to the forts and the Legation guards. The essential difficulty is that time tells against us, and not in our favour. The position is not unlike that which Napoleon experienced in Moscow. The Czar would not treat, and Napoleon had no power of issuing an ultimatum. The Allies cannot threaten to enter the capital of China, for they are there already. They cannot again threaten to occupy more provinces, or to take Sian, or to march through China (one might as well talk of marching from Boston to San Francisco), for they have not force enough to do more than they are now doing, and no one wants to send out more troops. Meantime the Chinese, who think little of time, are not in a hurry, and are getting quite accustomed to being without their capital. In a word, the Allies are really more anxious to get out of China than the Chinese are to get them out. If once the Chinese realise this fact they are certain to take every advantage of it. That they will fail to discover it seems unlikely. The *Times* correspondent in New York telegraphs that the Foreign Ministers in Pekin lately had a stormy meeting "to discover who it is discloses to the Chinese what every Minister is pledged to keep secret. Li Hung Chang invariably knows within two hours of each meeting what has happened at it."

It looks as if after all the Amnesty Bill would not succeed in covering up the remains of the Dreyfus case. On Thursday a letter from Captain Dreyfus to the French Prime Minister was published in Paris which threatens to reopen the whole discussion. Captain Dreyfus in the letter in question says that he has been accused "by a certain section of the Press of having addressed in 1894 to the German Emperor an infamous letter which, annotated by this Sovereign, was stolen from an Embassy and is formal proof of the crime for which I was twice unjustly condemned." This fresh lie, considering its origin, cannot possibly, he goes on, be treated with scorn. After asserting his innocence Captain Dreyfus continues:—"I am no more the author of the *bordereau* annotated by the German Emperor, which is only a forgery, than of the original authentic *bordereau*, which is Esterhazy's. Henry excepted, all the chief authors of my iniquitous condemnation are still living. I am not stripped of all my rights, I preserve the

right of every man, which is to defend his honour and to get the truth proclaimed. I have then the right, Sir, to ask you for an inquiry, and I have the honour to solicit it." One sympathises with Captain Dreyfus, but of course M. Waldeck-Rousseau cannot possibly grant his request for an inquiry. That would stultify the whole policy of amnesty,—and the policy of amnesty is essential to the welfare of France. But even though the Ministry refuses inquiry, as it must, we do not feel sure that the controversy may not be awakened in the Press, and with the worst possible results.

General André, the French War Minister, made a remarkable speech at Beaune on Christmas Day. After denouncing the unpatriotic action of a newspaper in revealing his negotiations with M. Turpin, the inventor of a new explosive which would place France at the head of the nations of the world, General André vigorously attacked the "sham patriots" who had engineered the simultaneous publication in the French Nationalist papers and the *Novoe Vremya* of an article accusing him of disorganising the Army and imperilling the Franco-Russian Alliance. General André declared that he had come to Beaune to expose these "odious campaigns," that he feared nobody and nothing, that he would never lower himself by asking punishment for those who were barking at his heels, and concluded: "I shall remain at my post, and when I leave the War Office it will be feet foremost." These are bold words, but General André has evidently been stung to something like fury by the insubordination of Major Cuignet, and his resolute action in dealing with every crisis that has arisen since he succeeded General de Galliffet has proved him to be every whit as resolute and fearless as his predecessor. And though he fears "nobody and nothing," he is, happily, no intolerant Secularist, his latest action in the Chamber being successfully to resist the abolition of the chaplaincies in the military schools, on the ground that they were mostly filled by retired naval chaplains, who returned to France imbued with patriotism and loyalty to the Republic, and might serve as a model to all French officers. General André is determined at all hazards to maintain the supremacy of the civil power over the Army, and is unquestionably one of the chief forces in the strongest French Government of the decade, perhaps the best since the Empire fell.

The last of the great generals of the Franco-Prussian War, Field-Marshal Count von Blumenthal, died on Friday week. The son of a Prussian Captain who died of wounds received in the battle of Dennewitz in 1813, Von Blumenthal did not obtain command of a regiment till he was fifty, but made his mark as Chief of the Staff under the "Red Prince" in the war against Denmark in 1864. In the wars of 1866 and 1870 he was the brilliant Chief of the Staff of the Crown Prince's army, winning undying renown at Königgrätz, Weissenburg, Wörth, and Sedan. Two facts in the career of this famous soldier, traced with great skill in Monday's *Times*, specially commend themselves to the attention of those interested in British Army reform. As a subaltern he had the good fortune to serve in a regiment which had the tradition that its officers should be men of education and talent, and that they should practise "plain living and high thinking." The second fact is that, though he looked more like a professor than a soldier, he was no pedantic believer in the sovereign efficacy of drill and parades, but upheld the doctrine that military training should be directed to securing the practical efficiency of the individual soldier.

A further development of the practical appliance of wireless telegraphy was demonstrated before the German Emperor in Berlin last Saturday. By the improvements introduced by Professor Slaby and his assistant, Count Arco, it is now possible for an operator to communicate simultaneously with several different stations. Thus on Saturday Professor Slaby conversed from a room in Berlin with two stations, one at Charlottenburg, and another at Ober-Schönweide, distant two and eight miles respectively. The conversations were carried on by the Morse code, the two instruments used being connected with a lightning conductor in the neighbourhood, and though one of the stations was separated from the room by the greater part of Berlin, the interference of the intervening buildings, chimneys, &c., was successfully neutralised by a special apparatus. The value of wireless telegraphy for signalling purposes is now conclusively

established. Unless, however, the speed of transmission is greatly enhanced, there is little prospect of Signor Marconi or Professor Slaby delivering our streets from their wire entanglements.

On Monday Lord Cromer, who has been paying a visit to Khartoum, addressed a speech to the Sheikhs and notables of the Soudan which lays down with the speaker's usual clearness and statesmanship the course which this country means to pursue in those regions. He strikes the keynote of his policy when he says that "low taxation must be placed before every other interest." In other words, though the Soudan wants better communications and a hundred other things, it wants still more low taxation, and Lord Cromer does not intend that the paraphernalia of civilisation, however desirable in the abstract, shall be purchased by taking from the Soudanese people an undue proportion of their wealth. The decision not to force the pace is most wise. To make our rule strong and efficient it must, in the long run, be based, we will not say on the love of the inhabitants, but on their acquiescence. But there is no form of government in which men acquiesce so readily as that which taxes them at a low rate. Our rule cannot be sympathetic to a savage and fanatical population of Mahommedans, but if we do not ask for too much in the way of taxes, we shall obtain an appreciation and support almost as valuable as loyalty.

Lord Cromer next, and in answer to a native demand for more European supervision, laid it down that there must not be too large a number of European administrators in a country like the Soudan. Those, however, who were introduced must be selected with the greatest care. To supplement the present military administrators a few civilians would be appointed, who "would form the nucleus of a future Soudan Civil Service." A hydraulic engineer would also be appointed. That Lord Cromer is perfectly right in insisting on a slow and cautious development of the Soudan cannot be doubted. Any attempt to rush the development might end as did the opening up of Rhodesia at "full steam ahead."

Sir William Lyne, who was first commissioned to form a Ministry by Lord Hopetoun, the new Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth, failed in the undertaking, and he thereupon, with a most proper regard for constitutional usage, advised that his rival, Mr. Barton, should be sent for. Mr. Barton was then commissioned to form a Ministry, which he has succeeded in doing, Sir William Lyne joining him. Considering the prominent part taken by Mr. Barton in founding the Commonwealth, it is right and appropriate that he should be the first Premier. We hope and believe that he will never forget that he is the Premier of all Australia, and that the leaders of Opposition will also remember that in the first years of the Commonwealth they must base their policy on broad and not on sectional issues. We do not doubt that they will do so, for Englishmen, on whichever side of the Line they are born and bred, are apt to rise to a sense of their duties and responsibilities. And it is indeed no small responsibility to guard the honour and keep safe the person of the "young Queen," as Mr. Kipling has called her, who now takes her seat in the great circle of the Empire. In this work the statesmen out of office must bear their part equally with those who form the Ministry.

The Shanghai correspondent of the *Standard* sends a letter, dated November 19th, which opens with a graphic description of the Empress-Dowager's position. "'The Empress-Dowager,' says a Chinese official, 'is like a woman riding a tiger. She does not dare to get off for fear the tiger will eat her.'" In other words, having put herself in the power of the most conservative of the Manchus at the time of the *coup d'état*, she has not ventured to break with them, lest they should turn and destroy her. The most striking thing in the despatch, however, is the deeply touching last letter written from the interior by Mrs. Atwater, just before she was murdered with many other Europeans by the orders of Yü-Hsien. "I was very restless and excited," she says, "while there was a chance of life, but God has taken away that feeling, and now I just pray for grace to meet the terrible end bravely." The correspondent expresses not unnatural surprise that the

sufferings of the missionaries in the interior seem to have attracted but little attention at home. It may be, as he suggests, that they were overshadowed by the more romantic and stirring events in Pekin. We suppose that national compassion had been exhausted, or at least weakened, by the continuous demands of the war in South Africa, and the murdered missionaries lacked the modern *vates sacer*, the special correspondent.

The Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco sends to the *Times* of Monday a letter from "a distinguished American officer" on the conduct of the Allied troops in China. According to her informant, every house on the road from Pekin to the coast had been looted and vast numbers wrecked, thousands of people had been brutally murdered, and there had been great wanton destruction and other outrages on helpless people. Most of the officers had done what they could to prevent wanton murder and outrage, but the spirit of looting had carried away nearly every one. To sum up, the American officer declares the expedition to have been a very demoralising experience. "I hope and believe Anglo-Saxons have been less cruel and brutal than others, but they got their share of the loot." There can be little doubt that the discreditable behaviour of some European troops has greatly weakened the position of the Allies in demanding the condign punishment of Prince Tuan and the other leaders of the anti-foreign movement. In this context the summary of the Japanese newspaper comments on the conduct of the Western troops given in last Saturday's *Times* deserves attentive study. The Japanese are unanimous in placing the United States soldier at the head of the list, officers and privates alike being free from reproach in regard to looting and outrage; the Germans stand second, and the British third. For the British officer they have nothing but praise, but the Indian troops are charged with looting on a petty scale whenever a chance offered. The Russians are put at the bottom of the list on both counts, and the French last but one. The candour of the Japanese critics lends value to these appreciations. They admit their own troops were not guiltless of looting, but claim that while the Indian, Russian, Frenchman, and sometimes the German stole individually, each man for himself, the Japanese stole systematically and in the public interest.

It was announced on Friday that Sir Evelyn Wood, Acting-Commander-in-Chief, had requested Major-General Sir Henry E. Colville, commanding the infantry brigade at Gibraltar, to resign his command. General Colville has refused to resign, and is about to return to England. That Mr. Brodrick would have taken this course without the strongest and best of reasons we cannot believe. We do not, of course, as yet know all the facts, and so we cannot express a personal opinion as to whether Sir Henry Colville did or did not fail in his military duties; but we do know that those who have considered the facts and are competent to decide the point have not only decided it, but have acted on their decision. This is a great point gained. Hitherto it has been generally believed in the Army that an officer of high rank and good social position would never be dismissed, however strong an opinion the military authorities might form of his competence. Mr. Brodrick, in having shown that this is not the case, has acted with great courage and done a public service. Of course Sir Henry Colville will be entitled to be fully heard, and Mr. Brodrick will be expected to justify his action. That the Secretary of State for War will be able to do so we do not doubt, but meantime his pluck in facing a most painful and disagreeable duty instead of running away from it cannot be praised too highly.

The death of Mr. Vere Foster on Friday, the 21st, at Belfast, at the age of eighty-one, removes a figure who devoted a long life to works of unobtrusive but genuine philanthropy. The son of an Ambassador, he passed from Eton and Christ Church into the diplomatic service, but a visit to Ireland in the year of the famine induced him to sacrifice professional advancement to a career of practical benevolence. The two great works of his life were those of facilitating Irish emigration and improving the premises of Irish national schools. He travelled three times across the Atlantic as a steerage passenger with a view to securing better accommodation for the emigrants, and from first to

last assisted out of his own resources no fewer than twenty-five thousand Irish girls in their journey to America. In regard to the schools, his benevolence took the form of replacing mud or flagged floors by wooden boards. Few men have achieved so much on an income which, we believe, was no larger than that of the head of a Government Department. His best known work was that which grew out of Lord Palmerston's crusade against illegible official handwriting, and this established a third claim on the gratitude of the public in general and editors in particular.

The losses in the war have been terribly heavy, but Mr. G. Lacy in his letter to Monday's *Times* does useful service in exposing the exaggerations of alarmist orators. Up to the end of November the official return of casualties amounted to 49,700. Of these, 37,100 appear as "invalids sent home," of whom 230 have died, 1,310 have been discharged as unfit for further duty, and 780 are still in hospital. But the entire remainder have returned to duty and "are ready to go back to Africa or anywhere else where they may be required." Thus, deducting 34,780 from 49,700, we have a total of 14,920 as the net loss, and this includes 1,250 stated to be "missing," of whom the greater number have rejoined our forces, though not officially reported. Mr. Lacy finally applies the actuarial test on the 260,000 employed in the war, and arrives at the conclusion that the total deaths from all causes are a little more than three times those of healthy young men of all occupations in times of epidemic disease.

Though one of the results of the war has been to render our national addiction to pastime somewhat suspect, cricket certainly does not seem to have impaired the fibre of the Australians, several distinguished English amateurs have borne themselves gallantly at the front, and two well-known county players have been killed in action. Some of us may think that a great deal too much time is spent on "coaching" boys in cricket at fashionable preparatory schools, but all are agreed that in the interests of British sportsmanship the rules of a great game should be honestly observed. The decisive, though somewhat tardy, action of the captains of the first-class counties in "naming" a number of unfair bowlers deserves the support of all true lovers of fair play, though the real credit of forcing on the crisis belongs to the professional umpire Phillips, who on several occasions in recent seasons courageously exercised the invidious privilege of "no-balling" notorious offenders. At the same time, one cannot but admit that a good deal may be said for legalising throwing, or that the indisputable predominance of the modern batsman on modern pitches over the modern bowler is likely to be further enhanced by the proscription of the unfair bowler.

Lord Armstrong, the chairman and founder of the great Elswick Works, and one of the great mechanical geniuses of the century, died on Wednesday at the age of ninety. Son of a Cumberland yeoman who afterwards became Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne, he early developed a taste for mechanics, and though he was a solicitor for fifteen years, was elected a F.R.S. in 1843 for his hydro-electric machine, and perfected his famous crane a couple of years later, the first of many inventions which entitle him to be regarded as the founder of the present system of practical hydraulics. The Elswick Works were started in 1847, the year in which he retired from the law; in 1858 he presented to the country his rifled cannon, which had been officially pronounced the best field gun then known; and from 1859 to 1863 he served as Engineer of Rifled Ordnance at Woolwich. On resigning this post he devoted all his energies to Elswick, which some eighteen years ago was amalgamated with the shipbuilding firm of Mitchell, and now employs twenty-five thousand hands. Lord Armstrong, who was raised to the Peerage in 1887, was one of the first to call attention to the probable exhaustion of our coal supply in his Presidential address to the British Association in 1863, and only three years ago published a remarkable treatise on electric movement in air and water. It is pleasant to add that Lord Armstrong spent his great wealth with splendid liberality, and that his claim to honourable remembrance is based on his noble benefactions to Newcastle and Northumberland as well as on his achievements as a man of science, an inventor, and a great captain of industry.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

New Consols ($2\frac{3}{4}$) were on Friday 97 $\frac{1}{2}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE PLACE OF ENGLAND IN THE COMING CENTURY.

UNDER the heading "Will England Last the Century?" a writer in the January *Fortnightly* who signs himself "Calchas" considers the problem of England's future. Will the century which begins next Tuesday see the decline and fall of England as the seventeenth century saw that of Spain, or shall we be able to survive the competition of our rivals, and will "the meteor flag of England" hold as high a place at the end of the next hundred years as it holds now? "Calchas's" answer is that we may keep our place in the world if only we read the signs of the times aright, and if we meet the new century with a great national awakening. The direction which our renewed activity should take is considered in detail by "Calchas," and he sets forth what is in fact a political, commercial, and moral programme for the guidance of the nation. With a part of "Calchas's" programme we are in entire sympathy. We hold with him, to begin with, that there are no signs of national decay, and that whatever may be the fate of the ship of State, it is no rotten, water-logged vessel manned by a drunken, or lazy, or disordered crew that now rides the sea. No doubt the best found ships have ere now been cast away, and the ablest captains have thrown their charges upon the rocks, but, at any rate, if we perish it will not be because we are degenerate. Again, we agree with "Calchas" that the nation must spare no effort, must practise a conservation of moral and intellectual energy, and must by means of education in all its branches equip itself for that struggle for life in which nations are as much plunged as are individual men. Lastly, we hold with him that if we are wise we shall come to an understanding with Russia, and shall base our world-policy not on antagonism to her, but on a proper recognition of what are the aims and objects she has at heart. But, unfortunately, "Calchas," like so many of the prophets of the new epoch, makes these sound premisses the foundation for an absolutely suicidal set of proposals in regard to our commerce. When we come to the kernel of his scheme, it is apparently—for we admit he writes here with a certain vagueness—for Protection, —i.e., for a tariff and the adoption, under some convenient *alias* such as a Zollverein, of the Continental policy of the closed, as opposed to the open, market. In our view, it would be impossible to devise a quicker or more certain way of destroying the British Empire than to give up our policy of the free and open market, and to try to increase our resources by buying dear and selling cheap. At present, however, we do not intend to do battle with "Calchas" on the question of Free-trade. We desire instead to set forth what we believe will be the policy that will keep England her present high place in the community of nations.

The coming century is clearly destined to be for all the great nations of the world the century of Imperial and Colonial expansion. It will, that is, be marked by the acquisition or development by the European Powers of vast tracts of country beyond the seas in Asia, in Africa, and in South America. Rightly or wrongly, all the European Powers have come to believe that a nation in order to be great must have an oversea Empire,—colonies and possessions in the uncivilised and undeveloped parts of the world which are governed from and controlled by their European possessors. Britain already possesses a great oversea Empire. France has lately acquired one on a vast scale in North-West Africa and Indo-China. Germany has made a beginning, and is determined to have more, and her ambitions lead her to look to Asia Minor, to China, to East Africa, and to South America. Italy, in spite of her severe trials in Erythrea, still hankers for external possessions; while Russia, though her colonies are not oversea, is among the greatest of expanding nations. The United States also has entered the lists, and has in Cuba and the Philippines the beginnings of an Empire. All things, then, show that the new century, as we have said, will be the century of Imperialism. But that being so, success or failure will be achieved in the new century by the Power or Powers which prove able to manage best and develop best their

Imperial possessions. The Great Powers have each and all backed themselves in the great game of Empire, and on their good or ill fortune their fate must depend. It is our belief that, granted we keep our heads and play the game in the future as we have played it in the past, Great Britain will win. We believe, that is, that we hold the secret of success, and that the other Powers have not divined it. They imagine that in order to make Empire a benefit to the Imperial power colonies and dependencies must be controlled from home, and, what is more, must be organised and developed in the interests of the home-country. The French and the Germans argue, logically enough in appearance, that if they spend blood and treasure in acquiring oversea possessions those possessions must be made to pay the bill. 'What is the use,' they argue, 'of establishing a colony and then allowing the ships and traders of foreign nations to use its ports and to exploit its markets as if they were its own?' That is not business. A colony is like a branch office, and its business is to feed and help the central office, not that central office's rivals and competitors. A colony's *raison d'être* is the bringing of help and support to those who founded it. Hence an Empire, as understood abroad, means great outlying estates to be worked for the benefit of the absentee possessors in Europe. By a series of most happy accidents, moral, physical, commercial, and political, which cannot be described here, we have come to regard oversea possessions in a perfectly different spirit. Gradually during the past century we have learned that the first thing to be thought of in our oversea possessions is how to make them prosperous in themselves. The object has been not to develop them so as to feed England with trade and money, but to make them individually flourishing communities. We have never argued: 'This or that trade policy if adopted in a Colony might be very good for the Colony if it could be considered in isolation, but we, the Mother-country, should lose a certain benefit, and therefore it cannot be adopted.' We have thought instead first of the benefit of each unit of Empire. And we have done this not merely in the case of the great self-governing Colonies peopled with white men. In India and Ceylon and all our dependencies, as contrasted with our Colonies, we have endeavoured, quite as strongly, to think primarily of the benefit of the inhabitants. In the case of the self-governing Colonies, we have even allowed them to subject the goods of the Mother-country to hostile tariffs, holding that they must be allowed to be the judges of what is to the interests of the Colony. In a word, our rule of Empire has been to consider always the interests of the inhabitants of each oversea community, and to make no attempt to benefit the Mother-country at the expense of the daughter State or dependency. What has been the result of that policy of liberty and unselfishness? It has placed the Empire on foundations of the most stable kind. Politically, it has made the self-governing Colonies view their connection with us with pride and satisfaction, and has taught them to consider themselves as partners, not as dependents. But there is no need to enlarge on this point,—almost every action that has been fought in South Africa is a witness of the soundness of the Empire. And even in the case of India and of Colonies like Ceylon, the knowledge that we govern for the benefit of the inhabitants, and not of the taxpayers at home, has had its effect. The people of India may not love their white rulers, but at any rate it cannot be argued that we bleed the people of India to fatten ourselves. At the same time that we make no attempt to exploit the Empire for the benefit of the United Kingdom, we throw open our home ports to all our Colonies and dependencies. They may tax our goods, but we do not tax theirs in order to protect our home products, and any man throughout the Empire who has unexcisable goods to sell can come and sell them freely here. As we have urged before in these columns, the Empire of which we are so proud, and so justly proud, is the child of liberty and Free-trade. On these principles, and on that of government in the interests of the governed, the British Empire rests, and as long as they are maintained we have no fear for its future. Not until we give them up for the Colonial system of the Continent, and rest the Empire not on moral ideas but upon a mere materialistic basis, will the position of England be really in danger. That we did not adopt these principles

in order to make the Empire secure is no doubt historically true, but that this is so is good rather than evil. Honesty is the best policy; but he is not an honest man who is only honest for that reason. We found our Empire and the secret of Imperial success not by looking for it, but even while we were half-inclined to abandon our Imperialism as not consistent with the idea of liberty. So true it is, as Cromwell said, that none rise so high as those who take no thought of rising. There is yet another reason why, if we retain our past Imperial policy, we shall not lose our present high position. We have never attempted, like the great Empires of the past, to create a monopoly of Empire. The notion of a monopoly of power or of universal Empire has never been entertained by us, and in spite of our keenness in trade we have never shown that appalling selfishness and angry rivalry which defaced the commercial Empire of the Dutch. We have understood that healthful competition was far safer than monopoly. We hold, then, that liberty, Free-trade, government in the interests of the governed, and avoidance of any attempt to obtain a monopoly of power will prove the antiseptics of Empire.

If other nations adopt these principles may not they also rise to an Empire as great as ours? Possibly they may, and most certainly we should be glad to see them make the attempt. Except, however, in the case of the United States, which will, we trust and believe, develop her Imperialism on our lines, we do not think it probable that any Continental nation will be content to abandon the immediate fruits of Empire in order to reap later a far better crop. Unless the spirit of the Continental Governments changes fundamentally, we do not think it possible that they will copy our principles of Empire. It is far more likely that they will act in the future as in the past, and make a rigid control from home in the interests of the Mother-State their rule of policy, jealously dreaming meantime of universal Empire. If they do, then their Empires will be short-lived, and they will be lucky if the home-land is not involved in the ruin of their ill-founded colonies. The fate of the world-Empire of Spain will be theirs. Spain, indeed, affords the great example of how not to rule an Empire; but when were examples in the world of politics of any avail? France is acting at this moment in Madagascar exactly as Spain acted in South America.

MR. BRODRICK'S TASK.

MR. BRODRICK'S task is a great one. He has, in fact, to give us a new military system, and yet to give it us in such a way that we can use up in the new building all, or almost all, the old material, for that old material is essentially sound though at present badly disposed. But great as is the task, we believe that Mr. Brodrick will be equal to accomplishing it, for we hold that he brings to the work the proper type of mind. He is cautious and conciliatory, but at the same time he is not likely to be overawed by a petrified professional opinion. In his large experience at the War Office he has seen the military Mandarins of Pall Mall too often wrong to make him adopt an attitude which is sure to be fatal in Army administration,—the attitude of the civilian who says, "Well, that seems to me contrary to common-sense, but I suppose it must be right as soldiers who have had war experience urge it upon me." Mr. Brodrick will, we believe, be able to steel his mind against such arguments, and to judge military advice as the wise man judges all expert advice on matters of vital importance. He accepts it, not as the ruling of an infallible authority, but as an opinion amenable to the tests and checks of common-sense.

But though we feel great confidence in Mr. Brodrick's judgment, we desire that the whole question of military organisation shall be thoroughly threshed out by public discussion, and we shall therefore make no further apology for continuing and repeating the criticisms and suggestions which we have already set forth in these pages. In dealing with our military needs we shall omit all question of internal War Office organisation, which is an entirely separate matter, and shall consider only,—(1) the Regular Army; (2) the Militia and Yeomanry; (3) the voluntary forces, both organised and inchoate. We desire to take each of these in turn, and to make one or two suggestions in regard to them. First, then, for the Regular Army.

Here we would keep in the main to the territorial Cardwell system, which, on the whole, has worked so well, merely endeavouring to meet the chief objection which has been urged against it. The prime objection has been that while the Cardwell system gives us a good Army abroad, it gives us no Army at home. Under normal conditions the home Regular Army, it is said, and with some truth, is not an Army at all, but merely a number of recruiting depôts. The normal home battalion is merely the squeezed lemon,—the juice having been strained off and sent to India, Egypt, or elsewhere. Hence to make the battalions at home—the walking depôts as they have been called—fit for active service it is necessary to call out the Reserves, which Reserves thus become, in the words of the opponents of the Cardwell system, not Reserves but our first line. No doubt the fact that almost all the home battalions are squeezed lemons is a serious evil *per se*. But since the system which produces these squeezed lemons also provides very efficiently for military needs abroad we would not alter it. What we would do in order that there should always be a certain number of Regular regiments in England up to full strength, would be to return to the system under which the Guards never served abroad in peace time. In this way we should have twelve infantry battalions (we assume that the Irish Guards will ultimately have three battalions) always at home and always up to their full strength. We would also have, besides the Household Cavalry, three other regiments of horse, which should be in the position of Guards, that is, should never go abroad except in the case of war. Lastly, we would make the term of service with the colours in all these Guards regiments two years. By this means the Guards Reserve would become a very large force, and on a war emergency we should be able to count on a body of men who, since their organisation was in no way complicated by foreign service, would be specially easy to handle. In other words, we should accept the squeezed-lemon battalions as a necessary part of our Imperial military system, but provide against the chief evil of the Cardwell scheme by having always at home the Guards infantry and cavalry. We were, theoretically, very near the plan we propose before the wasteful and stop-gap plan of sending the Guards to Gibraltar was adopted. We could now, thanks to the extra battalions of Scots Guards and Coldstreams and the Irish Guards, make the proposal a very useful reality.

As to the Militia and Yeomanry, our plan would be to maintain the present system, but greatly to improve it. We would, to begin with, take the Militia seriously,—i.e., not regard it as a puddle into which the Regulars may dip their bucket, but as a true home defence force, fully organised and provided with its own Reserve, its own mobile organisation, and its own complement of artillery, engineers, army service corps, and transport,—the cavalry, of course, being supplied by the Yeomanry. The organisation should indeed be such that, supposing the Regulars to be blotted out, the Militia would still present a complete Army ready and able to take the field. For this reason we would have Militia Generals as well as Militia Colonels and a Militia Staff. No doubt the chief posts would, as a rule, be held by men who had gained distinction in the Regular Army, but they would belong to the Militia organisation, and not to the Regulars. In the case of war, Militia regiments would be able as now to volunteer for the front. In this respect no alteration should be made. As to the *personnel*, the aim should be to pass as many men as possible through the Militia, and when trained to keep them in the Militia Reserve. Thus, after men had had their six months' recruit training, and had once or twice come up for the annual training, they should as far as possible be granted leave to go into the Militia Reserve,—care being taken that they kept up their rifle practice. This keeping up of rifle practice could, as a rule, be easily arranged without interference with employment. Into the question of pay and bounties, either in the Regular Army or the Militia, we do not desire to enter here, but there is another condition of service which is of the utmost importance, and to this we would draw special attention. As far as possible we would make our Militiamen day-boys rather than boarders,—thus saving expense in barrack-building, and also making the Service popular. That is, we would in the case of the towns locate the

Militia drill grounds, depôts, and headquarters in a populous district, and let the Militia recruit live at home during his six months' training, and come in every day to learn his duties, just as the workman comes into the factory. Let no one imagine that this is the wild dream of a civilian. The thing can be done, and has been done. Unless we are greatly mistaken, till a very few years ago one of the best regiments in the Militia (the 5th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade) was trained on this day-boy system. The headquarters of the battalion were in the East End of London, and the men who joined lived in their own homes, and came in daily to be drilled and made into soldiers.—The annual monthly training under canvas took place, of course, as in the case of other regiments.—The recruiting of the battalion was excellent, and equally satisfactory was the result on the discipline and the general efficiency of the regiment. The battalion was always well supplied with men, and a good type of man was easily secured. Strange as it may seem, the War Office abolished the system, not because it produced an unsatisfactory Militia regiment, but solely because under the plan we have described the regiment sent on very few recruits to the Regular Army. We desire that the system should be re-established, not merely in all districts of London where it would be likely to be successful, but in all our large towns. In this way we believe that the Militia might be made far more popular, and a great deal of expense in the way of barrack-building be avoided. What is unpopular with the recruit is not the severity of the drill or the real military discipline and obedience, but the irksomeness of ordinary barrack life,—of the life led out of office hours, so to speak. Think what effect would be produced on the police force if all policemen had to live in barracks and to spend, not their time of duty, but their own time in a kind of confinement. No doubt for the Regular Army a good deal of barrack life, and so barrack confinement, is unavoidable; but where it can be avoided, and so military service made more popular, by all means let it be avoided. Needless to say, in the case of county Militia regiments the day-boy system would not be possible. All we ask is that the system should be used where it is applicable.

As to the Yeomanry, we desire to see a great extension of the force. But here, again, we would rather expand than make revolutionary changes. We would keep the nature of the force what it is, but we would lessen the expenses, make it more businesslike, and greatly add to its numbers. In the matter of adding to its numbers the first thing to be considered is, of course, the nature of the inducements which can be held out to the Yeoman. Our plan would be to copy from the Boers. The Transvaal Government used to give a "commando" horse to every burgher who was likely to prove himself efficient. We would give a serviceable cob or pony to any Yeoman (1) who could show that he could already shoot up to a fairly high standard of marksmanship; (2) who had the means to keep the horse; (3) who would undertake to maintain the horse in good condition ("fair wear and tear alone excepted"); and (4) who would attend the annual Yeomanry training. Such a present would be most acceptable to farmers and farmers' sons, and would act as a very efficient recruiting agent; provided, of course, that the farmer had not also to rig himself out in a fantastic uniform, but might wear a suitable dress.

We have stated in very rough outline some of the things which we would do in the case of the Regulars, the Militia, and the Yeomanry. On a future occasion we hope to be able to say something as to the purely voluntary forces. Before, however, we leave the subject we should like to draw the attention of our readers to the excellent article dealing with our military system contributed by Dr. Conan Doyle to the *Cornhill* for January. His paper strikes us as conceived in exactly the right spirit, and as affording a complete answer to the fantastic criticisms to which the military suggestions made by Dr. Conan Doyle in his "History of the Boer War" have been subjected. Dr. Conan Doyle's words are well worth weighing, and we hope and trust that they will receive due attention. Whether he has or has not worked out exactly the right numbers for our military

requirements is a matter open, of course, to discussion, but that his article shows tact, temper, and good sense in handling a series of most difficult problems is beyond all doubt. We have noticed, indeed, that the better and the more experienced the soldier the more certain he is to take criticisms of the kind made by Dr. Conan Doyle seriously. It is only the raw subaltern, or the old soldier whose mind has been hypnotised by the constant whirl of the professional mill, who resents criticisms as worthless because they are made by a mere civilian.

THE PROGRESS OF PAUPERISM.

IF the war has laid new and heavy burdens upon the taxpayer, it was reasonable to expect a corresponding lightening of the ordinary charges on the ratepayer. One main element in these charges is the cost of poor relief, and the cost of poor relief necessarily varies with the demand for labour. When trade is brisk and work plentiful there are fewer paupers. More men and women can support themselves, consequently there are fewer to be supported by others. Now the war has been an active factor in increasing the demand for labour. The needs of an army on active service have led to great industrial activity, and large numbers of men to whom this industrial activity would ordinarily have given employment have been withdrawn from the labour market. There has been more work to be done, and fewer hands to do it. Indeed, in many districts and in some industries there has been a positive dearth of labour. When we add to this the unusual character of a season in which, though Christmas is past, there are no signs of winter, and no work has yet been suspended from stress of weather, we should expect to find no one in receipt of poor relief except those physically incapable of supporting themselves.

Few people probably, except Poor-law officials, read the careful analysis of the Poor-law statistics of London which the *Times* annually publishes about this time. Yet it will be a misfortune if the survey for 1900, which appeared on Wednesday, should meet with this customary neglect. It is a document of much greater importance than may appear at first sight. It raises at least one question of great moment, and suggests doubts whether the path of Poor-law administration on which the authorities have recently entered leads as certainly in the right direction as we should be glad to believe. It might have been thought, for the reasons just given, that the present Christmas would have seen the pauperism of the country materially reduced. People become paupers because they cannot support themselves, and they cannot support themselves either because they cannot find work or are unable to do it. The circumstances of the year which is closing have not, of course, made any difference in the numbers of the latter class, but they must have made a very great difference in the numbers of the former class. There can be but few persons who during the last twelve months have had to go idle because no man would hire them. Apparently, however, there is a flaw in this reasoning. It points inevitably to a conspicuous reduction in the number of paupers, but no such reduction has taken place. There are just about as many persons receiving poor relief in London this Christmas as there were last Christmas. This is plainly a fact which has to be accounted for, and in the first instance no obvious explanation suggests itself. No doubt if the line between those who can support themselves and those who cannot were perfectly rigid, the war might have made no difference in the number of paupers. All the men withdrawn from the country would have belonged to the former class and all left behind to the latter. The war can have no effect, for example, on the employment of helpless cripples. No matter how urgent the demand for labour may be, it is not a demand which they can hope to meet. But we know quite well that the line between those who can support themselves and those who cannot is not thus rigid. On the contrary, it is highly elastic. When the best workers are withdrawn the second best come forward and take their places. If the second best are called away in their turn, there is an opportunity for the third or fourth best. How is it, then, that in a year when there have been so many withdrawals, and consequently so many chances for those who would not be employed except when labour is exceptionally valuable, the number

of paupers in London is only one hundred and ninety-five less than it was a year ago,—a difference which, when we are dealing with figures exceeding one hundred thousand, may be dismissed as meaningless.

The compiler of the *Times* statistics has evidently very little doubt what the answer to this question must be. "It is certain," he says, "that if indoor paupers are better fed, better clothed, and better housed than the labouring classes outside, pauperism must necessarily multiply," and he enumerates a number of facts which point to the conclusion that this result has in many cases been attained in the London workhouses. The recently built workhouse of the Marylebone Union, he tells us, contains "sets of rooms for old married folk, large, airy, and bright day-rooms, dormitories, and passages, all of which are heated by open fires and low-pressure hot-water pipes, and lighted throughout by electricity, a finely constructed dining hall and cheerful airing yards laid out with gravelled paths and flower beds,—altogether a well-appointed poor man's hotel." In Whitechapel "the wants of the aged and infirm are met in bright, airy pavilions," in which they are "provided with occupation such as will excite interest and tend to relieve the tedium of everyday life. The indoor poor are allowed to wear non-distinctive clothing when visiting their friends; certain classes receive tobacco and snuff and enjoy relaxed discipline; and the new dietary scale which will shortly come into operation must still further vary and make more attractive the life of the inmates." No doubt these are the very pick of the London workhouses, but they set the standard for the rest, and the wish and effort of the Guardians of the other Unions is to come up to that standard so far as the conditions in which they have to work allow. The improvements in the workhouse infirmaries have been equally striking. The Islington Infirmary and the Bethnal Green Infirmary have each cost nearly £200,000, and they are filled with appliances which make them "in almost every respect similar to the great general hospitals." In theory they are still workhouse infirmaries,—infirmaries, that is, in which paupers who fall ill while in the workhouses, or are found to be ill when brought to the workhouses, are placed for treatment. But in fact the relation between them and the workhouses is very slight indeed. The figures of the Kensington Infirmary for 1899 show that 69 per cent. of those admitted "came in direct from outside, and only 22 per cent. were on recovery discharged through the workhouse." The infirmaries are more and more filled by persons who are in no sense "destitute." They are learning—in many cases they have already learned—to view them as public institutions open to all who choose to come. Here, at all events, the "workhouse taint" has been entirely got rid of. "The modern Poor-law infirmary disguises the fact beyond recognition that it is a Poor-law institution. Patients come in and are treated, take their discharge, and go about their business without any realisation of the fact that they have been inmates of workhouses." In one instance, probably a solitary instance, but still not without its significance from the point of view of the future of these institutions, a woman was admitted into a workhouse infirmary who carried on a saddlery business with her sisters and paid £80 a year in rent.

With these facts in view there is no longer any room for surprise that the pauperism of London has not grown less. The wonder rather is that it has not increased. The dislike to going into the workhouse has never been a dislike to going upon the rates. If it had been, it would have been equally felt by the recipients of outdoor relief. It has been a dislike to the incidents of workhouse life. According to the theory formerly in favour with the Poor-law authorities, it was absolutely necessary to make these incidents uncomfortable as the only means of keeping up the dislike felt to them. Whenever improvements in workhouses were suggested, the answer was that if they were introduced the pauper would be as well off as the labourer outside, and then where would be the inducement to the labourer to stay outside? There has been a great and natural revulsion against this view of the workhouse. It has been the home of so large a percentage of the community in their last years, or in times of sickness, or in presence of habitual infirmity, that we have been shocked at the thought that in order to keep

people out of the workhouse we were deliberately making the lot of those inside uncomfortable. Now the consequences of the changes which followed upon these prickings of conscience are beginning to show themselves. They are not necessarily evidence that we were wrong in making these changes, but they are evidence that they may have been adopted without sufficient consideration of these consequences, or of the safeguards by which it may be possible to guard against them. As yet, even in London, they are not very startling. They have only stood in the way of what would otherwise have been a marked reduction in the year's pauperism. But they may lead in the future to a very large increase in the year's pauperism, to a very large extension, that is, of the class which habitually looks to the community to support it. In that case we must be prepared for a corresponding growth in Poor-law expenditure and its inevitable consequence,—a heavier Poor-rate. There are already indications that this process has begun. The expenditure in the Metropolitan area in the half-year ending Lady Day, 1900, was 8 per cent. greater than in the corresponding period in 1899. The gross cost of London poor relief has increased during the last ten years by more than a million, which is equal to just 4s. per head of the population. These are not figures to be put aside as of no account. When they are compared with the quite equal growth of the expenditure that falls on the taxes, they show that, with however good reason and with whatever good results, we are burning the national candle at both ends.

THE TREATY-MAKING POWER.

IT has become so much of a truism in politics that a democracy is at its worst in dealing with foreign affairs, that we are apt to forget it till some event startles us into attention. As we recently pointed out, the very cardinal merits of this form of government forbid its success in this particular sphere. The subject is generally reserved for academic discussion, but it is so important in itself, and at the present moment so prominent, that we make no apology for again raising it. Government by the people for the people means a direct responsibility, an immediate appreciation of popular wants, and, if given a fair chance, a greater elasticity than other forms. But it is necessarily slow, since a great constitutional machine cannot be moved without time. It is necessarily a government rather by broad and obvious political truths than by special knowledge; it gives no scope for subtlety and tact; and it is public in every detail. On most matters such qualities are desirable; but in foreign affairs they are little short of calamitous. A diplomacy where every step had to win the public approval of an elected body would be ridiculous. A Foreign Office which directed its affairs solely by cheap rhetoric and an occasional reference to some treatise on the rights of man would not exist for a week, and a State which placed the direct control of foreign affairs in the hands of a popular Legislature would disappear shortly from the family of nations. Granted that there must be some ultimate control of the people over every department, yet if such control appear except in the last resort it means disorganisation and inefficiency. Take the least glaring instance, a case where a popular body might reasonably claim a more immediate authority,—the making of treaties. The importance of this treaty-making power can hardly be exaggerated. A treaty is, so to speak, the documentary side of foreign relations. It is the sum and aim of all foreign policy. It gives a legal sanction, so far as international law and ethics can give it, to the vague and transient alliances between peoples. Skillfully used, it may avert war and increase a country's wealth; the Chancelleries and the *corps diplomatique* are its servants; and it requires in a high degree tact, despatch, and intimate knowledge. Yet at the same time on its other side it seems to touch directly upon popular interests. It is less a matter of detail administration than of broad national policy. It affects profoundly the interests of many citizens; why, then, should it not be regarded simply as the people's judgment upon a course of action and made an attribute of the popular body? The argument is specious, but we believe it to be a false one, and modern politics seem to us to show clearly that the treaty-making power, except in a few specified matters, should be regarded as the peculiar

property of the Executive. On this point the action of the American Senate last week supplies a significant commentary.

The Senate of the United States has for some reason been always regarded as the special glory of that form of democracy. It is the fixed star among the planets of the Constitution, a restriction upon eccentric legislation and an admirable bureau for foreign affairs. It is an equipoise to the empire of mere numbers which prevails in the Lower House. And because it is so clarified and select a body, it has been entrusted with the chief authority in dealings with other nations. No treaty with a foreign Power can be contracted and no Ambassador appointed without its assent; that is to say, its Standing Committee presides at the inception and the consummation of every scheme of external policy. But, unfortunately, into this superior Chamber the rude winds of American party politics have penetrated. Mr. Bryce, a most friendly critic, has noted that there is less respect for the Senate collectively, and for most of the Senators individually, now than there was eighteen years ago. The Caucus has appeared in the Senatorial elections; the Senators are men who have private and local interests to defend which may be other than national; they have no necessary knowledge of the conditions of foreign politics, and their numbers are sufficiently large to make debate cumbrous and lengthy. The Senate's merits as a treaty-making power have appeared to some disadvantage last week. The Convention on the subject of the Nicaragua Canal, drafted by Mr. Secretary Hay and agreed to by Lord Pauncefoot on behalf of her Majesty's Government, was submitted to it in due course by President McKinley. That body first amended it by reserving to the United States all the benefits, and taking away from neutral nations most of the securities, which had been the consideration of the agreement; and in the second place, it declared with the utmost calmness that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is henceforth superseded. It is quite possible, no doubt, that in reality the changes made by the Senate will not injure the interests of this country, but that does not alter the recklessness and ineptitude with which the Senate handled the whole matter. It is, indeed, difficult to understand the point of view involved in their action. We cannot suppose that the Senate is ignorant of the rudimentary principles of bargaining, or of the outlines of that international law, to which it renders such devout lip-service, on the subject of treaties. If ignorance is the cause, then it is strange that a body so ingenuous and so ill-versed in the practice of nations should be entrusted for one moment with foreign affairs. But it seems more probable that conflicting interests, connected, perhaps, with the trans-continental railways, are strong in the Senate, and that its aim is really to wreck the canal scheme, in the belief that such high-handed abrogation of treaties and alteration of agreements will never be passed over by Britain. In that case the matter is even more serious, for it seems a doubtful policy to entrust an interested body with questions of great national importance. This argument, it may be said, would apply against any government by a popular House, but there is all the difference in the world between a conflict of interests in home affairs, where abundant knowledge is presumed, and foreign affairs, where the whole significance of a scheme is only at first apparent to an expert.

If we turn to France we find that the treaty-making power is vested, and very properly, not in the Senate, but in the Executive. The President, under the Constitution of 1875, has the power to negotiate and ratify agreements with foreign nations. There may be an understanding with a foreign nation which is never published or debated upon in either House. For example, it used to be a moot point whether during France's long friendship with Russia President Carnot had ever concluded a treaty with the Czar, and the text of the present Franco-Russian Convention has never been laid before the Senate. We think it a sound precaution, for many of the moves in the international game are so delicate and tentative that secrecy is indispensable to their value. But at the same time it is only right that treaties which involve some serious change in the law, some charge upon the people, or some decision in a matter of great popular interest should be submitted for

popular ratification. In France treaties of peace and commerce, and those which affect the State finances, must be voted by the two Chambers. In England we have no such hard-and-fast rule, but it is a convention of the Constitution, amounting in practice to law, that treaties involving a charge on the people, such as a treaty of commerce, or a change in the law of the land, such as an extradition treaty, cannot be carried into effect without the sanction of Parliament. The Crown can cede territory or make peace at its will, but the responsible Ministry will usually make sure of a Parliamentary sanction to avoid future difficulties. This, we submit, is the proper view of the subject. By all means let the popular Assembly ratify any treaty which directly concerns the people, and which can be subjected to public discussion without hurt, but let the treaty-making power reside primarily and fundamentally in the Executive. Let popular ratification be an advisable, but not an essential element. Only then will a nation escape the endless heart-breaking delays, inconsistencies, and interested obstructions which attend popular experiments in foreign policy.

THE UNPRODUCTIVENESS OF BRITISH LABOUR.

MOST, if not all, careful diagnoses of the causes of that relative decline in British trade which is almost universally acknowledged, lay stress on the comparative unproductiveness of British labour. Want of a spirit of enterprise, of ability to appreciate and readiness to take up and work new ideas, on the part of the British manufacturer, is also very generally alleged, and on that much may suitably be written. But at this moment it seems to us worth while to ask all those who have any influence with the working classes to use it for the purpose of inducing them to consider whether they can prudently contemplate setting forth into the new century with unmodified views as to the temper and aims which should inspire them in their work. We write as those who have always felt a large amount of sympathy with the Trade-Union movement, and who have seen with satisfaction not only the frequent successes of the Unions in obtaining for their constituents as a body a full share of the advantages of improved trade, but, even more decidedly, the position of comparative independence in which the individual Unionist workman is placed in dealing with his employer. Speaking broadly, the efforts of the Unions for the improvement of the conditions of labour in respect of remuneration, of sanitation, and of freedom from the risks of accident have been very largely beneficial, and, we dare say, have in the main been directed with as little of unwisdom and of unworthy motive as could be expected in connection with the policy of any human combinations. Nor have we much doubt as to the result of a balance of advantage from the efforts of organised labour to obtain reductions in the duration of the daily spell of toil. In the case of not a few industries, indeed, this reduction may have given an appreciable reinforcement to a competition from abroad which was hampered by no corresponding limitation on its productive power. But there was always, or at any rate often, a reasonable possibility that within the smaller number of hours the energy of British labour would be stimulated to approach very nearly, if not actually to reach, the level of production formerly attained. Further, the increase in the proportion of life available for family and social intercourse, for wholesome recreation, and for intellectual improvement, for which we willingly admit, well worth a slight economic sacrifice.

Quite a different view, however, must be taken of the general direction given by, not all, but by many Trade-Unions to the attitude of their members during the hours, at whatever limit fixed, of recognised labour. One condition is absolutely necessary to the justification, whether moral or economic, of all efforts to secure high wages or short hours, and that is that at the rates and during the hours agreed to every workman should give his most resolute and most efficient work. Unfortunately, it is precisely the existence of that condition which in a large part of the industries of England the Trade-Unions have in practice discouraged. In the interesting and useful series of articles which the *Daily Mail* has lately published from the pen of the editor of *Feilden's Magazine*, it is

observed that "the pernicious influence of the Trade-Unions has operated against any saving of labour: anything that has tended towards increased output by any particular machine has been insidiously fought tooth and nail by the Trade-Unionists, the officers judging in their supreme wisdom that if the machines turned out too much work less men would consequently be employed, and that it was necessary to make such rules as would avoid this. As a consequence until the great lock-out in the engineering trades some few years ago, there was not a labour-saving tool in the country which was worked to its full capacity. . . . To-day the conditions are slightly better,—not a great deal." A judgment to much the same effect was put forth by the very able writer of a series of articles on "American Engineering Competition" which appeared in the *Times* a few months ago, and which took a very serious view of the continued duration of the practice of restricting production among British working engineers. In a recent number of the *Ironmonger* newspaper, a competent writer signing himself "Metallurgist" expressed, apparently with special reference to the engineering trade, the following grave conclusion:—"From a careful calculation, made after comparing notes with other observers, and taking the figure 1 to $1\frac{1}{4}$ as representing the producing capacity of the ordinary British workman, I consider the Swiss-German as fairly represented by $1\frac{3}{4}$, and the Yankee by $2\frac{1}{4}$." These are serious views, and we believe that they represent the largely preponderating opinion among those who have had the opportunity of comparing the British working man with his rivals. Within the last day or two an eminent Northern engineer has mentioned to us with indignation the fact that if he steps into his foundry through a side door when the foreman is not present he is apt to find moulders idling in a manner which, considering that they are paid by time, amounts in his opinion to flagrant dishonesty. The moulders, it may be remarked, were not concerned in the great engineering dispute, and the piece of evidence just referred to illustrates the habit of restricting production among workmen belonging to a quite different Union from those in which engineers, properly so-called, are enrolled. We do not mean to contend that all the evidence is in the same direction. In so far as piecework prevails—and it has prevailed, we believe, a good deal more extensively in engineering shops since the great dispute than before—employers can doubtless be found who are very fairly satisfied with the results of their men's labour. There are other important industries, also, in which piecework is mainly or very largely the rule,—as, for example, the cotton trade of Lancashire and the boilermaking and iron shipbuilding trade. In neither of these, so far as we are aware, is complaint made of failure of the men employed to work any of the machinery committed to their charge to the full extent of its productive capacity. Still, when all proper deductions and qualifications are made, there remains a body of expert opinion which cannot be gainsaid, to the effect that in the industries in which the pressure of foreign competition is most felt there is a marked inferiority in zeal and diligence on the part of the British workman.

Few, if any, observers hold that the relative poverty in productive results is due to any corresponding difference in inherent capacity in our artisans. Climate, as is suggested, may have something to do with their failure to equal the alert strenuousness of some of their rivals, and notably of the Americans. Our educational system is probably to blame for their frequent failure to take that lively interest in their work which comes from intelligent comprehension of the processes involved. But beyond and independent of all these influences lies a want of will to do the most and the best work that can be done in the working hours. An informant of our own, already mentioned, attributes this largely to an absence of conscience. We are not ourselves inclined to suppose that British working men as a class are less or more endowed with ethical instincts than other classes of their countrymen, or the same class in other countries. The essential mischief in their case seems to us to be that the tendency to loiter over work which is a part of almost universal human nature, requiring to be counteracted either by moral influences or by considerations of interest,

is, instead of being so counteracted, actually reinforced here by a perverted sense of class duty, based upon short-sighted economics. Our artisans are, it cannot be doubted, in a great number of cases restrained from doing their best because their Trade-Union has set a limit on individual production. In so doing its authorities may have been influenced by one or more of two or three classes of considerations:—first, the desire to prevent the wage of the average or the inferior man from suffering by the employer's comparison of his work with what the better man can accomplish; second, the desire to keep down the total amount of work produced by those actually employed, in order that there may be employment for those who would otherwise be out of work; third, the desire to keep down the total amount of work turned out in order to prevent a decline in prices, to be followed by one in wages, occasioned by over-production. The last mentioned—and economically perhaps the unsoundest—of these considerations happily operates only here and there and occasionally, but the first two operate widely and often, if not constantly. It would, we think, be a mistake to say that the objects aimed at by either of them are never and nowhere capable of being promoted by the methods pursued, or that either of them springs, in all cases, from an unworthy frame of mind. Against the desire to raise the average level of wages and to secure employment for the largest number of men certainly nothing can be said. But, on the other hand, nothing in our opinion can be more certain than that where manufacturers are liable to meet in neutral markets, and even in their own, the stress of severe foreign competition, the policy of restraining production, and thereby enhancing its cost, even if it may, for a time of good trade, appear to keep up the level of average wages for all grades of workmen in an industry, and to spread employment as widely as possible, cannot fail to give the foreign rival whose production knows no such limit an advantage which he will improve to the uttermost, and which it may be almost impossible to retrieve. The temporary gain, in a word, even if secured, is purchased at the cost of a danger, if not certainty, of permanent and disastrous loss. The danger lies not merely in the loss of certain customers or groups of customers, serious as that may be. It lies in the cultivation among the large body of artisans concerned of a temper which is unfavourable to good workmanship, and for that matter to good citizenship too. So long and so far as Trade-Union rules, expressed or understood, are so drawn as to discourage masters from introducing new labour-saving appliances, and clever and energetic workmen from making the most of their bodily and intellectual resources, so long and so far will British trade decline, and deserve to decline, as compared with that of countries in which labour organisations either do not hold so much power as here or use it more wisely. We believe, however, that if a deputation of British Trade-Unionists of the best type were to visit America and conduct a thorough investigation into trade conditions there, they would return convinced that their duty to their countrymen in the future would be best discharged by encouraging the universal practice of the best and hardest work compatible with health during the recognised working hours.

A CENTURY OF SCIENCE.

AT the close of a century, though it be a purely artificial division of time, it is natural to pause a moment and take stock of its peculiar additions to the sum of human effort and human knowledge. In doing so at the end of the one which is now closing, it is natural that a close attention should be paid to the progress of that orderly knowledge which we call science. As our readers know, we have never been able to admit the more exaggerated claims made on behalf of science, but this does not prevent us admitting that the nineteenth century will probably be known in future ages as the century of science. It has given us not only the foundations and amazing practical developments of the concrete sciences, but also that habit of mind which, when applied to the various arts of life, has produced such an astonishing revolution in our control over material forces and our outlook upon the world. As

far as results go, it is possible that a coming age may throw our chief marvels into the dusty shelves of a museum. Steam has already run the greater part of its course, and there are signs that it will soon have to share its dominion with other and more subtle powers. We can believe that some psychical discovery may yet outdo the telephone, and that it will one day be unnecessary to light our houses and towns by such wasteful methods as those of gas and electricity. A single century has taken us so far that we must suppose that the almost unlimited future—for the greatest pessimist among astronomers gives us five or six million years of existence before the sun grows cold and life burns down in the socket—holds in its womb miracles that outdo our wildest dreams. But, so far as one sees, no coming century can ever bring about so vast an advance in our conceptions of the material universe, of the world we live in, and of our own bodies as the one that is now running swiftly to an end. The advance from the all but zero of 1800, in the majority of the sciences, is greater in proportion than any advance from our present stage can be, even if—which is very unlikely, but not beyond the bounds of possibility—the growth of knowledge should force us to admit that our most cherished discoveries are at best only working hypotheses and approximations to a truth which in reality transcends anything that we have dreamed. Within the last five years researches in a novel and obscure though highly interesting region of physics have suggested grave doubts as to the theory of the ether and of the ultimate constitution of matter which was almost accepted as a sound and sufficient explanation of the facts. Though we have gone very fast in the last century, we have not always born in mind the Italian proverb, *Chi va piano va sano*, and our theorising has occasionally tended to outstrip the limits of safety. But even if the whole fabric of our science has to be rebuilt, nothing can deprive this century of the glory of having cleared the foundations for it and provided, in the scientific habit of mind which “proves all things and holds fast to that which is good,” the tool by which alone such an edifice can be raised to perennial stability. In the meantime it is permissible to be proud of the great discoveries of the past hundred years.

There can be little doubt that nine men out of ten, if asked what was the greatest idea which science had introduced into the world in the nineteenth century, would answer, “Evolution.” On the whole, we think that they would be right. At the same time, it is necessary to remember that the doctrine of evolution is not in itself a discovery of the nineteenth century. Darwin has been described with perfect truth as the thirty-seventh in a series of evolutionists, of whom the earliest must be sought among the first philosophers of whose speculations Greece has preserved the memory. But it is only within this century that the mechanism of organic evolution has been suggested in a plausible fashion, and that the grandeur of the idea of evolution in general has been realised and accepted. Various sciences had the honour of contributing to this end. Astronomy showed the existence of worlds in all the successive stages of development of which Kant had dreamed when he first propounded the nebular theory. Geology, under the guidance of Lyell, told us that the world’s past history and future prospects might all be interpreted in terms of the present, and thus gave new force and meaning to the old adage, *Natura nihil facit per saltum*. Then came Darwin, to hold in the scientific world of the nineteenth century the place which Newton had taken in the seventeenth; with a patience and an insight conjoined only once in an age, he gave a clear and persuasive account of the way in which one step in the great world-process of evolution might have come about. False views of religion were called in to assault Darwin and those who stood at his side, with this at least of fortunate result, that the consequent struggle filled the whole civilised world with its echoes, and by the time it was won for science the conception of evolution had fairly become a part of the common heritage of thought. This conception has broadened mankind’s views of the universe, and intensified that intellectual excitement which seems to have been a precedent condition of all remarkable ages in the history of the world, like no discovery since the age of Copernicus and Columbus, who between them gave humanity that mental stimulus which resulted in the outburst of the Reformation

and the great upheavals of the sixteenth century. The change brought about by the acceptance of the evolutionary doctrine has been of a quieter sort, but it is hardly destined to have a smaller effect on the history of mankind. The nineteenth century will ever be remembered as the age which established the doctrine of evolution, and Englishmen will be justifiably proud to think that it will be coupled to all time with the name of Darwin.

Even to name all the sciences which have been founded or advanced in the century—much more to glance at their results—would be clearly impossible within our limits. But we may single out the points that seem of most importance. Man, being selfish, will place first among these much physiological and biological work, commencing with the epoch-making work of Bichat, published in the first year of the century, and leading up to the monumental discoveries of Pasteur and their application by so many benefactors of the race, among whom Lord Lister with his antiseptic surgery holds the first place, to the fight against disease and the diminution of the physical troubles of humanity. The whole science of public health is a modern work, and to its efforts we already owe an incalculable debt of gratitude. Chemistry, again, may be set down as a product of the nineteenth century; for its advance really began when Dalton published his Atomic Theory in 1803. Its effects upon the amenity of life—not always of the best kind—are stupendous in their importance, and its doctrine of the conservation of matter is one of the two great contributions to our knowledge of the physical world which the century has firmly established. The other, still more original and far-reaching, is the doctrine of the conservation of energy, which will be always associated with the honoured name of Lord Kelvin. Closely allied to it is the discovery of the correlation of the physical forces, the essential kinship of light and heat, electricity and gravitation, and the other agencies that affect matter, which has grown out of the experiments of Rumford on heat. It is unnecessary to do more than speak of the immense practical results that hung on these discoveries. Another wide-reaching conception is that which displays all radiant energy, such as brings us heat and light from the sun, or carries the waves that work Marconi’s telegraph instruments, as consisting of vibrations in the all-pervading ether. Closely bound up with this is the notion of the ultimate constitution of matter to which we are gradually beginning to attain, but here the historian is on ground too speculative and uncertain to give him foothold. Astronomy, again, though it can show no such bound as it took under the impulsion of Newton, has shared in the general advance which mechanical skill has permitted to all the exact sciences, and the invention of the spectroscope has extended man’s range of inquiry until nothing seems too high or too wonderful for him to find out. The discovery of Neptune by Adams and Le Verrier gave the only confirmation that was lacking to the belief in universal gravitation, though as to the nature of that amazing force which keeps the worlds in their orbits we are still as much in the dark as Newton was. When these and the other countless achievements of science in the nineteenth century are duly considered, it does not seem very presumptuous for us who have lived in it to believe that our posterity will look back to it with respect and admiration, as having seen not only the dawn of so many sciences, and the birth of the scientific habit, but the very discoveries on which the great edifice of which we see little more than the foundations and the sub-structure will one day be built, fair and strong and full of mansions for *color che sanno*.

So much for our progress during the century in the realms of scientific knowledge. As to our progress, if any, in what is, after all, of infinitely greater importance, the regions of the spirit and of moral development, we shall say something next week,—i.e., on the first Saturday of the new century. We by no means despise or even belittle the achievements of science, but when all is said and done, it is but the exploration of the prison-house. How infinitely more important is that which teaches the prisoner to bear himself with courage and nobility while he is in bonds, and prepares him to be worthy of his freedom when he shall be free!

THE CENTENARY OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

THE centenary of the city of Washington has just been celebrated. On September 18th, 1793, the corner-stone of the Capitol was laid, but it was not until June, 1800, that the United States Government moved into its new home, and the foundation of the city has therefore always dated from the latter year. The seat of government was first in Philadelphia, then it was removed to New York, where Washington was inaugurated as President in front of what is the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street, then it was once more transferred to Philadelphia, and finally was established in the brand-new city on the banks of the Potomac, the only instance in any great modern State of the capital being a purely political city with no trade, no finance, no traditions,—a city literally carved out of the wilderness. The wife of John Adams wrote to a friend: "We are surrounded by woods, with no wood to burn." The Minister from Portugal first used the well-known phrase about the "city of magnificent distances," while another writer called the new capital a "wilderness city set in a mud-hole almost equal to the great Serbonian bog." In a work published in 1807 we read that there was no impression of anything like a city, and that you might have to go through a deep wood for a mile to see your next-door neighbour. A member of Congress writing in 1800 describes the celebrated Pennsylvania Avenue, now one of the world's famous streets, as "nearly the whole distance a deep morass covered with elder bushes, which were cut through to the President's house." The discomforts of the new city were great. The White House was a bare barrack, the linen was dried inside, labour was so scarce that firewood could not be collected, and the Presidential household shivered over miserable fires on winter nights. It was an unpleasant change from the luxury and good cheer of New York and Philadelphia. The rudeness which prevailed has been exaggerated. The old story, for instance, of Jefferson hitching his horse to the palings while he went into the Capitol to read his inaugural address is now known to be false. But still even the leading statesmen had to board in poor lodging-houses. In 1814 this was the case with Webster, and in 1825 with Everett. For years all but the bare necessities of life were bought at Baltimore.

Although Washington grew, that growth was mainly due to the official class, since there was no business in the city to cause a great increase of population. Great public buildings were erected, and a good many hotels, but otherwise the city cannot be said to have greatly improved for about half a century. Even such men as Clay, Webster, and Chief Justice Marshall lived mostly in hotels, Webster having no house of his own till he was Secretary of State in 1841. His second house, in a degenerate condition, still stands. Dr. W. H. Russell describes the state of the leading streets in Washington, when he visited it at the outbreak of the Civil War, as deplorable. Carriages sank in the mud, and next to a fine modern building one saw a wretched negro shanty. It may be said that this chaotic state lasted till after the Civil War, when a remarkable man saw what splendid opportunities Washington afforded for being a very fine city, and he took hold of its government and carried out a series of changes which have made Washington the clean, stately, and beautiful city it is to-day. This enterprising person was "Boss" Shepherd. He made the city pay for his reforms, but the price was probably cheap in the long run, since the modern Washington is not merely the purely political city it was once on a time, but is a city of lovely houses, of fashion, of society, and of as many cultivated and learned men as one can find in any place in the world.

Washington was deliberately made, it did not grow, in more than one sense. Not only was it created as a political city, it was all laid out on a plan. It is to Major L'Enfant, a French engineer and architect, that Washington owes its spacious and attractive thoroughfares, and it is to an Irishman, James Hoban, that the original building of the Capitol is due. The essence of the laying out of the city was to secure two central spots from which immense avenues should radiate. Such spots were found in the Capitol and the White House, and these huge avenues were named from the States of the Union. But the best-laid plans may go a-gley, and the visitor to Washington will soon find that, in spite of the fine site of the Capitol with its soaring dome, and the

splendid proportions of Pennsylvania Avenue, the great street (160 ft. wide) which leads by the White House and the Treasury to the hill on which the Capitol stands, something is not quite right. The fact is that it was assumed that the city would grow towards the east, whereas it has chosen to grow to the west of the Capitol, and the east front, which is the proper front, is turned away from the city, while the back door, through which most members enter the great building, is the side which fronts one on coming up the Avenue. If the east front, with its stately Corinthian façade, were seen from Pennsylvania Avenue, one has no hesitation in saying that the effect would be finer than that of any other legislative building in the world. There are a hundred details to find fault with in the Capitol, both inside and out, but the general design is grand and imposing, suited to the climate, and in keeping with the dignity of the Republic of which it is the political centre. Mr. Shepherd, therefore, when he took hold of the renewal of the city, found a noble plan ready to his hand. All he had to do was to convert the shabby lines of houses and filthy quagmires into order. The city was asphalted all over, so that now it is the best paved and cleanest city on the American Continent, perhaps in the world.

Washington is still pleasantly free from business. No smoke stains its clear air, no hurry of trade encumbers its quiet avenues. It is a city which leaves the impression of a blend of red, white, and green, most of the houses being of red brick, the public buildings being of white stone, and everywhere are trees and grass, the whole city being embosomed in foliage. In spite of its dignity and cosmopolitan aspects, one still finds some of the old-fashioned homeliness in the city, nowhere more so than in the fine market, where coloured "aunties" from the surrounding Virginia or Maryland country sit in the midst of a luxury of fruit and vegetables unknown in an English town. The negro is still a great factor in Washington. You meet him everywhere, and he may be said to do all the rough work of the city, though he is most fond of repairing to the Capitol and listening to his favourite orators in Congress. The Washington negro is generally poor, and one hears much of his hardships in winter. No city in the civilised world is probably more stratified in its population. An Englishman, accustomed to government being in the hands of the chief families, would expect to find Senator This or Congressman That a leader of society. But he learns that that great function is largely in the hands of "old families" of Virginia who have their town houses in Washington, and who are apt to look down on the purely political element, unless it has something to recommend it besides politics. Times have changed since Clay, J. Q. Adams, Marshall, Calhoun, Webster, Story all lived in one hotel. What a time such a group of men must have had! One would have travelled a good distance to be in such company, but Washington "society" will not go out of its way to meet a mere member of Congress. Society is probably wrong in this attitude of pride, for there is a good deal of "human nature" in the average man in Congress, and one may make pleasant companionships among members. Of course the President, though a politician, is yet head of the social as well as the political system, but the diplomatists and the Supreme Court Judges take social precedence of most of the politicians on Capitol Hill. Next, perhaps, come the scientific men, such an army of whom have been attracted to Washington by the immense scientific bureaux of the Government. At the Kosmos Club near the corner of Lafayette Square you will meet more distinguished men of science than at any other given spot on the planet. Next in order comes the vast concourse of politicians, not only members of both Houses of Congress, but that singular phenomenon the office-seeker, who is always in evidence in the hotel corridors. Then you will discover as a distinct class the clerks in the various departments, an enormous body running up into the tens of thousands, after whom come the retail dealers, and at the bottom of the great social edifice, the negro population. There is no such unique social stratification anywhere else in the world.

The new Washington, it has been said, is clean and beautiful. It is doubtful whether any such delightful residential street as Massachusetts Avenue is to be found on the globe. American domestic architecture is as successful as public architecture

is expensive and often bad, but in these Washington avenues it is carried to the height of comfort and beauty. The green, well-watered, fenceless lawns, the grouping of gables and oriels, the pretty porches and exquisite trees and flowers, combine to give a most delightful series of pictures. There is not the ostentation of New York or Chicago, but there is more charm. The city is favoured, too, by its environment. You will soon discover many interesting walks and drives. On a fine day in the late Indian summer one finds a great delight in taking the boat on the broad stream of the Potomac to Mount Vernon, the fine old estate of George Washington, or in going to General Lee's home at Arlington, or to the Arlington burial ground where the soldiers who fell in the Civil War lie buried in serried masses side by side. Or you may ascend to the top of the great obelisk (by elevator, they never are so cruel as to make you climb such a height in America), the loftiest building in the world, save the Eiffel Tower, where from the height of 550 ft. you gaze down on the city lying steeped in the golden light, and over on the distant hills of Virginia and down the silvery ribbon of the Potomac. You will wonder, after such experiences, that such a city was so long neglected.

It is a significant fact that, while all the large cities of America, self-governed, complain that they are often robbed by their civic rulers, and always maladministered, Washington, governed not by "general palaver," but by three Commissioners with no responsibility whatever to the people, is admitted by universal consent to be the best-governed city on the American Continent. The residents of Washington enjoy no suffrage, they partake in no Conventions, they elect no member of Congress, no Mayor or Municipal Council. If they have votes, they must cast them in the States where they have legal domicile. Washington is an autocratic city, and it is safe to say that nobody there wants the old municipality back. From a mere backwoods settlement it has grown to a city of nearly two hundred and eighty thousand people, seat of a mighty government, which has but to sit still, as it were, and grow of its own accord. It will have to make another bargain one day with the neighbouring States for more room, but that will be some time ahead. Meanwhile, if we leave out the negroes, it would be hard to find such a well-administered, orderly, interesting community in the world. And perhaps it would not be easy to find such a nest of intrigue,—but of that we say nothing here.

EVERGREENS.

EVERGREENS are the furry mantles of the woods, the winter wraps of earth. In our gardens the hedges of yew are the sable trimmings, and our lawns the velvet robes. Yet the lawns are not distinct in kind; for grass is an evergreen too, the choicest and best of all. Evergreens are the most ancient of all trees, the survivors of an age when earth was one gigantic pinetum, and the largest and the longest lived. Compared with the churchyard yews, those primitive emblems of immortality, the immemorial elms are as the growth of yesterday; and it is no violence to probability to believe that the gigantic Sequoias of Colorado were bearing cones and shedding their seeds on the night of the Nativity. In our settled and long-descended country man is never satisfied unless he gathers round his home these trees of the primitive ages. There is comfort and cheerfulness and a sense of warmth and well-being in their dark, thick, impervious green. Beautiful as are the frames of the deciduous trees, they are too enduringly naked and bare, parents of shrill thin sounds, when the winter winds are blowing. The same winds which play on the oaks and elms such mournful songs only move the pines and cedars to rustle like curtains of silk. So the yew and the holly have been taken to the gardens and tamed, and made to grow into hedges and bowers, or are bordered with turf and made into single trees of worship and renown, so that the old yew of the garden is the headquarters of all the children and birds and other things that try to live according to Nature so far as people will let them. Under its green dome the earth is always dry, for the rain scarcely penetrates. The red bark of its branches into which the children climb is never sticky, and the tough boughs never break. On its tassels and fronds the red berries are the food of all kinds of garden birds, and all manner of fowls of the

air find shelter in its branches. In some woods, and on parts of the chalk downs of Surrey, these great yews are found wild, self-sown, and untended. Yet each and all of them have this dry, inhabited-looking area beneath them. Often the chalk and rubble around the stem is thrown out in little square blocks by rabbits, or by the disintegration of the soil by the growth of the roots. One evergreen we have which is a child of the wilderness, the only tree never taken into gardens and tamed. This is the juniper, native of our downs and of some Scotch heaths and forests, flourishing at great heights, a modest, cone-shaped tree, with tiny leaves, gnarled stem, and aromatic berries. It is, far more than the furze, the bush of the British wilderness, the covert of the hill-tops, the shelter of gipsies at their fires. It flourishes exceedingly in Scotland, though the Highlanders never flavoured their "mountain dew" with its medicinal berries as the English did their cheapest spirit. The greatest and oldest junipers in Britain grow in the forest of Cawdor. Macbeth's witches may have crouched beneath their shelter on the blasted heath. But their most pleasing forests of juniper are on the highest chalk downs of Surrey, where among wild honeysuckle, patches of heather, and masses of yellow rock-rose the conical bushes rise dark and warm, beloved by birds and game. The smart prickly furze and more genial *planta genista*, the waving and yellow broom, appeal less directly to sentiment because they have no individuality. Every holly bush has a separate existence in our minds; we know and remember how one fir tree or yew differs from another; even the "ivy bush," which is not a bush, differs on different trees, even in growth and in the shape of its leaves. We can tell all these apart. Even those gay cuckoos, the mistletoes, making other trees their nests, have their own place and personality. But the furze and the broom are like grass and bracken, only a part of the landscape, mere plants, an evergreen crop. The sweet cocoanut-scented furze is not even a hardy plant. It will not grow at high altitudes like juniper. Hard frosts kill it. Bitter winter gales often turn it brown and bare for a twelvemonth. The furze is among the very few evergreens whose blossom yields perfume, though the daphnes, with their pretty pink flowers, are even more sweetly scented. Portugal laurel has a disgusting odour when in flower; but the greater number of the evergreens are aromatic, emitting from leaves, bark, and flower-spikes health-giving and refreshing odours such as no other plants possess, which, when caught and embedded in the juices of the plant, are preservative even of animal substances, the material by which the embalmer's art might have been made effective even in the cold North. Their gums and resins were used in the earliest days to preserve the wines of Greece and Italy, before the art of the distiller discovered another and more potent preservative in the distilled wine itself. Even to-day, in the pine forests of the Landes, the resin-gatherer's is as recognised a livelihood as is that of the collector of gum arabic in the mimosa forests of the Soudan. The resins, those modern ambers, sometimes undistinguishable by the eye from the ambers dredged from fossil forests beneath the German Ocean, are mainly the gums of pines, though cinnamon, cassia, and camphor are all yielded by different species of laurel. From the cedar of Lebanon to the humble spruce, these bounteous trees all drop at some time from their bark this dew of forest spicery. Of the whole tribe the cedar of Lebanon is the king, more noble even than the deodars, grander in growth and ruin even than the cedars of the East African mountains. No English noble has yet planted a great wood of cedars. Yet they flourish here as if the dew of Hermon moistened their leaves, and nowhere, except in cities, does any one see a dead cedar or one which has finished its growth, though many have stood in this country and worn their everlasting foliage undying for nearly three hundred years. Their giant trunks grow steadily in girth, yet no one ever saw a hollow cedar of Lebanon. Often, though the branches sweep the ground, there is a healthy growth of grass and flowers beneath the spreading arms. Unlike the yew, they poison not the ground below, but seem to purify the air that passes through the flat sieves of their branches. Violets, tulips, hyacinths, and anemones will blossom beneath their mighty capes of green. The Arabs ascribe to them sense and prevision, wrongly, for their branches do not move to shake off the weight of snow,

but are smashed and rent by the burden. But if they have not intelligence, they have the other gift with which the Arabs believe them endowed, the principle of almost everlasting life, as time is understood by the short-lived generations of men. The cedars in the groves on Hermon never reproduce their kind, because the ground under them is so deeply covered with the fallen leaves and scales and cones that the seeds never reach the nutritive earth. But the cones brought to England three centuries ago were fertile, and those of the trees then planted are so still. "Thus was he fair in his greatness," says Ezekiel of the cedar, "in the length of his branches, for his roots were by great waters." Whence did the waters come? From the melting of the snows on the Lebanon, where "the waters made him great." The cedar in England never flourishes so well as where its roots can penetrate to subterranean streams or wells. Next to the cedars, which have never multiplied spontaneously, our fairest evergreen trees are the pines and firs, and in face of all improvements and new species few excel in picturesqueness and beauty the old "Scotch fir," or pine, and the tall and soaring spruce. No one who has planted Scotch firs, and *let them grow old*, ever regrets it. They are the making alike of park, plantation, and Highland forest, from the ancient tracts of Rothiemurchus, the remains of the old Caledonian Forest, the haunt of the osprey and the red-deer, to the pines of Petworth or Virginia Water. For garden planting the Himalayan, the Austrian, and the Mediterranean pine may bring quicker returns, and show more beauty in the first fifty years of life; but the rugged Scotch fir at a hundred is a worthy rival of the ancestral oak of twice or thrice its years. Planted on heaths where there is heather, not grass, to catch the cones and nurse up the young seedlings, it propagates itself, and as in the New Forest, does its best to make the landscape an unbroken sea of evergreen pine.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ISLAM AND THE EMPIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It would be an interesting development, and one of great importance to the Empire, if the intellectual centre of the Mahomedan world were transferred from Turkey or Arabia to India. It is true that hitherto the Hindi or Indian Mussulman has been of slight account in Islam, but he is making such strides under England's liberal and educating rule that he must soon become the leader of Mahomedan thought. The bitter lesson, which he has learnt with so much suffering and humiliation, is the lesson which all other Mussulmans have to learn, and they will learn it with more readiness when they perceive that it has saved him from the misery and degradation which are yawning in front of them. What, then, is the intellectual position of the Indian Mahomedan to-day? The most advanced section, still numerically few, recognises the humiliating truth that their people are, both morally and intellectually, inferior to the peoples of Christendom; they believe that in their faith are enshrined the great truths of religion and morality, but that in the past they have misread the Word of God and that narrow-minded Moollahs have expounded it amiss. They assert that in the Koran are the clearest directions to marry but one wife and to free the slave, and that God through his Prophet most emphatically forbade coercion in religion. These men detest the Maulvis, who have made the Word of God of none effect by their traditions, and they study their scripture in the light of modern morality and by the canons of rational interpretation,—more attentive to the spirit than the letter. They are all ardent advocates of English education, and their worldly ambition is to become honoured subjects of the British Empire, and to be recognised as the equals of the Europeans, whose views upon all but the inspiration of Mahomed they share. Many of these men reckon Englishmen among their closest friends, and are devotedly loyal to the British rule, under which alone they see any hope of working out the salvation of their community. The sacrifices which many of these reformers have made in carrying the New Light (as it is nicknamed) to their people deserve the sympathy and admiration of Englishmen; and these sacrifices have not been thrown away, they have leavened the whole of Mahomedan thought in India. Their influence has been specially significant

upon their opponents, the orthodox conservatives, the Mahomedan Right. Among this group English education is very rare; they derive their ideas from Persian and Arabic sources, and would be outraged at the suggestion that they were influenced by the doctrines of the "coat-pantaloons" (*i.e.*, English-educated) party. But the contest between rationalism and prejudice has not been waged for so many years without educating both parties of the debate. The old school will not publicly defend a lower morality than their opponents; they contend that Moslem ethics are far purer than those of the innovator or misbelieving Frank, and they are thereby driven to reprobate behaviour which an older generation of divines certainly tolerated. The battle between the two schools has raged round the question of English education and of the adoption by the Mussulman community of English manners and customs. Intimately associated with this, though not so loudly discussed, is the question of the proper attitude for a pious Mahomedan to adopt towards English rule. The reformers have pushed this question to the front, maintaining that it is the duty of Mahomedans to be sincerely loyal to the British Raj, but the old-fashioned party naturally shrank from a public discussion of the question. There is no doubt that a generation ago all the orthodox party believed that there was something unholy in the government of Mussulmans by Christians, and many of the more scrupulous refused, and still refuse, to take service under the British. But the more ferocious forms of hostility are nowadays condemned; the unprovoked murder of Englishmen, for instance, is revolting to the public conscience, and the Maulvis do not believe that their religion sanctions barbarism. They have accordingly re-read their scripture, and discovered that there is no justification for these crimes in Islam. In the summer of this year a Mahomedan society at Lahore circulated a pamphlet upon "the miscalled *Ghazi* murders exposed in a *Fatwa* signed by some of the most famous Muhamadan theologians in Upper India." The *Fatwa*, or authoritative verdict of the doctors of the law, is as follows:—"To kill a person unjustly is, according to the faith of Islam, quite unlawful and a heinous crime whether the person killed be a Muslim or non-Muslim, a Christian, a Jew, a Hindi, or a Parsi," and the learned divines support their opinion by texts from the Koran and the traditional sayings of the Prophet; and they close their exposition of the subject by saying "The murders that are committed in the frontier cannot therefore receive any support from the Koran and the Faith of Islam." Among these Mahomedan conservatives, it is a disputed question whether loyalty to the British Government is a religious duty. Those who dispute the proposition do not necessarily hold that they are bound in conscience to rebel, but they are not convinced, on the other hand, that their religion enjoins upon them to love their English rulers. Many others, however, who behold the Anglicising of their co-religionists with loathing, and are punctiliously precise in observing the very letter of Mahomedan law, believe that their religion binds them to be true and loyal subjects because they are permitted the free exercise of that religion in India. A friend of the writer's satisfied a scrupulous conscience upon this subject when at Mecca by obtaining written decisions from each of the leaders of the four great schools of divinity to the effect that India was *Dar ul Islam*—that is, a country of Islam—to whose rulers he was bound in conscience to be loyal. The Mahomedan Right have no leaders and no policy, but individual Maulvis have each a considerable influence within definite areas. Among such men may be found at one place a ripe Arabic scholar who leads a life of self-denial and charity, a broad-minded man whose mental horizon accident only has confined to Oriental learning, and elsewhere the crowd will follow an ignorant Moollah whose pretensions to scholarship are confined to one book of Arabic theology, and who justifies his followers' opinion of his piety by rabid hostility to all non-Moslems. A few years ago an attempt was made to create an organisation that would represent the orthodox party; the *Nudvat ul Ulema*, or Council of the Learned, came into being for that purpose, and to promote the only policy which that party has ever promulgated, the encouragement of the study of Arabic and theology. A few extremists held aloof and denounced the dangerously liberal tendencies of the *Nudvat ul Ulema*; others came and peeped in at the meeting, but ran away in terror when they saw the members seated upon chairs (instead of the carpet), exclaiming, "There are Feringhis in there." On the first day it was difficult to get to business

for every member had come with a sermon, ready prepared, upon "things in general," and would not deny himself the pleasure of delivering it with so choice an audience at his feet. Such a body was not likely to evolve an effective organisation, and the *Nudrat ul Ulema* has failed to achieve any results commensurate with the influence which individual members certainly exercise over the crowd. It includes among its adherents men who are saturated with the ideas of the English educated party, but whose bent of mind is intrinsically conservative and religious, and who cannot bring themselves to a violent rupture with the old ways. Such men desire that the study of English and Arabic should go hand in hand, "English for this world and Arabic for the next"; they have indeed caught the spirit of the reformers, but they still cling to the external forms of Mahommedan civilisation; in their aversion to exchange the dignified turban and flowing robes of the Moslem world for the European's trousers and top-hat they probably have the sympathy of all Englishmen. It must not be supposed that all the Mahommedans of India have definitely associated themselves with one or other of these parties; there is every shade of individual opinion, from the extreme reformer to the most stiff-necked partisan of the Right; moreover, the greater number even of men who are capable of forming any opinion at all upon these matters are apathetic or indifferent; they content themselves with an occasional *hai, hai* over the degeneration of Islam, and are soon absorbed again in the material cares of daily life. In a country so imperfectly educated as India the numerical majority of any community must always consist of those who can hardly think at all upon such problems as these; and the new spirit has not disturbed the Punjabi peasant in his devout repetition of uncomprehended prayers, nor the Kashmiri boatman in his adoration at the shrines of wonder-working saints. But the reformers may well take heart from the successes they have already achieved; they have demonstrated, beyond a doubt, the material advantages of their policy; Mahommedans educated upon the new principles are winning fortune and honours everywhere; they rise high in Government service because their hands are unsoiled by corruption, and they are making their way to the top of the Bar and other lucrative professions; whereas the most brilliant disciple of an old-fashioned Maulvi can hardly hope for a precarious pittance of thirty shillings a month. More important still, the reformers, though they have not compelled the formal surrender of the orthodox party, have broadened the views of their opponents, and driven them to accept modern standards of conduct and enlightened principles of scriptural interpretation. In comparison with their opponents, the reformers are energetic and well organised, and they have zealous partisans winning adherents to their cause in every part of India. From Peshawar to Dacca and Moulmein, and from Mysore to Sindh and Waziristan, boys are sent to be educated at their central institution in Aligarh, and carry back to their homes the desire to enlighten and elevate their people. An effort is already being made to create a central Mahommedan University in the liberal atmosphere of which all Mussulman boys of India should receive their collegiate education, a University which should combine the best teaching of the European sciences with a rational and purified Islam, and which might in time become the intellectual capital of Mahommedan India. The successful development of this movement in India could not fail to influence Mahommedans in other parts of the world. There is, indeed, no such thing as a Mahommedan nation, though Mahommedan writers love to speak of it; but as all Mussulmans are, in varying degrees, heirs of a common civilisation, they have a community of sentiments and methods of thought which facilitates the passage of ideas among them. The universal decline of Mahommedan power, and their own poverty and degradation, are everywhere bitterly discussed; a Mahommedan movement that could promise an escape from these evils would be eagerly received. As education spreads, they perceive that an appeal to the sword would provide no remedy; the cause of their downfall lies in their own backwardness and ignorance; whence it comes, as a Mahommedan writer in Egypt recently observed, that the people of Islam are everywhere conquered in war by those whose religion teaches them to turn the other cheek to the smiter. It is possible that the regeneration of Islam may come to pass through recognition of this bitter truth; the Indian Mahom-

medans are already eager to carry their message to Mussulmans beyond the seas. The creation of a great central Mahommedan University would assuredly promote this movement of thought; students would certainly come to such a centre from Central Asia, from Burmah and the Malay Peninsula, and possibly Java; Persia has always been in communication with India and Egypt, and Syria might send students in the wake of the Arabic masters whom the promoters of the Mahommedan University already talk of engaging. How momentous would be the political effect of the successful realisation of this design, and how invaluable to the Empire! The guiding ideas of Islam would be formed in the temperate atmosphere of a British province and beneath the shadow of British law. The leaders of Mahommedan thought would be men saturated with English ideas, whose best inspiration would be derived from English books and from daily intercourse with Englishmen, an intercourse not of subordinates with superiors, but of fellow-workers in a common field. The spread of new ideas in Islam would go hand in hand with a movement of friendship towards the British Empire; the sympathy of the Mahommedan world would be secured in favour of England. Mahommedan sympathy cannot, indeed, any longer show itself in armed battalions, but how much would it not add to our authority in the council of nations!—I am, Sir, &c.,

Aligarh, N.W.P., India.

THEODORE MORISON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE DISUSE OF THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Canon MacColl and I are old friends, but I have often felt constrained to regard him as an imaginative controversialist. "Observations" are sometimes "suggested" to him which have not much besides suggestion to rest upon. And no other Englishman is so sure as he that our High Courts can be betrayed by "ulterior considerations" into defiance of overwhelming proof. I wrote to you to express my incredulous surprise that the Archdeacons of London and Middlesex should have jointly and officially laid down a principle which seemed to imply that no clergyman ought to be stopped from doing anything that he pleases in the way of ritual. Canon MacColl finds it suggested to him that I condemned the Ritualists, who burn incense and do other things which I dislike, and that I condemned them because they violate the law. He answers that they do not violate the law as laid down in the judgments of Canon MacColl, but that I who condemn them do violate the law as undeniably laid down in the Prayer-book. He remembers—better than I do—that I have more than once in your columns justified the omission of the Athanasian Creed by myself and others on the days on which the Church orders that it "shall be sung or said." I appear to have been as unconvincing to Canon MacColl as Lord Selborne and his brother Judges have been, but at his invitation I will try again. I may claim to be on the whole one of the most law-abiding of the clergy, but I violate one or two rubrical directions besides that which is prefixed to the Athanasian Creed. There is a rubric in the Communion office which prescribes as follows: "When the Minister giveth warning for the celebration of the holy Communion (which he shall always do upon the Sunday, or some Holy-day, immediately preceding), after the Sermon or Homily ended, he shall read this Exhortation following." This rubric I do not obey. Further on another rubric says: "At the time of the celebration of the Communion, the Communicants being conveniently placed for the receiving of the holy Sacrament, the Priest shall say this Exhortation." This law also I violate. I have been slow to follow my neighbours in the latter violation; but I have followed them, because there seems to be a general agreement that the two Exhortations we are bidden to read are obsolete; and I was not sorry to leave off declaring that if we receive the Sacrament unworthily we eat and drink our own damnation. We may explain "unworthily" and "damnation," but the traditional meaning, like Nature, though you expel it with a fork, will be always returning. The Athanasian Creed I also regard, in common with the Christian world in general, as obsolete. Apart from the damnatory clauses, I cannot bring myself to

think it a happily expressed or helpful English document. The damnatory clauses are explained away by all defenders of the Creed: some hold that the original ought to be translated differently, others that this or that sense may reasonably be read into them. They are agreed in repudiating the popular sense of them as what Christians ought not to believe. But the popular sense sticks to the words, and good Christians for the most part wince in repeating them. I believe there are Anglicans now who have been trained to recite the Creed heroically; but Canon MacColl must know how it jars upon the Christian feelings of most thoughtful members of our Church. What made me finally give up the reading of the Athanasian Creed in my London church was that one of the most loyal Churchmen of the congregation sat down, when the first words of it reached his ears, with an air of protest and suffering. When I came here, I had it read once or twice; but I found, to begin with, that my colleague, who was a member of the English Church Union, would be glad to have done with it, and that the omission of it would give general relief to the more religious part of the congregation. Not a soul, in London or here, has expressed to me a wish that the Creed should be read. A vote by ballot of communicants, it can hardly be doubted, would pronounce by a great majority in favour of treating the Athanasian Creed as obsolete.—I am, Sir, &c.,
J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

Kirkby Lonsdale.

[We have been obliged to refuse several interesting letters on this subject, as we cannot find space for a controversial correspondence on the questions involved in Canon MacColl's letter.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your article under the above heading which appeared in the last *Spectator* that has reached us—that for September 22nd—the following sentence occurs: "There is no chance that the rulers of China, even if they become 'Reformers,' will cease to hate Christians, and very little that they will, unless compelled, cease from persecution." Allow me to give reasons for questioning this statement. Why is there no chance that the Reformers of China, as rulers, would cease to hate Christians? During the present century two great movements towards reform have been witnessed in China,—the Taiping Rebellion in the "fifties," and the Reform movement of 1897-98. Both of these, though equally abortive at the time and though very different in character the one from the other, were strongly tinged with, and influenced by, Christian teaching. It is not too much to say that apart from the work of missions, neither movement would ever have taken place. No one who knows anything of the Taiping Rebellion doubts that if it had succeeded a pronouncedly Christian government, of a sort, would have held sway over all China. No doubt its Christianity would, for a time at least, have been something of a travesty of New Testament Christianity, but the rulers would not therefore have either hated or persecuted Christians of the ordinary Western type. The Reform movement of 1897-98, though less ostentatiously Christian than the Taiping movement, was nevertheless distinctly Christian in its tendency. Some of the Reformers were personal friends of missionaries, were in constant consultation with missionaries, and were believed by these missionaries to be Christian at heart. One of the most remarkable things that occurred in those days, when the Emperor was issuing reforming edicts one after another in quick succession, was the change introduced into the literary examinations. In the examinations of 1898 questions were asked, to the dismay of the ordinary examinee, which involved a knowledge of Old Testament history! It was said at the time that the Emperor himself was studying the Bible, and that he was favourable to Christianity, and this, I believe, was a fact. It has been said further, and I see no reason to doubt it, that ever since his practical deposition by the Dowager-Empress he has been praying to God—the God of Christians—that He would restore him to power, and even in the darkest days through which he has been passing he has steadfastly believed his prayers will be answered. Suppose then that Kwangsu should be reinstated—and, humanly speaking, the only hope for China to-day lies in this direction—it is, I think, pretty certain that, so far from

hating or persecuting Christianity, he would favour it. There are multitudes of Chinese who would hail his return to power with joy, and would not be overmuch disturbed in mind if he announced that he accepted Christianity. Whether the display of Imperial favour towards Christians in China would be a blessing to Christianity as a spiritual religion is another question. Much that has been said and written about China during the present crisis is based on the supposition that the thing that has been in China is the thing that always shall be. I am persuaded that this is an utter mistake. We are standing on the threshold of a new era in Chinese history, and at no very distant period a new China will be seen to arise that in many respects will be quite unlike the China of the past. In a letter on "Count von Waldersee's Appointment" which appeared in the *Spectator* of September 8th, the writer—from whose view of the Chinese situation as a whole I dissent—says: "If, and when, the Chinese evolve a really national Government, it will certainly be imbued with the national spirit, which is pre-eminently commercial and industrial." That I thoroughly believe. The "national" spirit of China, in the proper sense of the term, is what this writer says it is. It is characteristically displayed in the Chinese living under British rule in the Straits Settlements and elsewhere. Under the rule of the Manchus, and under the blighting influence of the literary classes of China, which is always anti-foreign, anti-progressive, anti-Christian, and anti-everything-that-is-new, the really national spirit of the Chinese has never had an opportunity of displaying itself, on any extensive scale, in international intercourse with other commercial peoples. But as soon as the Chinese people are emancipated from the mental bondage and the rule of a "dead hand" in which the present system holds them they will appear before the world in an altogether new light. They will then only be anti-foreign when foreigners ill-use or oppress them, and will only be fiercely anti-Christian where Christian ecclesiastics attempt to domineer over Magistrates and to create an *imperium in imperio*, setting the Church and its rule in the place which rightly belongs exclusively to the State. The Emperor Kwangsu is altogether Manchu by birth and race, but he is not altogether Manchu in his sympathies. If he returns to power it is to be hoped the European Governments will see to it that he is surrounded by Chinese statesmen who are in sympathy with reform and have the true welfare of China at heart, and that neither the old race of ignorant, obstructive, and anti-foreign Manchu statesmen nor self-seeking, money-grubbing Chinese statesmen are again allowed to overpower the Emperor with their mischievous counsels. Under such a rule the true national instincts of the Chinese people will have a chance to do themselves justice. I have lived for nearly twenty-five years in China, and I believe in and love the Chinese people, despite their faults. If the agricultural and trading classes were left to themselves we missionaries should have little to fear from anti-Christian riots or from personal violence. I have found the people as a rule extremely friendly and responsive to kindness, and I have often experienced great kindness from them. They look upon missionaries as their friends, and they continually come to us as to friends to ask for help and advice. If, as is often stated, the Chinese dislike missions and missionary methods, how is it that day after day our preaching places are thronged with non-Christian hearers, who will often listen for an hour, or even two hours, at a time to the preaching of Christianity? How is it that they will take our Christian books and tracts, literally *by the million* every year, in *almost every case* paying with their own money for what they take. It is not our custom to give even farthing tracts away for nothing, and it is not a characteristic of the Chinese to spend even a farthing on what they do not want. How is it that they send their children to Christian schools, at many of which they have to pay fees, while purely native and heathen charity schools exist in the same neighbourhood? Of their appreciation of mission hospitals and dispensaries I need not speak. Who are the authorities for these statements about the antipathy of the people to missions? Men like Li Hung Chang and others who belong to the "educated" and official classes from whom nearly all our difficulties and troubles come. Such is the malign influence of these classes upon the masses that almost at any moment, when it suits their purpose to do so, they can work the poor, ignorant, superstitious folk who surround us into a temporary frenzy of demoniacal

hatred of all things and persons foreign. If I might sufficiently trespass on your space I could prove to demonstration that literary and official instigation is the cause of nearly every anti-foreign riot. Even under such circumstances, however, it is against the *foreigner*, and not against the *missionary*, that the hatred is aroused. In one of the recent anti-foreign outbreaks a missionary of the China Inland Mission only escaped being put to death by proving that he was a missionary, and *not* a man engaged in secular employment. I have heard of many places where officials issued orders that *all foreigners* were to be killed, not of a single case where the order applied exclusively to missionaries. I have spoken of the general attitude of the official and literary classes towards foreigners, but there are exceptions to all rules, and during the recent troubles there have been splendid examples of self-denying courage on the part of some officials who have, at great personal risk, shown much kindness, sympathy, and generosity in protecting Europeans who were fleeing for their lives. None know better than such men how easy it is to restrain the *people*, how hard it is to resist *official influence*, when it is a question of killing foreigners—I am, Sir, &c.,

ARNOLD FOSTER.

Wuchang, Hankow, China, November 10th.

LORD HARDWICKE AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Permit me to impart to you the substance of a family legend. My grandfather was a City man, a Member of Parliament, and an adherent of the Grenville party. On matters connected with "the City" the politician was in the habit of consulting the City man in question. On one occasion, when the subject of conversation was the possibility of realising large profits from early information, Lord Grenville asked my grandfather whether he thought all the stories told of these large profits were founded on fact. My grandfather answered that he was not a stockjobber, still less a political authority, but that he could easily test the matter if Lord Grenville wished it. His Lordship then said: "I will give you the earliest information obtainable in the position I hold as Prime Minister, and you shall try your fortune and mine in dealing on the Stock Exchange." At the end of a year the statesman and merchant met again to study the account after the earliest information given by the Prime Minister to the City man had been acted on. My grandfather rendered the account, and showed that, had the information led to transactions on a large scale, all parties connected with them would have been utterly ruined. When the battle of Waterloo was fought, it was not the Government which told the news to Rothschild, but Rothschild who told it to the Government. In my own experience I have known the man with the most brilliant prospects granted to any one utterly disgraced and ruined by attempting to deal in the manner suggested. His own description of what occurred will suffice. He had not a minute's peace all the morning till the evening paper came in with the news obtained by its editor, not by the speculator's exclusive information. But the truth is, a man's mind occupied with stock gambling could not, if he would, bury itself in details of administration, in finance, or in high politics; nor would a man pulling at what the "man in the street" calls "red-tape" be likely to make his fortune in speculation.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. R. G.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have read your article in the *Spectator* of December 22nd on Lord Hardwicke and the Stock Exchange with great pleasure, and I hope you will not allow the subject to drop, for the precedent, if established, will have the most demoralising effect on the Civil Service of India. Hitherto that Service has been perfectly pure and above suspicion. A member of the Service who had accepted shares in a local speculation in what is called the share mania was compelled by the force of public opinion to retire. A member of the Bombay Civil Service had invested the savings of twenty-five years in the Victoria Company, which held dock and wharfage rights on the foreshore of the island. He became a member of Council and sold the whole of his shares, though aware that it was the policy of Government to purchase the rights

of the Company. When this intention was subsequently carried out the shares rose to a very high premium. If members of the Civil Service are permitted to retain an interest in gold mines and similar undertakings which are being opened in India there will soon be an end of all official purity, and the Service will relapse into the American municipal standard of honesty, or that of Mr. Kruger.—I am, Sir, &c.,

LIONEL ASHBURNER.

9a Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.

POTTERY MADE WITH LEADLESS GLAZE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Canon Gore's appeal to the public (*Spectator*, December 22nd) in the matter of leadless glazes is one deserving of every support. At the same time, it is only fair to say that as regards glazed tiles the results as yet obtained are not quite satisfactory. The firm with which I am connected (Messrs. Carter, of Poole) have experimented largely of late with leadless glazes, but although excellent results have been attained with some colours, as the blues for example, the reds and yellows have not turned out so well. But though this has been the case so far, it may well be that the stimulus given to invention by a steady pressure of public opinion, brought to bear in the manner desired by Canon Gore, might bring about a more complete success. As in so many cases, the pressure must be continuous and uniform, not merely temporary and spasmodic, to produce any lasting effects.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. K. GILL.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SPEED TO COMMERCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I am pleased to discover that I have drawn a railway official (*Spectator*, December 22nd). I fail to see, however, what bearing the cryptic signs on beer barrels have upon the question of the relative speed of English as compared with Continental, and especially American trains. If you can spare the space, however, I will try and hint to Mr. Phillips in what direction the public would like reform. His reference to the question of the carriage of goods reminds me that a certain great North of England company took three months last year to carry an empty portmanteau thirteen miles, and then the work was only completed on the presentation of a formal claim for £4 compensation. With regard to the important matter of speed, the fact is we have very few really fast trains in this country, except such as are stipulated for by the Post Office authorities and those which are run in competition with other lines. As a matter of fact, the condition of things would be woeful indeed in the country but for competition. We complain that the trains, even the slowest of them, do not run to time, and we suggest that if constant experience shows that the journey cannot be performed so as to keep faith with the time-table, then it would be a very easy matter to change the table. We complain that heated carriages, luxurious upholstery, corridors, and even civility are supplied to us when there is a competing line, and none of these when the company has a monopoly. When we have a choice of routes upon which to send goods we are canvassed for them and compensated for damages; when there is no choice we have to sign beforehand that the goods go at our own risk, and even the drayman patronises us. Trains called expresses can be stopped at wayside country places for gentlemen who are so placed that they could send their manufactures by another company, but the same men cannot get even decent consideration if they remove into one of those benighted areas dominated by a railway that has the monopoly. In travelling and listening to the uninvited complaints of my fellow travellers I find that every man believes that the company monopolising his district is the worst in the country. I myself thought there was one decent company in the Kingdom, but I have recently removed into its domains, and already find myself victimised, whilst my neighbours are amazed that I should ever have had any faith in this particular concern. Alas! in times past I had always had experience of it *in competition*. Oh for some stout champion in the House of Commons who will not think these things beneath his attention!—I am, Sir, &c.,

JOHN ACKWORTH.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON ELLIS AND CONINGTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—My attention had been called to the criticism on Conington's *Virgil*, ascribed to me in Mr. Tuckwell's "Reminiscences of Oxford," before I read the review which appeared in the *Spectator* of December 22nd. I must disclaim it; the more so that Conington used often to talk with me of *Virgil* as his edition progressed, and made me a confidant of his vexation when H. A. J. Munro treated his first volume with a severity he had not expected. I was, however, in the habit of contrasting Conington's (perhaps unavoidable) fluctuation in his notes on *Virgil* with Munro's precision in his notes on *Lucretius*. I think it may have been some remark of this kind to which the criticism on Conington's *Virgil* most wrongly imputed to me owes its origin.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Oxford.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

"SOMEWHAT IMPROVED CONTINUANCE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The story told by Mr. F. R. Bryans in his letter which appeared in the *Spectator* of December 15th of an old man's thoughts wandering from the story of Lazarus to the goatish appearance of the Vicar of W——'s beard, is curiously like a Persian tale which must be familiar to Persian scholars. A Moollah was much flattered by seeing that during his sermon in the mosque one of the congregation was apparently so moved by his eloquence that he was weeping bitterly. After the service he spoke to the man and told him how glad he was that his words had made such an impression on him. "Oh, no," was the reply, "it was not that, but I once owned an old he-goat which I dearly loved. To my deep sorrow my goat died, and when I saw you wagging your beard in the pulpit it reminded me so much of my dear old goat that I could not help weeping."—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. HAGGARD.

POETRY.

WINTER SLEEP.

THE ancient Earth is still
Heavy with winter sleep;
And as a man grown rich
Delights in memories
Of his old poverty,
He sees himself, in dream,
In tattered gabardine,
Bereft of all his wealth,
Naked before the stars,
Asking an alms of Heaven.

And, masquerading thus,
He thinks with secret joy
Of his rich treasure-house
Heaped up with precious ore
Of yet unminted leaves;
Where, worked by willing slaves,
The urgent shuttles fly,
Shedding from unseen looms
The wondrous woven webs
And stainless gossamers

For which are dyes distilled
In crucibles occult
From sunset blazonries;
And where have hushed increase
The unbreathed melodies,
The uncensed incenses,
The wild unburgeon'd pomp
And pageantry of Spring.

Thus, as a King disguised
In garb of beggary,
His unsuspected robes
Concealed by piteous rags,
He threads the ways of space;
And naked are his arms,
And empty are his hands;
While oft he hides his mirth
When alms are thrown to him,
And ruth is moved by sight
Of his great poverty.

W. G. HOLE.

MUSIC.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

THE life, and in particular the early training, of Sir Arthur Sullivan is in instructive contrast with the conventional portraits of musical geniuses in works of fiction. The composer of fiction owes nothing to his parentage or surroundings; he acquires even his technique by instinct, like the early Victorian heroine who waltzed divinely at the first attempt. Now, though Sullivan's parents were poor and his youth struggling, he was surrounded from earliest infancy with a musical atmosphere. The son of a bandmaster and clarinet teacher at Kneller Hall, he had musical instruments for his playfellows in early childhood, and from the practical knowledge of their registers and characteristics which he thus acquired was saved from the mistakes which Schumann and other composers brought up on the pianoforte have invariably committed when they began to write for the orchestra.

On this followed the three valuable years spent as a choirboy in the Chapel Royal. A musician who has himself sung, and sung well, will naturally write for the voice more sympathetically and considerably than one who merely possesses a "conductor's voice," and Sullivan's vocal writing was invariably grateful. Here he also learnt to play the organ, mastered the art of sight-reading, and in general availed himself to the full of the excellent opportunities that are always open to the members of a first-rate church choir. Next we find him, on gaining the Mendelssohn scholarship, studying first under Sterndale Bennett and Goss, and afterwards in Leipsic under Moritz Hauptmann, Moscheles, and Plaidy. On his return to England he obtained and held for several years the post of organist to a London church, besides gaining invaluable experience as an assistant to Costa at Covent Garden, where he acted as musical factotum, and enjoyed unrestricted opportunities for studying the requirements and the exactions of singers and *premières danseuses*. In a word, by the time he was five-and-twenty Sullivan's all-round equipment—the result of an intelligent use of excellent and varied opportunities—was wonderfully complete. He had also proved himself a composer of rare promise as well as distinguished achievement—witness his beautiful incidental music to *The Tempest*—had won recognition from both Spohr and Rossini, and yet found it hard to earn more than an extremely modest competence without resorting to the drudgery of teaching. When, on the occasion of the performance of his oratorio, *The Light of the World*, at Manchester in 1873, a number of friends and admirers presented him with a purse of £200, the gift was extremely welcome. If there be any who regret Sullivan's practical abandonment of serious musical composition after the year 1877, let them recollect that he had given it a fairly extended trial, and failed to find it remunerative; and, secondly, that from 1872 onwards he was liable to recurrent attacks of a painful malady, which hampered his energies and undoubtedly shortened his life. Besides, the artistic quality of Sullivan's achievement in the domain of comic opera was so fine, and his work so gay and exhilarating, that only the most austere idealists can honestly regret that he committed himself to a career in which he not only won fame and fortune, but also proved a real benefactor to millions of his contemporaries. The debt that is owed him is very much like the debt that we owe to the lighter side of Dickens's genius. They both entertained, refreshed, and amused the public with wholesome food for mirth. Indeed, we think that the people hardly realise to what an extent the underlying asperity, the sardonic flavour, of Mr. Gilbert's lines is softened and mellowed by the essentially genial character of the music to which they are wedded. Sullivan's muse was so essentially cheerful, his temper so antagonistic to austerity, that one cannot quarrel with him for his avoidance of tragic themes. In his incidental music to Shakespeare's plays he was far more happily inspired in his treatment of gay, fanciful, or picturesque scenes than in those which call for dramatic intensity. His *Macbeth* music is far inferior to that composed for *The Tempest* and *Henry VIII*. We cannot help thinking that the "sweeping pall" of tragedy would have proved in his case somewhat of a giant's robe. As it was, he attained superlative distinction in a department of composition which, with few exceptions, had been given over to the dominion of vulgarity, tawdry sentiment, and perfunctory workmanship. Indeed, he elevated light comic opera to such a height by the grace, the urbanity, and the artistic finish of his treatment, that all subsequent works in that *genre* have to be tried by the standard he set.

The turning-point in Sullivan's career was in 1866, when he attended a performance of Offenbach's *Les Deux Aveugles*, and was convinced of his ability to develop this method on English lines. The result of this conviction was *Cox and Box*, a piece of musical fooling which, in the opinion of many competent judges, Sullivan himself never surpassed. The mock-Handelian aria is a bit of mimicry on a par with Calverley's finest literary parodies. But he had to wait nearly nine years before achieving a great popular success in *Trial by Jury*. With *The Sorcerer* in 1877 he entered on the flood-tide of success, and the long record of his triumphs at the Savoy is too fresh in the minds of our readers to call for comment. Only on two occasions did he subsequently challenge criticism by work of a more exalted aim. In *The Golden Legend*, a cantata based on Longfellow's poem, pro-

duced at the Leeds Festival in 1886, he achieved a success at once popular and well deserved. The cantata is full of engaging melody, admirably orchestrated, and in the prologue comes nearer the grand style than any of his compositions. The other and more ambitious effort was the opera of *Ivanhoe*, brought out in 1891, which achieved a *succès d'estime*, but has failed to hold the boards. Twenty years' assiduous allegiance to the comic muse was not the best preparation for an excursion into the domain of grand opera, especially when it is borne in mind that those twenty years corresponded closely with the period which opened with the production of *The Meistersinger* and closed with the inclusion of Wagner's music-dramas in the regular repertory at Covent Garden.

Parallels are often fallacious owing to the exaggerated importance attached to externals. But the parallel between Arthur Sullivan and Thomas Moore is more than a mere superficial resemblance. It was not that each was an Irishman who made England his home, eschewed Irish modes of expression, and was a *persona grata* in the most exalted social circles. A great deal of what Mr. Stopford Brooke says of Moore in his admirable essay in the new "Treasury of Irish Poetry" can be applied without modification to Sullivan. "The deep things in the Irish nature were not in him. No mysticism made him dream; no hunger for the spiritual beset him; no fairyland, sometimes gracious, but chiefly terrible, was more real to him than the breathing world. No sadness without a known cause, no joy whose source was uncomprehended, influenced him. Nature did not speak to him of dreadful and obscure powers, or of beauty and love and eternal youth beyond mortal reach, but not beyond immortal desire." After saying that none of these Celtic elements are to be found in Moore, Mr. Stopford Brooke continues: "On the other hand, he is a master in fancy and he brought to the help of his fancy a wit, an *esprit*, which made everything he touched with it sparkle and sing."

The immediate and resounding popularity achieved by Sullivan's works during the last quarter of a century renders it sufficiently clear that he cannot be regarded in the light of an innovator or experimenter. The fact that he was the first to write light comic opera like a scholar and a gentleman is quite in keeping with his essential adhesion to classical methods. There was nothing antinomian, angular, violent, or eccentric in his music. As we have seen, he studied under Sterndale Bennett, he was deeply influenced by the Mendelssohnian influence, and he worshipped at the shrines of the two supreme melodists, Mozart and Schubert. Unlike most modern composers, who, to quote Rubinstein's phrase, invariably paint with all the colours in their palette, he practised an economy of orchestral resource, his outlines are never blurred, nor are his scores disfigured by any debauch of sonority. Symmetry of form, lucidity of exposition, clearly defined rhythm, and an easy flow of graceful and animated melody,—these are the main features of his compositions. He had as little sympathy with the ascetic fervour of Brahms as with what seemed to him the amorphousness of Wagner's later music-dramas. But we have not to deal with him here as a critic, but as a creator, and within the limits assigned by his temperament, his work seldom fell short of the highest artistic excellence. His was a minor realm in the world of music, but his dominion therein was supreme and still remains unassailed. To those who still regret his renunciation of his earlier aspirations we may recall the ancient adage, *μη νεμέσα βασιλίστα, χάρις βασιλίστην ὑπαδεῖ*. C. L. G.

BOOKS.

A TREASURY OF IRISH POETRY.*

No attempt is made in this anthology to reach a uniform standard of excellence. It is, says the editor, "a systematic record of the best poems we can cull from the writers of the nineteenth century," and he adds that "the Irish poetry of the first sixty years of this century would not reach, except in a very few examples, the requirements of a high standard of excellence." The dominant note of this volume of Irish verse is sadness. Ireland is always "my unhappy country," a

country personified as a beautiful woman—the "rose of the world," the "Dark Rosaleen"—with whom all her bards are in love, and whose sorrow is in their eyes not the least part of her charm. All personal trouble, Mr. Stopford Brooke tells us in his preface, "is only an incident in Ireland of the vaster trouble of the whole land, an element in poetry which cannot belong to English poetry." Some of her national poems are, he thinks, so sad that "English seems no fitting vehicle for their emotions"; and, speaking of the "Dark Rosaleen," he continues: "One hardly wishes, for the sake of Art, that this lady should lose all the sorrow by which her loveliness is veiled." Judging by her literature, the troubles of Ireland have taken so deep a hold on her imagination as to have to some extent unhinged it. Her songs give us often an impression of cherished grief, and though they are sometimes full of real poetry, they are also full of poetical unreality. Sad occasions supply her sons with their highest festivals, whether they are writing poetry or attending wakes. Herrick's lines haunt us through the whole book:—

"In this world (the Isle of Dreams)
While we sit by sorrow's streams
Tears and terrors are our themes."

The supernatural is constantly before the Irish mind; but they do not look to the supernatural for consolation, but suffer its terrors with a troubled mind,—even their fairyland, Mr. Brooke asserts, is "chiefly terrible." The editors do not begin their catalogue of Irish poets with Goldsmith, whom they consider to have been "wholly English in matter and manner, and to have belonged to the English tradition." They begin with a small collection of Irish street ballads, the best of which is "The Wearing of the Green." The latter was not written, as is generally supposed, but revised by Dion Boucicault, being of unknown origin, and was probably first heard in 1798. It is the only one of these ballads which can lay the slightest claim to be called poetry. The only other worthy of notice is the stirring "Shan van vocht," whose repetitive clang has a certain power of the same nature as we find in "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave." Mr. Brooke's criticism of Moore—who, he tells us, accompanied this patriotic poetry with his elegiac pipe—is well worth reading. Moore says of himself: "In a strong and inborn feeling for music lies the source of whatever talent I may have shown for poetical composition, and it was the effort to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to me to express that first led to my writing any poetry at all." In this confession Mr. Brooke finds "the best definition and criticism of all his serious poetry." Such a thing could not, as he says, be said by a great poet, and perhaps he hardly does Moore justice, though he admits that "the brilliant, if sometimes tinsel, verse" of this "master in fancy" "pleases the ear, and sometimes almost seems to please the eye."

We are surprised to find the well-known poem, "It is not beauty I demand, A crystal brow the moon's despair," among the Irish poems of the first half of this century. It is by George Darley, and is so good an imitation of the verse of nearly two centuries earlier as to have deceived even Francis Palgrave, who printed it in the first edition of his *Golden Treasury* as anonymous among the seventeenth-century writers. After Moore, and the humorous songs of Lever, Lover, and Father Prout, we find many pages devoted to the versifiers of the *Nation* newspaper. According to Mr. Rolleston, the *Nation*—founded in 1842 by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy—was "the forge of thought in which the most active and ardent minds of the country wrought indefatigably at the fabric of her freedom and prosperity." "High truth and noble passion," he believes, inspired and informed their work, though he admits that it cannot take rank with "the creation of the artist dreaming on eternal truths, eternal beauty, and expressing them in the rich and arduous harmonies of music and thought which we call poetry." Certainly the specimens here quoted do not so rank, and they not infrequently descend to mere jingling sentiment or rhyming curses. Mr. Brooke says they are too ethical—we should have said too political—to be poetry. All the same, we cannot deny that many of them are inspired by a stirring sincerity, and give us a great sense of the youth and buoyancy of "Young Ireland." The wail which runs through the serious portion of this collection almost from beginning to end is for

* *A Treasury of Irish Poetry*. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. [7s. 6d.]

a moment tuned to a more manly key. We quote a famous specimen of *Nation* verse:—

"We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few;
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland too.
All, all are gone, but still lives on
The fame of those who died:
And true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.
Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light
To cheer our strife for liberty,
To teach us to unite.
Through good and ill be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate,
And true men be you, men,
Like those of '98."

James Clarence Mangan, who together with Sir Samuel Ferguson began the "Celtic movement" in Irish verse simultaneously with the rise of the *Nation*, was also a political poet, but, as Mr. Brooke says, "with a difference." The difference, we should say, lies in the fact that he was a true poet, and not an enthusiastic pamphleteer. In his poetry we hear again the Celtic wail, but also the "lyrical cry." Mr. Lionel Johnson contributes a short Life of Mangan, by which the selections from his poems are introduced. He was, in truth, a decadent born out of due season, with a genius not given to his younger brothers. "The story of his life is the story of persistent gloom and greyness peopled by phantoms and phantasies of sorrow," and from the first, Mr. Johnson tells us, "he succumbed to whatever miseries, real or imagined, came in his way." Quite what proportion of the sufferings he describes were real we do not know, for "it was part of his strange nature to be innocently insincere, or inventive, or imaginative, about himself." He drank or drugged himself, or both, and he died mysteriously,—of cholera or starvation. The magic which could turn this sordid tale to poetry is shown in his poem entitled "The Nameless One." Here are two verses,—there are many more quite as good:—

"Tell thou the world when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there once was one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.
Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here, and in Hell."

Perhaps this man was the greatest of the Irish poets, but for our part we think that Moira O'Neill in a totally different manner runs him very close.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, Douglas Hyde, and George Sigerson all show in this collection specimens of delightful translations from the Gaelic. Are not the following verses instinct with vitality and fresh as the sea air?—

"Sweet is a voice in the land of gold,
Sweet is the calling of wild birds bold;
Sweet is the shriek of the heron hoar,
Sweet fall the billows of Bundatmore.
Fionn, my father, is chieftain old
Of seven battalions of Fianna bold,
When he sets free all the deerhounds fleet
To rise and to follow with him were sweet."

Irish verse, while it contains a good deal of rollicking laughter, is not rich—at least on the evidence of the book before us—in real humour. There is some, however, and the perfection of its quality makes up for its scarcity. Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves and Moira O'Neill are past-masters in the art of humorous verse making.

There can be no doubt that the latest Irish poetry is by far the most enjoyable. Mr. Stopford Brooke in his preface prepares his readers for this. "The river of Irish poetry," he says, "is yet in its youth. In time, if it remain true to its country's spirit, the stream that has just emerged from the mountain torrent will become a great river." It is strange how many of the later poets are women. Pre-eminent among them, of course, is Moira O'Neill. As well as grace and humour and pathos, she possesses the one thing needful and indescribable,—the gift of poetry. Also she knows how to indicate with consummate skill that particular note of despair which belongs, we think, to her country's spirit. Witness the following lovely verse:—

"An' now I wish no wishes, nor ever fall a tear,
Nor take a thought beyond the way I'm led:
I mind the day that's over-by, an' bless the day that's here,
There be to come a day when we'll be dead,
Achray!

A longer, lighter day when we'll be dead."

How sad and how calm this is! It might well have been written on the Antrim shores—

"Where the breaking summer waves
Wandher in wi' their trouble from the sea."

What would be the effect, we wonder, upon Irish literature of a long draught of national prosperity and happiness,—a glorious effect which is already begun, we gather to be Mr. Stopford Brooke's opinion? But could any outward circumstance materially alter the sad "spirit which quickeneth" their poetry? We doubt it. They may cease—indeed they have ceased—to find inspiration in cursing England, but will they themselves ever get free of the sad enchantment which belongs to the "Isle of Dreams"? Will not the fate of those who are too impractical, too much "away"—which means, we are told, too much with the fairies—always be theirs? One of Erin's poet-daughters writes:—

"Your children shall inherit
The unrest of the wind,
They shall seek some face illusive
In some land they cannot find.
When the wind is loud they sighing
Go with hearts unsatisfied,
For some joy beyond remembrance,
For some memory denied."

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.*

Mornings at Bow Street is a book which fetches a considerable price from collectors, not, of course, to read, for the true collector abhors the practice, but for other purposes. Read, however, it certainly was some sixty or seventy years ago. Many people found inexhaustible amusement in what they were pleased to call "the humours of the Police-Court," that is, in making fun of the miseries and sins of the wretched people who appeared there. We may say without being Pharisaic that we have got beyond this state of feeling. We do not send a reporter with a keen-eye for the comic to the Court, but a missionary whose courage and sympathy may fit him for giving help to those who need it. It is true that the comic is there—this book, though, in all conscience, it is serious enough, gives us not a few specimens of it—but the dominant element is tragedy. We may pass over the first chapter, in which Mr. Holmes tells us how he "became a missionary." Indeed, we should counsel him to remove it from a second edition. We have no particular fault to find with it, but it would be better, we think, to begin the book with the first words of chap. 2: "It was one Monday morning in May that I first saw the inside of a London Police-Court." The picture there drawn is of a state of things that has happily passed away. Almost down to the "nineties" the Courts reproduced, especially in the way in which the prisoners were herded together, the horrors of the last-century gaols. One is glad to know that in their arrangement there has been a great change for the better. We also heartily welcome the emphatic testimony which Mr. Holmes bears to the work of the Magistrates. An almost measureless demand is made upon them, "not only for a thorough knowledge of law and of human nature, but also for technical knowledge upon a thousand subjects," and, besides these things, for patience and sympathy; it is good to be told by one who has continual opportunities of judging that the demand is well met. The Magistrate has much to do besides distinguishing the innocent from the guilty and measuring out punishment meet for the offence. He is an adviser as well as a Judge. The aggrieved, the perplexed, bring to him their wrongs and their difficulties. His help is invoked for every human ill, from a drunken wife to a howling dog. Some of the applications made to him are foolish in the extreme, others are unutterably painful. In dealing with the first he has to choose between the two opposing counsels—the wise man was never wiser than when he gave the two—"Answer" and "Answer not a fool according to his folly." As to the latter, he often feels that a few kind words are all the help that he can give. It is not much, but it is something.

* *Pictures and Problems from London Police Courts.* By Thomas Holmes. London: Edward Arnold. [7s. 6d.]

A burden may be borne more easily though it is not diminished by a pennyweight.

The chapter headed "Husbands and Wives" is, as one might expect, the most painful in the book. "I can stand it no longer," cried one Magistrate when he had heard from a stream of women, each of them bearing visible witness to the truth of her story, the same application for protection from a brutal husband. Yet these are not the worst cases. For one thing, something can be done for them. The protection order does something. The offender often comes back from prison with a sort of respect for the wife or the child to whom the law has given its shelter. Sometimes, too, bribery does good. Mr. Holmes relates a case in which he used it, absolutely against all laws of political economy, and one might almost say of morals, and yet used it for good. "He was an animal"—so Mr. Holmes sums up the story—"as an animal I had to treat him, and, the professor notwithstanding, I did not make a very bad job of him, for he keeps to work and keeps his hands off his wife, for which two things husband and wife are the better." Worse cases than these are where the man is more than animal. He is clever, industrious, a decent member of society, but there is a weak spot in his brain. A dose of alcohol transforms him into something far worse than a brute. He is, in short, a madman, only his madness defies all medical diagnosis. These cases seldom come into Court; the wife, often a refined, educated woman, suffers in silence. It is only when some catastrophe occurs, when, for instance, tormented beyond all endurance, she attempts suicide, or when the husband's violence has visibly endangered life, that the facts become known. It must not be supposed, however, that in balancing these dismal accounts between husbands and wives there is no *per contra*. In one respect the wife has the better of the dreadful conflict. She can get protection from the law, a protection which the husband cannot claim. The drunken man commonly uses his fists or his feet, and gives the law an occasion; the drunken woman pawns the furniture, or simply lets everything go to ruin. The husband who comes home to find no meal, no fire, and children crying for hunger, while the wife lies dead drunk on the floor, has simply no remedy. If at last he loses all patience, who can wonder? Mr. Holmes tells a most tragic tale to this effect. A man was brought before the Magistrate on the charge of an aggravated assault on his wife. The charge was true. He had almost killed her; at least erysipelas had set in and brought her to death's door. It was a marvel that she recovered. When the case was inquired into these facts came out. He had borne with a drunken wife for many years. As the landlady put it, "A better man never lived; a worse woman could not be found." Again and again she had pawned all his goods; again and again he had spent all the night looking for her. Then came the catastrophe. She had been for two months in prison. The husband meanwhile had done his best to make things comfortable at home. He went to fetch her from the prison. When she saw the neatly furnished rooms she promised not to drink again. But she did drink. Day after day she pawned what she could lay hands on; at the end of the week the husband came home to find her lying dead drunk on the floor. He had a stick in his hand, and he beat her, his rage at last mastering him, savagely. For this he was tried. Called upon for his defence, he said: "Thirty-five years we have been man and wife; twenty-five years she has been an inveterate drunkard; yet, as God is my judge, I have never struck her before." Then he went on to tell the dismal tale of a ruined home. "If ever a man was mad, I was mad," he said; and it was true. His employer, who had been a fellow-apprentice, spoke for him. "His devoted love for the wretched woman was the marvel of all who knew him." What could the Magistrate do? He passed a sentence of six months' imprisonment. It was not too much, it might be said, for what was nearly murder. Yet it seems unjust. The old man lived through his sentence; but he died broken-hearted a few weeks afterwards. One can only hope that somewhere even that winter will be changed to spring.

The next chapter, "Parents and Children," has not a more cheerful aspect. But, by way of relief, we shall quote a story that it gives one a certain pleasure to read. A well-dressed boy applied for a summons. It was against his father, he explained. His father had beaten him. For a time the fee (two shillings) staggered him. He was under twelve; could

he not have it at half-price? He went away, but returned with the other shilling. In due time the father appeared, boiling over with rage. The Magistrate heard the case, and gave judgment after the fashion of an Oriental Kadi. He would dismiss the defendant on condition that he gave the boy another beating. It turned out that the father and mother held the belief that no one ought to lay a hand on their children. They had twice summoned teachers for chastising this very lad. And now that foolish little bird had come home to roost.

"It's a rum thing is human nature," says one of Dickens's humourists. What good there is in human nature, what evil, what strange convolutions! There is kleptomania, for instance; one temptation, sometimes only one, is irresistible. "Don't blame me, Mr. Holmes," said one woman. "I can't help it. I would, if I could, but I must steal boots." A clever bookbinder, again, had an unconquerable tendency to burglary. He was but forty, and had spent nearly half his time in prison for this offence. (The nominal sentences were for twenty-five years, but had been shortened.) He was in good work, and wanted for nothing, but he must burgle. He fell, and was set up again. He kept straight for some years, showing gratitude of no common kind to his helpers. Then he broke out again. He was caught in a boot warehouse—over him the boots had a special fascination—with five pounds of his own earnings in his pocket. But it is not all darkness. One day Mr. Holmes saw in the female prisoners' waiting-room three "unfortunates." Two were rough, strong creatures; one delicate-looking and refined. All had been taken up as drunk and disorderly, and were fined ten shillings each. The two paid; the delicate one had no money, and was placed in a cell. Some one had written in bold characters on the wall *Nil desperandum*; when Mr. Holmes entered the cell to speak to the girl, she had written beneath *Deus misereatur*. As he was talking to her the gaoler came for her; her fine had been paid. The two had pawned their jackets to raise the money, and they took her away. A month afterwards Mr. Holmes saw a funeral start from the house. The two, neatly dressed in mourning, each with a wreath in her hand—and though it was winter there were flowers in plenty on the coffin—rode in a mourning coach behind the hearse. They had raised the money,—how, one dares not say. One can only think of the two inscriptions, and hope. We must now take leave of Mr. Holmes. We will not give him praise. He does not desire it. But we should like to send him readers and helpers.

THE LIFE OF PARIS.*

THE life of Paris is at once so simple and so complex that it eludes the vigilance of the foreigner, who either judges the unknown by the false standard of home, or is driven by fear of the obvious into absurd paradoxes. Mr. Whiteing, for instance, is perfectly familiar with the life of the French capital; yet when he sets down his impressions in black and white he is at once superficial and over-ingenious.

At the outset he would try to enclose the most wayward people of modern times within the limits of a formula. The French, says he, are "unquestionably the oldest folk in Europe." But it would be just as true to declare them the youngest. Age cannot be counted by years, and France in the qualities of enterprise and open-mindedness is still a mere child. Though she was grown-up in the time of Charlemagne, though she was past middle age under Louis XIV., she has been rejuvenated several times since then, and the France that we know to-day was only just coming to life in 1800. France, in truth, is a phoenix among the nations, with a constant habit of rising from her ashes. Yet through all the changes she preserves certain qualities, which in turn preserve for her the secret of youth. Julius Cæsar, whose observation was no more at fault than his strategy, noted in the Gauls a ceaseless curiosity, which led them to discover all the marvels of the world, and to believe in every legend. Now, it is curiosity which best avails to keep the human temper youthful and alert, and in this single quality of alertness Paris has not her equal among great cities. Ever running after some new thing, ever ready to change her opinion, she marks each decade with a scandal, and invents every year a new school of art or literature. Put the scandals

* *The Life of Paris*. By Richard Whiteing. London: J. Murray. [6s.]

aside, and think of what Paris has done for literature since 1830, when romance gained its first victory over classicism, and ask yourself whether the achievement is of youth or of age! You may not approve of this movement or of that, but you must acknowledge that the fever and fret of opposing schools is the best evidence of youthful interest and lively intelligence. Many Englishmen cannot get it out of their head that Zola's Naturalism was prompted by moral obliquity. But morals had nothing whatever to do with the school of Médan, now moribund. Zola arrived at the Rougon-Macquarts by a process of inevitable logic. The French novel had reached a point at which documents alone were satisfying. Wherefore Zola collected as many documents as he could in the name of truth, and poured them all higgledy-piggledy into the same basket. The result was a logical falsehood, since accurate facts change their meaning on collection. But even before the falsity of Naturalism was demonstrated, Paris was ready with two new schools, and the Decadents and Symbolists were fighting their battle with the Romanists and the rest. Nor does the energy ever cease: to-day the Naturists are heading back to what we should call the Early-Victorian, and are writing verses which "L. E. L." might have recited in the Kensington of sixty years ago. What will come next none can tell, but we are sure that the curiosity of Paris will not sleep, and that her perennial youth is even now preparing some surprise.

For, as Mr. Whiteing very truly says, "art is almost the only real priesthood left in France." So Paris loves whatever in life is elegant,—ample streets, rich museums, exquisitely designed parks, all beautiful and all free. Indeed, the Parisians, despite their latitude, are true Southerners in this, that they live in the open. It is the café, not the house, which is the Frenchman's meeting-place, and from the café proceed the buoyancy and gaiety of Parisian life. But Mr. Whiteing, inspired by the love of the unexpected to which we have already referred, attempts to persuade us "that the Gauls are gloomy." They would be "less frivolous in conduct," he thinks, "if they were less sad at heart." Surely this is paradox for its own sake. Surely the Gauls are gay before all things. Their first necessity is light and air; their streets must be cheerful, their restaurants brilliant; they even cudgel one another from sheer gaiety of heart, and competent judges have been known to hold that such monsters as MM. Rochefort and Drumont can be best explained by the fact that their imprecations are delivered in sport and without prejudice to the victim. No, the Gaul is not gloomy, even when he cultivates diabolism, for diabolism may be turned into sport; the *danse macabre* itself may be footed to a joyous measure.

But when Mr. Whiteing tells us that "structure with a plan" is the essence of the arts as pursued by the French we are in complete agreement with him. It has often been said that the Frenchman arrives at a logical conclusion even if he start from false premisses, and that is perfectly true. Life, letters, politics, must all be ordered into a system, since in the name of system the Parisian will endure every hardship. He does not enjoy military service, and under arms he will frankly declare that the insults of the *sous-officier* and the burden of unreasonable discipline are intolerable. But no sooner has he served his term than he frankly allows that it is all part of the system, and he is ready to support with his vote and influence the military service which a year ago he thought a miracle of cruelty. So it is with politics. The merchant of Bordeaux, the shipper of Marseilles, does not like to be governed by an official sent from Paris. Yet a central Government, inaugurated by Richelieu, was perfected by Napoleon, and the provincial magnates accept it, as they accept the other inconveniences of their blood and state. Again, it is the real business of the French Academy to impose a system upon French literature, and it is not its own fault that it fails. Of course the purification of the French language—another example of system—is but a pretence. The Academy merely plays at making a dictionary, and if its dictionary were a serious work no one would consult it who had Littré at his side. Mr. Whiteing thinks the aim of the Academy is "the production of the normal man of letters." But this is not quite accurate. A writer may be quite normal, and never have a chance of an armchair; and the Academy at present contains more than one member who is either above or under the norm. Nobody was ever so stern a classic, so

resolute a champion of impersonality, as M. Brunetière would persuade all the world to be. And M. Anatole France is no nearer the norm than M. Brunetière. Yet both are of the Academy, and no more can be said than that the Academy's aim is to collect specimens of the normal man of the world which are, or appear to be, slightly tinctured with letters. It is for this reason that very few distinguished men of letters have ever become part of France's literary system, and that the list of Academicians is as commonplace as the list of an ordinary club. But no sooner is a man of the world elected to the Academy than he is widely recognised as a cog in the machinery, and his books, if any, are more highly esteemed than the masterpieces of Balzac.

How, then, shall we find a formula for Paris, a city of freedom and restraint, of system and lawlessness; of glitter and controversy, of gaiety and scandal? We give it up, and prefer to acknowledge a sympathy and admiration which go no deeper than the facts. We love what we cannot explain, and if we are not always in agreement with Mr. Whiteing, we are grateful to him because he reminds us pleasantly of a city that we love. We are, therefore, the more surprised to note one or two inaccuracies in this well-informed book. Football has a wider vogue in Paris to-day than Mr. Whiteing seems to think. It is enthusiastically accepted by the Parisians with all its apparatus of leagues and cup-ties; nor will the best French teams ever again be an easy prey to the wandering players who were wont to cross the Channel on Saturday night, and to play on Sunday half-dazed with lack of sleep and sea-sickness. Again, while Mr. Whiteing very properly castigates the foolish cafés of Montmartre, he is far less than just to the Chat Noir, or, as he prefers to call it, the Black Cat. Now, the Chat Noir never was a rival to the Rat Mort. It was less a tavern than the most artistically delicate theatre in Paris, and no one who saw the *ombres chinoises*, the little masterpieces of Willette, Caran d'Aché, and Rivière, or listened to the inventions of Maurice Donnay and the patter of Rodolphe Salis, can set the Chat Noir aside as an idle drinking-shop. Good or evil, it is closed at last; its proprietor, like many another Frenchman, died on the road to Moscow, and the famous *ombres chinoises* did their last turn (let us hope) at the Exhibition. But the whimsical tavern of the Rue Victor Massé deserves a kindlier epitaph than Mr. Whiteing has found for it.

A TRANSLATION OF ÆSCHYLUS.*

THERE are numerous translations of Æschylus, and several of them respectable,—as, indeed, how should they not be, seeing that the authors were either Deans of the Church of England, distinguished maiden ladies, or other not less impeccable persons? But in order to render Æschylus, if the thing can be done at all, there is needed something quite different from respectability; a command of violent, terrifying language, of crude, brutal metaphor; an equipment like Webster's, and scarcely becoming for a Dean. Even with that the translator will be inadequate, unless now and then, and not seldom, out of the wild welter of words and images he can break into a strain of song or eloquence, pure, limpid, and strong as a great smooth-running river. One has only to state the qualifications to show that they are unattainable. But if the task is even to be attempted—if you are to set about transfusing this fierce poetry, rough and turbid like a superb wine not yet fully matured—then you must study with infinite care the equivalent to it in English: the work of our Elizabethans, and even of their forerunners. That is what Professor Warr has done. He has not been content, like Plumptre and the rest, to versify in conformity with the first laws of scansion a diluted interpretation of the text; he has not done what Browning did, and hitched into rough metre a version as literal and as remote from any authentic English, literary or spoken, as the schoolboy's word-for-word crib; he has attempted to reproduce Æschylus in the English which stands in the development of our tongue where the Greek of Æschylus stood in the Attic. No man could succeed in such a task; but the attempt was heroic; and in our opinion Professor Warr's version is unique in this, that it will give to the reader who knows no Greek at least some sense of what Æschylus is like. Imperfect recollection of the original may

* *The Oresteia of Æschylus*. Translated and Explained by George C. W. Warr, M.A. With Illustrations. London: George Allen. [7s. 6d.]

have caused our preference for the version of the *Eumenides*; but it certainly appeared to us, reading the play through in the English, that here was the recognisable voice of the poet, and here was a poem which, in spite of all the obvious blemishes of an artificial style, might produce a strong effect upon the mind of any intelligent reader.

The choruses are of course the terrible crux; and Professor Warr has been wise in adopting the medium of rhythmic prose, save in anapestic passages, where he employs for the most part the seven-syllabled trochaic of the witches' chant in *Macbeth*. It is hardly fair to quote from what has a fitness only in the natural context, yet here is a specimen,—the close of the Furies' tremendous hymn:—

"From the solitary vantage of our birthright we defy the sons of Heaven; not one hath fellowship in our feasts. Nor part nor lot is mine in white gala weeds. Mine election is the overthrowing of a house, wherein Ares cuddleth on a kinsman's sword. Oh, we give brave chase to the runagate and moulder the heyday in his blood. Our charge doth brook no neighbour's interloping; mine empery alloweth no breedbate god to prevent my suppliants. For Zeus hath e'en disdained to parley with our bloody abhorred race. Howbeit with a mighty ramp I fling upon the trail, and ruin goeth striding with me to o'erbear the swift. The crown of man's pride is trodden down and sinketh below the ground, at the rushing of our dusky robes and the mischievous dancing of our feet. The evil-doer knoweth not of his falling for the blindness of his heart, and the abomination of darkness that is upon him. He heareth not the sound of rumour; he seeth not the gathering of a thick cloud upon his house. Awful are we, who inhabit eternity, and our sleight never faileth, the recorders of wickedness, in whom is no relenting. With worship none nor recompense, we beat the pitfalls of the seeing and the sightless withal, in the visible gloom apart from Heaven. Wherefore know all the earth our name of fear, and hear this our plenary charter, which we hold of Fate and grace divine. Yea, I have my title of the ages and my pride of place, albeit my sentry is in the sunless murk of Hell."

And here, to give Professor Warr a fairer chance, is a lyric with the true Elizabethan ring,—the chant of the Furies defying Pallas when the doom has gone against them, and Orestes is liberated from their pursuit:—

"Upstart brood of Heaven, ye tear
From our hands and overbear
In your lust the law of ages.
Daughters of the Night forlorn,
Let our wrath requite their scorn;
Be the woes of men our wages.
Lo, the soil shall drink our bane,
For a deadly dew shall rain,
Cankered hearts' envenomed spume,
Blight of life and blight of womb,
Till the noisome dust entomb
Fruit of earth and seed of man,
Mouldering beneath our ban."

As to the accuracy of the translation, Professor Warr's reputation stands too high to need vouchers. But in passages he is more than accurate; he is illuminating. In that most tremendous scene of all in the *Agamemnon*, Cassandra, left outside the palace in shivering silence, starts and trembles like a beast catching the reek of blood from the shambles, and gradually, in half-articulate words, conveys to the chorus her foresight that grows more and more distinct. She sees first, and shows to them in words they are not slow to grasp, the images of old murders—kindred slaughter, babes sodden for their fathers' food—but then a new vision comes, one that they cannot recognise,—a woman plotting some strange devilish device. Then she speaks again, as the image clears. Here is the Greek:—

"ὦ τάλαινα, τῶδε γὰρ τελεῖς,
τὸν ὁμοδέμνιον πόσιν
λουτροῖσι παιδρύνουσα—πῶς φράσω τέλος;
τάχος γὰρ τὸδ' ἔσται. προτείνει δὲ χεῖρ ἐκ
χερὸς ὕρέγματα."

That is all, of course, plain enough, except the last words; but what do they mean? The woman is plotting against her own husband; she has made him fresh from the bath; then "the end—how shall I tell it?"—

For quick it comes and hand is following hand
Stretched out to strike the blow."

So says Plumptre, following the orthodox tradition. Professor Warr is not content with that. He observes the sense. Gradually, like a clearing mist, the scene becomes clear to Cassandra; and the blow is not yet. What she does see is something dim to which her next words give the clue:—

"ἔξ, παπαῖ, παπαῖ, τί τῶδε φαίνεται;
ἡ δίκτυόν τι "Αἰδου."

And in the light of that Professor Warr translates the lines

from πῶς φράσω τέλος:—"How shall I tell thy doing? 'Twill out anon. She is spreading something to the stretch of her arms." Gradually, that is to say, the vision develops. First there is the wife, standing over her mate, with murder in her eyes. What is she doing? She spreads out something to the stretch of her arms. God! The robe is a net; she wraps it round him. And then comes the next image, the next cry:—

"Oh, ware! ware! Keep the bull from the heifer. With her crafty felon horn she hath him in the drapery. Hah! a blow, a body flashing the water. I tell you, there is bloody treason doing in the bath."

Contrast that with Plumptre's amiable dilution:—

"See, see, I say, from that fell heifer there
Keep thou the bull; in robes
Entangling him, she with her weapon gores
Him with the swarthy horns;
Lo in that bath with water filled he falls,
Smitten to death, and I to thee set forth
Crime of a bath of blood
By murderous guile devised."

Obviously, by one translator the scene is visualised, by the other it is not. Professor Warr must be content to be judged by this instance, for space fails us. Had we more we should impress on him the desirability of adhering closely to the original text, as, for example, in Choephore 737, where he follows the wholly needless emendation σκυθρωπῶν, although the original phrase is far finer which tells how Clytemnestra, learning the feigned news of Orestes' death, "hid a gloomy laughter deep in her eyes." Nor can we do more than refer to his very interesting interpretation of the extraordinary plea by which Apollo vindicates the matricide—namely, that the child is the father's offspring, the mother merely a nurse for the seed—a point which would lead one to discuss the whole place assigned to woman and to sex relations in Greek drama. The introduction, brief as it is, will be of value alike to scholars and to laymen for the study of the great trilogy, in which the *Agamemnon*, great as it is, makes only the superb prologue.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.*

MR. CLARK RUSSELL has contrived for the heroine of his new and "strange story of a love adventure at sea" one of the most miraculous escapes ever imagined by a tender-hearted novelist for an attractive young woman. Miss Rose Island was peeping out of the port-hole of a West Indiaman in mid-ocean when she overbalanced herself, fell overboard, and was picked up half-drowned by a passing schooner just before the outbreak of a sudden and most terrific storm. If Mr. Clark Russell belonged to the modern school of relentless realists, he would have painted a gruesome picture of sharks devouring their prey, or given us at least fifty pages describing the sensations of a drowning woman. Personally we greatly prefer the old method. If a singularly beautiful heroine is so reckless as to fall out of a port-hole, it is the duty of the novelist, while rescuing her from any fatal or repulsive consequences, to subject her to serious and prolonged trials before steering her into the final haven of happiness. These conditions are faithfully fulfilled in *Rose Island*. The heroine is rescued from the deep sea only to find herself and her lover—for the captain's handsome son falls a victim at first sight—persecuted by the attentions and animosity of a Satanic negro. Ultimately Rose stabs the negro to the heart with a carving knife under the strongest provocation, and, after being triumphantly acquitted, marries her sailor lover. The absurdities and unrealities of the story are, as usual, largely neutralised by the vigour of the narrative, the charm of the descriptive passages, and, above all, the author's enthusiasm for the sea and the sailing vessel. His *dramatis personæ* are a strange collection of monsters, angels, and sirens, at once unfamiliar and unconvincing, but his ships are real, living, interesting creatures, whose ways and manners atone for the eccentricities of the human beings to whom the speaking rôles are assigned.

Morrison's Machine is a clever story of temptation and fraud. Richard Morrison, a young engineering genius, com-

* (1.) *Rose Island*. By W. Clark Russell. London: E. Arnold. [6s.]—(2.) *Morrison's Machine*. By J. S. Fletcher. London: Hutchinson and Co. [6s.]—(3.) *The Queen versus Billy, and other Stories*. By Lloyd Osbourne. London: W. Heinemann. [6s.]—(4.) *To Pay the Price*. By Silas K. Hocking. London: F. Warne and Co. [3s. 6d.]—(5.) *Sons of the Covenant*. By Samuel Gordon. London: Sands and Co. [6s.]—(6.) *A Suffolk Courtship*. By M. Betham-Edwards. London: Hurst and Blackett. [6s.]—(7.) *Nance*. By Charles Garvice. London: Sands and Co. [3s. 6d.]—(8.) *Edmund Fullerton; or, The Family Evil Genius*. By B. B. West. London: Longmans and Co. [6s.]

municates to his employer the plans of a marvellous invention destined to revolutionise the mechanical world. Wridsdale, the employer, supplies him with every facility for constructing the machine, and when it is completed avails himself of Morrison's breakdown—he becomes temporarily insane from overwork—to claim the invention as his own. Wridsdale is subsequently involved in litigation with a Quixotic editor, who charges him with fraud, and Morrison, suddenly restored to reason, is summoned as a witness by the defendant, and gives evidence which crushes Wridsdale, who dies suddenly in Court. The story is interesting and well told, but suffers from the absence of information as to the nature of the machine itself. The absorption of the inventor in his work, however, is well conveyed, and one of the minor characters, "Stumpy" Todd, the night watchman, is an admirable study of the devotion and charity that are often found beneath a cross-grained manner and a misshapen exterior.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, hitherto only known by his work in collaboration with R. L. Stevenson, now challenges criticism on his own account in *The Queen versus Billy*, a volume of short stories of life in the South Seas, and emerges with decided credit from the ordeal. The specimens of humanity to whom Mr. Osbourne introduces us are not invariably prepossessing, but life in the South Seas, as readers of Mr. Louis Becke are well aware, wears a somewhat lurid complexion. The opening story, which describes a punitive expedition of a British warship to the Solomon Islands, and the unavailing efforts of the captain and crew to secure the liberty of the chief offender, is an excellent piece of tragi-comedy.

Harry Morton, the sorely tried hero of Mr. Silas K. Hocking's novel, *To Pay the Price*, is a young man reading for the Bar who is sentenced to two years' imprisonment for forgery, the real culprit being his own uncle, the steward of Lord Menheniot, "a sad-faced man with a diminutive chin." The uncle, it should be explained, believing Lord Menheniot to be *in extremis*, had forged a cheque for £250 and given it to Harry to cash. On emerging from prison, Harry, who is in love with Lord Menheniot's ward, Miss Monica Stuart, finds that his uncle has given up his stewardship, and with the proceeds of the forged cheque has amassed a small fortune by gambling on the Stock Exchange, and that Monica has become engaged to Lord Menheniot's heir, the vicar's son, Rupert Grant. Meantime Lord Menheniot has recovered his health and ascertained that Harry is his own long-lost son by the sister of his steward, whom he had married under the assumed name of Blunt. The wicked vicar's son, on learning the facts of the case, enlists the services of a truculent desperado named Bokes, and contrives to precipitate his rival from a lofty scaffold,—Harry having been reduced to eke out a living as a common labourer. In spite of an injury to his head, internal complications, two broken arms, and four fractured ribs, the much-enduring Harry recovers and is taken to a convalescent home "run" by Monica, where the recognition takes place, and in due course all ends happily, Rupert and Bokes having been opportunely eliminated in a death-struggle on the railway track. The wicked uncle with the little chin expires in abject poverty in Brazil, and Harry, blameless scion of an Earl, completely healed of all his broken bones, resumes his dinners at the Inner Temple, is subsequently summoned to the Bar, and wedded to his father's lovely ward. It remains for us to add that *To Pay the Price*, though of a somewhat sensational cast, is impeccable in its moral. But in regard to construction and correspondence with the facts of life it is decidedly inferior to the works by which Mr. Hocking has won the esteem of his huge circle of readers.

Mr. Samuel Gordon's tale of Anglo-Jewry, *Sons of the Covenant*, which recounts the rise to fame and prosperity of two little Whitechapel Jew boys, Phil and Leuw Lipcott, is marked by a good deal of the humour and sympathy which rendered *Lesser Destinies* such agreeable reading, and by a great deal of intimate knowledge of Jewish middle-class life. In his more sentimental moods, especially when dealing with the ravages of the tender passion on genteel young ladies, Mr. Gordon is less attractive. But at least he never approaches the effusiveness of Mr. Hocking, who makes his heroine address her guardian as "Guardy."

Miss Betham-Edwards transports us in *A Suffolk Courtship* to the East Anglia of fifty years back,—those palmy days when wheat fetched sixty shillings a quarter, and farming had not yet become an unremunerative pastime for prosperous

novelists. The story is concerned with the fortunes of four orphan daughters of a yeoman farmer, one of whom is disowned by her masterful eldest sister for marrying the head ploughman. There are some excellent scenes and episodes in this discursive and loosely knit story, which brings before the reader with legitimate realism the rude pleasures and unsophisticated emotions of country life before pianos, penny papers, and cigarettes had found their way into English farm-houses.

The plot of *Nance* is almost reactionary in its simplicity. Bernard Yorke, the irresistibly handsome son of a genial Irish Baronet, rescues a poor but beautiful lace-maker from being run over, follows up the acquaintance, and offers her marriage. These attentions naturally inspire jealousy in the heart of Miss Felicia Damerel, the haughty society beauty to whom the young Adonis had been paying court, and by her machinations the lovers are parted. Subsequently Nance, the lace-maker, is discovered by a long-lost father, and finds herself equipped with a new name and a large fortune,—the latter being composed in large part of property forfeited by Yorke's father. Meantime Lord Stoyale, who had assisted Miss Damerel in the task of punishing her recreant lover, claims her hand as the price of his service. Miss Damerel shoots him with a pistol, but the dying Peer, *splendide mendax*, clears her with his latest breath. Felicia satisfies the exigencies of the situation by becoming a hospital nurse, Bernard Yorke is reunited to his heiress, and the curtain is rung down on an aristocratic dinner-party attended by an Earl and Countess, a Peer, and two Baronets. We have devoted more space to this insipid melodrama than its merits deserve because it happens to be one of four novels all from the same pen, simultaneously published in a uniform edition. An inspection of the remainder satisfies us that there is nothing in their contents or style that calls for separate notice.

Mr. West traces in *Edmund Fulleston* the career of a financial vampire who waxes fat and prosperous on the failures of a number of respectable people whom he has decoyed into difficulties while himself contriving to keep outside the clutches of the law. Mr. West's style is studied without being distinguished, and the fact that his story is cast almost entirely in the form of narrative does not lighten the ponderousness of his satire.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

FRAGMENTS OF A FAITH FORGOTTEN.

Fragments of a Faith Forgotten: Some Short Sketches among the Gnostics Mainly of the First Two Centuries. By G. R. S. Mead, B.A. (Theosophical Publishing Society.)—We are glad to see that the Theosophists, having outgrown their juvenile Mahatma sensationalism, are settling down to the study of religion, a much more important task. Though we do not appreciate their fundamental philosophy, so far as we understand it, we think they may do good work if they produce books like this of Mr. Mead, comprehensive, interesting, and scholarly, though evidently biassed. Its central idea is that the true aspect of Christianity is not that revealed through the Catholic Church, but rather is to be found in the byways of the Christian faith, particularly among the Gnostics. But the Gnostics are not so much a Christian sect as the inheritors of the "Gnosis" or secret theosophic doctrine known to Chaldaea, Egypt, and Greece, whose chief home was Alexandria, the centre of mystic Neo-Platonic speculation. St. Paul had the "Gnosis" cult, nay, even the Founder of the Church was an "initiate" in Gnostic lore. In the competition between the various forms of Christianity, Catholicism prevailed; it was welded into a massive theological system by Augustine, and into a dominating ecclesiastical system by the Papacy. But the true Christianity is revealed in the "Gnosis," which, however, is not ultimately different from the wisdom-religions of an earlier world. Such may be said to be the main drift of Mr. Mead's work, which seems to us to contain a mixture of truth and error. The mystic significance of numbers, the hypostases of Deity, the functions of archangels, reincarnation, the prolonged controversy over the double nature of Christ,—these things, fascinating to the speculative mind, but barren as nutriment for the soul, were unsuccessful in the religious competition, not merely by reason of the decisions of Church Councils, but because of the assimilative instinct of man, which tends to reject what is not needed. At the same time, it may be said that readers

not familiar with the learned German works on Gnosticism will find here an account of its varying phases and of the influences which helped to produce it. The chapters entitled "Some Rough Outlines of the Background of the Gnosis" are well written, and they tend to focus the philosophic and religious movement of the ancient world. Other portions, however, are tedious. There is a very excellent bibliography.

SPORT AND TRAVEL.

Sport and Travel. By F. C. Selous. (Longmans and Co. 12s.)—The best of the sport recorded in this entertaining volume was obtained in Asia Minor, whose furtive wild goat might elude the most ingenious and intrepid sportsman. At any rate, Mr. Selous, the most famous hunter of our time, followed him for some days without success. "These wary animals," he says on one occasion, "had been lying, as they always do, in such a position that they could be seen, whilst they were sure of seeing, smelling, or hearing any enemy that approached." Moreover, Mr. Selous does not write as a mere sportsman. He takes the keenest interest in the surrounding landscape, and no bird escapes his quick vision. His descriptions, again, are as vivid as enthusiasm can make them. Here, for instance, is a sketch of the goats, at one of which he managed to get a successful shot. "It has been my good fortune," he says, "to look upon many beautiful forms of animal life in their native haunts, but I do not think I was ever so impressed by the picturesque beauty of any wild animal as I was by the appearance of these two old goats, as they stood motionless from time to time, their whitish coats and broad black shoulder-stripes showing out conspicuously against the reddish background of rock and stone, and setting off to the best advantage the contours of their sturdy though symmetrical forms, whilst their great curved horns and long flowing black beards gave them a dignity of appearance not often to be found in so comparatively small an animal." The pages which follow this characteristic sketch, and which describe the stalking of the two goats, is as exciting as a story of adventure, and we recommend Mr. Selous's book to all those of our readers who care for the picturesque and who admire the changing hazard of the chase.

SOME BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

[Under this heading we notice such Books of the week as have not been reserved for review in other forms.]

Gardens, Old and New. (G. Newnes and Co. 42s. net.)—This is a new volume of "The Country Life Library." Its contents are sufficiently indicated by the title, but it requires inspection to appreciate their quality. The illustrations are as beautiful as they are abundant. They are, of course, reproductions of photographs. No other method could have been applied. Indeed, no more convincing proof that the photograph is indispensable could have been found. Such a book as this would have been a sheer impossibility in earlier times. And now the photograph is made so artistic that it does not need an apology. In this volume they are the work of Messrs. Hudson and Kearns, whose reputation in this respect is well established.—Another book of photographs, of a very different kind, but not less significant of the value of the art, is *Pictures from China*, with Notes by Mrs. J. F. Bishop (Cassell and Co., 3s. 6d.) Some have already appeared in books of travel by Mrs. Bishop. The notes are in all cases from her dictation.

London Memories. By Charles William Heckethorn. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)—This is the second volume which Mr. Heckethorn has devoted to the subject of Old London. Doubtless he has matter enough for others. The subject is, indeed, almost inexhaustible, with so many branches, and such a multitude of details that it is not fair to blame a writer for omissions. The "Street-Names of the Past" might, for instance, be largely increased. If "Pudding Lane" is mentioned, why not "Pie Corner"? "Field Lane" deserves a few lines, and so do the curiously inappropriate "Parks," "Gardens," "Pleasants," and "Paradises" that may be found. "Labour in Vain Yard," too, might have been mentioned; also, among "Extinct and Obsolete Trades," the fishing-tackle makers that were to be found within living memory in an alley near London Bridge. Our chief complaint against Mr. Heckethorn is the arrogant way in which he condemns the past. Our ancestors "were barbarians in manners, and in morals reprobates." Anyhow, they knew better than to write such arrant nonsense as "Nothing will elevate man but science." Mankind could have done without Homer, but not

without the pulley. If the last product of the ages has been such a sciolist as this, and the Manchester warehouseman is, as Mr. Heckethorn seems to think, the consummate flower of existence, we may indeed despair.

Sussex. By F. G. Brabant, M.A. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. (Methuen and Co. 3s.)—Mr. Brabant's *Sussex* consists of two parts, a general description of the county, physical, social, and historical, and an account of the localities alphabetically arranged. Mr. Brabant argues for this plan, as against that of routes; probably he is right, unless, indeed, the route arrangement is worked out on a much larger scale, or, to put the same thing in another way, much smaller districts are taken for each volume. Mr. New's illustrations are admirable, and Mr. Brabant as an antiquarian leaves little to be desired. But the book is not quite "up-to-date." The large map at the end is labelled "County of Sussex," but it contains considerable portions of Kent and Hampshire, which should have been distinguished in some way. The small "Road and Railway" map in the beginning should have the Rother Valley Branch Railway (now open).—With this may be mentioned a little volume, *Week-Ends in Dickens Land*, written and illustrated by Duncan Moul (J. H. Goldwin, Rochester, 1s.), described as a "Bijou Handbook for the Cyclist and Rambler."

Memoir of Edward Hare. By E. E. Hare. (Grant Richards. 5s.)—Mr. Hare qualified for the medical profession in 1837, went out to India in 1839—it took him six months to reach Calcutta—and joined the Army of the Indus early in the following year. He saw much service, and finally left India in 1867, settling in Bath, where he lived for thirty years, reaching the age of eighty-five, by help—at least so he believed—of a vegetarian and non-alcoholic diet. His great contribution to medical science was the use of quinine in cases of fever. This cure dispossessed the old bleeding method, not a little to the advantage of the patient. Here is a short statement of the treatment of a case (as recent as July, 1864):—"July 9th.—2 lb. of blood taken at 9 a.m.; 2 lb. at 2 p.m., enema of salt-oil. Tepid bath, half-hour; scruple of calomel. 9 p.m. 15 gr. calomel, 1 gr. opium, 15 gr. colocynth. July 10th.—1 oz. castor oil; 1 lb. of blood taken (7 a.m.); antimonial wine in camphor; at noon 18 leeches; 9 p.m. blister on epigastrium. July 11th.—Noon, patient died. (All the organs found pallid and blanched)." A very readable book this, largely autobiographical.

In the series of "Westminster Biographies" (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 3s. 6d.) we have a most admirable little book, *Daniel Defoe*, by Wilfred Whitten. Mr. Whitten recognises the fact that Defoe was an enigmatic person, and does not attempt the task, which more than one biographer has failed in accomplishing, of setting out a consistent theory of his action. He does what is better, for he gives us an idea of a real man, who did, it is true, contradict himself pretty often, but was in the main a man who desired to do the right thing. He conceals nothing, glosses over nothing, and is manifestly averse to all special pleading. Nevertheless, the general outcome of the book is that this very strange creature, the most versatile as he was the most inconsistent of mankind, seems to us at once more real and more lovable. We have seldom seen a biography which we have liked so well as this.—In the series of "Bijou Biographies" (H. J. Drane, 6d.) we have *Lord Kitchener of Khartoum*, by W. Francis Aitken.

GIFT-BOOKS.—*A Gordon Highlander*, by E. Everett-Green (T. Nelson and Sons, 2s. 6d.), is described by its title. We have said enough about stories of the war, and it is useless to say it again. *Nonum prematur in annum.* Facts we cannot have too soon, but fiction, to be worth anything, must be founded on settled facts.—*Under the Rebel's Reign*, by Charles Neufeld (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., 6s.), is a tale of Egypt. Mr. Neufeld has been a part of these things, and knows what he is writing about. His story should find interested readers.—*A Sea-King's Midshipman*, by Arthur Lee Knight (J. Murray, 6s.), takes us to another time and another continent, the South American campaign of Lord Cochrane. Mr. Knight's name is commendation enough to those who are learned in this kind of literature.—If any one wants true stories of what this country has done at sea, he cannot do better than go to *Britain's Sea-Kings and Sea-Fights*, by B. Fletcher Robinson and others (Cassell and Co., 7s. 6d.), containing stories of great battles on the sea, from Danish times downwards. It is a handsome volume, and well illustrated.—Another set of these stories we have in *The Boy Lieutenant, and other Stories*, by F. S. Bowley and others (S. H. Bousfield and Co., 3s. 6d.) The range of place is very wide. It is a practical application of the old *quæ care! ora cruore nostro?*

—From the same publishers we have a companion volume, *For God and the King, and other True Stories of Heroic Women*, by Sir E. Creasy and others (3s. 6d.)—*The White Stone*, by Herbert C. McIlwaine (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., 6s.), takes us to Australia; with a change to England. It will be found a spirited story, with much variety of incident.—*The Simpsons and We*, by Alice F. Jackson (S. H. Bousfield and Co., 5s.), is an amusing story of home life. The friendship and the falling out of the two families, and their relations generally with their neighbours, are woven into an entertaining tale.—Messrs. Cassell send us a number of stories which we find it impossible to notice separately. These are *Little Queen Mab*, by L. C. Silke (1s.); *A Pair of Primroses*, by Sarah Pitt (1s.); *Ella's Golden Year*, by E. Searchfield (1s.); *Their Road to Fortune*, by Mrs. Houston (1s.); *The Heiress of Wyvern Court*, by E. Searchfield (1s.); *Won by Gentleness*, by Mrs. Herbert Martin (1s.) We may say of this last that it is an attractive story of the making-up of a family quarrel. Mrs. Martin can treat such subjects in a way that is sure to give both pleasure and profit.—*The Book of King William and his Noble Knights*, by Mary Macleod (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., 6s.), is sufficiently recommended by its title. It has some spirited illustrations.—*The Magic Mist, and other Dartmoor Legends*. By Eva C. Rogers. (A. Melrose.)

(For Publications of the Week see next page.)

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"MORNING AT THE PALACE.—It is pleasing to be able to record that, thanks to a good night's rest, Her Majesty yesterday morning felt no ill effects from Thursday's exciting incidents. She partook, as usual, at 7 o'clock in the morning, of her cup of cocoa."—*Daily Chronicle*, March 10th, 1900.

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Barbour (R. W.), Thoughts from the Life and Writings of, 12mo (Blackwood)	2/6
Bengough (H. M.), Notes and Reflections on the Boer War, cr 8vo ..(Clowes)	3/0
Burgess (W. V.), Hand in Hand with Dame Nature, cr 8vo.....(Simpkin)	3/6
Craig (R. M.), The Weir of the "Silken Thomas," cr 8vo(W. B. Russell)	3/6
Davidson (John), Commercial Federation and Colonial Trade Policy, cr 8vo.....(Sonnenschein)	2/6
Gilbey (Sir W.), Horses Past and Present, cr 8vo(Vinton)	2/0
Harbottle (T. B.) and Dalblac (P. H.), Dictionary of Quotations, French and Italian, 8vo(Sonnenschein)	7/6
Jackson (E.), Manual of Diagnosis and Treatment of Diseases of the Eye, cr 8vo.....(Saunders)	10/6
Jones (E. G.), Types of Christian Life, 12mo.....(J. Clarke)	1/6
Lefevre (Leon), Architectural Pottery, 8vo(Scott & Greenwood)	15/0
Lovell (A.), Concentration, cr 8vo(Nichols)	2/0
Moser (A.), Joseph Joachim: a Biography, 1831-1899, 8vo(Wellby)	15/0
Sacrifice: Redemption's Story (The), by a Messenger, 12mo(Mowbray)	3/0
Simpson (J.), Quick Fruit Culture, 8vo(Simpkin)	7/6

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LINCOLN GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—The HEAD-MASTERSHIP will be VACANT at Easter. The School has been recently re-organised by a Scheme of the Charity Commissioners, and it is in contemplation to erect new buildings to accommodate 300 boys; there are at present about 150. Further information may be obtained from the undersigned Clerk to the Governors. A Form of Application may also be obtained from him, and this, together with testimonials, must be sent in on or before SATURDAY, January 19th.
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